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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

February 11, Sunday.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
,, 12, Monday.—The Seven Founders.
,, 13, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
,, 14, Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday.
,, 15, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
,, 16, Friday.—Of the Feria.
,, 17, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

The Seven Founders.

The Order of the Servants of the Blessed Virgin, commonly called Servites, owes its origin to the zeal and piety of seven Florentine merchants. After distributing their goods among the poor, they retired to Monte Senario, near Florence, where they dwelt in cells as hermits. This was in 1233, which is regarded as the date of the foundation of the Order. They subsequently became a monastic community under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin. They adopted the Augustinian Rule, and for their habit wore a black tunic with a scapular and cape of the same color. Under St. Philip Beniti, the first general, the Order spread rapidly, chiefly in Italy and Germany. St. Juliana Falconieri is regarded as the foundress of the Servite Third Order. The Servites were approved by Alexander IV., in 1255. Innocent VIII. declared the Servites a mendicant Order, bestowing on them the privileges enjoyed by the other mendicants.

Ash Wednesday.

Ash Wednesday, the Wednesday after Quinquagesima Sunday, is the first day of the Lenten fast. The name *dies cinerum* (day of ashes) which it bears in the *Roman Missal*, is found in the earliest existing copies of the *Gregorian Sacramentary*, and probably dates from at least the eighth century. On this day all the faithful according to ancient custom are exhorted to approach the altar before the beginning of Mass, and there the priest, dipping his thumb into ashes previously blessed, marks upon the forehead of each the Sign of the Cross, saying the words: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." The ashes used in this ceremony are made by burning the remains of the palms blessed on Palm Sunday of the previous year. In the blessing of the ashes four prayers are used, all of them ancient, and the ashes are sprinkled with holy water and fumigated with incense. The celebrant himself, be he bishop or cardinal, receives either standing or seated the ashes from some other other priest, usually the highest in dignity of those present. In earlier ages a penitential procession often followed the rite of the distribution of the ashes, but this is not now prescribed.

Grains of Gold

PENITENCE.

Grey days of Lent, of Passion-tide and pain,
There is a beauty in your silent hours;
Your tears are like the blessed silver showers
That bring each lowly dell to bloom again.
They wash away each spiritual stain
And come, as with great Pentecostal powers,
To freshen up these arid hearts of ours.
Dear days, blest days, ye never come in vain!

The solemn touches of your grey dove wings
Stir into deepening plenitude of power
Our dull desires. They shine, as those wings do,
With rose and emerald from a fire that flings
Unearthly radiance on each tearful hour.
Bliss of Forgiveness, warm us through and through!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

REFLECTIONS.

Accuse not another of a crime from which you cannot clear yourself.—St. Pacian.

Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear again and again what my beloved Master suffered for me.—St. Francis of Assisi.

The Storyteller

Alice Riordan

(By MRS. J. SADLIER.)

It happened that evening that several of the boarders were absent, some on parties of pleasure, some gone to the country for the day; so that there was only young Richardson, aforesaid, and two elderly men of respectable appearance. Richardson was a good-looking young man of some six or eight and twenty, with a frank, open countenance, somewhat bronzed from exposure to the weather, and a well-formed, manly figure. He was, on the whole, a young man of whose attentions any girl in his own station might well be proud, and this Alice Riordan knew very well, hence the blushing and embarrassment attending on her aunt's communication.

Harry and Cormac were still sitting together in a small room adjoining the dining-room, and Lizzie told Alice to go in for them, which Alice was very glad to do, for more reasons than one. As she entered the room, her uncle shook his head with a warning gesture, and then, slapping Cormac on the shoulder, he arose: "Come along, Cormac, my man; here's Alice come to tell us that tea is ready."

"Well, I'm ready to go, Harry. Where are you, Alice dear?"

"Here, father," said Alice, taking his hand, and speaking in as cheerful a tone as she could command. "Aunty and I were long about getting the tea; but you must both of you forgive us this time; you know Uncle Harry told us to have a chat together," she added archly.

"And I'll go bail you took me at my word," said her uncle. "Get along there, you young witch; I suppose you were making a charm on my little Lizzie. Was she with you all the time?" he added, with a look of sly humor.

"Well, not exactly all the time, uncle: she came upstairs for something she wanted."

"To be sure she did; I saw her eye shining through the keyhole there. I declare to my sins, I don't know what to do with her; I wish she was as deaf as a stone."

"Fie, fie, uncle!" said Alice, reprovingly; "what great harm was it for her to hear what passed between you and my father? I suppose you weren't plotting treason—were you?"

"Maybe ay, and maybe no," replied her uncle, with one of his merry laughs; "but see, there's Mr. Richardson placing a chair for you, and Lizzie has on her vinegar face; so I see it's the best of our play to sit down at once and 'fall to,' as they say in the old country."

The evening passed away very pleasantly; Richardson took every opportunity of making court to Alice, and Alice received his attentions so graciously that Lizzie was delighted. Every now and then she would nudge Harry with her elbow, or call his attention to what was going on with one of her knowing winks. Even the two elderly gentlemen were made acquainted with her plans and wishes. "Now, Mr. Rogers, don't you think they'd make a very handsome couple? I declare, I think they were made for one another. What do you say, Mr. Green?"

Mr. Rogers thought it highly probable, and Mr. Green sagely observed that "more unlikely things had come to pass."

Cormac was the only one who knew nothing of the matter, he seemed unusually depressed; and though he entered into conversation with Richardson, and even argued religion for some time with Green, yet Alice and Harry were both painfully sensible that he was forcing a cheerfulness which he did not feel. About nine o'clock Alice approached him and asked if he did not think it time to go home. "Well, yes, Alice, I think we had as well be moving. We have a long walk before us."

Richardson proposed to see them home, and after some polite objections from both father and daughter, his offer was accepted, and they all three set out together. Harry and Lizzie went with them to the door, the former to tell Alice, in a significant tone, that he would be over next day to see them, as he had some business in Craig Street, not far from where they lived, and Lizzie to charge Richardson

to take good care of Alice on the way, "for good people are scarce, you know, Mr. Richardson."

"Oh, never fear, Mrs. Malone, never fear; we'll get along well, I promise you." So off they went, Alice leaning on her father's arm, and Richardson walking by her side. On the way, he gradually turned the conversation to his own affairs. It appeared he was the son of a widowed mother, who was "at home in Ireland," as he said, with two young daughters, who were yet but mere children. "My poor mother," said he, "was left a widow when my sisters were only infants, and since then she has had some hard times, though in my father's lifetime she was very well off. She strained every nerve to give me a good education, and it is now four or five years since I came to America with the intention of bringing out my mother and sisters, as soon as I had a good way of doing. Every year since I came I sent home some money: last year I sent thirty pounds."

"Thirty pounds, Mr. Richardson!" said Cormac; "why, you must have good wages."

"Yes, I have now eight dollars a week."

"Well, and do you still think of sending for your mother?"

"That depends on circumstances," replied Richardson, with some hesitation. "In her last letter my mother told me she had got into business, and was beginning to do very well. I think she would just as soon stay where she is, and have me send her money, as I have been doing. She would like me to go home; but—but I don't think I shall go—at least for some time."

"How did you come by your un-Catholic name, Mr. Richardson?" said Alice; "was your family always Catholic?"

"No," replied Richardson; "my father was a Protestant and an Englishman; but as he died when we were all quite young my dear mother was enabled to bring us up in the true faith. I owe everything to my mother," he added, in a tone of deep feeling.

"God bless you, Mr. Richardson," said Cormac, fervently; "it does my heart good to hear you speak that way of your mother. There's no fear but you'll have a blessing. Are we near home, Alice?"

"Very near, father," said Alice, in a low voice; "we have only a block or two farther to go. Mr. Richardson, it is getting late; had you not better turn back?"

"Not till I see you safe at home—that is, provided you have no objection. If you have just say so, and I'll be off at once."

"Oh, not at all," said Alice, quickly. "I'm sure we're very much obliged to you, and very glad of your company; but then the trouble——"

"I am very glad to hear that you're glad of my company," he rejoined, taking her up quickly; "as to the trouble, that's my affair. Suppose the trouble, as you call it, were only a very great pleasure—what then?"

"Why, I suppose we must not deprive you of it, that's all," said Alice, laughing. "But here we are at the door."

"Well, good-night, then," said Richardson; "as my services are no longer needed, I'll be going."

"Won't you come in?" said Cormac. Richardson hesitated: he was evidently waiting for Alice to second the invitation; but she did not; so he hastily excused himself, saying that if Miss Riordan would permit him he would come some evening during the week, and spend an hour or two. The permission was given, and Richardson walked away with a light heart, humming as he went, the refrain of "The Days When We Went Gipsying."

Late as it was when they got home, Cormac lit his pipe and sat down to "take a draw" before he went to bed. "Alice," said he, "will you just get 'Thomas à Kempis' and read me a chapter; you always happen on something in it that seems if it was every word written on purpose for me. There's a deal of consolation in that book, my daughter."

"So there is, father, for those who need it; I'm thankful that neither you nor I stand much in need of consolation. God is so good to both of us that we don't want either Thomas à Kempis, or any other writer, to comfort us—at least I can say that much for myself." She watched her father narrowly as she said this, and she saw that he was making an effort to imitate the cheerfulness of her tone.

"And I, too, Alice dear; I'm sure between God and the Blessed Virgin, and my dear daughter, they leave nothing undone to make me happy: an' I am happy.Oh, indeed, an' indeed, I am happy! God knows I am;—an' why wouldn't I? I have everything that my heart could wish."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so, father dear," said Alice, still keeping her eye on him; "for, do you know, I have sometimes feared that you were not happy, after all."

The blood mounted to Cormac's face as he replied quickly. "Why, then, you were wrong Alice, all wrong; I'm as happy as the day's long, and full of gratitude to God and you; but, then, I can's help thinkin', now and then, that I must be goin' some of these days, and——"

'Going, father!—going where?" said Alice, affecting not to catch his meaning.

"Why, to the kingdom come, my daughter; in the course of nature my time can't be long now. I must follow them that are gone before me; an' if I could only hope to take my place among them, I'd be well pleased to go when God sees fit to call me. But then it's hard, hard, to think that one must lie down an' moulder into dust where there's not one belongin' to us—among the black strangers."

By this time the tears were running down poor Cormac's cheeks, and to say the truth, Alice's own eyes were not dry, but yet she rallied her energies to make light of her father's trouble.

"Why, then, what in the world puts such thoughts in your head, father dear?—you never used to have such thoughts, an' I'm sure you ought to have more sense than to be disturbing your minds about such things. With God's help, it will be many a long year before you'll want a grave anywhere; and, for my part, so as it's consecrated ground, I don't care where I'm buried. It's all one to the poor body, and I'd just as soon lie in the French burying-ground there above as in Kilshanaghan. I'm surprised at you, father dear."

"Well, I can't help it, Alice; I know myself it's foolish; but, as I was just sayin' to Harry this evenin', I can't get it out of my head, do what I will. But don't be cast down, Alice dear; I didn't mean to tell you anything about these childish notions: I suppose it's beginnin' to doto I am," he added, with a forced smile.

"At any rate, father," said Alice, as she took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes, "it5s just as well for me to know all about it; you know very well that your trouble is my trouble; and even if these fancies of yours are somewhat childish, we must do our best to get you over them. Let us say one Rosary to-night with that intention; and as we'll both be going to Communion on Sunday next, let us offer it up for the same purpose. You'll see it will be all right very soon, and that you'll get rid of these notions."

"God grant it, Alice, God grant it! I'd be glad and thankful if I did. But," he added, with a sudden change of manner, "isn't that Mr. Richardson a fine young man? —I believe he's a Catohlic, isn't he?"

"Oh, dear, yes, father," said Alice, quickly; "I used to see him regularly in St. Patrick's Church before ever he went to my aunt's—long before I knew who he was. Oh, indeed, he is a Catholic, and a good one too."

Cormac smiled, and took a draw or two of the pipe without saying anything, and Alice, not noticing the smile, supposed the matter was ended. But not so: after a little while Cormac resumed the subject. "I'm well pleased," said he, "with his kind remembrance of his mother;—a good son is sure to make a good husband."

Alice laughed as she replied: "Very likely, father; but let us leave that to whoever it may concern. He said he'd come some evening this week to sit and chat awhile. I'm glad on your account, father, for he has seen a good deal of the world, and read a good deal, too."

"And I'm glad on your account, my daughter," said Cormac, quietly.

"On my account, father?" cried Alice, with a start and a blush.

"Just so, Alice, just so. But I think it's late in the night; let us get our prayers over and go to bed."

On Tuesday evening Richardson made his appearance, and though Alice was at first somewhat embarrassed, remembering her aunt's avowed scheme and her father's

broad hint, yet after some time the young man's easy, natural manner reassured her, and she gradually recovered her usual composure. The evening passed pleasantly away; and when Richardson rose to take his leave the regret was common to all parties. Cormac expressed a hope that he would come very soon again; and if Alice did not say as much, there was a tell-tale blush on her face that did say as much—and more, too—quite enough, in short, to send him away in the best of spirits. The next time he came, Uncle Harry was with him, brimful of Cormac's secret; but Alice soon gave him to understand that it was no "secret now." Harry sat down, took out his handkerchief, and rubbed his face over and over again: "And so I've had my walk for nothing?" he said, in a low voice, to Alice; but lowering his voice to a whisper, he added, "maybe not all for nothing. Can't you guess some other business I might have?"

(To be concluded.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

With Mr. Dillon I was at one in this as, indeed, in all else, save for his concern that the hard lot should have fallen to me. He was then, as he was for a good many years afterwards, a miracle of activity on the platform, a meticulous administrator of the Campaign funds, and, in more intimate intercourse, an even-tempered and restful friend. The Archbishop of Cashel, who summoned me to Thurles for a consultation on the subject, was divided between a keen appreciation of the political advantages and a personal anxiety—it might truly be called anguish—which took the somewhat intimidating form of bringing tears to his eyes. His Grace's final word was: "Well, I suppose it is foolishness. The wise men called the Cross foolishness, for that matter. Nobody can advise you but God!" The one disquieting counsellor was Davitt. "It is madness," he cried, with the old thunder-cloud, seldom seen since his happy marriage, settling again on his forehead. "You'll be beaten and laughed at, or you will be killed, and people will say it was your own fault. No man ever resisted prison rules that did not go down. Of all the Fenian prisoners, O'Donovan Rossa was the only one who made any resistance, and he might as well have beaten his brains out against the wall. It was years before anybody outside even heard that he had been for 33 days chained with his hands behind his back and forced to lap his food like a dog." It was easy to reply that it was a very different thing for the Fenians buried in English convict prisons without a friend in broad England, but that we should have all progressive Britain, its most powerful statesman, and its press watching every move with a vital interest in our success; that every recent bye-election had filled the Unionists with dismay for British public opinion of their doings in Ireland; that with such a power on our side it would not be possible to bury prison tragedies out of sight; and that even should the experiment fail as badly as he predicted, it would only be the experiment of one man who had nothing to risk except a life, and that a life not too extravagantly valued by its possessor. Davitt's objection was not to be shaken. But in truth he was a born *frondeur*, bound to be in opposition to every concrete proposal of action in hours of emergency, but, unlike the *frondeurs*, too generous not to admit his mistakes with an almost childlike simplicity as soon as his anticipations had been refuted by results. For that reason, his colleagues had come to regard their great countryman with less confidence in his advice in practical affairs than affection for his charming personality.

Wilfrid Blunt, who saw much of Davitt during his time in Ireland, reported his experiences with a disconcerting candor all his own. He found (p. 279) that Davitt "blamed as a false move" my visit to America; which, remembering his admiration for the doctrines of Henry George, is not to be surprised at; that when at a great meeting at the Rotunda at the moment of my Mitchelstown sentence, Mr. Blunt "urged the people not to remain quiet while O'Brien was in prison, Michael Davitt, who was sitting behind me, plucked my coat tails and warned me that I had said enough"; (page 309), and that a few days after, Davitt told him "he was not inclined just now to be himself the martyr, as he is going next week away from Ireland. He talked, as I thought, ungenerously of O'Brien, who, he said, had brought his arrest on his own head, and he condemned his Plan of Campaign." (p. 313).

Mr. Dillon was still more outspoken in lamenting Davitt's critical moods during these perilous years: "Of Michael Davitt, he said he was playing a foolish game just now. He had quarrelled with O'Brien and himself about the Plan of Campaign, saying that it ought to have been a campaign of No Rent. This was only because the Plan was not his own, and as a matter of fact it would have been impossible for Davitt to get anybody to go in for No Rent; the farmers would not have joined; it would have discredited Gladstone; it would have frightened people even in America; also it would have set the Pope against them at Rome. The absurdity of the thing was that in 1881 Davitt had been equally strong precisely against No Rent, when the No Rent idea was being brought forward." (p. 291).

Mr. Blunt adds that "Davitt's account, in his *Fall of Feudalism*, of his abstention from all personal part in the Plan of Campaign (viz., that it was owning to Parnell's request to him to take no part in it) is different from this (statement of Mr. Dillon) and from all Davitt himself told me at the time." What rendered his censorious temper less excusable in such a pass was that, when pressed by Mr. Blunt to say what alternative method he would recommend himself to cope with the Unionist-cum-landlord despotism in Ireland, he could only suggest that a Mr. Powderley, the head of the Knights of Labor in America, might be invited to make a speech-making tour of the country, a plan which might possibly win back the favor of Henry George's friends, but was scarcely likely to incommode Mr. Balfour in his arrangements for dragooning Ireland. But all these small divagations were only the passing faults of temper of a man whom Parnell's veto on Nationalisation of the land had left without any congenial programme of his own. The essential goodness of the man, as well as the state of health which largely accounted for his hasty criticisms, come out in an entry in Wilfrid Blunt's Diary hot-foot upon the entry referring to my prosecutions: "I am sorry I wrote two days ago what I did about Davitt, for although, perhaps, founded upon a certain amount of truth, I have done him injustice. After writing my letters and calling on the Lord Mayor, I went down to Ballybrack and dined with Davitt and his wife. . . It is easy to see by the cordial intercourse of all, and their plans for William O'Brien, that there is no real want of good feeling on Davitt's part or any lack of harmony; Davitt, however, is really out of health, having had a severe attack of diarrhoea, and his sister tells me he only weighs ten stone, which, for a man of his height, shows serious evil. He will have to take a rest if he is to do work later when the troubles of the No Rent days are renewed; and Dr. Kenny recommends a voyage to Lisbon, and the Mediterranean."

There is the man in a lightning flash: the sharp word of a moment forgotten, and the sure reaction to a large-hearted generosity. Hence my not being dismayed by his discouraging advice in the ordeal before me; hence the undying popularity of his name with a race for whom, in a famous French phrase, the heart hath reasons which mere Reason knoweth not.

The test was not long in coming. When the turnkey unlocked the door of my cell the morning after my arrival, it was to lay a suit of prison clothing on the stool, with the request that I should put the plank-bed standing against the wall and clean out the cell and proceed to perform my day's task of unravelling a hunk of hempen rope which he threw on the floor. But the demand was made in the quavering voice of one who knew what the answer would be, and the poor man's face bore such a stamp of misery that, as happened in many a conjuncture to come, I was moved to keener sympathy with my individual gaoler than with myself. When, upon his report, the Governor visited the cell a few minutes after, it was with a face of still deeper gloom and, indeed, of terror which, but for the sake of the soft-hearted Cork Major himself, might have betrayed me into an irreverent laugh. "Is there no chance of your changing your mind, Mr. O'Brien?" he suggested in unsanguine tones. "It will be a mere matter of form, and you may trust to me to give you as good a time as ever you had in your life." "My dear Major,"

was the reply, "it was not to have a good time I came here. You and I won't fall out personally, whatever may happen; but they have imposed an impossible job upon you. In calling me 'Mr. O'Brien' you have already broken Mr. Balfour's prison rules as clearly as I mean to do myself. You see the thing can't be done even by his own officers." He shook his head with a gesture of despair. He said: "The city is gone mad; we will have the whole prison about our ears." He mentioned that the Mayor, Alderman John O'Brien, who was a Visiting Justice, had warned him to give him notice whenever any attack was to be made upon me, and told him unless he promised to do so that he intended to remain in the prison all day and all night until the thing was decided. The prison Chaplain, Father Richard Barrett, who became one of the most treasured friends of my life, and who was a more resolute hothead than myself, was capable of anything. Even the prison doctor, a Mallowman, Dr. Moriarty, was not to be relied upon. And there was a perfect mob of reporters about the gate. "I'll chuck the job," muttered the Governor, as in a soliloquy. "Let them get somebody else to do their dirty work for them." Then as an afterthought: "You mentioned in your interview that you only intended to make this fight yourself. Will you, at all events, ask Mr. Mandeville to make no resistance? I have had him placed in the next cell, so that you could talk to him through the openings above the cell doors. I will take care there shall be nobody listening."

(To be continued.)

Music's Debt to Ireland

(By MYLES MURPHY, in *America*.)

The destruction of countless manuscripts by the Norsemen, in their raids on the churches and monasteries of Ireland, and later by the Anglo-Normans, has deprived us of much valuable data on the subject of Irish musical art, as well as other historical matters. Despite this loss we are still in possession of sufficient historical facts to establish the value of the achievements of the early musicians of the Green Isle.

That the Irish bards had a complete system of musical notation previous to the coming of St. Patrick historians agree. Some authorities, among them Dr. William H. Cummings, one of the most eminent of English musicians, declare that the bards had the diatonic scale as we have it today. Father Bewerunge, professor of musical chant in Maynooth College, insists that the Irish melodies belong to a stage of musical development very much anterior to that of the Gregorian chant. He claims that being based fundamentally on a pentatonic scale, they reach back to a period altogether previous to the dawn of musical history.

The first Irish Churchman to achieve distinction outside of his own country was, perhaps, Sedulius, poet, theologian, and musician, who flourished in Rome in the fifth century. His "Carmen Paschale" has been called the first great Christian epic worthy of the name. Dr. Grattan Flood, in his *History of Irish Music*, says:

"From a musical point of view the beautiful Introit of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, "*Salve sancta parens eniya puerpera regem*," which is still sung throughout the Western Church, is the most glowing tribute to the estimation in which this worthy Irishman's compositions were held by the compilers of the *Roman Missal* and Gradual. Again in the Roman Liturgy we find our Irish composer's abcediren hymn commencing, '*A Solis ortus cardine*,",' and as Dr. Healy writes: 'Several other expressions in the Divine Office are borrowed from the *Carmen Paschale* of Sedulius."

Irish monks gave Germany its first lessons in music, as musical science was utterly unknown in that country until the founding of the monastery of St. Gall in the year 612 by the Irish saint, Cellach, whose name has been Latinized Gallus or Gall. Cellach came from the college at Bangor, Co. Down, and was the friend and disciple of St. Columbanus, the founder of the monastery at Bobbio, Italy. During Cellach's lifetime the monastery of St. Gall became famous for its music, and later on, at the end of the eighth century, Pope Adrian sent two famous Roman singers, Peter and Romanus, the authors of the Romanian notation, to the Irish monastery at St. Gall to obtain a faithful copy of the Gregorian antiphonarium. Moengal, an Irish monk, was made head master of the music school at St. Gall in the year 870, and under his rule it became "the wonder and delight of Europe." The copying of music became such a feature of the work done at St. Gall that the scribes of the monastery provided all Germany with manuscript books of Gregorian chant, every one of the books being beautifully illuminated. At Moengal's death he was succeeded by his Irish disciple, Tutilo, who became even more famous than his master.

About the year 653, St. Gertrude of Brabant, abbess of Nivelle, in Brabant, sent for two brothers, St. Foillan and St. Ultan, to teach psalmody to her nuns. The two Irish monks complied with her request and built an adjoining monastery at Fosse, near Liege.

Wherever the Irish monks went they brought the science of music with them, and all northern Europe must acknowledge its indebtedness to them. In writing of the early Irish ecclesiastics the learned Kessel has this to say:

"Every province in Germany proclaims this race as its benefactor. Austria celebrates St. Colman, St. Virgilius, St. Modestus, and others. To whom but the ancient Scots (Irish) was due the famous "Schottenkloster" of Vienna? Salzburg, Ratisbon, and all Bavaria honor St. Virgilius as their apostle . Burgundy, Alsace, Helvetia, Suevia with one voice proclaim the glory of Columbanus, Gall, Fridolin, Arbogast, Florentius, Trudpert, who first preached the true religion amongst them. Who were the founders of the monasteries of St. Thomas at Strasburg and of St. Nicholas at Memmigen but these same Scots? The Saxons and the tribes of northern Germany are indebted to them to an extent that may be judged by the fact that the first ten bishops who occupied the See of Verden belonged to that race."

The first to introduce the Roman chant in Cologne was the Irish St. Helias, a native of the Co. Monaghan, who was elected Abbot of Cologne in 1015. It was to him that Berno of Reichenau dedicated his celebrated work, *The Laws of Symphony and Tone*.

Co. Louth furnished one of the greatest musical theorists of the 13th century, John Garland. Being unable to find competent instructors at home, Garland went to France and studied in Paris. His ability was so marked that he was offered and accepted a position as instructor in the University of Toulouse, where he wrote his famous treatise on *De Musico Mensurabili Positio*. The street in Paris in which he taught was named in his honor, the "Clos de Garland."

Lionel Power, a native of Waterford, is credited with having written the first treatise on music in the English language. His work is still preserved among the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum. Power established the use of sixths and thirds, prohibited consecutive unisons, fifths, and octaves, and was the inventor of figured bass. Many of his compositions are still extant. His treatise was written about the year 1390.

The first musical treatise printed in English was from the pen of William Bathe, of Drumcondra, Dublin. It was published in 1584. Bathe became a Jesuit priest and went to Spain, where at the time of his death in 1614 he was chaplain of the Spanish Court at Madrid and esteemed as one of the most learned men of his day.

The musical glasses are the invention of Richard Pockrich, a native of the Co. Monaghan. Pockrich was born in 1741. As a performer on the glasses he achieved quite a reputation in the theatres of England and Ireland. One of the greatest violinists in the middle of the 18th century was John Clegg, born in Dublin in 1714. Another celebrated Irish musician of this period was the Abbe Henry Madden, of the Eyrecourt Co. Galway family. He was successively chapel master of Tours Cathedral (1725), then to the King of France in 1737, and finally of the Chapel Royal, Versailles, in 1744. He died at Versailles in 1748.

The father of the Duke of Wellington, Garret Wesley, was a musical prodigy as a boy. In 1757 he founded the Academy of Music, Dublin. This body was the first to introduce ladies in the chorus. Wesley, or Lord Mornington, as he afterwards became, was the first Professor of Music in Trinity College. A fine edition of Lord Mornington's glees and madrigals was edited by Sir Henry Bishop, in 1846.

The earliest book on church plain chant was printed and published by an Irishman, John P. Coghlan, in 1782.

John Field, born in Dublin, July 26, 1782, was a marvellous boy pianist. His father took him to London, where he appeared with great success. He was the inventor of the musical form known as the nocturne. His teacher, Clementi, took him on a concert tour through Europe, where he was covered with honors. Field finally settled in Russia, where he became the fashionable music teacher for many years. He died in Moscow, leaving a son, a splendid opera tenor, but of whom there is little record.

The Irish musicians of later days are so well known that it is unnecessary to devote much space to them. We have only to mention William Michael O'Rourke, who changed his name to Rooke, the instructor of Balfe and a famous composer himself; John Augustus Wade, also a pupil of O'Rourke, and the composer of several operas; Michael Kelly, historian, singer, and composer; Michael William Balfe; William Vincent Wallace; George Alexander, of Limerick; Sir Robert Prescott Stewart; Augusta Holmes, born in Paris of Irish parents, and famous both as a pianist and composer; Charles Villiers Stanford; Hamilton Harty; Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore; the great O'Carolan, and many others, to show what an interesting history of Irish musical celebrities might be compiled to the advantage of their native land and to the credit of the race from which they sprang.

The Louis Pasteur Centenary

France intends to commemorate this year the centenary of the birth of one of the most brilliant of all the many men of genius she has given to the world, in the person of Louis Pasteur, founder of the physio-chemistry, father of bacteriology, inventer of bio-therapeutics, whose epoch-making discoveries have been the means not only of saving tens of thousands from the most cruel of deaths, but also of adding to an extent that is almost incalculable, to the material prosperity of his native land.

Pasteur was born of poor parents at Dole, Jura, December 27, 1822, and received his early education at the College Communal of Arbois, but at first paid little attention to books. When science was reached in the course, he grew interested. He received his degree at Besancon, and then in order to devote himself to science went to Paris to study under Dumas, Ballard, and Biot.

Meteoric Rise.

His rise was meteoric. His earliest work was done in crystals, concerning which he made discoveries that revolutionised previous ideas, and at 27 he was appointed professor of chemistry at Strassburg University, which institution and the town of Strassburg are now erecting a statue in honor of his memory. From crystals the young chemist turned to fermentation, to the causes which set fermentation to work, and to the question whether life can arise spontaneously as some were foolishly prone to believe before he began his researches.

He proved, first, that fermentation and putrefaction were due to living germs of various kinds, and from this the demonstration that life comes only from the living was but a step. He showed that in highly organised material, if the living germs are all destroyed, and that, if further access of germs be prevented, even though air may be allowed free access, fermentation or putrefaction does not take place.

A piece of cotton wool or a mere bending of the neck of the flask to keep the germs from entering is sufficient after sterilisation to keep organic solutions quite sterile. By degrees he proceeded to his greatest discovery of all, that of germs, bacilli and bacteria, which may be called the key of medicine.

Further Researches.

These earlier studies led Pasteur to researches in vinegar, wine, and beer, silkworm disease, and disease in sheep. The silkworm disease had produced such ravages in the great silk industry in France that the end seemed not far off. Pasteur threw himself into the problem and solved it by showing that the spread of the disease in silkworms could be prevented by careful segregation of healthy worms from those diseased.

The announcement, like so many other great discoveries, was scouted at first, but Pasteur demonstrated its absolute truth and his practical ability by taking charge of the villa of the French Prince Imperial, where the silk industry had been ruined. At the end of the year the sale of cocoons gave a net profit of 26 million francs. "Pasteur's discoveries," said Huxley, "have brought France more than the five milliards she paid to Germany."

Pasteur was one of the most unselfish and disinterested of men; and it is recorded of him that when Napoleon III. asked him why he reaped no benefit from discoveries which were enriching the world, he replied: "In France scientists would think themselves dishonored by acting in such a way."

It was fortunate for the welfare of mankind that Pasteur considered commerce beneath the dignity of a scientist, and decided to push on with his research work. For far above the material value of his discoveries, great though these are, must be placed his discovery of what contagion really is and how it can be prevented.

It was Pasteur who made modern surgery possible, a fact to which Lister, the famous British surgeon, who first put Pasteur's discoveries into practice, has given the most emphatic testimony. One of the greatest joys of Pasteur's life was the receipt of a letter from Lister thanking him "most heartily for having shown me by your brilliant investigations the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction and for having thus acquainted me with the one principle which can lead the antiseptic system to final success." Lister, it is hardly necessary to say, by putting Pasteur's experiments into practice, abolished a whole series of deadly diseases, and made a major operation practically a safe matter, instead of one in which four out of five cases died.

The Crowning Triumph.

The crowning triumph of Pasteur's career was, perhaps, his discovery of the cure for hydrophobia, a disease that had hitherto been invariably fatal. He first traced rabies to a bacillus. Next he found how to attenuate and strengthen the virulence mals with a serum prepared from it, and protected them against it.

Though he had an intense horror of vivisection, yet he assisted at a simple operation, such as an inoculation under the skin, without much distress, but even then, as a recent biography tells us, if the animal made a little sound, Pasteur was filled with pity and lavished upon the victim words of comfort or encouragement, which would have been ludicrous if they had not been touching. The hour came when the great scientist was entreated to use his skill on man.

In July, 1885, a boy of nine, who had been cruelly bitten by a mad dog, was brought to him. The boy's death was certain if he did not act. With agony and fear at heart he began the inoculations; on ten successive days they were administered in constantly growing strength, and the child lived. The crucial experiment had been made.

Six months later he had inoculated 300 persons, with only a single death—that of a girl who came to him 37 days after being bitten in the head. This case he regarded as hopeless from the first, and only undertook it because of her parents' distress.

In 1887 a British official commission, of which Lister was a member, reported after 14 months' study with him, that "M. Pasteur has discovered a method of preventing rabies comparable to that of vaccination for small pox. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this discovery, both as regards its practical application and its effect on general pathology."

It is also to the genius of Pasteur that medical science is indebted for the discovery of the serum to cure diphtheria, which proved the master-key to the treatment of other diseases by serum, known as antitoxins, appropriate to each.

Many honors came to Pasteur from all parts of the world, and on his 70th birthday—December 27, 1892, there was a magnificent celebration of his jubilee, to which contributions were sent from every civilised country and all the great institutions of learning. It has been truly remarked that the faith of this great man was as genuine as his science.

PASTEUR'S CATHOLICITY.

Much has been written of late in the Catholic press (says *America*) concerning the religion of the great French scientist, Pasteur. That he was a Catholic, in name at least, is admitted by all. But was he a Catholic who faith-

fully practised his religion, one who can be pointed to as a true light and glory of the Catholic Church? We reprint from the Pittsburgh *Observer* the latest contribution to this question. It appears in the shape of a letter from the Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph Guillot, of St. Paul, Minn., who says:

"Some years ago a letter was published from Detroit, and made the rounds of the press of the country, in which it was stated that Catholics had no claims on Pasteur, one of the greatest men of the last century, that his religion was mere Deism, and that he never was a practical member of Holy Church. At the time I sought authentic information in the matter. It is only of late, owing no doubt to the many cares of my correspondents, during the last dreadful few years, that I have received complete answers to my inquiries, and they may be summed up in these very striking facts written in a letter I have from the chancellor of the diocese of St. Claude. The territory of that diocese comprises the department of Jura, in which is situated the pretty little city of Arboy, where Louis Pasteur was born and raised, and where his remains are buried between those of his good Catholic father and mother. The chancellor writes: (1) Pasteur was always known here as a good Catholic. (2) Even in his busiest days he never failed to take at Paris a night train that would bring him to Arboy on the morning of Corpus Christi, so that he could join the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. And he came again every year at the end of September, to be present at what is called here the vintage feast, when the first ripe grapes gathered are brought by the most notable Catholics to the parish church, where they are blessed by the pastor. (3) A few years before his death, presiding at the commencement exercises of the College of Dole, in the same department, he pronounced before his young audience these beautiful words, which were then quoted and commented upon by the papers: "When one has studied much, he comes back to the faith of a Breton peasant; as to me, had I studied more, I would have the faith of a Breton peasant woman." (4) In April, 1895, the year in which he died, he insisted on going, with his worthy wife, to receive his Easter Communion in the parish church. (5) On Friday, September 25, the day of his death, he very piously received the last Sacraments from Father Richard, one of the assistant priests, and was able afterwards to have a lengthy conversation with Father Boulanger, a Dominican, who was the great man's confessor. I believe this will satisfy anyone as a proof that Pasteur was a faithful child of the Church, and his example is another confirmation of the words of Pascal that "a little knowledge estranges from God, whilst great knowledge brings one nearer to God.' "

Here at least we have a series of definite statements on which reliance can doubtless be placed. The reader can form from them his own judgment.

Sacred Heart Girls' College, Lower Hutt

The following pupils of the Sisters of the Missions, of the above college, were successful at the November examinations:—

Public service entrance: Millie Young. Intermediate: Kathleen Sullivan, Isabel McRae, Eileen Thompson. Standard VI. Proficiency: Six pupils were presented, all obtaining proficiency certificates—Jean Swiggs, Molly Beckingsale, Winifred Chamberlain, Emma Rudolph, Moya Head, Eileen Meyrick. Pitman's Shorthand: Theoretical—Muriel Rooney, Agnes Sullivan, Eileen Reidy, Maggie Wall; elementary—Irene Maloney.

When the family circle is broken and scattered and we have but the memory of those whom we have "loved and lost a while," in the heart's silent times we can hear again the dear, familiar words as potent as the "still small voice" at Horeb's cave. And the rarest treasure of the soul will be the sweet remembrance of this "practice of the presence of God" at the family altar.

A Littoral City

(By H. J. M., in *The Nation and the Athenaeum.*)

The correlations of animate with inanimate nature are so intricate that the least oscillation of the latter from the normal will often make a wilderness of a city or a city of a wilderness. Early this year (1922) the sea scored a march against its human foeman on the tidal flats and shingle beaches of the east coast between Brancaster and Sheringham where the cliffs begin, and in an impetuous expense of its artillery hammered through a furlong of concrete wall. On one side of the turf bank running between road and beach the land became a shallow broad, scrawled over with multiform islands like the hieroglyphs on the yellow-hammer's egg, and on the other, water and vegetation came to a deadlock and camped their indiscriminate forces over the ground. Into this tangle of alleys, squares, and streets, where the sedges, reeds, and water plants made the houses, and the water the open spaces, poured a multitude of birds and founded a city-state in Grecian fashion, but that it was quilted of many nations. Long, crescentic lines of black-headed gulls, burnished by the sun, girdled the seaward frontier of the city, like Crusaders after the taking of Jerusalem, and when they rose and drifted out to sea in silver clouds, the city's glittering battlements seemed to have crumbled like Atlantis's that were. A cluster of immature greater black-headed gulls, the van of the hosts which migrate along the coast in the autumn as very symbols of the darkening days, broke in from the north, and in at another gate a troop of sanderling dived in a cascade of white breasts, followed by a single knot who twisted down in the angles of lightning. A throng of cosmopolite citizens ambled the streets and squares in their several national costumes—black and grey coots in their white shields, like the heraldic device of some order, a gallant one, judging by the number of duels; green-capped and rufous-belted sheld-duck in white cloaks slashed with black; stockish and massive-billed shovellers in green, white, chestnut, and blue, with yellow spectacles, like aldermen in a free-colored Morris State; a full-plumaged scaup drake and his white-faced mate (the rarest hyperborean visitor in June), like pochard with black torso for red, or tufted duck at a distance without the crest; mincing waterhens; lapwings, tourists to Venice from inland plains; herons, lank, primitive, and spectral, like shadows of their ancestors; swans like the figureheads, and hovering terns, the guardian angels of the city; linnets airy as their notes; bustling and hallooing redshank; a tall greenshank like a redshank grown up and lost its mercurial spirits; dunlin with the black breast-band of the nuptial season; little stint like its pigmy form, and the urchins of the sandpiper community and canty ringed plover. And as initial verses to this anthology sounded the skirl of the sedge-warbler, the wheeze of the reed-bunting, and the sweeter reed-music of the reed-warbler all along the rushes fringing the turf-bank.

The only unity governing the diversity was one of place, but the nurseries on the other side of the bank had an internal cohesion of common purpose. Two small islands almost flat with the water and shagged with tussocks of marram, other wiry grasses, and coarse turf, and patched with dry mud, held about 800 nests of Sandwich and common terns, black-headed gulls, ringed plover, and redshank. They were mingled helter-skelter, lined or unlined, slovenly or compact, many so close together as to be semi-detached (the nine Sandwich terns' nests were within an orbit of three yards), and with eggs so variously shaded and mottled as to make classification of size rather than pattern, coloration, or even shape the clue to identity of species. The terns' eggs and nests ran riot in idiosyncrasy, but those of the gulls were hardly less variable, spotted, zoned, and splashed with greys, blacks, and browns of every tone, on a ground of olive, green, buff, dark brown, or blue. Gulls are of a plover-like ancestry, and the black-head, diverging first to a sea-habit, then a land-habit, and here breeding almost within the spray of high-tide, was with his fancy-roaming eggs and nests consistent in plasticity. One of them was a monument, a palace, a foot high, built on the highest point of the island and broad based on a straddling foundation of interlacing sticks, thinning to the grassy apex of the pyramid on which reposed, like a single blossom

topping a bush, or one lasting poem out of a lifetime of verses, a solitary egg. This pair alone among their brethren, some with mere twists of grass, had the swnoptic view of life; they saw it whole in one sweep from the experience of memory to the prevision of inference; what tides have done before, spoke the tight logic of stick upon stick, tides may do again. Only the lovely treasure of the redshank,* with its background of yellow or grey or both (lighter than the lapwing's), and its rich daubs of purples and browns, is concealed in the heart of the tussock, where long grasses play their shadows over it, the fingers of the wind's caress.

Past the sheld-duck on the water, gowned so comely and so bizarre both, with her ducklings in their white down banded twice with Vandyke lines, and over on the mainland, the shelf between inland and outer sea, was an oyster-catcher's nest with the rare number of four eggs (streaked and printed grey-brown on a yellowish-grey ground color), walled with pebbles in a shingle depression. One was double-yolked and twice the size of the others, an oddity to make itch the thievish hand of the collector. Once an egg of this same pair rolled out of its hollow nearer the water, and they swung round and round the watcher's head, wailfully *kleep-kleeping*, until he went to the nest and restored the egg. As I walked over the island the gulls hung screaming low over my head, a roof woven of white wings with the azure one of the world streaming through it. Here were three skies, and I marooned on a cloud in the lowest; but only the middle one lived with me, and that was all life, broken not only into a mosaic of moving lights but into full a thousand entities of brain and heart and nerve, and among them how many originals like that pair of gulls and oyster-catchers? The city was on one side of the bank, its corporate life on the other, for eggs and nests were safe in fancy-freedom by a common purpose of watch and ward which kept the peace within the ranks of the divers peoples (the gulls, as I was assured and could see for myself, did not touch the terns', redshanks' or plovers' eggs), and every enemy except man and the elements without.

If there is no more individual shore-bird than the redshank, there is none so personable as the ringed plover. In social flight, when the flock becomes an individual and the birds its several organic parts like the words of a lyric, they resemble sanderling, little stint, and dunlin; they nest among the terns and gulls, as their fellow-waders (except the redshank) never do, and their charming little pear-shaped eggs, three and sometimes four, are similar, but for shape and position with their narrower ends together in the middle of the nest, to the little terns'. They are not quite so variable in their markings, but I found one nest of four eggs with one pair pigmented to type and the other, cream-colored, without markings of any kind. The sides of the cupped nest are usually embossed with pebbles and broken shells, but I have seen a few nests among the gulls wound with grass bents. They are true to the volatile expression of their homes, impinged upon by the restless sea, suffused and rarefied by the elements, and they twinkle over their native shore with a run which seems another phase of flight, but always more waywardly than other small shore-birds, while their plumper and squatter build gives them an inexplicable pathos. Thus they maintain a fellowship of habit with their various associates and yet preserve an essence, unique and particular, of their own.

There is an infallible method of finding out whether ringed plover have eggs or young. If the former, they content themselves with flying in circles round the intruder, with their soft plaints—*peep, peep*, and *toolee, toolee*, the dissyllable being the nuptial call modulated into a quavering trill, when the male weaves his flight-mazes or slides along the ground with humped back and dragging wing. But if the latter, then the female becomes a Lyceum tragic actress in the convulsions of death. Actually she mimics the throes, creeping along in painful spasms with one wing flapping in the air, the other lolling as though broken, and then, with head half buried in the shingle, rolls over from side to side and, with a last shudder, agonises into a lifeless, tumbled heap. I am a stoat; my craving for blood is whetted, and I bare my teeth as I pad after her. A last paroxysm of life spurts up in her and carries her writhing and floundering another 20 yards. A bestial possession foams the blood through my arteries, and I go bounding after her, my snout dilated at the anticipated scent of her blood—and there she is flashing her silver wings over my head with a hey-nonny-toolee, and "Keep you low, my child, till I entice him this way and that way, far out of yours." The crouching infant, three or four hours old in down of fawn and grey, rucks its nape feathers over the telling black collar and shams stone, but stones do not pulsate, nor, when picked up, wave stumps of wings and set off on long shanks to tumble head over ears over a rather bigger member of their order. The nest a few yards off has still one egg but no broken shells, which are carried off the nesting ground to give the younglings, one supposes, room and warmth under the parent's breast at night.

The little "dotterels," as they are called locally, are, further, much more circumspect in going on to their eggs than the terns, who come home down the chimney, so to speak. The female returns in a series of runs and pauses, retreats, approaches, goes off at a tangent, sidles nearer, swerves away again, and finally makes a dash for it and settles deeply in with a sigh rippling all over her body.

The eye leaves her, jumps over the waving beds of sea-campion, threads its way among the hulks of the seals basking on the sandspit, and launches out to sea, swinging over the pale bar of the horizon into the immensity of space. The loneliness of the human mind is behind it, and it travels further than any winged citizen of this busy township, contented in the fulfilment of its single and commingled lives. And in space that mind is at home, building it with cities of its own workmanship, where all our quest is ended, our frustrations undone, and as these birds know a matchless freedom of body here, so we there an equal freedom of the mind.

* All of which I was offered for a gift, so hated among the gunners is the bird which alone of its family makes the interests of others its own, and with its clamor rouses the whole of the population in its neighborhood, each and every tribe, against their common foe.

G. K. Chesterton's Obiter Dicta

Evil always takes advantage of ambiguity.

Evil always wins through the strength of its splendid dupes.

There has in all ages been a disastrous alliance between abnormal innocence and abnormal sin.

A silent anarchy is eating out our society.

The State has suddenly and quickly gone mad. It is talking nonsense, and it can't stop.

The fairy tales knew what the modern mystics don't—that one should not let loose either the supernatural or the natural.

The Eugenists are as passive in their statements as they are active in their experiments.

Modern scientists will not say that George III. in his lucid intervals should settle who is mad; or that the aristocracy that introduced gout shall supervise diet.

The newspaper of to-day—which every day can be delivered earlier and earlier—every day is less worth delivering at all.

The age we live in is something more than an age of superstition—it is an age of innumerable superstitions.

The thing that really is trying to tyrranise through government is science.

The doctor of science actually boasts that he will always abandon a hypothesis; and yet he persecutes for the hypothesis.

The Eugenists mean that the public is to be given up, not as a heathen land for conversion, but simply as a pabulum for experiment.

There is no reason in Eugenics but there is plenty of motive.

The epoch for which it is almost impossible to find a form of words is our own.

The half-starved English proletarian is not only nearly a skeleton, but he is a skeleton in a cupboard.

Our sins (of the past) have become our secrets.

Edwin and Angelina

There is (says *America*) a Methodist clergyman in Chicago who is leading his sheep into strange pastures. This reverend shepherd casts a glance at the national scandal of divorce and decides that all is well with the Republic. The fact that polygamy is now an American institution fully sanctioned by the law, and tolerated by all the Churches, save one, does not disturb the sunshine of his Pollyannish mind. Off with the old and on with the new, is the motto of this progressive pastor. "Should two persons be compelled to live together," he asks, "when the affection which constitutes real marriage is dead?"

It is plain that the pastor considers this observation a very Achilles among all possible arguments, when, in fact, it is only a question, and a very silly question at that. "Affection" is something very beautiful, but it does not "constitute" marriage. Marriage is essentially a contract which binds the contracting parties to the performance of definite duties. A "loveless" marriage, if by the term is meant a marriage which is enacted for reasons of social or financial advantage, is, generally, to be reprobated. It is usually an unwise contract, but still a contract, as fully binding as a compact which is the outcome of unimpeachable wisdom and prudence. As for the marriage which is accompanied with all the outward signs of genuine love, it is true that the contracting parties cannot promise always to preserve the mellow haze which, traditionally, accompanies the honeymoon. But they can engage themselves to fulfil that which they have solemnly promised. If husband and wife were free to withdraw from one of the most sacred compacts which can be made, when its duties become more difficult, no promise would be safe, and the world would soon lose all ideals of truth, honor, and mutual confidence.

Fidelity, then, not affection or even love, and much less the brutal passion which often assumes the cloak of love, constitutes the firm bond of marriage. No one is obliged to marry, but everyone who deliberately enters into a solemn contract is bound to keep to its terms. Edwin will not long cherish close to his heart the little gleam of sunshine from Angelina's tangled tresses, and after a year or two Angelina will no longer burst into hot and sudden tears when Edwin sneezes. She will probably suggest a little quinine. A kiss is said by the philosophers to be a token of true affection, but by darning Edwin's socks and taking care of his collar-buttons, Angelina can give Edwin a deeper proof of her undying affection. Edwin will evidence his love by working hard to give Angelina, and after a time the little Edwins and Angelinas, a home and a full cupboard, and Angelina will demonstrate her devastating passion by taking care of the little ones about her knees, and most of all, by taking care of Edwin. There is no book-poetry in this connection, but much real poetry, for poetry, after all, means creation, and the creation of a home is an infinitely nobler poem than the creation of an Iliad. Best of all, the foundation of this domestic society is fidelity. And it is as harmful to society as to the individual to preach that fidelity is a virtue to be practised in fair weather and thrown overboard when the waves run high.

Hibernian Society, Waimate

The half-yearly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, Waimate, was held recently, the attendance of members being very satisfactory (writes a correspondent). The election of office-bearers for the ensuing term resulted as follows:—President, Bro. J. Hughes; vice-president, Bro. P. Foley; secretary, Bro. M. Cleary; treasurer, Bro. M. Healy; warden, Bro. E. Cullimore; guardian, Bro. T. Burns. During the previous term a goodly number of young men were initiated into the society. The branch is in a very flourishing condition, and always extends a real Hibernian welcome to new members. At a function held lately, Bro. Lyons was presented with a past-president's collar. In a happy speech Bro. Hughes referred to the recipient's good qualities, and characterised his work as of the highest merit. Bros. Toomey, Bradley, and Healy also spoke in glowing terms of Bro. Lyons' good work on behalf of the society. Replying in a reminiscent vein, Bro. Lyons spoke of the inception of the branch and its doings up till the present day. He thanked the speakers for their kind remarks, and said that it was a pleasure to know that his work was appreciated. The success of the society, in the interests of which Bro. Lyons and other staunch sons of St. Patrick expended their time so liberally and worked so energetically, is assured.

G. K. Chesterton on Puritanism

Puritanism, it seems (says an exchange), was a 17th century Ku-Klux-Klan. Mr. G. K. Chesterton was taken to task recently in the English press for his dislike of the famous "May Flower" Puritans. His critics in the end were probably sorry they had spoken. This is the way he began his reply:—

"My critic tells me to read more about the 'Mayflower'; and that is just the trouble. There are two kinds of reading about the 'Mayflower,' and I have some experience of both. I have read stacks and piles of Victorian history books, of text-books from Cambridge to Harvard, of leading articles, political speeches and professional lectures about Puritanism and New England and the voyage of the 'Mayflower.' I have also read just a little of what was said for and against such Puritanism in the Puritan period, in the contemporary records. By scholarly standards it was very little; but little as it was, it was enough to knock all the modern stuff to jimbo. I defy anybody to read 17th century literature with a free mind, and not come to the conclusion that Puritanism was, as I said, a savage theological fury. But it was largely a fury against civilisation, and quite certainly against toleration. Puritans were indeed intolerant in very varying degrees and details of Puritanism. They differed very much among themselves. At one extreme was the Scottish type of fastidious fanaticism, splitting sects by splitting hairs. At the other was the English type of Cromwellian commonsense, content with a Puritan atmosphere, and anxious to secure able men from all groups of Puritans or even of Protestants. But taking the 17th century as what it was for all civilisation, the final war between the Catholic and Protestant elements in Christendom, there is only one fair test that we can take and only one possible issue of the test. It is that while Catholics and Protestants persecuted each other, there were some Catholics in favor of tolerating Protestants, and there were next to no Protestants, and certainly no Puritans, in favor of tolerating Catholics. The Puritans were simply a group of Protestants who thought that Protestantism did not persecute Catholics enough."

Why Not Try it Here?

We commend (says a Home paper) the following extract from an American contemporary to the notice of our readers: "Detroit has a judge by the name of Charles L. Bartlett, who appears to have some common sense and knowldege of human nature. Some motor-car drivers were before him, week before last, convicted of speeding. Before passing sentence, he bundled them all into a patrol-wagon, took them to a hospital, and made them view some casualties caused by carelessness and fast driving. Again last week, when another batch of seven came before him, he took them to the county morgue and exhibited to them the bodies of three persons who had been killed by motor-cars. Judge Bartlett seems to have some idea of the nature of law; he seems to know that the law can do little unless in co-operation with the reason and conscience of mankind, and he goes very sensibly about securing that co-operation. We feel pretty sure that those speeders paid their fines and served their sentences with an entirely different conscience than if he had not put them through that enlightening experience. Respect for law will revive as soon as Judge Bartlett's method is made general. People are apt to respect any law that can be made to engage their reason and conscience; and our present disregard for law is chiefly due to the fact that most of our laws are wholly arbitrary, and that neither reason nor conscience is concerned with them."

Eltham Catholic Carnival

Rev. Father N. Moore, of St. Joseph's Presbytery, Eltham, urgently appeals to all friends who have books of tickets, butts and money in connection with the Eltham Catholic Carnival, to return same before February 14.

Current Topics

The Fruits of Victory

We won the war that was to make the world safe for democracy. We blew our trumpets and waved our flags and Mr. Parr made speeches. Soon it was evident that, although certain people did their neighbors in the Great War, the men who did their bit got nothing out of it. The bubble was burst. The lying rhetoric of journalists and politicians was exposed. Versailles which ought to have laid the foundations of peace was a hotbed for the seeds of new wars. The men who talked of hanging the Kaiser proved to be the worst enemies democracy ever had or ever will have, and since the day on which, having excluded God from their sessions, they sat down to their game of grab there has been nothing but confusion. It is now admitted and proved that it was from first to last a gigantic lie that Germany was the cause of the war, but, nevertheless, the punishments inflicted on her by the Versailles scoundrels continue to be exacted and to cause more and more trouble as time goes on. France still demands her pound of flesh to which she is not entitled, and it will not astonish anybody to find, one of these days, that France has caught a tartar. France is looking for trouble and trouble generally comes to those that seek after it. An un-Christian peace has had terrible results, and it may be that the worst is yet to come.

The Facisti

Parlimentary government must have fallen to a low ebb in Italy to make it possible for one man to achieve such a triumph as was won by Mussolini. It is likely that his meteoric success has eclipsed everything in history. What Cromwell gained by murdering a king, what Napoleon achieved by the sword, this Italian, formerly a Socialist, won without striking a blow when he led his voluntary army into Rome and overthrew a weak Government which dared not face him. The Government went down before him as the walls of Jericho fell before the blast of the trumpets, and the King, in his wisdom, hailed the conqueror and assented to the inevitable as gracefully as he could. Mussolini's power is as supreme as was that of Cromwell. In his speeches he makes that fact quite plain. His audacity and his masterfulness carried all before them. The Deputies realised that they were face to face with a strong man and they voted him whatever he asked for. He rules Italy as a dictator, backed by his 300,000 **Facisti.** He is a living proof of what a man of character can do with a solid and loyal body at his back. He has overthrown corrupt government and exterminated venal politicians and written in his deeds a warning that similar politicians in every country would do well to take heed of. What he had done other people can do, and no doubt other people will imitate him when there is no other redress for their wrongs, and when warnings to fool-Ministers and place-hunters are fruitless. Although there is in the new movement much that is opposed to true liberty, no doubt things will adjust themselves later. On the whole Mussolini has done well and has rooted out many abuses. He is not anti-clerical and he recognises the value of religion far better than a Massey or a Parr or a Dillon Bell. It is noteworthy that his paper was the staunchest supporter of Sinn Fein during the days of Ireland's war with England, and he studied Sinn Fein methods to no small advantage.

The Irish Senate

The new Senate of Ireland includes sixty members thirty of whom are nominated and the others elected. Distinguished Irishmen of all classes and creeds are found among the sixty chosen by the President or by the voters, and, although at present, they are liable to be murdered or to have their homes burned down, in time they will be found doing good service in the cause of the old land.

Dr. Sigerson was elected by the Senate of the Irish Free State at its first meeting on a recent Monday to the position of president of that body. He is the father of the late Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter, the poetess, and has been a prominent figure in Dublin for over half a century. An eminent medical man (he is a professor of biology at University College), he has written a history of land tenures in Ireland as well as other valuable historical works.

The thirty members of the Senate who were elected by the Dail to make, with the the thirty nominated by President Cosgrave, the complete body include two women, Mrs. Stopford Green, the widow of the historian J. R. Green, and Mrs. Eileen Costello, a Gaelic scholar who lived at one time in London. There are thus now four women senators. Amongst other notable names is that of Colonel Moore (brother of George Moore), at one time colonel commandant of the Connaught Rangers and later the military chief of the Irish Volunteers. One of the exploits of the "Black-and-Tans" was to take Colonel Moore about with them on an armored car in case they were fired upon.

Sir John Purser Griffith was at one time engineer to the Dublin Port and Harbor Board, and was president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, 1919-20. He was born at Holyhead, where his father was a Congregational minister. Mr. James Douglas, one of the framers of the Irish Constitution and a leading member of the Society of Friends in Ireland, and Mr. E. McLysaght (better known in England as Edward Lysaght, the poet and novelist) are also members. As might have been expected, owing to the P.R. system of election used in the Dail voting "interests" are prominently represented, as in the cases of the chairman of the Irish Farmers' Union and the Irish secretary of the Railway Clerks' Association. Farming generally forms a strong element.

The Poor Journalists

The writer of even a penny-dreadful regards with lordly contempt the journalist. In his own estimation the former is an artist while the latter is a penny-a-liner, a hack, or a slave. There is a common idea that journalists turn out words at lightening speed while writers of fiction are as careful over every syllable as Michael Angelo was with his chisel. The following extract from an exchange may help to disillusion some of our readers:

There has just come out, in Heinemann's very handsome new Vailima Edition of all that Stevenson wrote, the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, always the most read of his books and the only story of his in which he felt, as he worked, that every character was alive and had only got to be reported, not invented, from page to page. And here, in a prefatory note, is his widow confirming what has always been said—that Stevenson wrote the whole 30,000 words of the first draft of the story in three days, and then burnt what he had written and wrote a new version, of the same length, in another three days. A mere journalist shudders to think of such a rate of production. Ten thousand words, Stevenson's daily task for that week, is continuous manual labor, if nothing more, for ten hours. It is as if one journalist were to write in one day every word on this page of the *Manchester Guardian*, and then keep it up for another five days. Journalism knows no such feats. Hers is a sober world, unvisited by such hustlers.

Rumor speaks of journalists who can dictate cornucopiously, but was there ever one who dictated a daily newspaper page every day for a week? And Stevenson did not dictate. He did not even reserve such leisure for pure thought as might be gained by leaving the coolie work with the paper and ink to another. He wrote every word, like Anthony Trollope, who used to turn out chronicles of Barchester, morning after morning, at the rate of 250 words to each quarter of an hour. After writing some thousands Trollope used to knock off and go to repose himself during the heat of the day at a Government office where he was em-

ployed. But for this siesta from ten to four he would probably have rivalled "R.L.S." in daily output. We do not know Sir Walter Scott's rate of production; in his day there was not a county cricket championship to make us all passionate statisticians; but Lockhart says enough to indicate that, when money was tight, Scott was a flyer after the order of Sheridan. Look, again, at our contemporary authors of bound masterpieces. Cast up the number of words turned out in a year, to be bound in cloth, octavo, by each of our most popular novelists. Divide this by the number of days in a year, less Sundays and a proper allowance for holidays, and the daily yield is almost as easily ascertained as the speed, per minute, of pigeons racing home to Oldham from Rouen. If the results could then be tactfully compared with the daily labors of eminent journalists, we fear it might be found that all the prize milch cows came from the branch of the profession of letters which is so warmly praised for lack of fluency. Why it should be so is another and a darker question. Perhaps because the hard-bitten journalist knows that behind a thousand harmless-looking villa fronts there are daily couched, from cock-crow onwards, "Veritas," "Forty Years' Subscriber," "Chapter and Verse," "Pro Bono Publico," and a whole dragonsome fauna of other informers ready to spring, letter-to-editor in hand, upon every wrong date, false quotation, or other human frailty of the writer's current hand. This chills the craftsman's fine fire, breeds self-distrust, and sets him toying with standard works of reference at seasons when the writer of "serious literature" can let himself loose in the blue without serious danger of being publicly corrected.

The Irish Governor-General

The *Manchester Guardian*, of December 15, announces the reception by the Dail of Mr. T. M. Healy, Governor General for Ireland. The members received him standing, and he said, after reading the King's message:

"To-day, in the name and with the authority of the people of Saorstat Eireann, you enter into the fullness of your partnership in liberty with the nations co-operating in co-equal membership in a great Commonwealth of free peoples. I meet you on this momentous day with sentiments of the deepest emotion, charged by his Majesty to associate myself as his representative with the task which, after many years of hard-pressed claim, becomes yours alone and unquestioned, by the effect of the Treaty made just a year ago between Great Britain and Ireland and subsequently ratified—the task of governing this State, of making the laws under which you are to live, and of administering those laws for the happiness and well-being of all your fellow-citizens.

"You have adopted a Constitution for this State, and in framing that Constitution, while you have in careful observance of your Treaty obligations conformed to those modes of constitutional expression and form which are common to your partner nations and a characterestic feature of their association in the Commonwealth of nations, you have had no other fetter on the exercise of a single-minded and whole-hearted determination to create for your country such machinery of government as seemed to you most calculated to serve her best interests most efficiently.

"You have just devised a Constitution under which the most patriotic yearnings for the re-creation of the national life and identity of our country in language and thought, in literature and art, for her progress along secure lines of social and economic development, for her assurance in prosperity, happiness and contentment, are offered the utmost free play. You have been encouraged in your work by the support of your fellow-countrymen and women, who have testified in no uncertain manner their approval of and confidence in your efforts for the nation.

THE HOSTILE MINORITY.

"Unhappily, a small number who have not yet bowed to the will of the majority have engaged in hostile operations against you, and have spread ruin broadcast in an attempt to impose their will upon the majority by means of terror and destruction. While failing utterly in their attempt to upset the Treaty so solemnly arrived at, and to involve our country in a renewed strife with Great Britain, these unhappy people have succeeded in striking deadly blows both at the economic prosperity and the political unity of Ireland, and thousands of persons have suffered individual hardships through their actions.

"The problem of unemployment, so pressing in many countries to-day was certain to have been of smaller dimensions in Ireland than in almost any other country, but it has been enhanced to an incalculable extent by the fury of destruction and attempted disorganisation which is the manner of war now being waged upon the people. It must be your first and most urgent care to bring this disorder to a speedy end, so that you may be free to devote your best efforts to the solution of the social and economic problems it has created or aggravated.

"In the meantime my Ministers are giving their best attention to the working out of schemes for dealing with the [unemployment] problem, which they hope to have ready to submit to your active consideration so soon as the circumstances will allow of their being put into operation."

After alluding to the constitution of the Boundary Commission, Mr. Healy outlined prospective legislation. One of the earliest measures, he said, would be an electoral bill to implement the franchise enactments of the Constitution. A committee would be set up immediately to examine the question of the establishment of a judicial system, and a bill for the establishment of an Irish Judiciary would be submitted.

Other measures to be introduced would provide for a permanent civil police in the form of the present civic guard, and the provision of a national defence force in time of peace. Another matter of national importance which was engaging the attention of the Ministry was that of provision for the completion of land purchase. "It is my earnest prayer that the labors upon which you are now entering may be blessed and bear great fruit for our country," Mr Healy concluded.

Ecclesiastical and Educational Statistics

The *Catholic Directory* (*Ordo*) for 1923 supplies the following interesting ecclesiastical and educational statistics in respect to New Zealand:—

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

Number of districts, 45; churches, 127; priests (regular), 54, (secular) 47; total 101. Religious brothers, 30; nuns, 513; colleges, 2; boarding and high schools, 18; primary schools, 55; orphanages, 4; inmates, 432; homes for incurable, 2; inmates, 140; creche, 1; inmates, 30. Total number of children receiving Catholic education in the archdiocese, 8483; total Catholic population of the archdiocese (census 1916), 55,437 (exclusive of Maoris); Maori Catholic population, 2071.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND.

Parishes, 49; diocesan clergy, 49; Fathers of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, 22; religious brothers, 18; sisters, 320; schools (boarding) for boys, 1; for girls, 16; superior and primary day schools, 39; teachers, 169; orphanages, 2; home for the poor, 1; hospital and convalescent home, 1. Total number of children receiving Catholic education, about 6000. Total Catholic population of the diocese (census 1916) about 40,000; Catholic Maoris about 3000.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

Number of districts, 21; churches, 63; priests, 50 (secular 22, regular 28); religious brothers, 11; nuns, 296; boarding and high schools, 8; primary schools, 29; Magdalen Asylum, 1; industrial and preservation schools, 1; orphanage, 1; Nazareth House, 1; girls' hostels, 2. Number of Catholics in the diocese, 30,000.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.

Districts, 24; churches, 71; stations, 45; secular priests, 40; religious brothers, 9; nuns, 222; boarding schools (girls), 6; boarding school for boys, 1; superior day schools, 6; primary schools, 23; ecclesiastical seminary, 1; orphanages, 2; home for the aged poor, 1; children in Catholic schools, 3163; Catholic population of diocese, 24,500.

Executive Council, Judiciary, Transitory Provisions in Ireland's Constitution

(By REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D., in *America.*)

[*The last of a series of five articles reproduced in the Tablet.*]

According to Article 50, the executive authority of the Irish Free State is "vested in the King." This sounds fully as bad as the provision in Article 40 concerning the royal veto upon legislation. As in that case, so here, the power is granted in form, only to be withheld in fact; for the words just quoted are followed in the same sentence by these: "and shall be exercisable in accordance with the law, practice, and constitutional usage governing the exercise of the executive authority in the case of the Dominion of Canada, by the representative of the Crown." The real, practical authority of the King over the executive is exactly the same as over the legislative power; that is, none at all.

The true location of executive authority is shown by the second sentence of Article 50. The Executive Council is the name given to the Cabinet . Its head is called president instead of premier, or prime minister. The Executive Council is responsible to the Chamber of Deputies. In other words, the Irish Free State is to have what is known as the "parliamentary" system of government, rather than one such as ours, in which the executive and legislative departments are mutually independent. The great majority of political scientists are agreed that the parliamentary system is superior as regards both efficiency and democracy. It is more efficient because it enables the executive to take the lead in legislation, and requires the two departments to work in harmony. It is more democratic because it compels the executive to resign whenever the Ministers have lost the support of the legislature.

The Executive Council is to comprise not more than twelve persons, of whom four must be members of the Chamber of Deputies, and the remainder members of neither House. The last provision may, however, be modified from time to time by the Chamber to such an extent that three of the eight may be members of Parliament. Hence it will be possible sometimes for a majority of the Council to be drawn from the Chamber of Deputies.

How are the members of the Council to be chosen? They are to be "appointed by the representatives of the Crown" (the Governor General). Again the Crown obtrudes itself. The thing is simply awful. However, Articles 51 and 52 declare that the members of the Executive Council shall be appointed "on the nomination" partly of the Chamber, partly of the President of the Council, and partly of a committee of the Chamber. In other words, the representative of the Crown "appoints" those whom he is told to "appoint."

Those Ministers (members of the Executive Council) who are not members of Parliament are to be heads of executive departments of the Government. If the functional or vocational councils mentioned in Article 44 are established, these Ministers may be drawn from such councils and nominated upon their advice, provided such is the will of Parliament. Hence the Minister of Agriculture might be nominated by the Council of Agriculture, the Minister of Labor by the Council of Labor, etc. In this way the important interests would obtain specific representation in the executive department as well as in the legislative department. This means a gain for governmental efficiency and genuine democracy.

Article 58 provides that the Governor General shall be appointed "in like manner as the Governor General of Canada and in accordance with the practice observed in the making of such appointments." One very important feature of that practice is that no one is appointed to the office who is not satisfactory to the Government of Canada.

Article 59 requires the Executive Council to prepare a budget of receipts and expenditures for each financial year, and to present it to the Chamber before the close of the preceding financial year.

The judiciary is to consist of three kinds of courts: those having local and limited jurisdiction; the High Court, which is to have "full original jurisdiction in, and power to determine, all matters and questions, whether of law or of fact, civil and criminal," together with the power to decide upon "the validity of any law having regard to the provisions of the Constitution"; and the Supreme Court, which has appellate jurisdiction from the decisions of the High Court. Apparently the High Court (and the Supreme Court in case of appeal) has as extensive power to declare laws unconstitutional as the Federal District Courts and the Supreme Court of the United States. The exercise of this power ought to be restricted, say, by the requirement of a unanimous decision in order to nullify any law on constitutional grounds. If a unanimous decision cannot be obtained, the unconstitutional character of the law is not beyond all reasonable doubt; and the doubt should be resolved in favor of the law.

On all questions brought before it the decision of the Supreme Court is to be final, except that any person may appeal to the British Privy Council. This extraordinary right of appeal ought to be more clearly defined. It ought to be so limited that constitutional questions could be brought before the Privy Council only in cases involving the rights of private persons or corporations. Questions affecting the governmental powers of the Free State relatively to Great Britain should be resolved otherwise than by a judicial decision of the Privy Council.

All judges are to be "appointed by the representative of the Crown on the advice of the Executive Council." In plain language and reality, they will be selected by the executive branch of the Free State Government. Whether this is a better method than that of popular election, is a question that does not call for discussion here. The important fact is that the Irish judiciary is to be chosen by the representatives of the Irish people, not by the British Government or its representative.

The judges of the High and Superior Courts hold office for life, unless they are removed for "misbehaviour," by a joint resolution of the Chamber and the Senate. The terms of office in the lower courts are to be fixed by statute.

Articles 69-71. No extraordinary courts may be established; no one shall be tried save in due course of law; no civilian shall be tried by a court-martial except in time of war and for acts committed in time of war, but not even in that case if the civil courts are open and capable of being held. Save in case of summary jurisdiction prescribed by law for minor offences, no person shall be tried without a jury on any criminal charge. These provisions seem calculated to safeguard adequately the right of men to "due process of law."

Section V. (Articles 72-79) is headed "Transitory Provisions." These are to apply for a short time immediately after the ratification of the Constitution. All existing laws not inconsistent with the Constitution are to remain in force until repealed by the Parliament. Existing courts will continue to function until they are replaced by those contemplated in the Constitution. The Dail elected last June may for not more than one year after it has ratified the Constitution, exercise all the constitutional power of the Chamber of Deputies. The first Senate is to be created by the present Dail immediately after the Constitution comes into effect. Eight members shall be elected by the four universities; twenty-eight shall be named by the President of the Dail, and twenty-eight shall be chosen by the Dail. The Constitution must be adopted and put into operation not later than December 6, 1922. Hence the present Dail cannot continue later than December 6, 1923. Apparently the Constitution will go into operation without any popular vote, although it could readily become an issue in the campaign for the election of the first Chamber of Deputies.

The Draft Constitution is not perfect. Unfortunately, it scarcely received adequate discussion in the short time given to its consideration. However, it makes adequate provision for its own amendment. It can be modified very much more easily than the Constitution of the United States; for amendments may be submitted to the people by the Parliament on its own motion, and they must be submitted upon the petition of 50,000 voters; and the proposals become a part of the Constitution when they are ratified either by a majority of all the registered voters or by two-thirds of those actually voting on the proposals.

In general, the Constitution authorises the Government of the Free State to do anything that can be done by any

Government on earth, except for the few reservations contained in the Treaty with regard to harbors, defences, etc. Surely the time has now arrived when all rational friends of Ireland should concentrate attention upon the positive powers enjoyed by the Free State rather than upon its relatively insignificant limitations. The time for rhetorical protestation is past; the opportunity for constructive action is at hand.

Since these articles were written, the Draft Constitution has been considered and, with a few amendments, adopted by the Dail Eireann, or Provisional Parliament. In the first article of the series, I deplored the omission of the name of God from the Draft. That matter was rectified in the Dail, October 11, by prefixing to the document the following preamble: "Dail Eireann, sitting as a constituent assembly in this Provisional Parliament, *acknowledging that all lawful authority comes from God to the people*, and in the confidence that we shall thus restore our national life and unity, hereby proclaims the establishment of Saorstat Eireann, etc." The preamble was adopted unanimously.

At the request of the university members of the Dail, the provisions relating to representation in the Parliament were changed so that the university representatives will have seats in the Chamber of Deputies, instead of in the Senate.

In the fifth article of the series appearing in this issue of *America*, the right of appeal to his Majesty in Council is criticised as dangerously indefinite. While this provision was adopted by the Dail just as it exists in the Draft, the discussion shows that it is not as indefinite and comprehensive as might be inferred from its language. The tribunal to which appeals would be taken consists of lawyers from England, Ireland, and the Dominions. The subjects that may be appealed lie exclusively in the field of international relations; no appeal can be taken in the case of "ordinary, routine, domestic legislation." This is the arrangement that exists in South Africa, and it is better than that prevailing in Canada, for in the latter country appeals may be taken to the Privy Council in domestic, as well as in international, cases.—J.A.R.

Our Roman Letter

(By "STANNOUS.")

(Concluded from last week.)

In esslesiastical life the outstanding event of the year has been the election of a new Pope, with all the accompanying functions of his enthronement and his coronation. With the dying year Pope Benedict's days were being numbered and in the second week of January the great Pontiff who had ruled the Church during the anxious years of war prepared to lay down his burden. On the 22nd of that month of January he died, offering his life "for the peace of the world." Fifteen days later Cardinal Achille Ratti became the chosen of the Conclave and was elected to the Papacy under the name of Pope Pius XI. How the new Pope's name was received by Italy and by the world is all matter of history now. But I recollect as if it were but yesterday that, as I stood in the rain outside St. Peter's on that bleak Monday morning and joined in Rome's welcome to the new Pontiff, a Propaganda student at my side voiced my own very thoughts when he said: "I hope, sir, that he'll be good to Ireland." I knew very little of Cardinal Achille Ratti at the time; in fact, most of us knew nothing at all. But I am glad to be able to say now what I found myself unable to assure my young friend then, namely—that in the opinion of those who are best qualified to form a judgment on the matter the policy of this pontificate is unlikely to affect adversely the fortunes of our country. As is well known, the Holy Father was at one time of his life deeply interested in the study of Irish manuscripts and, incidentally, in the missionary activities of the Irish monks. In more than one Irish audience he has given evidence to show that he still retains an interest in the history of what may justly be called the oldest nation in Europe.

In the middle of December the Holy Father held his first public Consistory wherein eight new Cardinals were added to the membership of the Sacred College. The word *Consistory*, like not a few other technical words in ecclesiastical terminology, comes to us from the days of imperial Rome, when the word "consistorium" was employed to designate the sacred council of the emperors; wherefore the same expression is now used to denote the senate of the Supreme Pontiff, for the Consistory is the assemblage of the Cardinals in council round the Pope. The Cardinals therefore are the counsellors of the Holy Father. The word Cardinal however, and the dignity which it now implies, are largely the direct result of the growing activities of the Papacy. Originally the name was applied to every priest or cleric permanently attached to a church. In the fourth century it was the usual designation for a priest attached to a principal church or sometimes specially to the episcopal church of a diocese (*presbyteri cardinales*, probably from the Latin word *cardo*, a hinge). In historical fact the origin of the Cardinalate is to be found in the origin of what ecclesiastical writers call the *presbyterium*. In the early ages of the Church's history there was in each diocese an assembly known by this name of *presbyterium* and formed of priests and deacons whose common duty was to assist the bishop of the diocese in council and to aid him in ruling the flock committed to his care. Like other bishops the Bishop of Rome had need of a chosen body of clergy to assist him in the administration of his diocese; in this connection the *Liber Pontificalis*, a work that is one of the standard authorities on the point, tells us in regard to the times of St. Evarist (martyred A.D. 107 probably) about a body of seven Roman deacons constituted to assist the bishop in the celebration of the Mass; and the same authority, which by the way was edited by Duchesne nearly 40 years ago, informs us that St. Cletus, the second successor of St. Peter in the Papacy, nominated a body of 25 priests to whom the spiritual administration of the various parts of the city of Rome was to be entrusted. As St. Cletus was martyred in the year 90 A.D. it would appear that in the life of this first-century Pope we find the first suggestion of the quasi-parochial system of ancient Christian Rome, a system which was already in full working order at the end of the fifth century.

To all such priests and clerics, both in the diocese of Rome and in all other dioceses, the name *cardinal* was originally applied. The word was therefore primitively generic in its meaning and signified no special role in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. The exact meaning of the term was determined by local circumstances. But in course of time a very far-reaching difference began to be apparent between the priests and clerics who were known as cardinals in the diocese of Rome and the similar ecclesiastics in other dioceses. Necessarily, the early assistants or cardinals of any diocese outside Rome received from their bishops administrative power or advisory standing to be enjoyed only within the limits of their respective dioceses. But the city priests associated with the Sovereign Pontiff almost necessarily attained a dignity and importance not possible in any other diocese. We find evidence of this relative importance of the Roman clergy as far back as the middle of the third century. In the Decian persecution Pope Fabian was put to death, and from his martyrdom in January, 250, till the accession of St. Cornelius in May, 251, the infant Church was without a Supreme Pastor. During this period of 16 months the priests and deacons of the city of Rome sent to St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, a most important letter on the reconciliation of certain sinners; this document was afterwards carried to the knowledge of all the dioceses of the Christian Church, and the illustrious St. Cyprian himself in his dutiful reply bore witness to the esteem in which he held the clergy of Rome and faithfully undertook to communicate the letter to his flock. In course of time the appellation became restricted to certain members of the clergy of the city of Rome, and in the earlier centuries of the medieval period of ecclesiastical history the title seems to be restricted to the diocese of Rome altogether, or, more correctly, to those of the Roman clergy who were more intimately associated with the Sovereign Pontiff in the administration of his diocese.

To understand the division of the Cardinals into Cardinal-Priests, Cardinal-Deacons, and Cardinal-Bishops, it is necessary to take note of the fact that in early Papal Rome there was a distinction between two classes of the clergy whom the Bishop of Rome associated with himself in the sacred functions of the Church; there were those

who worked in immediate personal association with the Holy Father and under his eye, and there were those others to whom were assigned various city churches. These city churches, or quasi-parishes, were from 25 in number at the earliest period to 28 in the twelfth century. These churches were called *tituli*, and by the end of the fifth century the administrator of each such *titulus* was known as a *presbyter cardinalis*, a cardinal priest. By the middle of the ninth century these cardinal-priests had become supervisors of ecclesiastical discipline in Rome and also ecclesiastical judges. From this body originated the order of Cardinal-Priests as we know it to-day. The Cardinal-Priest to-day has for his titular church in Rome one of the ancient *tituli* in which the sacraments were administered to the faithful.

Besides the division of early Rome into quasi-parishes, there was also a municipal division of the city into seven wards. This division was made use of for the care of the city's poor, and each ward was administered by a deacon who was charged with the charities of that particular quarter of the city. Hence there arose in each ward an almshouse (*diaconia*) and close by a church. It was but natural that in course of time these seven deacons should be called *diaconi cardinales*, becoming so important that they frequently affixed their signatures to the acts of Roman synods; in the sixth century under Gregory the Great their number had increased to 18. Each cardinal-deacon took his official title from the church of the almshouse in the district assigned to him. In the early Middle Ages they attained great importance owing to their administration of the Papal finances, and from them originated the Cardinal-Deacons of modern times. From all that has been said it is evident to the reader that as the Papacy grew in power and importance the amount of ecclesiastical business to be transacted in Rome sometimes became so large that the Bishop of Rome was compelled by sheer necessity to call for the assistance of neighboring bishops. These assisting bishops, for the reason that they were intimately associated with the Supreme Pontiff in the administration of the affairs of the Church as well as of his own diocese, were known in the Middle Ages as Cardinal-Bishops; their number has always been seven, and the cardinalitial dioceses were fixed in the twelfth century as the seven in the immediate vicinity of Rome. Thus in the course of time the cardinalitial dignity has been evolved from the immediate helper of the early Popes to the princely counsellor of the Papacy to-day; and the threefold division into cardinal-priests, cardinal-deacons, and cardinal-bishops does not directly imply different powers or different privileges but is historically founded on the ecclesiastical titles given to them when they are called to become senators of the Sovereign Pontiff.

It is of interest to recall the fact that three Irish bishops have been called to the Sacred College—Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, and the Archbishop of Armagh, his Eminence Cardinal Logue.

CORRESPONDENCE

[*We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.*]

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the issue of the *Tablet* of January 18, 1923, I have a letter in answer to your criticism on "The Blindness of Labor." There are two statements which I would like to correct. I have credited Mr. James, editor of the *Newsletter* with having written the parody on "Onward Christian Soldiers" and also stated that he was a renegade Socialist. These statements are not true, and I wish to state that I was misinformed with regard to them, and I take this opportunity of rectifying my mistake.

I am, etc.,

R. G. McDONNELL,

Secretary Otago Labor Representation Committee,

4/2/'23. 54 Alexandra Street, Caversham.

San Francisco is to have a distinctive Catholic centre for the benefit of young Filipinos who go to the States to extend their education, and of whom there are said to be 15,000 in the bay district. Plans for the centre have been projected by the Rev. H. V. Smith, O.P., with the sanction of Archbishop Hanna.

St. Patrick's Convent, Teschemakers

DEDICATION OF NEW WING.

An interesting ceremony, marking another milestone in the progress of the educational institution associated with St. Patrick's Dominican Convent at Teschemakers, took place on last Sunday, in the presence of a distinguished company of prelates representative of the Catholic Hierarchy of New Zealand, and a large gathering of friends of the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic (says the *North Otago Times*).

The new building is a substantial structure in Oamaru stone, with tiled roof, comprising commodious study, community room, and office, also spare rooms and upstairs accommodation for the Sisters, making a handsome addition to the sugstantial pile of buildings already at Teschemakers. The new building is equipped with all modern conveniences, such as electric lighting and up-to-date heating facilities, and is in every way a fine addition to the convent. The contractors are Messrs. O'Connell and Peterson, of Dunedin, and the architects Messrs. Mandeno and Fraser, also of Dunedin. The contract price, with the newly-erected school and the new wing to the convent, is close on £10,000, while the assembly hall now in the course of erection, is to cost £1500. The fittings for the buildings are estimated to cost £1300.

The Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, presided, and there were also on the platform the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie (Bishop of Christchurch), the Right Rev. Dr. Liston (Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland), Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay (Oamaru), Rev. Father Foley, Adm. (Dunedin), Rev. Father Whelan, C.SS.R. (Wellington), Rev. Father Oxenham, O.P. (Adelaide), Rev. Dr. Buxton (Mosgiel), Rev. Fathers Graham and Fenelon (Oamaru).

After the dedicatory ceremony in the chapel, the procession entered the new building, which was blessed by the Bishop of Dunedin.

Dr. Whyte, in opening the proceedings, said his duties were very light. All he had to do was to call on the Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland (who had come all the way from the north to be present at this ceremony) to address the people.

Dr. Liston, who delivered the address, paid an eloquent tribute to the work of the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic. He said the occasion was one of joy and thanksgiving to Our Divine Lord for the success that had attended the labors of the Dominican Nuns, and he was sure the Bishop of the diocese and the friends of the Order throughout Otago and New Zealand would join in the expressions of appreciation that were voiced in connection with the work of the Sisters of the district. Fifty-two years ago Dr. Moran and ten Sisters had come to New Zealand with not a little sadness and some apprehension. But the success of their labors was a bright augury, and the character of their work had given them a life of blessedness to this community and to the Catholic Church of New Zealand. They had labored in close touch with the community, and he rejoiced that the roots had struck deep into the life of this district. It may be said that not very much could be seen at present for the labors of 50 years, but what was that small span of time in the life of a Church that had lived through many centuries. They were only at the beginning of the work and he praised God for the self-sacrificing work of the Sisters of the Dominican Order. His Lordship went on to refer to the wide influence of the Order upon the life of the community, which had drawn into their number from the soil of New Zealand, and he felt they could that day say with the psalmist that "Thou hast planted the roots and hast filled all the land." This was the inspiration which actuated the good Sisters of the Order, that they might do more to spread abroad the Kingdom of God—the Catholic Church. The Sisters had taken the threefold vow of chastity, poverty, and obedience. They had dedicated themselves to the work of the Church. They were free from all family ties; they were friends of the poor and their Order fused all classes (for they belonged to all ranks) into one whole by the devotion of their lives. They were as a well-drilled army, ever obedient to the call of duty.

"What inspires the good Sisters?" his Lordship asked.

He said their work demanded courage and self-sacrifice. They possessed the courage which comes from the faith which burns in their hearts. The only motive which inspires them was the love of the Lord, their Saviour, and the beauty of the character of Christ was reflected in them. The Catholic world witnessed the moving miracle in the hospitals, the homes of the needy and other Catholic institutions throughout the land, for the good Sisters of the Religious Orders had given themselves up wholly to do something for others. The record of their work would be simply written for they devoted their lives to doing good. They could well, however, on that occasion, brush over the past and think of the future. Let them think of the part the Order of St. Dominic would play in the life of the community. That magnificent institution they were viewing would play an influential part. His Lordship went on to refer to the vital need of Catholic education. He said that learning was necessary for the progress of the Catholic Church. Eighty-three years ago the first Bishop had arrived in New Zealand and had planted the cross on these shores. Learning had been brought by these pioneers of the Church. The conditions were harder in those days, but the Bishop was undeterred by the manifold duties he had to face. But he felt that something more was needed than had been done in the past. Learning, sacred learning, was really necessary. There could be deep faith with little learning, but there could be no blazing light without deep learning, and he urged that they should let the people of New Zealand know of the treasures of knowledge Catholicity had to give them. But they should remember that while they should have learning, they must have learning that was not devoid of the sacred things of life. The young must be brought up free from the evils of the world. They had only to look around them to see how the young were being influenced by the inroad the hard and selfish spirit of the age was making. Their own Catholic Church would have, to fight to hold its place. But if they filled their hearts with innocence they would be shining lights. He did not expect any real progress in the Catholic Church, unless they held fast to the fundamentals of Catholicity. They need not go back to the old days, but they must hold fast, for without this recognition there could be no progress. Their Church was the Church of Saints, but the Church could not make progress without the realisation that the sacred things of life counted for most. It was true their people comprised only a fragment of the community and that the majority of the people still remained in the faithless anti-rooms of the Catholic faith. He felt like crying, "How long, oh, Lord, how long?" But the Church had the right to hope—the duty to hope. The souls of their fellow-countrymen were immortal and dear to Christ. The Catholic community gratefully recognised the self-sacrificing work of their teachers who devoted themselves to their work without the prospect of fame or reward. And by their work, the Sisters of St. Dominic were carrying out their great work most conscientiously and with a large measure of success. He prayed that God would, through the Catholic Church, bring the light of faith into the hearts of all our brothers—our fellow-countrymen.

Dr. Liston concluded by describing the discovery which had been made in a church in Spain, where a silver bar had been found bearing the inscription: "Lord of the Blessed Sacrament; guard thou my jewels." Beneath the bars was found a wealth of jewels, which had been placed there for safety. The Sisters of St. Dominic had labored faithfully in the building up of the magnificent institution that was now being further enlarged. Close beside their convent and their scholastic institution was their chapel. They had that day blessed the new building with the Sacrament at the Altar and he felt that no inscription could better convey the desires expressed by the Bishop of the diocese and the people of the community for the success of the work being done by the good Sisters than that found in the old Spanish church: "Lord of the Blessed Sacrament; watch over these jewels." (Applause.)

Right Rev. Dr. Brodie briefly addressed the gathering. He commented on the great and solid progress being made in the southern part of the country. There had been a very fine advance at Teschemakers since his visit seven years ago. The progress depended upon certain factors, and one of the essential features, and he might say, dominant features, was the self-sacrifice of the good Sisters in the interests of the Catholic community. He congratulated the district on the splendid progress being made, and said the work of the Sisters was bearing good fruit, and there were evidences that their holy faith was being placed on solid ground in this community. He congratulated the Bishop of the diocese on the success of efforts at Teschemakers, and appealed to the people's generosity on behalf of the Sisters.

Rev. Father Foley, in moving that a subscription list be opened, to enable people to show their appreciation of the work of Monsignor Mackay and the good Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic, stated that in ten years the Sisters had expended £20,000 at Teschemakers—all for the good of religion and education in New Zealand. He knew they could rely on the people of the district to support the Sisters in their work, and he urged parents to remember that everything would come by their children receiving their education at the school at Teschemakers.

Mr. P. C. Hjorring, who seconded the proposal, trusted the appeal would not fall on deaf ears, but that the people would give to the best of their ability, and so ease the financial burdens of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

After the subscriptions lists had been circulated, and then handed in, Dr. Whyte returned thanks on behalf of the Sisters for the generous response that had been made, the sum of £300 having been contributed. He thanked the two bishops for their presence at the ceremony, and he thanked Dr. Liston for his magnificent address. The note of that address had been Catholic education for Catholic children. He announced that he was on his way to Rome, and he would be pleased to tell the authorities of the splendid work the Sisters were doing at Teschemakers. Parents should know that secondary education was being imparted with striking success, and the children were being given knowledge of the love of God. He gratefully acknowledged the presentation of a gold key to open the buildings, presented to him by the contractors, and he desired to say, on behalf of the Sisters, that very great credit was due to both the architect and the contractors for the conscientious way in which the work was being carried out.

After the visitors had inspected the building, afternoon tea was provided. The ceremony concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Answers to Correspondents

W. J. R. (Auckland).—The article you mention must have appeared a considerable time ago. If you would give us the date, even approximately, we would look it up. As far as we remember the information it contained was got from an Australian Catholic paper.

READER.—Certainly we hold and always held that Germany was not the cause of the war. We cannot see how any man in his senses could think so to-day. Russia, Sir Edward Grey, and in varying degrees, British officials and French brass hats were as much if not more to blame than the Kaiser, who did what he could do to stop the war. Grey was probably the greatest culprit after Russia.

E. M.—The less said about Ireland now the better. The subject is one for prayer rather than for argument. The nation is bleeding to death and the population lives in terror of the roving bands. Property is destroyed day after day and the demoralisation of boys and girls is appalling. Humanly speaking there is not a ray of hope left. Ireland seems doomed to be murdered by her owns sons and daughters. To remember that the inspiration comes from people who can hardly be described as Irish is all the worse.

OBSERVER.—We do not know if the cheap watches you mention are guaranteed for a year. If they are the guarantee ought to be a warrant to stop at all hours of the day and night. Presumably they are used by all guards on Massey's railways. A watch that costs something is cheapest in the end. Of course if you want to buy one for presentation purposes it is a horse of a different color. We know one man who

buys a gross and gives them for charity bazaar prizes. A safe testimonial would be: "I bought one of your Goze-U-Pleez watches ten years ago and have never used another since." Like the bagpipes (Irish pipes of course) there is one good thing about them: they don't smell.

Jubilee Celebrations at Oamaru

Priests and people gathered in large numbers at Oamaru on Monday, February 5, in order to congratulate the Right Rev. Monsignor Mackay on the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in New Zealand as a priest. No less than four bishops were present, Archbishop Redwood, and Bishops Whyte, Brodie, and Liston, all making the journey in their desire to do honor to the venerable jubilarian who is still hale and hearty after his half century of strenuous and fruitful work for the Church in this country. Priests also travelled from a considerable distance, amongst those present being: Very Rev. James O'Neill, Waikiwi; Very Rev. P. O'Donnell, Gore; Very Rev. John O'Connell, S.M., Christchurch; Rev. Father Henry, S.M., Waimate; Rev. M. Howard, Milton; Rev. D. O'Connell, Wrey's Bush; Rev. T. Kavanagh, Palmerston; Rev. J. Foley, Adm., St. Joseph's; Rev. J. Delany, Adm., South Dunedin; Rev. R. Graham, Oamaru; Rev. A. Fenelon, Oamaru.

On behalf of the laity a gold chalice was presented to the Monsignor, and an address was read from the clergy, testifying their esteem and admiration for the jubilarian and his work.

CONGRATULATORY SPEECH BY BISHOP WHYTE.

Selecting the text "All whatsoever you do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him" (Ep. to the Colossians, 3rd chap., 17th verse), his Lordship Dr. Whyte addressed the assemblage as follows:—

This is a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving—a day when the people of this parish and the priests and bishops of New Zealand praise and thank God for His long succession of benefits to our venerable jubilarian. A priest of such long and distinguished services as Monsignor Mackay is a boon not only to his own parish and diocese but to every parish and diocese in this land. Hence, the presence of the bishops of Christchurch and Auckland, who are to be joined to-night by our venerated metropolitan, Archbishop Redwood. Hence, too, the presence of many priests who also have come from afar. Bishops and priests are here to show their high esteem for your beloved pastor, Monsignor Mackay.

We thank God to-day for having given to this country such a zealous pioneer, a priest who has helped so materially to build up the Church in New Zealand and especially in this southern portion of it.

He arrived in this diocese fifty years ago. The fortunes of the diocese were in the hands of that able and gifted ruler, Bishop Moran. He had only three or four priests to cope with the great and growing needs of his See when this young, delicate priest arrived in search of health. That he found what he sought for is proved by the fact that after fifty years of strenuous, uphill work, he is celebrant of the High Mass to-day. We have abundant reason, therefore, to thank God this day for His benefits to this diocese and to this country.

We thank God fer every one of those fifty fruitful years, for every Mass he celebrated, for every penitent he absolved, for every sermon he preached, for every church h built, for every child he baptized—in a word, for every act of charity and piety he performed during that richly-blessed and richly-blessing life.

If we are to bless the name of God for everything, if we are to thank Him in adversity no less than in prosperity, we have compelling reasons for thanking Him when the unique event we are celebrating reminds us of His immense favor to this diocese at a critical moment when He sent here Father Mackay. His friends and parishioners in Scotland had prayed for his restoration to health; and, as so easily, so often happens, they forgot the Providence of God and felt that God had not listened to their prayers when the young priest was obliged to go abroad in pursuit of health. But the health that his native hills of Scotland had refused him, he obtained from the rugged hills that frown upon the gloomy waters of Lake Wakatipu. That was an important fact in the life of the young priest and no less important in the life and progress of the young diocese.

For all that we thank God this day. *Deo Gratias*—thanks be to God—is a prayer that the saints have incessantly said and have strongly recommended. A more beautiful prayer, they tell us, the mind cannot conceive, nor pen write, nor tongue pronounce.

It is unnecessary for me to describe to you, my dear people, in much detail the work that Monsignor Mackay has been enabled by God's grace to accomplish during his long and strenuous life. His work among the miners was attended with great success. The diggers for gold were at heart true as the gold they dug for. They were men who had brought from Ireland strong, lively faith, and the virtues that are built on faith as a foundation. They would have been more than human, if they had always kept themselves without blemish in the midst of the worldliness inseparable from their adventurous calling. But the faith that they had imbibed with their mother's milk gave them grace to respond to the zealous attention of the young priest, and to clear away from their heart the baser element that concealed its real value just as they won the gold from the clay and sand that enveloped it. Their Irish generosity and Irish faith and Irish piety laid the foundation of the Catholic Church in the Wakatipu.

In those days a priest had none of the comforts in travelling that are enjoyed to-day. Father Mackay had to cover on horseback a vast territory that to-day is considered big in spite of motor cars. Some of his sick-calls were truly Homeric as regards the distances he had to traverse. Truly he sowed in labor, but received his reward in the harvest of souls he secured for the Church and the Kingdom of Heaven.

What he was then in his youth, he still is in his advanced years—quiet with the great reserve force of the silent, patient without complaining, hospitable without being showy, genial within due measure, kind and thoughtful to his people, sympathetic with his fellow-priests and with his religious communities, and loyal and faithful to his Bishop.

Though we are warned against praising a man to his face, I think it due to Monsignor Mackay that we should on this eventful occasion assure him of our gratitude to him for his fifty golden years of service and to help him to thank God for having assisted him to make those years so fruitful of good. He is offering up to-day a Mass of Thanksgiving, and in the collect he beseeches Almighty God not to desert those on whom He has already bestowed His favors, but to continue assisting them till they are ripe to receive their eternal reward. With that sentiment of humility and gratitude in his mind, Monsignor Mackay will not be spoiled if he has had to listen to words of

praise in pronouncing which I am but discharging an obvious and pressing duty.

His life has fulfilled in action the words of the Psalmist, "I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Though he has erected many churches in the diocese, the one that will stand out as his "masterpiece" is the noble church in which we are assembled. The Basilica—the King's Hall, as the word implies—stands as a monument to his courage, zeal, ability, patience, piety, and generosity. The stately building—so symmetrical both within and without—recalling and vying with many notable churches of the old world, will remain, from the material point of view, as his greatest work. From the spiritual point of view, his quiet, unassuming piety and his scrupulous fidelity to duty will, in the memory of his parishioners, be regarded as an equally striking monument.

As an instance of the patience and painstaking he lavished on this building, I might call your attention to the Stations of the Cross. The elaborate search that he made for suitable representations of our Lord's *Via Dolorosa* furnishes one with a fairly adequate idea of what the undertaking, as a whole, must have cost him in the way of thought and anxiety. He visited a large number of towns in Italy, France, and other countries in his search for stations that would be capable of breathing piety and sympathy into the hearts of the faithful, and nobody will say that his taste was at fault or his search in vain. From this laborious pilgrimage, we can judge what the whole work must have implied, a fraction of it involving so vast an amount of toil and foresight.

Monsignor Mackay, in the name of the people of this parish, I thank you to-day for your unselfish devotion to duty during the thirty-three years you have been in Oamaru. I thank you for your regular and helpful instruction of the people, your unstinted services to them in the confessional and the sick-room. I thank you for your profound interest in their children, securing for them suitable schools and accomplished, devoted teachers.

In the name of the Sisters, I thank you for the fatherly care you have profusely shown for their spiritual and temporal welfare, your encouragement to them in their various undertakings, your simple piety which showed them the way to Heaven not merely by your words but by your acts.

Speaking for the priests of this diocese, I thank you for your undemonstrative hospitality, your genial companionship which taught them that a priest's best companions are his brother-priests, your taste for clerical studies which tends to preserve the freshness and vigor and vitality of the priestly spirit. You have always been the "minister of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God," a true priest and an example to your brethren in the ministry.

I thank you in the name of the deceased bishops of this diocese, of the intrepid pioneer Bishop, Dr. Moran, whom you befriended when friends were few and labored with when the harvest was great and laborers not many; and in the name also of his saintly successor, Dr. Verdon, I thank you for having given him the treasure of your long experience and your store of wisdom.

Lastly, I thank you for your kindness to myself. It was reserved for me to see you only in your old age and to witness a pastoral activity that we generally associate with the prime of life. In spite of the great load of years you carry, you have consented to rule this diocese in my absence. For this and for your sound advice on many occasions, and for the opportunity you have given me of seeing old-age in its most attractive setting, I thank you and I say, "May God reward you."

I am pleased that the occasion has been afforded me of stating what this parish, this diocese, nay, this country owe to your labors and your example, and we all to-day join you in thanking God for his favors to you and we pray that He may still watch over you until, in His own good time, He takes you to Himself.

modest and likes to make itself as little as possible.

HELD OVER

Pressure on our space obliges us to hold over till next issue several of our diocesan correspondents' letters and other matter.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 3.

Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., will open his new hall (St. Francis's), Hill Street, next Saturday, the 10th inst., with a picture entertainment. It is Father Smyth's intention to hold these entertainments every Saturday afternoon and evening.

The Marist Fathers of the archdiocese, numbering 47, commenced their annual Retreat at St. Patrick's College last Monday. Rev. Father Walsh, C.SS.R., is the preacher.

Rev. Father S. Mahony, S.M., has decided to complete St. Mary of the Angels' Church, and has accepted a tender for the outside plastering.

Rev. Father Connolly, of Kilbirnie, is just completing a new building at Seatoun to serve as a church and school. The school will be opened on Monday, and will supply a long-felt want in that rapidly growing district.

Everything possible is being done to make the St. Patrick's Day celebrations for 1923 worthy of the great saint who is to be honored. Various sub-committees are engaged in working up the necessary details to ensure success.

The Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, was in Wellington during the week.

The annual Communion of the members of all the Wellington branches of the Hibernian Society will take place on Sunday, March 11, at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Thorndon. The annual breakfast will be held after Mass at the new hall (St. Francis's), Hill Street, and will be provided by the members of the Thorndon branch.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

February 1.

The garden party held at Mr. H. E. Zeisler's residence, Gonville, in aid of that district's church-building fund, was not the success it would have been had the sun shone. Following up a succession of more or less bad days, the day of the party started off well enough, but just at midday the rain began and by two o'clock it was simply pouring. Town friends who had been looking forward to the afternoon's outing and who were ready for the road when the heavy rain came on, could have wept also. However, some of them did the next best thing—sent in their small donation to Rev. Father McGrath—which he thought was a good sort of idea, and likely to be followed by all who were unable to go to the pretty grounds and be fleeced artistically.

Rev. Father Riordan is looking after us while our Father Mahony and the others are attending the Retreat. Rev. Father Boyle left last week for Sydney, where he is to take up duties for the present.

After a break of something like three years we are to have a grown-up choir, and the juvenile choir is to become part of it. There are so many new folk in the congregation—men and maids—and so many of the choir that was still with us that it should be easy to get a very fair collection of voices together. Meetings have been held, office-bearers elected, and nothing remains now but to "let her go." A little word of appreciation can't hurt the girls who, under the Conductress, Sister Charles have stuck to the work so faithfully. They did their big best every bit of the time, and if the rest of us do as much, Heaven will have to be enlarged for requirements.

Rev. Father Vincent, S.M. (Wellington), was here for several days, he having preached the Retreat to the Sisters. This is over now, many changes have been effected and the Sisters have dispersed to their various convents as school begins in a few days. How the holidays have flown; especially for those of us who didn't have any. January is gone, here we are at Candlemas and looking forward to Lent in less than a fortnight.

(Continued on page 31.)

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ 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

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1923.

FAITH

NULLA gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam est immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit deorum opinio: "There is no nation so barbarous, none so savage, whose mind is not imbued with some idea of the gods," says Cicero. "There is one self-existent Being; everything that is generated is from Him," says Orpheus. To multiply passages from Pagan writers, who profess their belief in God and argue that it is common to all nations, is not necessary; for it has passed into a truism that, as Cicero says, no nation is so barbarous as to be without an idea of God. The vague notions of the minds of the poor barbarians groping unconsciously towards the Light were, in civilised countries, developed and examined by the great thinkers of the past until following the lead of Aristotle—*il maestro di color chi sanno*—Greek sages attained to a remarkably accurate knowledge of the nature of the Supreme Being, in so far as the mind of man is capable of knowing Him. Thus by painful labor and serious study continued from age to age, human reason was able not only to assert that there must be one God above all but also that He is the first cause of all things. Nay, arguing from the effects to the cause, men who studied profoundly the nature of the universe, and in particular, the nature of the mental and spiritual faculties of the human soul, were able to speak with certainty of many of God's attributes. All that the scholars of old Greece and of old Rome knew is gathered up and presented in orderly detail in the introductory articles of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, who follows Aristotle in demonstrating from reason that God is one, infinite, personal, eternal, immutable, self-existent; that He is supreme goodness, beauty and truth; omnipotent and omnipresent. So that any man who studies these articles, which are the *preambula fidei* —the avenues to faith—will recognise how wisely the Vatican Council points out that divine revelation contains many truths which, though difficult of attainment, may yet be known by men from human reason alone.

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The Council, however, goes on to say that it is only by revelation that these truths may be known with firm certitude and without admixture of error by all mankind. We have proof of this in the vague and puerile ideas of God among uncivilised people, and no less in the blind gropings and pitiful struggles even of scholars after the truth. It follows that even the *preambula* of faith are difficult of acquisition for the generality of men, and, from this, that natural religion must always be very unsatisfactory to souls that realise the emptiness of this life and crave inarticulately for something higher and more satisfying. Only in the possession of revelation can the fulness be found that satiates the infinite yearnings of the human soul after happiness; only in faith is found the key which unlocks the world of revealed truth and enables the mind of man to seize and to possess it without shadow of fear and without the unrest of doubt. And only from God can faith come; for it is a supernatural gift, and, being a gift, something to which we have no right or title. A priori, then, it is illogical to wonder why this or that person whose life is to all outward appearances above reproach has no faith; for faith, of its own nature, is as much above human merit as life is above the reach of the dead body from which it has fled. A posteriori, however, we do know that God who wills that all men be saved will give to each man sufficient grace to save him; and from this we may argue that if a man has not faith it is because he has not co-operated with the grace which God has given him, or else that the grace will yet be given—to be received or rejected. Sometimes God's grace comes to men, as it were, violently. In this way did it come to Magdalene and to Paul. But such violences of grace are not the ordinary rule of God's Providence with individuals or with nations. The ordinary means of obtaining grace are prayer and the Sacraments; the latter are for believers, but the former for all; and we cannot doubt that earnest, humble, persevering prayer will always have its effect. Remembering these elementary principles let us look at the world as we find it to-day. Outside the Catholic Church—and we have frequent testimony for it from those who ought to know best—religion is cold and faith is weak among the multitudes or absent altogether. There are many good people in all the Churches; but there are millions who have no sense of religion whatever; many who never seek and never find in it the comfort and the strength it holds for all; who leave it entirely out of their thoughts day after day, and never think of regulating their lives on its principles. There are also many who have lost faith in the Churches, but go on hoping that they will find the truth. In all the modern movements for something better and higher there is that striving after the supernatural on the part of men who are not aware that the immortal soul which was breathed into them is really fighting to get back to God from whom it came. In social movements, in art and in poetry and in literature, that reaching forward to the unknown is discernible everywhere. Within the last half century science and art and philosophy have come closer to God, and the day has gone when anyone but a sciolist would dare assert that the old, old truths that children learn about the Supreme Being are in contradiction with the results of modern thought. Kelvin and Wallace have spoken for the scientists; Wells has spoken for socialists; Brunetière and Barrès, and lately Psichari, have witnessed for literature and art. Thinkers have turned their backs on the old worn-out shibboleths of the Voltaires and the Huxleys, and if we are not actually moving fast towards an age of belief in the ancient truths we are certainly on the threshold of the dawn of a momentous era.

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It is not a little thing to be able to say that for every scholar who is an atheist we can appeal to a greater whose studies have led him to God—or at least to the Pagan philosopher's ideas of God, which as we have said are the avenues to faith. It is still more that many who came so far have been blessed with the vision which makes the way so clear and so easy forever: why some remain at the portals and others are inside is a mystery which can find no explanation except in the principles we have laid down. Human reason can bring men to believe in God; but the faith that brings the certainty and the security of revelation is from God alone. It has been made more obvious than ever it

was before that reason rightly exercised proclaims a Creator and Ruler of all things. There the foundation is laid upon which supernatural religion may be reared for all sincere men in God's good time. We who have the faith ought never forget that it is a gift for which we should thank God daily. In struggle and temptation we should learn to rely on it and to use its supernatural aids and resources, hoping for the blessed reward that it promises hereafter when the shadows have passed away and we see clearly all things in the light of the Great White Rose. Charity ought to move us to pray for those who are seeking still in deeper shadows than we have ever known, that by the sincerity of their purpose and the honesty of their own efforts they may deserve one day that touch from the Hand of God which will remove the scales from their eyes and reveal to them the eternal answers to all their problems.

NOTES

Irish Novels

Not a few members of the Fine na nGhaedhal, at home and abroad, will agree to differ from some of Maurice Francis Egan's opinions expressed in an article in *America*. We can assure Mr. Egan that Lever's memory is kept green by *Charles O'Malley*, which is still read eagerly by boys in Ireland and even in New Zealand. Carleton's *Willic Reilly* is also a popular book, as we can testify from the great number of demands for it received about a year ago after publishing it as a serial in the *New Zealand Tablet*, where its success was a surprise to us. *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* is another work of his which we often notice in our bookstores. Banim is indeed forgotten, and few read Griffin nowadays. But Kickham's *Knocknagow* is by no means out of the light and it is no rare thing to meet the children of New Zealand parents who discourse lovingly about it.

Mr. Egan assumes that the works of the older writers are almost completely neglected and proceeds to assure us that they are greatly superior to the modern Irish fiction. Again, both in his selection of instances and in his criticism, we think he will find few of us to endorse him. Gerald O'Donovan certainly does not count; but is it possible that Mr. Egan has ever read *The Crock of Gold*? We are by no means alone in thinking that in this book at any rate James Stephens has given us a rare treat, equalled by no older Irish writer in imaginative power and grace of diction. And he has even surpassed himself in his recent volume of *Irish Fairy Tales*, for which the children of Ireland ought to pray for him for years to come. As for Canon Sheehan, it is true that the ladies and gentlemen in *Luke Delmege* were "rather sticks" but surely we are not going to accept Mr. Egan's condemnation as universal. What about Beata Campion? She was a lady and yet as sweet and charming a girl as any Irish writer ever created.

Before he turned to "the newer people" Mr. Egan ought to have remembered some others who are well worth remembering. Has he read the *Wild Birds of Killeevy*, and *When We Were Boys*, and *The Wizard's Knot*, and *The Dayspring*, all delightful novels, and most of them of no inconsiderable literary power? The first-named still continues to charm young Irish people. We would be inclined to put Dr. Barry's story of the Famine years very high among modern fiction, Irish or otherwise. And the impression made on men like Manning by William O'Brien's stirring story is surely an indication of its importance in our literature. Without going beyond the novels we have named, it is open to question if they are not on the whole as "greatly superior" to the older fiction as Mr. Egan says the latter is to them. We certainly find in them the intensity and force and truth to life in all of which Mr. Egan imagines they fall short of the novels of a bygone age, and in these very qualities they, in our opinion, surpass the latter.

Mr. Egan is inclined to be dogmatic and general. He tells us that the newer people "are all sicklied over with a pale green and yellow light" and that they have the gloom of the Russian novelists, without the excuse of living in a civilisation that was rapidly becoming decivilised." Perhaps he does not read Gaelic, but if he did he would find his generalisation hopelessly upset by *Jimin Mhaire Thaidhg*, or by Canon O'Leary's *Seadna* and *Niamh*. And in English, the novels of Dorothea Conyers are certainly true to a section of Irish life familiar to us in youth, and at the same time extremely good as stories, but they are not sicklied over by anything, and they are no more Russian than American. As novels, not as pure literature, most Irish readers put them far before the stories of Somerville and Ross, who when all is said and done were a pair of Irish snobs who saw Irish life from "the Garrison" point of view. We do not agree with his wholesale disqualification of such writers, and we believe that we have known many characters in the old land who might have been taken up body and bones and put into George Birmingham's books. Moreover, he does not write merely to amuse. *Northern Iron* is as stirring a patriotic story as any Irishman has written, and besides that, which is our favorite among George Birmingham's novels, there are two or three others which give reliable and interesting, as well as serious, pictures of Irish life during the early years of the Gaelic Revival: of these latter, perhaps the best is *Benedict Kavanagh*.

O'Donovan for some reason or other seems to have attracted undue notice in American Irish circles, but there is not the least danger that he will be read either in Ireland or in Australasia. And, as for Joyce, his weariness and the cost of his most objectionable book makes consideration of him as an influence unnecessary. George Moore is better as an artist, a greater writer of English prose, more Celtic in temperament, but because of a taint less than that of Joyce he has been ridiculed out of Irish circles, in which, *Deo gratias*! there is always a healthy dislike to touch pitch. Before dismissing Moore, it is only simple justice to say that at his best he is great; when he forgets to pose he has the true Irish note; and there is, among the mass of his literary dredgings, an amount of pure gold for which we thank him. Not many Irish critics would say that any one of the older writers whom Mr. Egan considers as "greatly superior to the very modern school of young Irish writers" is comparable to Moore at his best.

One "very modern" Irish writer we unhesitatingly put beside Moore in superiority to the ancients of the early nineteenth century. Daniel Corkery has given us one novel that is a masterpiece and a promise of a brilliant future. *The Threshold of Quiet* is a book that grips an Irishman from first to last, and it is a beautiful story as well as a fine piece of writing. *The Hounds of Banba* is not a novel, but in it Mr. Corkery has given us intensely vivid pictures of Sinn Fein Ireland which we refuse to regard as "sicklied over with a pale green light." And another "very modern" is the author of *Adam of Dublin* and *Adam and Caroline*, which are books whose superiority to the large majority of novels in the English language can hardly be denied, however we may be disposed to resent the sordidness of the scenes of Dublin life depicted in the author's pages. Perhaps, owing to their essential difference in matter and form, there is no room for comparing such books as Moore's, Corkery's, and Reardon's with the old-fashioned novels of which Mr. Egan is so fond. In that case we recommend to him Stephen Gwynne, Bodkin, James Murphy, Emily Lawless, Shan Bullock, Bram Stoker, and half a dozen others whose work may not be found much, if at all, inferior to that of older writers of historical Irish stories.

"The Russian gloom"? For our part we do not find it over Irish novelists. Moore, though not very modern, is French rather than Russian. The author of *Adam of Dublin* seems to us to be a disciple of Zola with more fancy and wit than his master. Among writers young in years there are traces of Norwegian influence, which may have come to them from the early

writers of the Revival who were often imitators of Ibsen. We have never believed that (apart from Deirdre) there is any real Gaelic inspiration in John Synge's work, but unless we are mistaken the great Norwegian gave him his gloom and repulsiveness. The only writer we can remember who seems notably influenced by the Russians is Patrick Macgill, who is more Russian than Celt in his brutality and elemental passion.

Having mentioned Macgill, we venture to express our regret that Mr. Egan should have advertised him at all; and that he should have selected that unpleasant novel, *Maureen*, for commendation seems still worse. Macgill made a hit with his first novel, *Children of the Dead End*, which was Russian in its faithful pictures of hardship, poverty, passion, and suffering. He then proceeded to tell the same story several times in several new novels and people grew tired of it. In *Maureen* he tells it with frills and variations: but *Maureen* is decidedly inferior to *The Children of the Dead End* besides being a book for which the author ought to be horsewhipped by every Irishman who ever meets him.

It is regrettable that Mr. Egan should find his way to Patrick Macgill and Gerald O'Donovan when he "goes to Irish novels to find a clue to local or national characteristics" and finds instead "a perverter of known truth like Gerald O'Donovan." There are, as we have indicated, scores of modern Irish books which do not pervert the truth, which give true pictures of Irish life, are well written, worth reading, and, on the whole, a proof that the moderns are greatly superior to the men of Lever's or Lover's day. If any apology is needed for expressing at such length our difference of opinion as to Mr. Egan's criticisms, we can only say that we write because we are certain that Mr. Egan is not only wrong but unjust to the modern writers.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Sisters of Mercy gratefully acknowledge a donation of £1 for St. Vincent's Orphanage, from "Wellwisher," Invercargill.

In observance of the Month's Mind of the late Monsignor Coffey, there will be Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Tuesday next, the 13th inst., commencing at 9 a.m.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Cathedral from the eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday last. In the evening after Compline there were the devotions in connection with the men's branch of the Sacred Heart Confraternity—the members being present in very large numbers. An impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Father More-O'Ferrall, S.M., who afterwards carried the Sacred Host in the procession, and officiated at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Revs. M. Spillane and F. Marlow being deacon and subdeacon respectively.

His Lordship Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, leaves Wellington to-morrow (Friday) by the Ulimaroa for Sydney *en route* to Rome.

Rev. Brother C. Marlow, of the Christian Brothers, St. Kevin's, Melbourne, who spent his Christmas vacation with his parents (Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marlow, of Musselburgh, Dunedin) and in visiting his relatives, was a passenger by the Moeraki on Monday, on his return to the Victorian capital.

ST. DOMINIC'S COLLEGE, DUNEDIN.

The following successes at various public examinations were gained by pupils of St. Dominic's:—November examinations of University of New Zealand: First section B.A., Katherine Bourke, French and Latin; Mary Lynch, French and philosophy (exempted students). Teachers' examinations: Class D, M. Dowdall and M. Lynch; partial pass, W. Kaveney; two groups, K. Bourke and M. Kennedy; one group, J. Sorenson. Matriculation, Solicitors' General Knowledge, and Medical Preliminary: Katherine Hickey, Josephine O'Neill, Roma Reilly. Matriculation: Winifred Lauren, Sheila Todd; partial pass, Mary Phelan, Gonza Shiel; completed partial pass (M.S.P.), Mona Kennedy. Public Service entrance examination: Kathleen Hewes (credit list), Agnes Clark, Nina Hardy, Nora McTamney, Margaret Hanley, Mary Piper, Grace Beath; intermediate: Edna Crowley, Margaret Ford, Noreen Jones, Kathleen Mackenzie, Ada Sligo; junior national scholarship, Mabel Rice. Miss Doris Roche won the prize for Irish essay donated by the Dunedin Irish Society.

ST. PHILOMENA'S COLLEGE, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

All the students entered for the public examinations in December by the Sisters of Mercy, St. Philomena's College, South Dunedin, were successful. Following are the results:—University of N.Z. Matriculation and Solicitors' General Knowledge: Misses Mary Poppelwell, Mary Ann Garr, and Margaret M. Faulks; senior free place, Miss Monica Delany; intermediate, Miss Kathleen Phelan; junior national scholarship, Miss Annie MacGregor.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

February 2.

The Right Rev. Dr. Liston (Coadjutor-Bishop) blessed and opened the school of the Good Shepherd parish, Dominion Road, on Sunday, January 28, after the Mass at 9 o'clock. The new presbytery was afterwards opened. Both buildings are constructed of brick, with rough-cast facing. The school, which will be conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, will have a roll number of nearly 200 pupils. In a brief address Bishop Liston paid a tribute to the self-sacrifice of the sisters who devoted their lives to teaching the children. They taught them that there were other things in life beside "money grubbing." They taught them truth, obedience, reverence for God and love of their country. A debt of gratitude was owed them for the work they did. "What strikes me about the position is this," the Bishop said, "here are religious teachers doing the work of the State, and the State, which is supposed to care for everybody, gives them no support. That, to my mind, is an act of grave injustice. If the State did not take our Catholic money for the education of other children it would not be so bad." In England, Scotland, Canada, and Holland the State gave assistance to Catholic schools. In Southern Ireland, where non-Catholics were only about one in 50, the framers of the Constitution provided that no religious body should ever be at a disadvantage compared with others as far as the schools were concerned. That was fair. If it could be done in England and Ireland, why not in New Zealand? Things were very different here (continued the Bishop). Only last week two boys won senior national scholarships and a third won a junior national scholarship. The boys who won the senior national scholarships were placed second and third, so evidently the Catholic schools were able to hold their own with others. The boys were entitled to a free education and a money grant. But here was the point! They were Catholic boys and naturally their parents would like them to continue their education in Catholic schools. But the State said no, they must go to other schools. I trust some day a man with a big heart and fair vision, a man of the soil, born in New Zealand, will arise and sweep away this injustice. Our parents are paying education taxes, and have a right to say how the money shall be applied. For the sake of New Zealand justice should be done to us, and Christianity put into the schools of the country."

On Sunday afternoon, January 28, the school and convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Avondale were opened by the Coadjutor-Bishop. Both buildings are in brick. The property of eight acres was bought last year at a cost of £2000, and the cost of the school building is £2000. When the school starts in February there will be an attendance of 100 children. Rev. Father Colgan is now in charge of the Avondale parish.

The Famous Diggers

During this month the "Famous Diggers," that popular company of cheerful entertainers (now augmented by a number of clever and talented lady artists), who have for so long and so successfully given of their best to the people of this Dominion, are touring the West Coast towns of the North Island, and playing to the large audiences their show so well merits. The "Diggers" open at Palmerston North on Monday next, the 12th inst.; on the 14th at Wanganui, and will then follow the itinerary as published in our advertising columns. For a good, clean, and artistic entertainment there is nothing better offering at the present time than that provided by the "Diggers."

MARRIAGE

HOLLEY—O'MEARA.—On January 9, 1923, at St. Munchin's, Totara Flat, by the Rev. Father Fogarty, William Holley, second son of Mrs. Holley, Hokitika, to Lena O'Meara, second youngest daughter of Mrs. O'Meara and the late Michael O'Meara, of Totara Flat.

DEATHS

BUCKLEY.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Daniel Buckley, who died at his residence, 166 East Belt, Ashburton, on January 9, 1923.—R.I.P.

HIGGINS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Teresa Higgins, dearly beloved wife of W. H Higgins, who died on February 6, 1923, at her residence, 100 Frederick Street, Dunedin; aged 59 years.—R.I.P.

McDONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret McDonnell, of Greymouth, who died at Christchurch, on January 24, 1923; aged 76 years.—May she rest in peace.

O'SULLIVAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel, the beloved husband of Mary O'Sullivan, who died at his residence, Waiteika Road, Opunake, on January 16, 1923; aged 68 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

RYAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of David Ryan, who died at Ashton, on January 29, 1920.—R.I.P.

SILKE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Martin Silke, who died at Nelson, on February 3, 1922.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

WANTEDS

WANTED.—Position as HOUSEKEEPER by young woman; own mistress. "Capable," *Tablet* Office.

WANTED.—Engagement as HOUSEKEEPER in Catholic Presbytery; good references. "Presbytery," c/o *Tablet*.

WANTED.—Kind, motherly woman to adopt healthy baby boy, about fifteen months old. For further particulars apply to "Mother," *Tablet* Office.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In accordance with promise made, "A Client" desires to publish thanks for temporal favor received through the intercession of "The Little Flower" and "Our Lady of Good Success."

Our Sports Summary

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

The second annual athletic sports meeting of the boys of St. Joseph's Home, Middleton, was held the other Saturday afternoon. The events were full of interest and excellently carried out. The weather conditions of the night before and the dull outlook on the day militated against a big attendance. The goodly number of visitors were amply rewarded for their venture out, as the sports provided excellent performances and exciting finishes. Amongst those present were his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Rev. Dr. McEvoy, Rev. Fathers Stewart, S.M., O'Meeghan, Oxenham (Australia), Finnerty, and Mitchell, C.SS.R., and Mr. George Witty, M.P.. The principal officials were: Superintendent of sports, Mr. T. P. O'Rourke; starter, Rev. Father Stewart; judges—Messrs. C. Taylor, J. Hamlet, Rev. Dr. McEvoy, and Father Finnerty; handicappers—Messrs. J. Andersen, W. Flewellyn, T. Brosnahan, and F. Smyth; stewards—Messrs. P. Ryan, M. Carmine, H. O'Connor, J. Ormandy, and F. Smyth. Owing to a business engagement Mr. W. E. Simes was unable to be present. Mr. T. Cahill took charge of the "nursery" section of the boys and caused a lot of merriment in distributing the sweets, etc. He plied his wares constantly and well. A section of the Tramway Band enlivened the function by playing entertaining music and to whom the committee entends its thanks. Messrs. E. Fitzgerald and C. Baker were busy with the points and secretarial work, and Mr. Frank McDermott (treasurer to the meeting and of the Orphanage Brass Band Fund) made an appeal that was generously responded to. After the sports Mr. Geo. Witty presented the prizes, and gave the boys in a genial, homely way, words of encouragement and advice to which, on behalf of the Sisters, Dr. McEvoy replied. Mr. H. O'Connor added to the medals and prizes already acknowledged a gold medal to the runner-up in championship points. To Mr. J. Anderson must be conceded the credit of the form shown by the boys. He has had them in hand for a considerable time and his efforts have borne splendid results. Following are the details of the programme:—Senior events.—100yds (under 13): H. Spencer 1, J. Radford 2; 100yds (under 14), J. McCourt 1, W. Burke 2; 100yds (15 and over), G. Seymour 1, F. Birchfield 2; 220yds (13 and 14), E. Jarvis 1, J. McCourt 2; 220yds (15 and over), G. Seymour 1, F. Birchfield 2; 440yds flat (open), P. Walsh 1, J. McCourt 2; high jump (under 13), E. Jarvis 1, H. Spencer 2; high jump (14 and over), J. McCourt 1, G. Seymour 2; long jump (under 13), H. Spencer 1, E. Jarvis 2; long jump (14 and over), J. McCourt 1, G. Seymour 2; hop, step, and jump (under 13), E. Jarvis 1, E. Radford 2; hop, step, and jump (14 and over), J. McCourt 1, P. Walsh 2; 880yds (open), G. Seymour 1, F. Birchfield 2; obstacle race, G. Seymour 1, J. Wilson 2; sack race, J. Wilson 1, F. Walsh 2. Junior events.—50yds flat (7 and 8), J. Macherus 1, H. Serra 2; 50yds (9 and 10), M. Flanagan 1, S. McCartier 2; 50yds special (11 and 12), B. Byfield 1, T. Blank 2; 50yds (11 and 12), A. Murray 1, P. Mullins 2; potato race (6 to 7), A. Moran 1, J. Macherus 2; potato race (8 to 9), P. McAuliffe 1, H. Donaldson 2; potato race (10 to 12), W. Spencer 1, L. Loban 2. The Simes cup and gold medal went to J. McCourt with 26¼ points, and the gold medal (presented by Mr. H. O'Connor for the runner-up) to G. Seymour with 22 points.

MR. TIM HERLIHY'S TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, 1922

MESSRS. TIM HERLIHY, J. KELLIHER, J. CROWLEY, R. BROWN, J. SULLIVAN, G. HEALY.
Winners of the Boxing Day Picnic Annual Catholic Inter-Parish Challenge Cup, 1922. Mr. Herlihy's teams have been competing in this contest for nineteen years, and have never met with a defeat. The last contest won was at the Boxing Day Picnic at Karori Park in 1922, and the above group represents the team that pulled on that occasion. The boy in the group is Mr. Herlihy's youngest son.

"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference: — PERIOD FROM FEBRUARY 1 TO FEBRUARY 5, 1923.

AUCKLAND, HAWKE'S BAY, AND FOREIGN.

M. H., Lyndhurst Rd., Hastings, 15/1/24; M. K., Robert St., Ellerslie, 23/7/23; M. McG., Nelson Crescent., Napier, 8/1/24; A. D. P., Kiwitahi Rly., Morrinsville, 30/7/23; M. O'D., Waihou, 23/9/23; P. K., Coromandel, 15/1/24; Rev. K., Inistioge, 30/12/23; J. W., Kilkenny, 30/12/23; Rev. M. C., Mooncoin, Kilkenny, 15/1/24; T.C., Waipipi P.P., Waiuku, 8/2/24; E. F., c/o C.M.S., Taumarunui, 30/11/23; B. M. C., Harapepe, 23/1/24; M.A., Patutahi, 30/12/23.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

D. H., Aorangi, Feilding, 30/1/25; B. M., Te Puni St., Petone, 23/1/23; H. F., Duncan Terr., Kilbirnie, 30/12/23; St. J.'s S., Wanganui, 30/8/28; J. B., Opunake, 8/11/22; Mrs. C., Konini Rd., Hataitai, 23/7/23; W. D., Empire Hotel, Palm. Nth., 30/11/23; A.C., Glenco, Pihama, 23/1/23; A. C., Mangahoe, Hunterville, 30/1/24; F. G. H., Hooks Hotel, Hawera, 8/7/23; J. G., Cuba St., Petone, 8/1/24.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

P. D., Hotel, Ashburton, 30/1/24; J. F., Washdyke, 23/1/24; W. O'D., York St., Timaru, 8/1/24; F. McN., Aberdeen St., Chch., 30/7/23; Mrs. H., Hawdon St., Sydenham, 30/4/23; Dr. M., Cashmere Hills, Christchch., 30/12/23; M. McL., Ngahere, 8/1/24; J. M. S., Warrington St., St. Albans, 30/6/23; M. O'C., Simeon St., Spreydon, 8/6/23; J. S., Hayhurst St., Temuka, 23/1/24; A. J. O., Bealey St., St. Albans, 23/12/22; P. T. M., James St., Timaru, 23/1/24; Miss B., College Road, Timaru, 15/2/24; B. O'C., Pages Rd., Timaru, 15/11/23; J. S., Bealey St., St. Albans, 8/1/24; M. D., Lyalldale, St. Andrews, 30/10/23; M. M., P.O., Motueka, 30/11/23; J.M. O'C., Box 7, Temuka, 30/5/23; W. R., Park Rd., North Brighton, 30/12/23; P. McC., Barrhill, Rakaia, 8/9/23; J. T. McG., Rhodes St., Timaru, 30/7/23; Rev. M., Convent, Ashburton, 28/2/24.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

P. R., Trent St., Oamaru, 8/5/23; Mrs. F., Palm. Sth., 30/7/23; S. Bros., Cromwell, 30/1/24; J. P. M., Fortrose, 30/9/23; F. Bros., Mabel Bush, 30/9/23; Mrs. M., Chelmsford St., Ingill., 15/2/24; Rev. M., St. Dominic's, Dun., 30/2/24; W. M., Kurow, 23/2/24; D. McG., Gowan Brae, Mataura, 8/2/24; P. C., Aln St., Oamaru, 23/2/24; F. K., Up. Rattray St., Dun., 30/6/23; J. H. McK., c/o McK. & H., Dun., 15/12/23; J. L., Sth. Hillend, 30/1/24; E. C., Rural Box, Chatton, 23/2/23; J. H., Pyramid, 30/6/23; P. D., Heriot, 30/1/24; Mrs. F., Smith Street, Dun., 30/7/23; M. H., Edward St., Milton, 8/8/23; Miss H., "Hawthorne," N.E. Valley, 30/7/23; P. C., c/o T.C., Winton, 30/3/24; J. McC., Wreys Bush, 30/1/24; Mr. McK., Tyne St., Oamaru, 15/7/23; Con. Y., St. Bathans, 8/1/24; D. J. M., Tahakopa, 15/1/24; E. D., Thames St., Oamaru, 15/1/23 Nurse D., Nevada Hospital, Oamaru, 30/6/23; H. O'R., Arcade, Dun., 8/8/23; Mrs. W., Littlebourne, 15/4/23; L. C., St. Kilda, 15/11/23; Miss H., London St., Dun., 30/5/23.

Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Referring to educational matters at the opening on Sunday afternoon, January 21, of a new chapel for the Brigidine Nuns at Randwick (says the *Freeman's Journal*) his Grace Archbishop Kelly quoted the statement of a certain statesman, "That it is unjust to deprive Catholics of their share of the public funds," yet this man disqualified every school in which the Apostles' Creed was taught of their just proportion of the public money. Dealing with statistics, the Archbishop mentioned that in 1901, with a population of 1,376,199, the State of N.S.W. spent £761,637 on education, whilst in 1921, on a population of 2,128,768, the sum expended was £3,078,906. "We should have a fourth of that sum!" (Applause.) In 1921 there were 679 Catholic or private schools in which 3810 teachers taught voluntarily a roll of 74,339 scholars. Some years ago," continued the Archbishop, "in a sense of liberality they said we will let the Catholics into the Bursary system. Mr. Trefle, who interviewed me, suggested making a proportion of them available to us; but we said, 'No, give us a fair field and no favor,' and in the first examination our schools won more than half the bursaries." (Applause.)

VICTORIA.

At a largely attended Communion breakfast held at North Brunswick the other Sunday, Archbishop Mannix said that in Ireland the Catholic people are in the great majority, but non-Catholics are placed on an equal footing in regard to educational grants. It was different in Australia, where the Catholic people had been unjustly treated since the introduction of the Education Act. It was highly unfair that the State gave them no recognition. Fair play was denied them, although Australia had been termed the home of freedom and democracy. He trusted that the community would soon awaken to the injustice of the Catholic position. Referring to unrest in Ireland, Dr. Mannix said the practical issue had to be tackled and solved by the Irish people in Ireland. Until an undivided Ireland had full freedom from external interference, Ireland would remain unsettled and dissatisfied. The supreme need of the moment in Ireland was peace, if ruin, moral and material, was to be averted. Peace listened to reason, while peace with England should be possible if Ireland offered friendship without subjection. Here we could only pray God to guide the efforts of the Irish people, and hasten the day of peace and reconciliation.

When the committee of the Broadmeadows Foundling Home decided to make an appeal for £10,000, it was felt by most people (says the Melbourne *Tribune*) that the enthusiastic workers for this magnificent institution were undertaking a hopeless task. But the optimists, chief amongst whom was the hon. secretary, Mrs. Esmond Downey, felt that it could be done if the co-operation of the Lord Mayor were secured. After the position was placed before him, Councillor Swanson consented to allow the appeal to takt place under his auspices, and it was duly launched at the Town Hall on August 17 last. The Lord Mayor was as good as his word, and both he and the Lady Mayoress took up the work with sustained interest. The appeal closed last November, but several functions were held after that date, and even now all the returns are not yet to hand. But it has been evident, long ago, that the sceptics have been completely confounded. When the last small amounts will have trickled in, it is anticipated that the sum received as a result of the appeal will total £15,000—half as much again as was asked for. This is probably a record for any public appeal in Melbourne, even during the war period, when people gave more freely than at other times. But the slogan, "Save the Babies," proved irresistible, and the money simply poured in. The button day held on November 17 realised well over £4000, which must be nearly a record in itself.

QUEENSLAND.

In impressive terms his Grace Archbishop Duhig, last Sunday night (says the *Catholic Advocate* for January 18), addressed a crowded congregation at St. Stephen's Cathedral on the subject of his visit to Rome, his audience with the Holy Father, and his travels in other parts of Europe, including Paris, Milan, Venice, and Lourdes. In Rome, he said, there was given him most telling evidence of the continuity of the faith—in tradition and even material things. Being the period of the Eucharistic Congress, a miniature world was assembled in Rome, and he would never forget the benign loving smile which came over the features of the Holy Father when he arrived at the Congress and witnessed the 10,000 pairs of eyes which were directed to the hundreds of ecclesiastical notabilities assembled on the platform. If he lived to be one hundred years he would never forget the extraordinary manifestations of faith which he had seen on that occasion in the streets of Rome, when hundreds of bishops in copes and mitres marched through the streets on a summer's day as warm as that day in Brisbane, and they spoke all languages—Arabic, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and so forth. He was indeed privileged to approach the Holy Father and offer the homage and love of the people from this end of the earth, and he and Monsignor Byrne were also privileged to offer up Mass at the tombs of the saints and martyrs. Archbishop Duhig said he was an early riser to say Mass at Lourdes, but he found thousands there before him. The home of Bernadette, the spiritual Joan of Arc, was also visited. The Holy Father was much consoled, said the Archbishop, when the report of the advancement made in Queensland was read to him. He asked that the Apostolic Blessing should be given to the people on Archbishop Duhig's return to his archdiocese, and this was done by the Archbishop.

The other week Mr. John Rowe White, a member of the Coal Lumpers' Union, won the first prize of £5000 in the Golden Casket art union. One of his earliest moves after he became aware of his good luck, was to notify the manager of the Casket (Mr. W. S. Noble) that £400 of the amount would go to the charities of Brisbane. Included among the donations was a gift of £100 to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

His Grace the Archbishop of Perth (Most Rev. Dr. Clune, C.SS.R.), has received from his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate (Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo) news that the Vicariate of Kimberley has been entrusted to the Salesian Fathers, founded by Don Bosco, and that the Very Rev. Ernest Coppo, of the same Congregation, has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic. This will be the first foundation of the Salesian Order in Australia. The aboriginal mission at Beagle Bay (says the *W.A. Record*) was founded in 1890, and was at first in charge of the monks of La Trappe. The late Bishop Kelly, of Geraldton, then became Administrator and secured the services of the Pallotine Fathers, who are still there. The late Abbot of New Norcia became Administrator in 1914. The present Administrator is the Very Rev. John Creagh, C.SS.R.

Obituary

MR. DANIEL O'SULLIVAN, OPUNAKE.

Another of the old identities of this district, in the person of Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan, sen., passed away at his residence, Waiteaka Road, on Tuesday night, after a very brief illness (says the *Opunake Times*). Death, which came quite unexpectedly, was due to heart failure following an abscess in the throat, which had been causing trouble for about three days. The late Mr. O'Sullivan was a native of Killarney, Co. Kerry, Ireland, and was 68 years of age. He came to New Zealand over forty years ago, and has resided in this district ever since, following farming pursuits with much success. He was a member of the A.C. Force stationed at Opunake and at various places along the coast, being noted in those days for his athletic prowess. Deceased is survived by his wife and grown up family, to whom the sympathy of friends is extended in their sudden bereavement. The family consists of John, Daniel, and Peter, and Mrs. J. Brophy (Okato), Annie, May, Winnie, Theresa (Opunake), and Kathleen (New Plymouth). A brother (Mr. John O'Sullivan) resides in Melbourne. The funeral, which took place on Friday afternoon, was one of the largest ever seen in the district, residents and friends from outside parts joining in paying respect to the memory of deceased. Requiem Mass was celebrated in the morning and was largely attended. Rev. Father Doolaghty, assisted by the Rev. Father Menard, officiated at the church and graveside. The pall-bearers were old A.C. Force comrades, namely—Messrs. J. M. Hickey, J. C. Hickey, M. O'Brien, A. McKeown, William White, and J. O'Sullivan (Okato).—R.I.P.

Here and There

Rev. Father Moran, S.M., Assistant-General of the Marist Order, has left Europe on an inspection visit to the various Houses of the Order, which will include Australia and New Zealand.

Dr. Cuno, the new Chancellor of Germany, is the fifth practical Catholic to hold that position. His Catholic predecessors were Prince Hohenlohe, Von Hertling, Pehrenbach, and Wirth. The two remaining Chancellors, Caprili and Von Bulow, were Protestants. Dr. Cuno is 46 years old, and is not a member of the Centre.

Miss Kathleen Garven, a Cork lady, who won fame in New Zealand as a dramatic contralto, gave a song recital in the Wigmore Hall, Dublin, recently, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience (says an exchange). Miss Garven was assisted by Mr. Celso Diaz, a well-known Spanish violinist. Miss Garven (says a Dublin critique) has been the recipient of many flattering notices in the New Zealand press. Her voice is of great range and power, and of real sweetness. She sang several operatic numbers in a manner which won imperative encores; but her greatest success was, perhaps, her simple rendering of "Mother Machree," which won unstinted applause from a critical audience. In all her songs she proved herself the possessor of a voice with a fine tonal command, never forced or overstrained. Her phrasing was admirable.

Amongst the notable speeches delivered in the House of Commons during the debate on the third reading of the Irish Free State Constitution Bill was one by Mr. McEntee a Protestant Irishman, who has worked in the Belfast shipyards, but whose experience of Orange intolerance led him to sever all political connection with that fraternity. He had, he said, worked in the South of Ireland for years and lived in exclusively Catholic communities, and had never been interfered with owing to his religion. But his experience amongst the Protestants of Belfast had proved to him that the attitude of the Protestants towards Catholics there was less tolerant. He had seen heavy iron rivets thrown at little children merely because they were Catholics. Mr. McEntee made an earnest appeal to the Ulster members to promote the cause of Irish unity and to refrain from the delivery of inflammatory speeches. But they are not likely to respond to it as long as they follow the guidance of that aggressive politician, Lord Carson.

Sir Norman Moore, President of the Royal College of Physicians, who has just died in his 75th year, was the only Catholic member of the medical profession who was elected to fill this high position in the ranks of the medical hierarchy. Like the Catholic poet Francis Thompson, Sir Norman Moore received his early education at Owen's College, Manchester, afterwards proceeding to St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, of which he became an honorary Fellow, ultimately being appointed consulting prysician to the great London hospital of St. Bartholomew. The burial took place at Sedlescombe, in Sussex, after a Requiem Mass at the Catholic church at Battle. The Anglican Bishop of Chichester was among the mourners at the graveside, together with members of the peerage and representatives of the entire medical profession in England. The priest of Battle spoke a few words at the graveside, dwelling on the great physician's noble mission in life of ministering to the needs of others.

His Holiness Pope Pius XI. has issued a letter to the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice on the centenary of the great Catholic sculptor, Antonio Canova. After mentioning instances of Canova's work for religion, the Church, and the Popes, the Holy Father expressed his intention to be represented at the centenary celebration, and deputed the Cardinal Patriarch for that purpose "to interpret Our thoughts, raising an authoritative voice to express the gratitude of the Holy See towards Antonio Canova and to repeat solemnly how the Roman Church has never at any time failed to pay homage to every manifestation of the true, the good, and the beautiful." The honor to be paid to the memory of Canova, the sculptor, by Pope Pius XI. follows quickly upon the honor paid by Pope Benedict XV. to the memory of Dante the poet, whom the late Holy Father lauded as the "greatest singer of the Christian ideal." It is part of the consistent policy of the Catholic Church to encourage and foster true Christian art, to pay homage, as the Holy Father so well said, "to every manifestation of the true, the good, and the beautiful."

The loss of the services of Count de Salis as British representative at the Vatican is deeply to be deplored (writes the London *Universe*). No diplomat at the disposal of our Foreign Office can represent British interests with more authority, more ability, and more tact, though in Mr. Theo. Russell, who succeeds the Count, we have a most able representative, who will be very welcome at the Vatican for hereditary reasons. He was, in fact, born in Rome, in the year of revolution, 1870, and he is married to a Saxon lady of gracious personality and high gifts. We trust that the unmatched experience and attainments of Count de Salis will be used to good purpose by the Foreign Office. He is one of the few men who understand Balkan questions right through. The Catholic community loses his more special services to Church and country with profound regret. Should he be called to those larger tasks in which the interests of the country need his help, the Catholic public will feel its own loss to be somewhat compensated. Should this, unhappily, not be the case, they will look forward to the addition of a great personal force to the resources of unofficial Catholic action.

After Mr. Timothy Healy's three hurried visits to London from Dublin in the course of the past week (on important business, it was said) there was little surprise when it was learned that this distinguished lawyer and King's Counsel was to be the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State (says *Catholic News Service*, under date December 9. With the ratification of the Treaty and Constitution at Westminster and the giving of the Royal Assent to the measures, there passed out two historic offices: that of Irish Secretary and the Viceroyship of Ireland. In the legal world Mr. Healy. enjoys the highest prestige outside the ranks of the judges. His brilliant success at the Irish Bar, and an equal success at the English Bar, to which he received the compliment of the "special call" in 1903, have placed him high in the ranks of the legal hierarchy. As a devout Catholic Mr. Healy has been closely associated with all Catholic movements in Ireland, and many of his most finely polished orations have been delivered before strictly religious audiences; though his brilliant wit and scathing sarcasm have been better known in the House of Commons at Westminster. Chapelizod, where his family residence is, was the birthplace of the late Lord Northcliffe.

In announcing the death of the Rev. John P. Pittar, S.J., of St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, the *Catholic Register* of Denver, Colorado, recalls a dramatic and mysterious sick call he received one night, which it is said came from the dead. It was after midnight when the summons came to the rectory. A small boy had rung the bell and given the porter the address of a house in Georgetown. "Please tell Father Pittar to go quickly," he said. "A sick man needs him." It was one o'clock when Father Pittar reached the house, and he found it in darkness. But the front door was slightly ajar, and, entering, he perceived a light on the second floor. He knocked and the door was thrown open by a man with a pistol in his hand. Surprised at the figure of the priest, he rudely asked him who he was and what he wanted. Father Pittar explained that he had come in response to a sick call. "I am not sick," said the man, "and I sent no one for you. Who called you here?" Father Pittar described the boy as best he could. "That is a description of my boy who died five years ago," said the man. "After he and his mother died, I grew despondent and was planning to take my own life this very night. In a few minutes I would have been a suicide." Father Pittar comforted the man and left him in a hopeful mood. Thereafter he visited him regularly.

Cardinals Tacci and Ranuzzi de Bianchi have suddenly risen into great popular favor owing to the fact that during the celebrations at Loreto they flew in an aeroplane for half-an-hour. Representations of the two Cardinals in special aviatorial habiliments have appeared in the *Piccolo*, the popular mid-day journal. The two striking headings in the largest print were: "How for the first time two Princes of the Church flew under tricolored wings," and "Cardinals Tacci and Ranuzzi bless from the sky of Loreto the people of Italy."

St. Philomena's College, South Dunedin

The above College re-opened on Monday, February 5, at 9 a.m.

Boarders to be in residence on the evening of that date.

Rev. Father Westropp's Indian Missions

There are over 50,000,000 outcasts in India, who, though as bright and intelligent as the rest of mankind, created by our common Father in Heaven as equals, are still by the very fact of birth nearly all condemned to a life of contempt, poverty, and ignorance, without any means of rising in life, or of obtaining an education. Their sole capital is frequently little more than the rags they wear. A failure of crops drives them into utter destitution. Among them are certainly 10,000,000 poor little boys and 10,000,000 poor little girls, whom the missionaries wish to educate and save, if only generous people would come forward and lend a helping hand. Who will do his bit towards opening the Gate of Life and Heaven for these little ones in the name of Him Who said: "Let little children come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"? Are you letting them come to Him or preventing them by withholding the necessary means? Send your contribution to—

BERT. GALLIEN, N.E. Valley, Dunedin.
New Zealand Organiser.

ELTHAM CATHOLIC CARNIVAL

It is Urgently Requested that all books of tickets, butts, and returns in money in connection with the above Carnival, be forwarded before February 14.

(Rev.) N. MOORE,
St. Joseph's Presbytery, Eltham.

St. Thomas's Academy, Oamaru

Boarding School for young boys, conducted by the Dominican Nuns, Oamaru, re-opens Thursday, February 8, 1923.

Boarders are expected to be in residence on Wednesday, 7th inst.

"Villa Maria," Upper Riccarton

Girls' Boarding and Day School conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

Pupils prepared for Public Service, Matriculation, and Teachers' Examinations.

Music, Singing and Voice Culture, and Commercial work receive special attention.

For terms, etc., apply—

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

Dear Boys and Girls,—The time set for our competition will be used up when you read this letter, and, unless a great big bundle of stories comes in to me between now and then, I am going to be dreadfully disappointed. What has become of all my boys and girls who wrote me such really good letters? Surely you haven't forgotten me already? I am wondering if some of you didn't understand how long it would take for all your letters to get their turn in the *Tablet*, and if, because your letters hadn't appeared, you were shy about sending in your story, is that how it happened? And now the time is up.

Well, dears, suppose we stretch it out a little longer, say, to the 28th February. That sounds a long time, but really it is only four weeks, and February is a short and broken month. I know you will be busy with your new school year, but our first competition must be a good one, so, like my own dear boys and girls, give it a good go now.—Anne.

P.S.—Here are some more letters for you to read. Did you know that the postage on letters will be only 1½d from the 1st February Isn't that good news?

—, Pearl.—I liked your letter very much. Write again.

Scully, Moran, Winton.—Love to Hugh, Leo, and Raymond. Write again.

Simpson, Sylvia, Granity.—Have you enjoyed the holidays? What about trying in the competition?

Sheahan, Veronica, Stratford.—Indeed you are not too big to be my friend, and you must write again.

Shivnan, Monica, Napui.—So sorry your bantams were a failure.

Stack, Olga, Kaikoura.—Indeed you are right. The country is more beautiful than the town.

Smith, Marcella, Kaikoura.—Always love dear "Little Teresa."

Smith, Hughie, Kaikoura.—Do you like my letters and those of my dear girls and boys? Write again.

Smith, Teddy, Kaikoura.—Glad to have you for my friend, Teddy.

Stancombe, John, Hakera.—Are you paddling plenty this summer? Love to little Cecilia Colleen.

Schumacher, Emelda, Stratford.—Are you in Std. II. this year? Glad your school won the cup for points.

Thorne, Monica, Otaki.—Did you and your brother have good holidays? Hope you are getting the *Tablet*.

Toomey, Moya, Teschemakers.—Did the lawns and garden look extra good when you got back after the holidays?

Tanner, Rosie, Teschemakers.—Some day I hope to see you all, and the school you are so fond of.

Thompson, Margaret, Wanganui.—Did you win your £200 competition?

Threlkeld, Iros, Up. Riccarton.—How did your story end, the one you were reading when you wrote to me?

Turner, Kathleen, Hamilton.—Glad you won the writing prize, Kathleen dear, and think you deserved it.

Ward, Joyce, Invercargill.—Can just imagine how pleased you were when your dad came back from Australia. And he was glad to get back.

Walsh, Maureen, Kauana.—What a dear little letter and how glad I am to hear from you.

Walsh, Dorrie, Teschemakers.—Yes, your memory of the Sistine Choir will be a precious one.

Wareham, Keyes, Kaikoura.—How is your fruit this season? Has it got the dreadful "ripe rot"?

Wareham, Stanley, Kaikoura.—You must have a busy time milking.

Young, Eileen, Otaki.—Were you very disappointed, dear, not to see your letter? But you understand, don't you, how it is?

Smith, Dorothy, Otaki.—Are you writing a story for the competition? I hope you are.

Smyth, Josephine, Otaki.—Have you gone back to school this year? Be faithful to St. Joseph.

Burke, Eileen, Otaki.—Lucky girl to have sisters and brothers.

O'Connor, Mollie, Otaki.—How wonderful to have a grotto of Lourdes so near you.

Albertson, Wilfrid, Port Chalmers.—How did you get on with the Irish History competition?

Burke, Marjorie, Otaki.—Do you like your hair better bobbed?

Blyth, Greta, Otaki.—Did you have pleasant holidays in the South Island? Write again.

Barnes, Genevieve, Otaki.—I hope Tom is well, also your sister.

Borkin, Patty, Murchison.—Who was queen of the carnival?

Bradshaw, Kitty, Bluff.—Are you sure there is no convent at the South Pole? Yes, I like the name.

Brown, Gracie, Oamaru.—Yes, I did like your letter very much.

Batten, Flo, Otaki.—Good girl for doing so well at typing.

Byrne, Kathleen, Granity.—Little Eddy was one of God's chosen flowers, and is happy in heaven.

Brennan, Paul, Howick.—Is your cold better and did you have good holidays?

Bennett, Nola, Stratford.—Yes, I pray for you, indeed for all my boys and girls.

Butler, Eily, Waipawa.—Why, Waipawa is almost a city! How are Sheila and Nell?

Brocherie, Joy, Akaroa.—Dearest, what difference does it make whether I am a man or a lady? Love me.

Cooney, Patrick, Otaki.—I am sure you think Otaki a fine place, everyone does. Love to Marie.

Chapman.—Evelyn, Riverton.—You didn't call to see me. Yes, I get lots of surprise visits, not always nice ones either.

Carmody, Mary, Mangapeehi.—Yes, you did wonderfully well with the social and dance.

Cuttance, Margaret, Ururua.—By this time Ernest is going to school, too. Did you enjoy the holidays?

Dale, Chrissie, Otaki.—Glad to get your letter, dear.

Dixen, Tom, Otaki.—How is the hay-making? Has the wet season interfered with your work?

Delargey, Reggie, Napier.—Yes, your name will go down in my book. How is Rover?

Derbie, Nelly, Invercargill.—What did you do in the holidays?

Donighue, Gerald, Taihape.—You are the first from Taihape.

Daly, Mary, Knapdale.—I like rides on the merry-go-round, too.

Daly, Anna, Knapdale.—Yes, your living "Knapdale" is well-known.

Dath, E., Waitahuna.—How are you getting on with your work?

Daly, Alice, Hinds.—Do you still like your page?

Dodunski, Rita, New Plymouth.—Did you have nice holidays?

Dodunski, Connie, New Plymouth.—Yes, I have been to your pretty New Plymouth, and have climbed Paratutu.

Dowling, Ita, Hokitika.—Yes, you are the very first from Hokitika.

Fitzgerald, Winnie, Otaki.—Good luck to Otaki. You all did very well in the commercial examination.

Fogden, Edna, Otaki.—Hope Jack gets the cows in for you.

Field, Keith, Otaki.—How nice it must be in your tent.

Fielding, Robert, Otaki.—Did you have nice holidays, and are you glad to be back at school?

Fake, Noreen, Eltham.—Who was queen of your carnival after all? Yes, Mother is right.

Fitzgerald, Clare, Gore.—Fancy you guessing that because I am neither a man nor a girl I am a priest. None of the others guessed.

Fitzgerald, Rose.—I hope you are still interested in our page.

Fryday, Mary, Stratford.—I am glad you think I am a woman. Women are generally useful.

Garvey, Nora, Stratford.—Did you see in last week's letter how many letters I have received?

Hussey, Paddy, Dunedin.—I was having a holiday when your letter came, so I couldn't come to your party, dear. Love to all.

Hanley, Mona, Oamaru.—I hope to get a lot of stories from you all before 28th February.

Hanley, Edna, Oamaru.—Perhaps you, too, could write me a story, I began the story of Christmas.

Hickland, Robert, Manaia.—Glad to hear from you. Write again.

Harper, Anthony, Otaki.—Did you have a good time at the farm during the holidays?

Harty, Jim, Morven.—Are you going to be a tailor, too?

Hinds, Thomas, Rakaia.—How is Hugh O'Connor's knee? I hope it is getting better by now.

Hefferman, Sarcie, Greymouth.—You are the first little girl I know to be named after the brave St. Tarcissius. It is a beautiful name.

Holloway, Cissy, Alexandra.—Do you think a concert is really cooler than school work? Yes, I may see you.

Hart, Muriel, Lawrence.—Yes, I am very fond of reading.

Hopkins, Desmond, Otaki.—What would you like to hear about me? I am just "Anne."

Hanrahan, Dorothy, Christchurch.—My dear little six-year-old friend. No, I have no time to go to school; am always so busy.

Daly, Kathleen, Hinds.—As I have not room to put your whole letter into the *Tablet*, I will just ask all our little friends to pray for your dear daddy who died, and for you all.

COMPETITIONS.—Children under 15, entrance fee 6d; children under 10, entrance fee 6d; each trial 6d. One Guinea will be given for BEST ORIGINAL RHYME OF FOUR LINES on some Irish hero or heroine. Send entries before Feb. 25, 1923, to "Auntie Oona," Box 531, Wellington. Results will be published in the Cumann na n'Gaedeal Annual, March 17.

Faith of Our Fathers

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

PRAYER—(Continued.)

15. The Lord's Prayer, or "Our Father," is the most excellent of prayers, (1) because Jesus Christ Himself is the Author of it; (2) because it is a summary of all that we can wish or ask for. We must know it from necessity of precept, because Our Lord has expressly commanded us to recite it.

This divine prayer is composed of a preface and of seven petitions.

The preface is contained in these words: "Our Father who art in heaven." We call God "our Father," (1) because we owe to Him our life, all that we are, and all that we have; (2) because, having adopted us through Jesus Christ, He recognises us as the brethren of His only Son, He loves us as His children, and makes us heirs of His kingdom. We add, "who art in heaven," in order to raise our hearts to heaven, where we are called to abide with God our Father, and also to make us desire and ask for whatever may render us worthy of this happiness. The seven petitions then follow:

(1) "Hallowed by Thy name." By this, the first of the seven petitions, we pray, (1) that the name of God may never be blasphemed or profaned; (2) that God may be known, loved, served, and glorified by all men, and particularly by ourselves.

(2) "Thy kingdom come." Here we pray, (1) that God may reign in all hearts, but especially in our own, by His grace and His love; (2) that He may make us reign with Him one day in heaven; (3) that the kingdom of God, which is the Church, may be extended more and more over the whole earth.

(3) "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." By this petition we pray for grace to accomplish the will of God on earth, to obey His commandments with as much love and fidelity—if that be possible—as the blessed do in heaven.

(4) "Give us this day our daily bread." These words signify, "Give us each day that which is necessary both for the life of soul and body." For the life of the soul, —the word of God, grace, and the Holy Eucharist; for that of the body,—food, clothing, and lodging. We say give us, and not give me, because we must not pray for ourselves only, but for all others; because we are all members of one family. The words "this day" teach us that we must not be anxious about the morrow, but banish exessive solicitude, and trust in God to give us what is necessary for each day.

(5) "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." By these words we beg pardon for our sins and the grace of a sincere repentance: but as God only forgives us in proportion as we forgive others, we add that we do forgive them with all our heart.

(6) "And lead us not into temptation"; that is to say, preserve us from temptations, or grant us the grace to overcome them. We call temptation everything that leads us to offend God by sin.

(7) "But deliver us from evil." By this must be understood all the evils which can come to us either in this world or in the next, but especially from the spiritual evils of sin and eternal damnation.

Amen or "So be it." This conclusion confirms and ratifies all the prayers which have gone before it, and expresses an earnest desire to be heard.

16. After the Lord's Prayer, the Church generally recites the Angelical Salutation, to offer her prayers to God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Angelical Salutation, or "Hail Mary," the most excellent of all prayers after the "Lord's Prayer," is composed of three parts: (1) the words spoken by the angel Gabriel to Mary on the day of the Annunciation; (2) those of St. Elizabeth, the cousin of the Mother of God, on the day of the Visitation; (3) a concluding supplication, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, etc., which is added by the Church.,

The words of this beautiful prayer include things the most sublime; they may be briefly explained by the help of the following paraphrase:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace." I salute and congratulate thee, O Blessed Virgin. Thou hast received from God more abundant graces than have been bestowed on any other creature, and thou hast constantly added to them by thy perfect fidelity and the sanctity of thy life.

"The Lord is with thee" in an especial and most wonderful way. He was with thee from the time of thine Immaculate Conception, and still more so at His Incarnation, and during the remainder of thy mortal life. He is with thee now in eternal glory for all eternity.

"Blessed art thou amongst women," because thou hast been chosen from amongst all women to be the mother of God; because, in becoming a mother, thou didst not cease to be a virgin; and because thou art raised in sanctity and in glory above all women and above all creatures.

"And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," Jesus Christ, thy Divine Son, who has saved us and loaded us with blessings, is Himself, together with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the object of all the blessings of angels and of men for all eternity.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us"; obtain for us from God by thy powerful intercession the forgiveness of our sins, and the grace to live and die holily.

17. Every Christian must honor the Blessed Virgin above the saints and angels with a special devotion—(1) because she surpasses them all in sanctity, being full of grace; (2) because she surpasses them all in dignity, being the Mother of God and the Queen of Heaven; (3) because we must honor and love in a special manner her whom Jesus Christ Himself so much honored and loved on earth, and whom He still loves and honors more than all the saints in heaven; (4) because Jesus Christ gave us Mary to be our mother and protectress; (5) because we must testify great gratitude towards her for her benefits, and constantly have recourse with great confidence to her powerful help.

Our confidence in her is founded on her power with God, and on the maternal affection she bears towards each one of us. Her power she derives from Jesus Christ, her Divine Son, who, by honoring her as His Mother, has constituted her Queen of Heaven, of angels, and of men. Her affection towards us springs from her double quality of Mother of God and mother of men. Jesus Christ gave us to her, and she adopted us as her children at the foot of the Cross.

18. Our devotion towards the Blessed Virgin must consist—(1) in honoring, loving, and invoking her; (2) in meditating on her virtues in order that we may imitate them, and become like unto our Saviour Jesus Christ, after her example. The fruits of devotion to our good Mother are consolations and continual helps from her during life, and her assistance at the hour of death. The practices of devotion to the Blessed Virgin especially recommended by the Church are, to celebrate her feasts by approaching the Sacraments; to recite the Litany in her honor; to say the Angelus and the Rosary; to honor and invoke her Immaculate Heart; to join one of the confraternities or congregations established in her honor; to wear her scapular; and above all, to love and glorify her Divine Son in the holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Police Required to Cope with Crowds Going to Mass

Despite the cold drizzle of rain which was sweeping Chicago, police lines had to be formed to direct the congregations that attended the noon Masses on the Feast of All Saints, at Old St. Patrick's Church, just across the river from the down-town district. As soon as the skyscrapers in the loop district began to disgorge their thousands for the lunch period, the bridges leading to the west side became thronged with the crowd of men and women, boys and girls on their way to Mass. They had been compelled to leave their homes on the outskirts and suburbs too early to attend their own churches. First the main church of St. Patrick's was filled, then the basement chapel, and finally the boys' chapel in the gymnasium of St. Patrick's School. When the three Masses were finished, a later Mass was said in the school gymnasium for those who had been too late, or unable to get in to the other Masses. This Mass was also thronged. A similar situation obtained at Old St. Mary's (Paulist) Church, a few blocks to the south of the business district.

IRISH NEWS

TRAGIC HAPPENINGS.

The quiet optimism of Dublin (writes the local correspondent of the London *Catholic Times*) received a dreadful shock on Thursday, December 7, when it became known that Mr. Hales, T.D., had been shot dead, and Mr. O'Maillie seriously wounded, in the public street while on their way to attend a meeting of Dail Eireann. None of the deeds of violence, though some of them have been sufficiently appalling, which have blackened the good name of Ireland during recent months have been quite so terrible, quite so disheartening, as this latest crime. An elected representative of the people, on his way to discharge the duties of his trust, has been shot down in broad daylight in the streets of the Irish capital by persons claiming presumably that their one desire is to make Ireland free. What kind of "liberty" would this country enjoy, I wonder, were she ruled by men who can bring themselves to do such deeds, what kind of men can hope to win her people to their side by indulging in such outrageous, such un-European conduct?

HARROWING TRAGEDY IN DUBLIN: LAND MINE EXPLODES AND KILLS ITS BEARERS.

One of the most devastating explosions in Dublin in recent times occurred recently on the Naas road just outside Inchicore. A group of men, variously estimated from five to ten, were seen carrying a heavy article from a field near the Blackhorse Bridge. Suddenly a great burst of light flashed into the sky, and a detonation as loud as, and more terrifying than, thunder shook the ground. The result was ghastly. The men who were carrying the mine—as such it proved to be—were blown to fragments. The bodies were so frightfully mangled that it was impossible at first either to identify the remains or to say precisely how many lives were lost.

The casualties are now put at four dead and two badly wounded. The killed were:—Bernard Curtis (19), engine cleaner, the Cottages, Bluebell; P. J. Egan, goods clerk, Ashbourne, Co. Limerick; Thomas Phelan (22), engine cleaner, Banteen, Galbally, Co. Limerick, and a man still unidentified.

A quantity of firearms and ammunition was found inside a wall on the roadside. The general conjecture is that an ambush was being prepared and the mine prematurely exploded. Two lorry loads of troops were approaching the spot, which they reached just a few minutes after the terrible crash.

THE FREE STATE IN BEING.

On Wednesday, December 6 (says a Home paper), the Free State was formally established, and legally at least the transition period in Ireland came to a conclusion. On that date the oath of office was administered to the new Governor-General, Mr. T. M. Healy—whose appointment has occasioned so much satisfaction—by the Lord Chief Justice, and to the members of Dail Eireann by Professor Michael Hayes, the Speaker of the House. With very few exceptions the non-Republican members took the oath, but the Labor deputies did so under protest, stating that the Treaty—which they accepted—had been imposed on Ireland by duress and asserting that they would be faithful not only to King George V. and his successors, but also to all mankind. The swearing-in ceremony having been completed, Professor Hayes, on the motion of the President, was again elected Speaker of the Dail, and shortly afterwards the President himself was re-elected to the office of First Minister, and forthwith nominated General Mulcahy and Messrs. O'Higgins, McNeill, Fitzgerald, McGrath, and Blythe members of the first Free State Cabinet. While these events were taking place at Leinster House, Dublin fortunately was quiet, and the Republicans, unable actively to interfere with the day's proceedings, very sensibly refrained from indulging in any futile demonstrations. For one hundred and twenty years the citizens of Dublin have looked forward to the re-establishment of an Irish Parliament and the reconstruction of the Irish State. What a commentary it is upon the present age that on the day on which their hopes were realised they felt thankful for being allowed to rejoice in peace!

THE BIRTH OF A STATE.

Le Roy le veult!

This is a legacy (writes James Hayes, in *Catholic News Service*, London) that the English have from William the Norman, the Conqueror who came over with his fighting men and ships of war, and on the field of Hastings accomplished—as he thought—his pet project of making England a Crown Colony of the rich Duchy of Normandy. Instead of England becoming a Crown Colony of Normandy, the Duchy became a mere appanage of the Anglo-Norman Crown. So William the Norman has passed and his Crown Colony scheme came to nothing; but the Norman French that he imposed on the conquered English still lingers, though attenuated, in the simple phrase with which the Royal Assent is given which imposes on all legislation the force of law.

You may look at this curious old phrase in two ways. These four words in old French, once the common language throughout England, may signify nothing more than a mere formula; a legalising of something that has been perfectly decided upon by the political rulers of England. On the other hand, you may dismiss the modern frock coats and trousers that more or less embellish the scene, and see in this act a symbol; the Anointed Sovereign of the English people, speaking in that people's name as its fount of honor and justice. "The King wills it," and as the King is constitutionally the father of his people, therefore his people will it.

Now all this is in regard to a brief ceremony that took place in the House of Lords at Westminster, when the Lords Commissioners in giving the Royal Assent, gave the fullest legal existence to the Irish Free State, and as the words were spoken a State was come into being legislatively. There is not much room for outsiders at these occasions; but those of us who secured the privilege of the entry saw a scene of the richest symbolism, a symbol both for the people of England as well as for the people of Ireland.

The Lords Commissioners, who speak in the name and on behalf of the English Sovereign, sat there in their robes of office, fashioned in rich scarlet and snowy ermine, not a single whit altered in style from the robes of the Peers of England who in the 13th century waited at Westminster upon the Catholic Sovereigns of England. A more modern note was struck at the Bar of the House, where Mr. Speaker, with his wife reminiscent of the Stuart era and his gown of medieval pattern, had been summoned together with the Commons to hear the Royal Assent given to the Irish Free State Bills.

From a table in the House of Lords a voice broke in on the waiting silence. It was the Clerk of the Crown, who read aloud in English the title of each Act. "The Irish Free State Act" he called, and an answering voice from the Clerk of the Parliaments replied in deep tones "*Le Roy le veult!*"—The King wills it! Again the first voice sounded: "The Consequential Provisions Act." And once more the Clerk of the Parliaments replied "*Le Roy le veult!*"

That was all. The Head of the nation willed it, and so the Irish Free State came into the fullest legal being in these brief phrases, and the Norman French which was the language spoken by the first invaders of Ireland by the knights of Henry II. seven centuries or more ago, was the language that has brought the English soldiers out of Ireland and set Ireland free.

There was one unrehearsed and unpremeditated incident. Just as the Clerk of the Parliaments, acting as the mouthpiece of the Lords Commissioners had given the Royal Assent, there boomed out from amid the Members of the English Parliament at the Bar of the House a deep voice crying aloud "God save Ireland!"

There was no challenge to that prayer. It came at the sariking moment when, from the point of English law, the Irish Parliament and Government were set free from every restraining bond—may the prayer of that Member of the English Parliament be answered in its fulness!

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanteds, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/-; up to 40 words, 5/-. *Strictly Cash in Advance.*

Wedding reports will not be inserted unless accompanied by a marriage notice, cash paid.

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

St. Francis Xavier at Goa

(By JOAO DA ANNUNCIACAO.)

On December 3 his Excellency the Most Reverend Dom Mathew d'Oliviera Xavier, Archbishop of Goa and Patriarch of the East Indies, assisted in his episcopal city in India at the solemn exposition of the Sacred Body of St. Francis Xavier, who, in his sumptuous shrine will draw Catholics not only from all parts of India, Burma, and Ceylon, but from other parts of the world, to the historic city where his relics have been enshined since 1554.

It is 300 years since the saint was canonised, and his tercentenary has been the occasion of brilliant ceremonies in both the Old and the New Worlds.

Goa! It is a name to conjure with! A name that wraps itself about with ancient splendors; a stage on which springs up one of the most magnificent pageants of ecclesiastical history.

The Franciscans came here in 1550, with the Portuguese fleet of Pedro Alvarez Cabral, and in 1510 the first church at Goa was erected, dedicated in honor of St. Catharine, after a great military victory. This same church of St. Catharine was raised to the dignity of a cathedral when the diocese of Goa was established in the early part of the 16th century. The first Bishop, Dom Francisco de Nello, who was consecrated in Lisbon, never lived to take possession of his See, and the first Bishop actually to rule was his successor, Fra Alfonso de Albuquerque, who was appointed by Pope Paul III. in April, 1537.

The Archbishopric of Goa dates from 1558, when Pope Paul IV. raised the See to metropolitan rank, with Dom Gaspar Leao Pereira as its first Archbishop. From then on there is a regular record of magnificent prelates, who ruled the illustrious See in a manner worthy of their high primatial rank. The Patriarchal dignity was conferred on the Archbishopric by the Apostolic Constitution *Humanae Salutis Auctor* of September, 1886, and the present Archbishop is the second Patriarch.

Saint Brought to Goa.

When St. Francis Xavier died in December, 1552, he was buried at Saucian, in China. But in the following year his body was removed by the Portuguese to Malacca, where a solemn funeral was held. Again the body was disinterred, and in 1554 brought to the city of Goa in Portugese India, where a magnificent state entry into the city was made, and the sacred remains laid to rest in the church of St. Paul.

But a further translation took place, when the Jesuits of Goa, to celebrate the canonisation of the saint, caused the relics to be translated in 1624 from the Church of St. Paul to the Church of the Bom Jesus, then newly erected. At first the resting place of the saint's body was in the chapel of St. Francis Borgia; but in 1655 it was once again removed to the chapel of St. Francis Xavier, where it is now preserved.

The casket containing the body of St. Francis Xavier is a rich coffer some five feet long, which is opened with three keys. When the solemn exposition of the body was due to take place in 1859 it was found that the keys had disappeared, and so three new keys were made, one of which was entrusted to the Portuguese Governor-General of Goa, the second to the Archbishop, and the third to the Chief Secretary of the Civil Government.

Previous examinations of the holy relics established the fact that although the body of the saint had shrunk in the course of the centuries, it was in excellent preservation. On the right foot the fourth and fifth toes are lacking. It is said that a Portuguese lady, one Dona Isabel de Carom, who kissed the relic in 1554, bit off one of the missing toes in her eagerness to possess a primary relic of the saint.

In 1614 the reigning Pope permitted the right arm of the saint to be removed, and this has been divided into four relics. The larger part is conserved in the Church of the Gesu in Rome, whence it has been taken on a triumphal progress through Spain and France during the past few weeks.

When the body was exposed for veneration in 1890, part of one of the right toes became dismembered. Pope Leo XIII. gave instructions that it might be divided, and in 1892 Dom Valente, then Archbishop of Goa, divided this relic into two portions with a silver saw made for this special purpose. One of these portions was placed in a basilica built in Spain by a collateral descendant of the saint.

Relics Jealously Guarded.

The sacred body of St. Francis Xavier has not been exposed for public veneration for 11 years, and the present veneration, which lasts from December 3 until January 3 of next year (1923), is drawing the faithful to Goa from all parts, even from Japan.

But in the 16th and 17th centuries the public expositions were much more frequent. Travellers to India in the 17th century state that the relics were exposed generally on the festival of the saint every year. But the expositions became abridged, and a traveller to Goa in 1695 says that the body had not been exposed for nine years.

The eagerness of the faithful to obtain relics of the saint, and perhaps their lack of scruple in securing the same, no doubt led to the infrequency of the public expositions. However, it came about that only the Portuguese Viceroy and a few privileged persons of high rank were permitted to view the saint's body, and in 1755 even this high privilege was withdrawn by an order of the Portuguese Crown, and since that time exposition has been permitted only on the express orders of the Lisbon Government.

There was a public exposition in 1782 and one in 1859, and further expositions in the years 1878, 1890, and 1910. A rumor started in 1784 that the relics of the saint had been spirited away led to the casket being opened. The opening took place in the presence of the Bishop of Cochin, who was accompanied by the Viceroy and dignitaries of the Church and State. The sacred body was found to be intact and incorrupt. It was solemnly exposed for eight days, during which time it was visited by thousands of the devout, and at the expiration of the time it was enclosed in a marble receptacle, and locked with eight keys.

The Saint's Ancestry.

The noble Navarrois family, of which St. Francis Xavier was so distinguished an ornament, hailed from the village of Jassu, which the Basques pronounce *Yatsou*. It is near to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, and at the present day is a tiny hamlet of about 300 inhabitants. In the 14th century there lived at Jassu the Lascor family, and, next to them in importance, the family of Echberria.

The former family pertained to the *higosdalgos*, or nobles and landed gentry; the Echberrias were squires, and from these last the saint was descended on his father's side.

About the middle of the 14th century the heir of the Echberrias of Jassu married the daughter of the Garats, of Suescun, also a noble family. Of their children one Pedro settled himself at Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, establishing the branch of the family in which Francis de Xavier, or Javier, was born.

Some of Father Bernard Vaughan's Sayings

To politicians.—Live above the snow line and refuse to be dragged down into the mud.

To Wedded Folk.—Live up to your marriage vows, and prepare to rock the cradle for many years to come.

To the Average Merchant.—Live on a level with your samples, and shun dishonesty as you do shoddy.

Instant in repartee, Father Vaughan made a delightful companion. During one of his American visits he was asked by a Suffragette of the militant type, "Where would you be but for a woman?"

"Madam," came the quick retort, "I should on a sultry evening like this be eating ice cream under an apple tree in the Garden of Eden."

On another occasion he offered a cigar to a Nonconformist minister, who refused it with the remark that he had not been sent into the world to smoke.

"Quite so," said Father Vaughan, "but as I belong to an old-fashioned Church which prefers to get its smoking done in this world, you will excuse me if I light up."—*Daily Chronicle.*

COLLECT OLD STAMPS

The Rev. Charles Schoonjans, S.J., Collège Saint-Servais, Liége (Belgium), writes to us expressing thanks to all co-operators in the matter of collecting old postage stamps. He desires to call attention to foreign postage rates. In response to his appeal he has received quite a number of old stamps. The money derived from the sale of these goes directly or indirectly to good works—orphanages, asylums, or to the missionaries in foreign countries.

He asked that collectors continue their efforts in the good work, and keep on sending. The stamps prove a great source of revenue for the missions, and every parcel is received with gratitude. If the name of the sender is enclosed, an acknowledgement is sent by Rev. Father Schoonjans.

Catholic World

EUCHARISTIC COMMITTEE MEETS IN PARIS.

The permanent committee of the Eucharistic Congresses (says *Catholic News Service*, London) held its general meeting in Paris at the end of November, when new members were admitted to the committee.

The first business of the meeting was to pay a tribute to members who have died since the last assembly. These were Cardinal Santos, Cardinal de Cabrieres, Mgr. Lausberg, Canon Collin, and others.

Among the new members proposed for the committee are Mgr. Francis C. Kelley, of Chicago, who was proposed by Cardinal Bourne and Mgr. Carton de Wiart; General Castelnau; Senator Cochrane, of New York; Prince Ghika of Rumania, and Prince Lancelotti of Rome.

For the International Congress of 1924 five cities have put forward their claims—Funchal, Carthage, Lille, Santiago de Chile, and Sydney. For 1926 both Chicago and Barcelona have proposed themselves as the locale of the Congress.

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CRUCIFIX RESTORED IN ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

The crucifix, which under some intolerant governmental decree was removed from the Italian schools, has been ordered to be replaced on the walls, together with the portrait of the King. Thus is swept away another short-lived anti-clerical achievement in Italy.

In connection with this replacement of the crucifix a letter, of the widest interest and importance, has been addressed to all mayors in every commune of the kingdom by Signor Lupi, the under-Secretary for Public Instruction in the Cabinet, in which these functionaries are addressed as follows:

"During recent years the crucifix and the portrait of the King have been swept out of the schools of the kingdom. That in itself constitutes a violation, no longer to be tolerated, of an exact and precise regulation, and it is moreover an affront to the dominant religion of the State and to the principle of the unity of the nation which is both symbolised and expressed in the person of the August Sovereign. Accordingly all communal administrations are formally invited to see to the restoration to the scholars, hitherto deprived, of the two emblems sacred both to their faith and their national sentiment."

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PASSIONISTS SETTLE IN YORKSHIRE.

The London Passionist Fathers have opened a new settlement in Yorkshire, where they are to have a monastery and noviciate. For this purpose they have acquired an historic property, known as Middleton Lodge, near the town of Ilbley. In the property is included an open-air set of Stations of the Cross, which was put up by Squire Middleton more than a century ago, and which, in the days before Catholic Emancipation, was a considerable rarety.

Middleton Lodge itself is a mansion with an historic past, since it was an outpost of the old religion in the penal days. The Middletons themselves trace back their ancestry to the "Pearl of York," the Venerable Martyr Margaret Clitherow, who suffered the barbarous death of being pressed to death by heavy weights, when this was the penalty of the law for refusing to plead at the bar.

Throughout the centuries of persecutions Middleton Lodge afforded a refuge to the harassed priests and lay Catholics whose lives were sought by the priest-hunters. The Middletons themselves did not always escape. One of them, John Middleton, was carried before the Council in York Castle in 1679, and indicted as one of the victims of the odious Popish Plot of that arch-scoundrel Titus Oates.

It is fitting that this old stronghold of the faith in the days of persecution should, now that persecution is a thing of the past, become the home and nursery of a religious Order.

LUBLIN'S CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

When the Theological Institute at Warsaw was suppressed by the Russian Imperial Government in 1867, the only school of theology available to the Catholic Poles in Russian territory was the Catholic Ecclesiastical Academy at St. Petersburg, which disappeared after the Bolshevists became the masters of Russia.

When, after the war, Poland was reconstituted, the urgent question arose of a Catholic establishment for the higher education of the clergy, and after a great deal of consideration, it was decided to found a Catholic University.

The choice of a place fell on the city of Lublin, which has occupied an important place in the history of Poland. Situated towards the south-east of Warsaw, Lublin has long been one of the advanced posts of Catholicism in the direction of the east. In its ancient castle lived that Prince of Poland, St. Casimir It was at Lublin, too, that the Russians hoped to bring about their flank movement in wiping out Catholicism, and on its ruins erecting a nation-wide Orthodox Church.

Here, then, the Polish bishops founded the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart in 1918, placing it under the direction of the lamented Mgr. Radziszewski, who had presided over the former Academy at St. Petersburg.

In this endeavor the Polish episcopate was aided by the generous beneactions of a Polish nobleman, Count Charles Jaroszynski, who gave lavishly of his wealth, not only to found the university, but to place it on a substantial financial footing.

The university is formed on the model of other Catholic universities of Europe. It offers courses of studies in Theology and Canon Law, as well as other branches of science.

The directing authority is in the hands of the bishops, with the Bishop of Lublin as Perpetual Chancellor of the University. The Rector is proposed by the Chancellor and nominated by the bishops, with the confirmation reserved to the Holy See.

In the four Faculties of the Universities there are 42 professors engaged in teaching. The student body is increasing from year to year, and although the university is only four years old, it has already assumed the front rank amongst the establishments for academic education throughout Poland.

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HISTORIC COLLEGE DESTROYED.

At 2.30 a.m. on Saturday, November 25, the historic Jesuit College of St. Boniface, the Iona of the West, was a furnace of flames (says the *North-West Review*). In less than one short hour from the time witnesses state they saw the college intact, the building was doomed, and with it many precious human lives.

Following upon what we might term an epidemic of destruction to Catholic institutions, St. Boniface College takes its place with a dozen others laid in ashes during the last year or so. The loss suffered is in some respects irreparable. A landmark has been destroyed that told the history of the Catholic Church in Western Canada from its heroic beginnings. Many valuable missionary records have been destroyed and one of our most interesting links with the past broken. For 50 years St. Boniface College has been the Catholic intellectual centre of Western Canada. Thousands of priests and laymen have passed through its portals not only to the evangelisation of the West but to every corner of the globe.

When the first St. Boniface College was opened in 1818 by Father Provencher, the West was a wilderness. The first building of rude logs was a type of the beginnings of Christian missionary work there, but nevertheless a true beginning—a good foundation upon which has been developed more than a century of real progress in the material as well as the spiritual sense.

When the fatal fire broke out one hundred and ninety-five souls were slumbering within the college including 154 students. These occupied three dormatories, being graded according to age unto as many divisions.

The alarm was sounded by the Prefect of studies who was aroused by an explosion.

Apostleship of the Sea

The duties of the A.S. ship-visitor (says the *Irish Catholic*) would be greatly lightened were there many Catholic seafarers of the same type as were met by two ship-visitors when on their rounds in Glasgow recently. The ship—not a frequent visitor to the Clyde—had six or seven Catholics among her crew, all of whom, except the captain, were at Mass when the visitors went aboard. The captain had already been at Mass in an adjacent church, received Holy Communion, and waited for a second Mass, before returning to his ship to see his men,, who were Catholics, turn out. A non-Catholic member of the crew assured the ship visitors that this was the usual routine, at home or abroad, when in port on Sunday mornnig, and spoke also of the high esteem in which the captain was held by all aboard the ship. Alert and active, despite his 80 years, Captain W—— is a remarkable man. In the comfortable little cabin of the ——, to which he courteously invited his visitors, he enterttained them with reminiscences of his long seafaring life, and showed, with delightful *naivete*, records and relics of unusual interest, also—with pardonable pride—the photographs of the two children whom he has given to the Church.

One record had a special interest for the visitors—that one which stated that in the year 1905 Capt. W.—— had been enrolled in the Apostleship of the Sea. The excellent ship-visiting work which was carried on in Glasgow under the direction of the late Father Egger, S.J., some 20 years ago, established a tradition of Catholic sailor-service which has made possible the rapid progress of the wider scheme of work which is being developed under the old name. The new A.S. badge and membership card were given to Captain W.—— ere leaving, and the name of that kindly Irish gentleman, one worthy of being held in honor among seafarers, was added to the register of the Inter-

One of the most helpful factors in pro- national Union of Catholic Seafarers.
moting the apostolate is the willing co-operation of the seamen themselves. The following extract from a letter received recently from Jarrow-on-Tyne serves to illustrate this point:—

"I have been 35 years at sea, and often wondered that, with our Universal Church and Faith no one ever gave a thought to those who go down to the sea in ships. . . In my humble way I always try to get those of our faith to their duties, and take them to church, when aboard, and so you can understand how heartily I welcome this start you have made." The seaman who wrote this letter encloses a donation of £1.

Solemn High Mass for the repose of the souls of seafarers who have died during the past year was celebrated in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, on Sunday, November 26, at which many seamen and other A.S. members assisted..

Statistics recently compiled show that of the 25,000,000 persons of German birth or immediate descent now living in foreign countries, approximately 15,000,000 are of the Catholic faith. In this compilation the populations in the various regions lost to Germany by the World War are taken into account.

Domestic

By Maureen

Green Tomato Jam.

Six lbs firm tomatoes, 6lb sugar, 6 lemons, ¾lb green ginger. Scald and peel the tomatoes, cut the lemons very fine, scrape the ginger and cut that also very fine. Put all together into a preserving-pan and boil for two or three hours. Some tomatoes are more watery than others, therefore require longer boiling.

Stuffed Tomatoes.

Allow 1 tomato (large one) for each person. Cut the tops of each tomato, scoop out the seeds and pulp, then fill with minced beef or ham, or any kind of meat that has been left over, sprinkle with pepper and salt, put a few breadcrumbs over the top and a small piece of butter, then bake or fry for half an hour.

Tomato Cups.

Medium-sized tomatoes, eggs, a little butter, pepper and salt. Cut tomatoes in half, remove the juicy part with seeds. Boil the eggs five minutes, and shell. Cut in half and remove the yolks, mix these with a little butter, seasoning, and juicy part of tomatoes. Replace half egg in tomato case, and pile up centre with the mixture. Place on shallow dish and decorate with parsley. This is a very pretty dish and a great favorite.

Soda Cake.

A nice cake for school children is the following:—Take 1lb of flour, ¾lb of sugar, 1 level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, ¾lb of lard or dripping, ¾lb of sultanas, ½ pint of milk, 2 eggs. Sieve the flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda into a basin. Rub in the dripping. Add the sugar and cleaned sultanas. Beat up the eggs, and add half the milk to them. Make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the eggs; stir into the flour, adding the rest of the milk gradually. If the mixture becomes sufficiently moist before all the milk is added use less milk. Put the cake into a well-greased tin lined with greased paper.

Cake-making Hints.

See that the oven is heating before starting to make the mixture.

Line all cake tins, except small ones, with greased paper.

Fruit cakes need rather a hot oven just at first in order to set the mixture quickly, otherwise the fruit will sink to the bottom.

Baking powder must be added just before the mixture is put into the tin.

To prevent a cake getting too dark on the top, lay a sheet of white paper over it, resting it on the edges of the paper lining the tin.

To see if the cakes are cooked through, push a clean skewer in the centre; if baked sufficiently, it will come out quite clean and bright.

Leave all cakes tilted up against the edge of a dish or place on a sieve when taken out of the oven to allow the steam to escape, and not to condense in them.

Bottling Recipes.

To Bottle Peas.—Fill clean bottles that have been sterilised with freshly-picked young peas; fill each jar with water that has been boiled and cooled; adjust the rubbers, lay on loosely the tops, arrange them in a wash boiler, the bottom of which has been protected by a towel or rack, surround them half-way up with cold water, cover the boiler, bring quickly to boiling point, and boil continuously for two and a half to three hours. Lift each jar and fasten it without lifting the lid of the jar—that is, you must not lift the lid off and put it down; then pick it up and put it on the jar. It will hold sufficient yeast spores to contaminate the jar. This recipe is good also for shell beans of any kind.

To preserve tomatoes.—Select medium-sized tomatoes, put them into a wire basket or colander, plunge them nto boiling water for just a moment, and remove; peel off the skins, arrange them in jars, adjust the rubbers, add half a teaspoonful of salt to each jar, and fill with cold water, that has been boiled and cooled. Lay the tops on loosely, arrange them in a wash boiler as directed in the previous recipe, and cover the boiler. Bring to boiling point, and boil ten minutes. Fasten each jar without removing the lid.

ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 245 head of fat cattle were penned—a full yarding. Prices opened on a par with those ruling on the previous week, and remained firm throughout the sale. Extra prime heavy-weight bullocks sold at up to £14, prime heavy-weight bullocks from £11 17s 6d to £12 12s 6d, medium from £10 5s to £11 7s 6d, others from £8 10s upwards, best cows and heifers to £8, medium from £6 12s 6d to £7 10s, others from £5 upwards. Fat Sheep.—There was a full yarding of good quality, 2219 head being penned. Prices opened on a par with those ruling on the preceding week, and gradually increased as the sale progressed. At the end of the day they were quoted 2s above the previous sale. Exporters were operating keenly for all medium weight mutton, and this naturally helped the sale of heavy-weight sheep. Extra prime heavy-weight wethers realised up to 48s 3d, prime heavy-weight wethers 42s 6d to 45s 9d, medium wethers from 35s 9d to 40s, lighter kinds from 31s upwards. Fat Lambs.—1342 penned—a larger yarding than on the preceding week. A good proportion was of inferior quality. Exporters were again operating, and the yarding was readily cleared at prices equal to those of the previous week. Extra prime lambs sold up to 36s 6d, prime lambs from 33s to 35s 9d, medium lambs from 27s 6d to 31s 9d, others from 25s upwards. Pigs.—A small entry, comprising mostly porkers. Competition was fairly brisk, and higher prices were obtained for both baconers and porkers. Prime baconers realised up to 6d, and prime porkers from 6½d to 7d per lb.

At Addington market last week fat lambs and pigs increased in value, while fat sheep values were maintained. Prices for fat cattle, however, showed a reduction. Fat Lambs.—A yarding of 4066, compared with 4640 on the preceding week. Freezing buyers got the majority of the yarding at prices which were from 1s to 1s 6d per head better than the previous market. On an average freezing works buyers paid from 10¼d to 10½d per lb. Graziers competed for light lambs, but generally found prices too high for them. Extra prime lambs 33s 6d to 38s 10d, prime 30s to 33s, medium 28s to 29s 9d, light and unfinished 24s 9d to 27s 6d. Fat Sheep.—The yarding was again small. The sale opened briskly, prices being all round about on a par with those of the previous week, wethers being perhaps slightly better and ewes slightly easier. Wether mutton made from 6½d to 6¾d per lb, and ewe from 5¾d to 6¼d. Extra prime wethers 37s to 40s, a few special to 43s 9d, prime 34s to 36s 6d, medium 28s 6d to 33s 6d, light 25s 1d to 27s, extra prime ewes, 30s 6d to 35s 10d, prime 28s 6d to 30s, medium 25s to 28s, light 23s to 24s 9d, aged 17s 9d to 22s 6d. Fat Cattle.—The yarding was a large one. The hot spell of weather had an adverse effect on the sale, particularly with regard to heavier stuff, and prices dropped all round 20s per head. Well-finished beef made from 27s 6d to 30s per 100lb, medium 24s 6d to 27s, unfinished 21s to 23s 6d, old cow beef to 20s, extra prime steers £14 5s to £16, prime £10 17s 6d to £13 15s, medium £8 15s to £10 10s, light and unfinished £4 15s to £8, prime heifers £6 15s to £7 17s 6d, ordinary £4 10s to £6, prime cows £6 to £7 17s 6d, ordinary £4 to £5 15s. Vealers.—Previous week's values were fully maintained. Good runners to £4 12s 6d, ordinary vealers £2 17s 6d to £4, small calves from 8s upwards. Fat Pigs.—A good demand resulted in improved prices. Choppers £1 10s to £3, light baconers £3 7s 6d to £3 18s, heavy £4 to £4 8s 6d (average price per lb 6d to 6¼d); light porkers £2 5s to £2 12s, heavy £2 15s to £3 (average price per lb 7d to 8½d).

WHERE THE WEEDS COME FROM.

It does sometimes seem mysterious where all the weeds do come from, even after the most careful scrutiny during winter and the most assiduous hoeing during summer. Perhaps the inquiry is scarcely worth pursuing, because we have to get rid of them, whether we know their source or not. But it is certainly profitable to carry the inquiry so far as to find out how the number can be reduced.

The presence of so many weeds is often due to the fact that the weeds are allowed to flower and seed. These may not be growing between the crops, but on a spare piece of land waiting to be cultivated. If such cultivation must be left, then the wisest course to pursue is to cut them over with a scythe rather than have the seeds distributed all over the garden.

Another source from which the supply of weeds is maintained is from neglected paths and hedgesides. These are too often neglected, and the neglect is reflected in the weediness of the garden. Another source is the manure, and we fear this is productive of more weeds than it used to be, because hoeing is not so frequently done among the straw crops as high cultivation demands. We have only so far control over this source inasmuch as we should refuse to have manure which is not made in conjunction with clean straw.

GATHERING FLOWERS FOR MARKET.

Most flowers, as all growers should know, suffer if exposed to the sun for any length of time after being cut, and some are so sensitive that no matter what is done they will never regain their freshness. This being so, it is obvious that they should not remain out of water longer than can be avoided.

The sweet pea may be taken as an illustration. During hot, dry weather, no matter how the plants are watered, if the flowers are cut in the middle of the day, they are soft and flabby. If packed while in this condition the blooms would be withered by the time they reached the market, and unless sold at the commencement, would, in all probability, remain on hand or be disposed of at a very low figure.

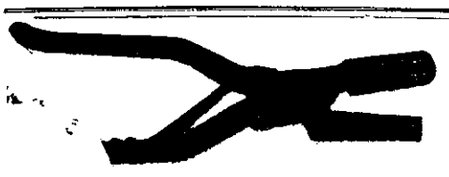
Any boy can cut such flowers, but it is not everyone that can bunch them properly; for this reason it is advisable that they be put in water as soon as cut and taken to a cool shed, where bunching can be done by those who are proficient at the work.

Flowers should never be laid on the top of each other in such a manner as to crush them; neither should they be held long in the hot hand. If cut with stems as long as possible and placed in flat baskets or shallow trays, and taken to the shed, and placed in water, it is astonishing the amount they will take up in the course of a few hours.

The length of time flowers should stand in water before being packed must depend upon the time they have to reach the market; but in all cases where possible they should be allowed to stand in water through the night and packed early the following morning. In many cases, however, flowers have to be sent away at night in order to reach the market the next morning, in which case they should be allowed to stand in water at least a couple of hours previous to being packed.

In bunching the aim should be to have all the flowers facing one way if there is any danger of their being crushed in packing. Twelve flowers or sprays are usually put in a bunch, but this depends upon the season; for example, violets in the autumn are sold in much smaller bunches than in the spring when the flowers are more plentiful, and in like manner sweet peas and other common flowers.

The strongest characters of the world have been chiseled with trifles. Day by day they have striven to do the duty that lay before them. They performed one thing at a time and performed that duty to the best of their ability.



The Family Circle

THE COUNTRY VISIT.

The big horse walked beside her with a gentle nose thrust out,
The colt came running from the field and frolicked all about;
The chickens crowded close, until the farmer's wife said "Shoo!"
"I think they like to have me here," said little 'Liza Lou.

The ducks were swimming in the pond; they gave a friendly quack,
The turkeys came to greet her from behind the golden stack;
The rooster strutted up and said, "How do do doodle do?"
"I'm pretty well, I thank you, sir," said little 'Liza Lou.

The old cat waked and slept again, stretched out upon the floor;
The hen with all her fluffy brood was clucking near the door;
The long-legged calf came skipping, and the mother cow said "Moo!"
"I like the country very much," said little 'Liza Lou.

The pet lamb snuggled at her side and gave a timid bleat;
The kind old house dog wagged his tail and laid down at her feet;
And from the dovecot, soft and low, she heard the pigeons coo,
"Oh, let me come again, sometime!" cried little 'Liza Lou.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

Habit is that law of human nature by which we acquire a facility and an inclination for doing a thing by doing it frequently. It is a force of nature as real as the principle of gravitation; and every wise man will recognise its power and avail himself of its help.

Every time we make an endeavor to cultivate a habit, we put forth an energy—we energise. Energy makes habit and habit makes character. Character is a Greek word, and means that which is cut in or marked, as the impression on a coin. Now, habit is the dye which stamps character on our nature.

Habit is the great auxiliary power to the weakness of man, lessening panics, removing difficulties, and strengthening faculties. It can increase talent a hundredfold. It ought not to escape our notice with what a powerful capacity God has endowed our nature; and we should avail ourselves of this source of strength, and not let it run to waste.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

Religion in the individual is the indispensable fact necessary to make legislation for the masses of people effective. Only through the spirit of Christ has real charity ever been fostered. When the Catholic Church opened the field of Catholic Social Service, then was her influence felt in shaping sound social legislation. This was but history repeating itself. Whenever the economic or social system of nations, or of the civilised world itself, called for a reconstruction, the greatest asset to successful reconstruction was the Catholic Church.

The Church subdued the proud minds and wanton hearts of pagan Greece and Rome, brought Christian principles to the barbaric hordes of northern Europe, entered the tent of the Iroquois, and planted the cross in a thousand wildernesses. She brought great minds trained according to Christian standards to bear on problems that threatened to disrupt society, and now she strives to renew our modern world with the spirit of Christ, believing, after centuries of experience, that nothing in the whole range of social science can solve present problems without it.

We as Catholics will fail in the high duty we owe our country if we do not bring the teachings of our Church before the world at this critical period of history, when civilisation is, in many ways, being shaped anew. Shall we leave its fate to the destructive forces of social revolution, or shall we do all in our power to see that it is wisely fashioned by the loving hands of Christ?—Exchange.

LENT.

The holy season of Lent, with its solemn days of humiliation and repentance, is a call from Almighty God to His people to consider each man for himself what is going to become of him. It is the solemn declaration to all the world of God's terrible and most certain judgment on all kinds of sin and on sinners of every sort, high and low, if they still go on offending God in spite of His long-suffering mercy. The spirit of penance, the religious exercises, the exhortations, the mortification suggested all are echoes of the warning that sin will be our ruin if it is not put away and pardoned before we die and that there is one way open and only one way to escape from death and hell: the way of true repentance and turning to God with a steadfast and humble sorrow. In these holy days we learn anew the marvellous means which His Grace has provided to save us from our sins, not only to pardon them, but to cleanse us from their power, to change our sinful hearts and to make us new creatures, to strengthen us against the enemy of our salvation and to help us walk worthy of our calling as His servants and children. Let us enter into the spirit of Holy Church and pray God to give us the wisdom to use every day and every opportunity of this holy season for our eternal profit.

ORIGINS OF TRADE NAMES.

Many of our modern trade names have curious origins. The costermonger, for example, was in the old days a costard-monger. He hawked a kind of fruit called the costard. The word "monger" means a sellar, and is still found in ironmonger, fishmonger, and so on.

Originally the grocer was a grosser, a man who sold things by the gross, or a wholesaler; no one knows why his name should have changed in spelling. When we speak of a wholesale grocer, we are really saying the same thing twice.

Tailor is a French word meaning one who fits the figure. Draper is also French; it comes from the word *drap*, and means a dealer in cloth. Mantlemaker, originally Mantua-maker, is Italian. Cloaks were fashionable in the town of Mantua, and were called after it. Milliner, originally Milaner, stood for a dealer in goods made of Milanese silk and straw.

The most puzzling word is haberdasher, which has baffled many people and produced all kinds of weird explanations. The haberdasher was formerly a pedlar who went round to fairs selling ribbons, buttons, and other small articles, which he carried in a sack. His name comes from two old words—hafer, meaning oats, and tasche, a sack.

THAT HOME OF LONG AGO.

There's a little cot a-standing
Beside an old boreen,
With a hedge a-growing round it,
And the grass so bright and green.
A thrush a-singing sweetly,
When the sun is sinking low,
Again I see in memory
That home of long ago.

It was nothing much to look at,
Yet pleasing to my sight;
An earthern floor, an open fire;
The turf a-burning bright.
While I sat and watched a colleen,
Her eyes with love aglow,
And we dreamed our golden day dreams,
In that home of long ago.

The colleen still is with me,
With lads and lassies too;
In this land of peace and plenty,
All our golden dreams came true.
Over there is desolation,
Warfare, grief, and woe;
But somehow, I pray it's standing yet,
That home of long ago.

—JAMES W. GIBBONS.

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Three-year-old Janie's mother was called away just as she had settled the baby on a bench.

"Stay here now and watch your little baby brother, Janie," she said. "I'll be back in a few minutes. He will fall asleep presently."

Before the few minutes were up a resounding roar startled the mother. As she hurried toward the bench, Janie came running to meet her.

"Mamma," she called excitedly, "he falled all right, but he wasn't asleep."

DISAPPOINTING.

Mr. Linkins, the junior member of the firm, had a peculiarly irritating sneeze. It began with an elaborate and terrifying series of facial convulsions, and ended with a most lame and impotent paroxysm that always disappointed the expectant observer.

"Your sneeze," said Mr. Jenkins, the senior partner, after watching him through one of his performances, "is a regular circus."

"A circus?" said Mr. Linkins.

"Yes," was the rejoinder. "The performance never comes up to the advance notices."

SO SIMPLE.

A certain painter is confined in a lunatic asylum. To persons who visit him he says: "Look here; this is my latest masterpiece."

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Jews?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple and unpretentious."

SMILE-RAISERS.

Old man, browsing in book store: "*Last Days of Pompeii*. What did he die of?"

Bookseller: "Oh, I dunno—some sort of eruption!"

A kindly-looking old gentleman was addressed by a very little girl carrying a parcel. "Please, sir," she said, politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"

Collector: "I have called again, sir."

Debtor: "I suppose you want your money?"

Collector: "Oh, no, I merely dropped in out of curiosity to learn just what your reason would be this time for not paying the bill."

"Mummy, does the sun go down into the sea every night?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then how do they get it dry enough to light it again in the morning?"

He: "My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a pound in my pocket."

She: "You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things."

He: "I did."

A dentist placed over his doorway a business sign which read: "Teeth extracted with great pains."

This was something like the butcher's sign which ran: "Beef is very high; our prices are the same"; and the grocer's: "Don't go elsewhere to be robbed. Try us."

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Quick Walking at Fifty.

Men should not talk about being too old at forty, said Sir James Cantlie to a physical training class for business men of over fifty years of age at Mortimer Hall. "Don't be afraid of your hearts," he added. "They will stand more disease than any other organ in the body." Sir James recommended all men to walk at the rate of 110 paces a minute, saying the exercise would make them totally differand people. The exercise which would comprise the course were the same as those used by the Chinese 5000 years ago.

A Restorer of Youth.

Dr. Burchardi, said to be one of a very limited number of exponents and practitioners of a new system of surgical treatment for the preservation and even the restoration of youth, arrived in London on Saturday morning from Vienna (says the London *Catholic Times* for December 9). In an interview with a press representative, he said he had come to London as a practitioner and not as a missionary. If invited to do so, he would be quite prepared to lecture to scientists and practitioners on the new treatment, but his immediate purpose was to perform a number of operations which he had undertaken.

Asked what he claims to be able to achieve, Dr. Buchchardi said, "I do not pretend to accomplish miracles, but I do claim to be able to preserve youth, with its capacities and its enjoyments, in the case of suitable subjects." He and others (he said) had been engaged in experiments for something like twenty years, and those experiments had been made on animals. Actual treatment of men had been in operation for about three years, and of women for five years.

"In all the human cases operated upon," he added—"glandular transformation in the case of males and a secret X-ray treatment of females—not one has been a failure. All the cases are still enjoying very great benefits. Under this treatment remarkable transformations have been effected. Sunken cheeks have been raised, looks restored, and general air of physical and mental alertness produced. Youth has been restored both to face and figure."

Dr. Burchardi said: "Much depends upon the state of the patient. If the body is quite worn out, of course I can do nothing, but if it is still susceptible to the operation I can hope to preserve the qualities of youth for periods of from five years to twenty years. It depends largely on the state of the patient in each individual case." The identical operation which he intended to perform in London (he added) had recently been performed upon the ex-Kaiser.

"In some cases, when men are attacked by premature senility, the operation has not only effected marked improvement in appearance," Dr. Burchardi said, "but there has been wonderful restoration of mental and physical faculties. Even in cases of men of 65 to 70 years of age the operation has been followed by rejuvenation of appearance in every respect and mental and physical capacities have been largely restored. A 'new lease of life' has been given, as you express it here.

"Striking changes in the outward appearance of women patients have been effected. Signs of weariness and weakness have disappeared. The operation on men is quite simple and harmless. Only a local anaesthetic is necessary. After the operation the patient should stay in bed for about three days and be kept reasonably quiet for eight or nine days. For men there is actual operation for glandular transformation, but the X-ray treatment has been found more suitable for women."

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