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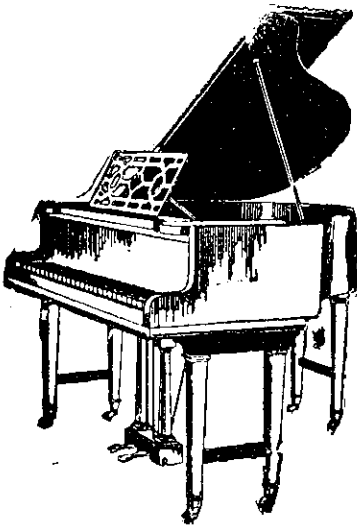
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

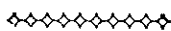
- June 3, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Pentecost.
 .. 4, Monday.—St. Francis Caracciolo, Confessor.
 .. 5, Tuesday.—St. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr.
 .. 6, Wednesday.—St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.
 .. 7, Thursday.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
 .. 8, Friday.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
 .. 9, Saturday.—St. Columba, Abbot.

St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Norbert was born in Westphalia in 1080. After giving himself up for a time to a life of ease and worldly pleasure at the court of his cousin, the Emperor Henry IV., he received the grace of a complete conversion. He was ordained priest, and thenceforward displayed extraordinary zeal in the work of preaching and in the discharge of the other duties of the sacred ministry. He established an Order of monks, called from their first monastery Premonstratensians, whose special object was to promote among the faithful frequent Communion and regular attendance at Mass. St. Norbert died in 1134, after having governed for over seven years the archiepiscopal see of Magdeburg.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Person of Christ, including His human nature, is the object of divine adoration, the worship which is due to His Person is due to all that is united to His Person. For this reason the Fifth General Council condemned the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations as to two separate natures and to two separate persons. The Council affirms that one adoration is to be offered to the Word united to His humanity. The material object of this divine adoration is Christ, God and man; the formal object or the reason for which this divine adoration is given to Him in both natures is the divinity of the Incarnate Son. Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, is adored with divine worship in heaven and on earth—at the right hand of His Father and in His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart reveals to us the personal love of Our Divine Redeemer towards each and every one for whom He died. It is a manifestation of His pity, tenderness, compassion, and mercy to sinners and to penitents. Nevertheless its chief characteristic and its dominant note is His disappointment at the return we make to Him for His love."—Cardinal Manning.



Grains of Gold

HEART OF MY SAVIOUR.

O, Heart of my Saviour, sore wounded for me,
 Each day let my heart draw closer to Thee.
 In the fount of Thy blood do Thou cleanse the world's stain,
 In the light of Thy love do Thou guide me again.

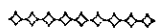
It was our sins that mocked Thee and wielded the rod,
 It was our sins that crushed Thee and drained Thy Heart's
 Blood.

And yet, O the wonder of grace by love sealed,
 By Thy stripes are we strengthened, by Thy bruises healed.

Dear Heart of my Saviour, where Thou watch'st alone
 In dim, weary vigil o'er cold altar stone,
 Let me come and watch, too, and let gratitude be
 In the heart that Thou ransomed full fervent for Thee.

In the Heart of my Saviour, lo! what splendor there lies!
 Oh, Thou sun without setting, Thou light of the skies,
 Shine full on my gloom, fill my soul with Thy grace,
 Until at Thy summons I may look on Thy face.

—SARAH H. JONES.



REFLECTIONS.

They who shall enjoy the eternal light can never be blind; they who serve the Lord need never be afraid."—St. Clare.

Let your heart be anchored upon that sure Rock and upon that alone.—St. Hugh.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Well, Jer," said Richard, "any chance of a wedding this time?"

"We're goin' on wud a couple, sir," replied Jer, "but I don't say they'll come to anything. Everything was settled wud Miss Jane; an', begor, there was no fear at all of the fortune they wor givin' her. She was tryin' on her weddin' dress on Saturday, when I went to tell her he couldn't marry her; an' she tuck on terrible intirely."

Richard laughed, but evinced no surprise.

"The ould mistress an' the young ladies is tryin' to bring it on again. But," added Jer, solemnly, and as if he himself were the principal party concerned, "'twon't do."

Richard explained to his friend that Mrs. Lloyd and her daughters lived in Kiltubber. "Devilish nice girls they are," he added; "particularly the second."

"They're anxious to have him settled," Jer continued with a sigh, as if the settling were a great weight on his mind. "An' sure God knows so is myself. But 'tis so hard to meet a shootable woman. I'm after promisin' Tom Otway," he continued, "that we'll run down to the County Carlow in the course of the week to see his cousin. Himself is for goin' by the coach; but I'm thinkin' 'twould look better to drive tandem. What do you think?" he asked, as if he found it hard to decide.

"Oh, the tandem, by all means," said Richard.

"That's what I think myself," rejoined Jer, as he left the room, followed by his dogs, except two that had got into the bed for a nap.

"Is this all a joke?" Mr. Lowe asked.

"No. Bob's wooings are always carried on in this way, and Miss Jane can hardly have been taken by surprise, for she had examples enough to warn her."

"And how does he escape the consequences?"

"Do you mean why is he not called out? The idea of such a good-natured fellow as Bob Lloyd shooting anybody or being shot at! But he will tell you 'the heaviest cloutin' match'—to use his own phrase—he ever had, was with young Alcock for refusing to marry his sister, who declared that he had popped the question and been accepted in the most formal manner."

"But the law," said Mr. Lowe. "Have you no such thing as breaches of promise in Ireland?"

"They are not quite unknown, though very rare, down here. But the immunity which Bob enjoys may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that the business is all done through Jer. Bob never writes letters; and, perhaps, as he would say himself, that saves his bacon."

It must not be inferred that writing was not among Mr. Lloyd's accomplishments. He wrote a fair, round hand, and was fond of displaying his caligraphic skill whenever pen, ink, and paper chanced to come in his way—particularly, and almost exclusively, in the execution of the words:—

"Command you may your mind from play."

which he was wont to finish off with a flourish, and seemed to derive great pleasure from the performance.

"Can we get a shot without going into that infernal bog again?" Richard asked when they had returned to the parlor.

"Ay, faith," Mr. Lloyd replied. "If I went out to that well beyond ten times a day, I'd be sure to meet a snipe there."

"Get your gun and come with us."

Mr. Lloyd strapped a shot-belt over his shoulder, and was taking up his gun, when the door opened, and a stout, middle-sized man, with a round face, unceremoniously walked in.

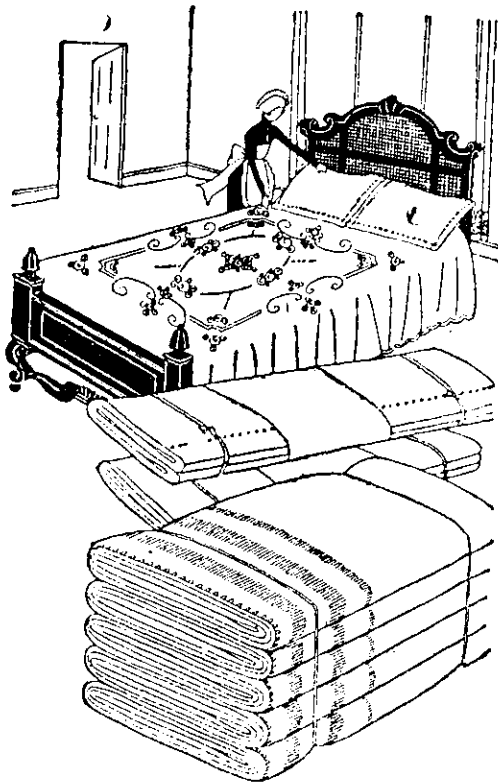
"Morrow, Wat," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Morrow, kindly," Wat replied, offering him a slip of paper.

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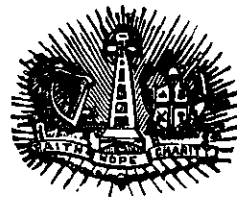
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"How much is it?"

"Fifteen pounds eleven and sevenpence."

"I'll see about it," said Mr. Lloyd.

"That'll never do for me," replied Wat.

"There's not a penny under the roof of the house," said Mr. Lloyd.

"The devil a foot I'll stir out of this till I get it," Wat rejoined.

"Have a drop of this," Mr. Lloyd remarked, filling a glass from the square bottle.

"No objection," replied Wat, sententiously.

Mr. Lloyd went to the side-board, and returned, holding a large dish in one hand with as much ease as if it were a small plate, and grasping a loaf of bread with the other.

"Come, Dick," said he, placing them on the table, "let's have a bite.

He cut some slices of bread and meat which Richard converted into sandwiches for himself and Mr. Lowe.

"Wat," said Bob Lloyd, with his mouth full, "I'll see about that."

"Pay me the money, and let me go for the cow; that's the seein' about I want."

"What cow?" Mr. Lloyd asked.

"A fat cow I'm afther buyin' from your father," said Wat, turning to Richard; "and he won't let me take her wudout the money. So, shell out," he added, turning to Mr. Lloyd, with a sort of humorous sulkiness of voice and look.

Mr. Lloyd, appearing to pay no attention to this speech, bit a semicircle out of his sandwich, and holding it between him and the light, seemed to admire its regularity.

Wat, drawing an old arm-chair towards the window, thereby disturbing the repose of an old setter that had possession of it, deliberately sat down, and crossed his legs with the air of a man who was bent upon taking his ease, and had nothing on earth to trouble him. Mr. Lloyd advanced in silence, and presented a carving knife at him with a substantial slice of cold meat on the top of it.

Wat took the meat between his finger and thumb, and acknowledged the civility by uncrossing his legs and sitting upright.

Mr. Lloyd then presented a carving fork with the other hand, upon which was a chunk of bread. This Wat also accepted, if not graciously, at least without any show of reluctance. Having emulated his host in the biting line—with the difference that, the bread and meat being each in a different hand, he had to take two bites instead of one—Wat remarked oracularly:

"A pig's head ates very handsome, cowl'd."

"Kitty," he called out to a servant girl who was flinging her cloak over her shoulders as she passed the window.

The girl stopped and looked at him. Whereupon Wat raised the window and dasked was she going to town.

"I am," replied Kitty. "Why so?"

"Tell my mother to send me out an ounce of tobacco," said Wat, in the calmest and most self-satisfied manner imaginable.

"Now, Wat, what are you up to?" Mr. Lloyd asked. "Don't you know if the money was in the house there wouldn't be a second word about it?"

"Well, to do you nothin' but justice," Wat replied, "I do know that. But you see two quarters of that cow are bespoke, and I can't disappoint my customers. Moreover, when wan quarter is for a weddin'."

"Come to-morrow."

"'Twon't do."

"Well, what do you want?"

"D—n well you know what I want," replied Wat. "An order on Tom Ryan. That's money any day."

"There's not a pen or a bit of clean paper in the house," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Ketch me!" was Wat's comment upon this objection. "I'm provided against accidents." And he produced an ink-bottle with a leather strap attached to the neck, and unfolded half a sheet of paper which was rolled round a well-worn quill pen.

Mr. Lloyd, seeing no way of escape, sat down and wrote the letters I and C. The latter turned out such a model of a capital letter that Mr. Lloyd held it up for

the inspection of his friends. He then slowly and carefully wrote out the order, which ran thus:—

"I Command you to pay Wat Murphy fifteen pounds sterling Money, which I will allow you out of your rent.

"ROBERT ORMSBY LLOYD.

"To Mr. Thomas Ryan."

"All right," said Wat, as he held the document to the fire to dry. After putting it in his pocket, he pointed to the square bottle.

"Would you have any objection?" he asked.

Bob Lloyd held up the square bottle, and, laying his hand along it, carefully measured the depth of liquor remaining. Seeming satisfied that he could afford to act on the very broad hint which Wat's question implied, he filled a glass.

"Healths apiece to ye," said Wat, tossing off the whiskey as he passed the table, without stopping. He was immediately heard whistling to his bull-dog, who, with his back against the wall outside the hall-door, was keeping at bay quite a pack of hounds of various descriptions—but among which there was not a single "mongrel" or "cur of low degree"—by the mere glare of his eye.

CHAPTER XV.—A DAY'S SHOOTING LOST.

The snipe was at the well, as Bob Lloyd had foretold, and the moment it rose, the doctor "blazed away." But greatly to his surprise, the snipe did not fall with its wing broken.

"He's wounded," the doctor exclaimed, on seeing the snipe pitch in the next field. "I'll make sure of him the next time."

All three blazed away the next time; and when the smoke cleared off they saw the snipe quietly dropping into its old quarters near the well.

Re-loading their guns they retraced their steps, and another volley woke the echoes of Mount Tempe. The snipe—as jack-snipes are wont to do—flew a couple of hundred yards, and dropped again among the rushes in the next field.

The affair now became quite exciting, and volley after volley made the unhappy fox among the flower pots shiver and creep from one corner to the other of its prison for a full hour and more.

"Hugh is doing business," said Bob Lloyd, on hearing the report of Hugh's gun from the bog.

"Ay, faith," he added, on seeing him quietly walk forward and pick up his bird.

"I'll do that fellow's job," exclaimed Richard, through his clenched teeth, as he rammed home the charge in the long duck gun with a very unnecessary expenditure of force. "Let me alone, if I don't polish him off."

We trust we need not say he did not mean his brother, but the jack-snipe.

But just as the doctor had put his gun on full cock, Bob Lloyd laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Is it a duck?" Richard asked.

"Ay, faith," replied Bob. "The ice is broken on the pond, and he's coming about it."

The wild duck flew round and round in a circle, and so low that the chances of a shot seemed not improbable.

Bob Lloyd hurried to the corner of the field and stopped behind the fence. Richard and Mr. Lowe took up a position at some distance, and all three watched the wild duck with breathless excitement as it came nearer and nearer in each round of its flight. The doctor had his long gun to his shoulder at one time, and would have blazed away if Mr. Lowe had not stopped him.

"Why don't you let me tumble him?" the doctor asked, in a whisper. "I had him covered just when he was passing the sally-tree."

"Don't you see," Mr. Lowe replied, "that that tree is fully three hundred yards from us?"

The duck suddenly changed from its circular course, and shot slantwise like an arrow into the pond. This move took the sportsmen by surprise; but recovering themselves, all three hurried along the fence, with their heads on a level with their knees. On, on they crept till they reached the part of the fence nearest to the pond. There was the duck quietly swimming among the broken fragments of ice, but not within shot.

"How are we to manage?" said the doctor.

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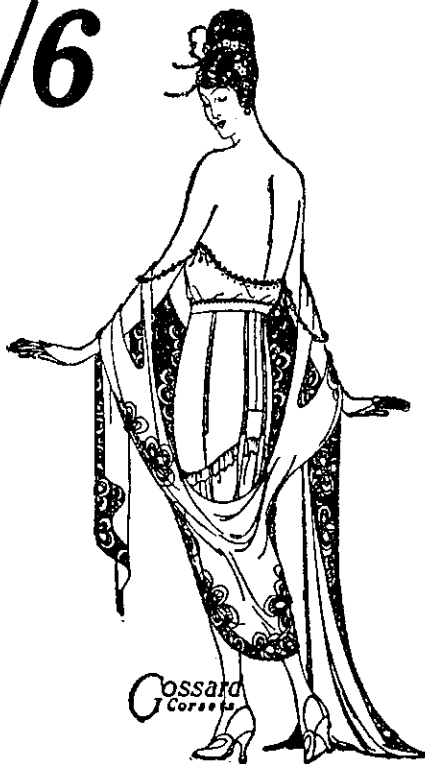
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"We're at the end of our tether, Dick," replied Bob Lloyd.

"I'll get over the ditch and take him by surprise," said the doctor.

And suiting the action to the word he climbed over the fence, and walked quickly towards the pond. The wild duck seemed really taken by surprise, for it remained hid behind a fragment of ice till the doctor reached the brink of the pond. He stood panting for a few seconds, with his gun half raised to his shoulder, but the duck never stirred. He advanced a step or two on the ice, and was beginning to think that the duck had got off in some inexplicable manner, when a tremendous splash and clatter in the water made him start. The duck rose so close to him that his first impulse was to step back. In doing this his feet slipped from under him, and he came down with extraordinary celerity on the end of his spine. The shock caused a queer sensation in his throat, and, in fact, he was much in the same state as Mrs. Slattery when she implored Father Hannigan to inform her whether she was killed.

"Why the blazes didn't he fire?" exclaimed Bob Lloyd.

"And why doesn't he get up?" Mr. Lowe asked, as he stood on his toes and looked over the fence.

"Faith, he's taking it easy," said Bob Lloyd. "Let us come down to him."

"What's the matter, Dick?" he asked, on reaching the pond.

In reply Doctor Richard Kearney informed his friends in a quiet, matter-of-fact manner, and in the fewest and shortest words, that the part of his person upon which he had fallen was "broke."

"Misfortunes never come alone, Dick," said Bob Lloyd. "Get up, and let us be at the jack again."

"Yes, 'tis the pleasantest," replied the doctor. "Help me up. For, hang me if I'm quite sure whether I can stand."

He found, however, that he had the use of his limbs; and then returned to the well in pursuit of the jack-snipe.

But the jack-snipe was not to be found. In vain they tramped through the rushes, and along the drains and ditches, and everywhere that a snipe would be likely to be found. The invulnerable jack had disappeared from the scene altogether.

"He's dead," said the doctor. "I knew I peppered him the last time."

"But if he was dead," Mr. Lowe remarked, "wouldn't the dogs find him?"

They took one more round through the rushes; and then, as if moved by a single impulse, the three sportsmen grounded arms.

Bob Lloyd rested his elbow on the muzzle of his gun, and dropped his chin into the palm of his hand.

"Bad luck to that duck," said Bob Lloyd solemnly. "We lost our day's shooting on account of it."

"What is Hugh up to?" the doctor asked, pointing to his brother, who was standing on a little bridge on the bog road, and waving his handkerchief to them.

"I think it is calling us he is," said Mr. Lowe.

"Let's have another glass of grog," the doctor suggested.

"Ay, faith," replied Mr. Lloyd. "Come over."

They returned to the house; and after another application to the square bottle, retraced their steps to the bog road, where Hugh was waiting for them.

"Ye had good sport it would seem," Hugh remarked. "Game must be plenty in Mr. Lloyd's preserves?"

"Well, we didn't meet much," replied Mr. Lowe.

"And we lost our day's shooting on account of that duck," said Richard, putting his hand under his coat-tails with a look suggestive of a disagreeable sensation.

"If we cross over to the turf-ricks on the high bank," Hugh remarked, "we may get a shot or two at the plover coming into the bog. They are flying low."

"I vote for going home," replied the doctor. "I have got enough of it for one day."

"I dare say you will have a good appetite for your dinner."

"Well, rather; but we had lunch at Bob's."

"What do you say, Mr. Lowe?" Hugh asked. "Shall we cross the bog and try and add a few grey plover to our bag?"

"Well, I confess, I'm inclined to vote with the doctor for home."

"Home is the word," said the doctor. And on seeing some country people approaching he managed to let the head and neck of his snipe hang out of his pocket, and, with the long gun on his shoulder, stepped out at a quick pace, looking as if he had done wonders during the day.

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—A BAD LOSER (1889).

A man who was not afflicted with the subtlety of Mr. Balfour would have found no difficulty in understanding the lesson of Manchester. The course he now took can only be accounted for by the quality of all others that might seem least applicable to him—stupidity. Far from recognising that he had been outraging the British sense of decency, he proceeded to outrage it more insolently than ever. Instead of sensibly closing the chapter of his prison theories with the surrender of six months before, at Tullamore, he wilfully reopened it under every circumstance that could suggest personal chagrin, as well as ineptitude in a ruler of men. His Irish prisoner, who was received with provoking honor by the people of Manchester, and lodged in the State apartments of his Royal Highness of Clarence by their Lord Mayor, was the morning after his transfer to Ireland felled to the ground by Mr. Balfour's warders in his prison of Clonmel, with every accessory of stupid barbarity, for refusing to do the very thing respecting which after a long struggle he had been formally justified, a few months before, in his refusal; now as then, the Chief Secretary gloried in these not very valorous insults to his captive, and this time with a perceptible ingredient of spite running through his misrepresentations and jests; and now, even more decisively than then, it was to end in a capitulation on every point dictated by his prisoner, and the final disgrace of the policy of prison degradation which he had made the touchstone of his Irish Administration. If one need not dispute the Jove-like aloofness from human infirmities which Mr. Balfour claimed when he told Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons "he could assure the hon. gentleman that no articles he ever read, either in Irish or in English newspapers, had ever given him a moment's uneasiness, or the least desire to inflict vengeance on the editor," it can only be observed that his words and his official acts were chosen with an infelicitous gift for throwing suspicion upon his own boast.

First let me recall the terms in which the Chief Secretary saw fit to address a festive Unionist banquetting party in Dublin at a moment while the people of Ireland, and, perhaps, a considerable portion of the people of Britain, were distressed by the unequal struggle going on within the walls of Clonmel gaol. It need only be prefaced that the press was excluded from the banquet, and the names of the hilarious company suppressed, and that the "prolonged laughter," and the "roars of laughter," with which his patrician humor was rewarded, were expressly inserted in "the official report."

"I had the honor of receiving at about a quarter to one last night—(prolonged laughter)—a telegram from the Lord Mayor of Dublin—(renewed laughter)—which I allude to now because I take it, it represents the Nationalists' case with regard to Mr. William O'Brien's treatment in prison, and in this document, the original of which I have got in my hand, I read—(I won't read it all)—'illegal and brutal violence'—(laughter)—that isn't it—(laughter)—'unexampled indignation'—(laughter)—'system of attacking and beating down your political adversary by torture'—(laughter)—No, that is not it. Here it is—'Mr. O'Brien has now been naked in his cell for thirty-six hours—(roars of laughter)—and to-night we learn that he is lying speechless, and that the prison authorities, considering his condition dangerous, have applied to you for instructions.' That, gentlemen, is the operative, the important part of the telegram which you will probably have all seen in the *Freeman's Journal*, and which I shall have to allude to in quite another connection in a few moments. Now, I want to say to you that every single substantial statement in that passage I have read is wholly and absolutely incorrect—(cheers). What has happened is this: Mr. O'Brien,

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after an Odyssey which I won't further dwell on, was arrested in the ordinary course, and was taken to Clonmel prison. When he got to Clonmel prison he refused to allow—he threw every obstacle in the way of—any medical examination; he declined absolutely to be weighed—(laughter)—and, as he did not permit the doctor to form any judgment, from personal examination, of his case, he went through the ordinary process to which every prisoner is subject who offends against the law—(cheers). This happened on Thursday. It might surprise some of you—some of you who read, if there are such, who read only Nationalist journals—it may surprise you to learn that I have not the control and management of all the prisoners in Ireland—(laughter). The Prisons Board is not in my department; the questions connected with prisoners do not, as a matter of course, come through either my hands or the hands of the Irish Office, and, therefore, it is only under exceptional circumstances that any questions connected with any prisoner in Ireland come before me. However, when I went down to the office on Friday, the facts which I have just stated were brought before me, and I immediately proceeded to write a minute in which I said that, of course, if Mr. O'Brien, having the prison clothes at his disposal, choose to stay in his shirt—(laughter)—and if he refused to submit himself to any medical examination whatever, any evil consequences to his health which might ensue, he would be responsible for, and not us—(hear! hear! and applause). But, at the same time, I said I did not think we ought to permit Mr. O'Brien to ruin his constitution for the purpose of injuring her Majesty's Government—(laughter and applause)—and I, therefore, gave directions that, as Mr. O'Brien would not allow himself to be medically examined, the reports made by Dr. Ridley and Dr. Barr upon Mr. O'Brien when he was in Tullamore gaol should be sent down at once by special message to the doctor at Clonmel, so that in the light of these reports, and having learnt, what, in the opinion of the doctors who had examined Mr. O'Brien the condition of his health was, the doctor should most carefully watch Mr. O'Brien, and take care that no eccentricity of his should in any way risk his constitution. (Applause). And in order that the fullest medical opinion possible should be taken on this important point, the medical member of the Prisons Board has very kindly consented to go down and assist the doctor of Clonmel prison—a doctor in whom, I may say, I have every reason to believe that the State has a faithful and efficient servant. (Hear! hear!).

Here it will be observed that, setting aside the artful artlessness of the contemptuous references to the Lord Mayor (Mr. Thomas Sexton)—who, as it happened, was a greater Parliamentarian than himself—the Chief Secretary hazarded only one specific allegation—viz., that my treatment was due to a refusal on my part to submit to medical examination, while he, not for the first time, set up the plea that "it is absurd to say that the management of Irish prisoners is in my department," (speech of February 25, 1889). Within a couple of days after the publication of my reply, he was obliged publicly to confess that his first statement was, to put it bluntly, a falsehood, and his defence of irresponsibility was proved to be so impudently at variance with the truth that he subsequently acknowledged he was personally responsible for the treatment of his prisoners in every particular.*

* *E.g.* "He had never pretended that the course he had pursued was free from doubt and difficulty . . . but they had not yet said anything in the debate which either convinced him that he was wrong in going so far as he had gone or convinced him that he ought to have gone further."

(To be continued.)

The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together.—Young.

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A Complete Story

Miss Anastasia

(By W. M. LETTS, in the *London Month.*)

Miss Anastasia and Miss Mary were dressmakers. They had been dressmakers as long as the young women of Glaskenny could remember.

Early and late the two Miss Gilligans stitched and fitted and pinned and cut. The whirr of the machine scarcely ceased from dawn till midnight in the little house at the corner.

The Miss Gilligans were respectable. Who could doubt it who saw their clean curtains, their artificial plant in the window, their case of wax fruit in the parlor? The parlor was the fitting room. Its windows were never opened, so it retained an antique smell that mingled with the newer scents of lining and serge and print.

Miss Mary made skirts and Miss Anastasia bodices. They worked so hard and so long that they had grown thin and rather red-eyed, but they held their own against everything. When the new drapers' shop came with its ready-made costumes the Miss Gilligans felt as though a death knell had sounded, but they worked a little harder and reduced their prices by a fraction.

They could by this persistent toil hold their own, but there was no margin. There was not time nor money to be ill or to take a holiday. Their only indulgence was to put by a little towards the inevitable day when they must lay down their needles and be dressed by others for that final journey that is taken by queens and dressmakers alike. "To live respectable and be buried respectable" was the sum of the Miss Gilligans' ambition. But one more desire remained to Miss Anastasia. Miss 'Stasia as she was generally called. This was not a romantic desire, perhaps, but it was the dream of her life. It was, in fact, a set of teeth.

Now the dentist who had extracted—without gas in the interest of economy—Miss 'Stasia's own teeth had declared that a suitable and trustworthy set would cost five pounds. Nothing under this price would be reliable.

The matter was a subject of daily consideration to the two women, but at last Miss 'Stasia had scraped by little and little her five pounds. She did not forget, perhaps, that she had been the beauty of her family. Her dark eyes were too big now and their rims were often red, but in her day she had seen heads turned to look after her. Like all beauties, she had felt the waning of her looks sorely. Without her teeth she was an old woman, but with a fine new set she would be able to hold her head erect, to talk and smile without that self-consciousness that made her turn her head aside when she spoke. She had determined that on the very morning that she could be spared she would pay down her money and put the matter in hand.

Just at this time, however, a mourning order had kept the dressmaker busy all day and half the night.

On this autumn evening they were stitching busily so that Miss Mary might take up the box to their customers. Miss Mary spoke without looking up.

"Lizzie Kilfoyle will be likely round this evening about her dress, and not a stitch more in it! She'll have the life of us. The likes of Lizzie now to be married in white serge. Cook her up! and her Granny married in a wincey gown."

'Stasia lifted her large mournful eyes for a moment.

"Isn't she young yet. God help her? Why wouldn't she look her best?"

"What value is there in white stuff she'll be mucking up in a minit. You'd think she was the king's own daughter the way she goes on about the set an' the cut an' her panels and her pleats."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Anastasia finished her work and bit off her thread.

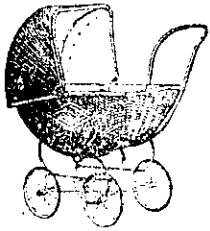
"That's done," she said.

Again the insistent knock.

"It's Lizzie, go let her in," said Mary.

A minute after Lizzie walked into the workroom. She was a showily dressed young woman of a class inferior to that of the Miss Gilligans. She wore cheap rings and bangles, was profusely scented and practised a style in hair-dressing that was flamboyant.

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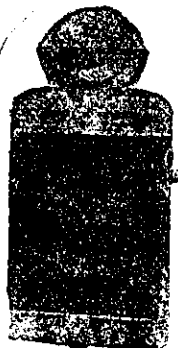
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"Good evening, Miss Mary," she said cheerfully, "that's the lovely night."

"It's soft, I'm thinking. I wonder will I get up to Mrs. O'Neill's with the mourning gown?"

"Twixt hoppin' an' trottin' maybe you will, Miss Mary. But you've a right to finish my wedding gown."

"It's not so easy waiting to be buried as it is to be married," said Miss Mary grimly.

"Is it wait? Me that's called an' all an' Jimmy with the ring bought, an' he pawning his Sunday suit the way he'd pay the last half-crown."

Lizzie laughed boisterously while Miss 'Stasia walked round her with pins and yard measure. Presently she stood clothed in white serge, a stiff figure trying to see herself in a cracked little glass. "Now that's lovely; you'll be a picture, Lizzie Kilfoyle," said Anastasia.

"Ah! don't be talking, Miss 'Stasia," Lizzie exclaimed in shy pleasure.

"You will so. Raise your arms now and try can you breathe."

"I feel quare and tight. I hope I'll not be bursting an' I standing before the priest."

"I can give you a quarter of an inch more—there!"

"The skirt's a bit wide, Miss 'Stasia. They're all narrow now. They say the ladies of London do hop with their two feet together, they're that tight."

Mary rose and began folding the mourning clothes to put them into a box.

"Kilt we are making that lot," she said as she put on her bonnet.

"Why do you do it at all?" asked Lizzie cheerfully.

"Because we're not people to be begging our bread, my girl, or being beholden to anyone. Dacintly we were born and rared an' dacintly, please God, we'll die and be buried if it's no eyes we have left and our ten fingers worked to the bone."

"Well! I'd rather be married than that," said Lizzie, trying to see her round and rosy face in the glass. Mary turned and looked at the girl, a grim smile on her face.

"Would you so?" she asked, "with a baby coming home each year an' you not knowing how to put food in its mouth or clothes on its back, an' the young ones with their legs getting crooked because you can't mind them. That's a fine life for a young girl! And herself standing at the wash-tub early and late, sick or sorry, and getting that bad that she must needs go to the hospital for the great doctors to be operating on her."

"God help us!" cried 'Stasia, "will you whisht, Mary, and not be scaring the wits out of the girl?"

Mary took her parcel and went out, bidding Lizzie good-night.

Lizzie sighed heavily and there was a crack when a pin had flown.

"Miss Mary has a quick tongue," she said. "you'd know she'd never had a companion of her own, she's that crotchety. I'm thinking you were the best looking, Miss 'Stasia. I wonder now you never got married."

"What's putting that into your head. Try this waist-band now."

"You'll have me cut in two halves, Miss 'Stasia. But I'm wondering now you never had a comrade, my mother said there was a young lad used to be after you, what's this his name was?"

"Whist! Lizzie, hold up your arm and don't talk."

"And in the heel o' the hunt he married another—that's what she said. He was not good enough, maybe?"

"In my young days it was the parents made the matches," said Miss 'Stasia severely, "and wasn't it better so? Where'd I be with a man spending his money at the public house and having me bet at home. That's no life for a decent woman."

"They're bad when they've drink taken," Lizzie admitted philosophically. "but there's some would only drink too much at a wedding. My Jimmy's one o' that lot, and when the missionaries do be preaching about Hell fire down in the chapel he gets off the drink altogether for two months or three."

"But Mary's right that a big family hacks a woman out terrible quick," said Anastasia.

"Maybe so," Lizzie answered, "but you wouldn't mind with the childher playing about you. There's great diver-

sion in them and when they grow they'll keep you out of the Workhouse itself."

"Or have you ruined—one or the other."

"Well, if it's God's will, Miss 'Stasia, it's got to be. An' I'd rather that than living alone all my mortal days. It must be lonesome here with no man in it to be telling you the news and smoking his pipe, or taking you to the Pictures or some place on a Bank Holiday."

Miss Anastasia made a sound of protest as she detached the white garment from Lizzie's person.

"Now," she said, "I've done with you."

"Tell me about that lad, Miss 'Stasia, is he old now?"

"God be good to us! What's come to the girl," said Anastasia sharply. "I never give him a thought. Will you quit talking of what's dead and gone these thirty years."

Lizzie laughed.

"You won't go back on me about the dress, Miss 'Stasia. Saturday night now."

"Maybe . . . and I sitting up all night to do it," she mumbled.

Lizzie smiled broadly while Anastasia considered her. "Them's lovely new teeth you have in your mouth," she remarked candidly.

"They are so. A power of money they were—four pounds."

"H'm, but they're a bit brittle-looking. For five pounds you'd get better value. You'd tell *them* at a glance."

Lizzie looked a little crest-fallen.

"You'll be gettin' yours, I suppose," she said; "it's wonderful the difference they do make."

She bade the dressmaker farewell and went out into the darkness, where a young man, who had evidently been languishing against a neighboring wall, met her and went off with her. Anastasia heard their laughter and sighed.

She went back into the little quiet dull house. When she had made a cup of tea, she sat down at the sewing machine. It was some time before she heard a faint tapping at the door. With a murmur of vexation she rose and opened it.

A young girl stood before her, a girl almost speechless with timidity. Anastasia spoke sharply.

"Who is it at all?" she asked.

"It's Delia McKenna," came the answer.

"I don't rightly know you. What McKenna is it, an' where are you from?"

"I'm Joe McKenna's daughter from Murphysstown."

Anastasia hardened for a moment.

"What is it you want with me?"

"It's a message from my father. He bid me ask for Miss 'Stasia."

There was a moment of silence. The elderly dressmaker stood there rigidly while she considered. The wind was cold and the girl coughed.

"Come in anyway," said Anastasia, "it's strange you coming this night, for your father was in my mind."

She led the way into the work-room, and bid the girl sit down. Then she looked at her keenly. Delia McKenna sat on the edge of her chair; her big hazel eyes were anxious.

Miss 'Stasia had once looked into eyes exactly like hem. She believed that she had forgotten those foolish days. She believed, too, that as a thoroughly respectable woman she had also forgotten Joe McKenna, who had been married for long, and who was a widower of a year's standing. As a matter of fact the real Joe of the present, with his straggling grey beard, his untidy clothes and his taste for drink, left Anastasia coldly indifferent. She could echo her parents' verdict that he was not good enough for her and never would be. But the old romance she still cherished. At the bottom of her heart she loved the image of a young man with hazel eyes and long black lashes: a gallant, improvident, romantic young man who once had talked fine talk to her in moments snatched as best he could when her parents were not watching.

"I'd know you for your father's daughter," she said abruptly; "you'd best have some tea."

Delia coughed again and said "thank you" shyly.

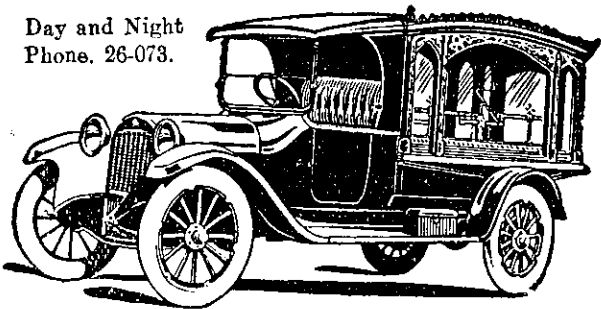
"So you've lost your mother?"

"We have, Miss 'Stasia, she died on us a year ago."

"Does your father mind himself these times?"

Delia nodded.

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"Most times, Miss 'Stasia, it's the company he does keep that puts it in his mind."

Anastasia looked the girl straight in the eyes.

"And what does your father want with me?" she asked. Delia's face was crimson.

"It's this way, Miss 'Stasia, it's about me brother Joe. He's been idle this long time, bein' in he building and no work doing. And now he's had a letter from Paddy Doyle that went to America last year, saying he'd find him work with him sure, and certain if he'd come out. But how would he go widout the money, Miss 'Stasia, an' we finding it hard to live these times at all. And wouldn't it be the making of him going out there? There's a girl he's walking with, Biddy Quinn, that's going out in the Spring. He'd give the whole world an' all to go out too. Miss 'Stasia, if there was but someone who'd lend us the money for a short while."

Anastasia smiled bitterly.

"So your father thought of me, did he?"

"He said you had the kind, good, Christiauable heart, Miss 'Stasia, from when you were a girl."

"An' what money is he after wanting?"

"We'd raise something here and there, we'd maybe get five pound if there was but one that could lend us another five."

"There's a lot of saving in five pound, my girl, tell your father that. It's your eyesight and your health and your sleep that goes to the saving of five pound. It's bread and tea and everything you want goes into five pound. Oh! there's a power of life goes before you'll get that saved."

Delia nodded. She was certain of failure.

"But he'd pay it back," she said.

"He might an' he mightn't. Once you part with money it's long before you meet it again."

Delia rose.

"Thank you for the tea, Miss 'Stasia. I'll be going now."

She stood there in the lamplight, her pale face illumined. Anastasia wondered how she would have felt had the girl been her own daughter. She would have thought her pretty and been anxious about her cough.

Then Delia remembered something. She fumbled in her pocket and produced a little worn faded photograph.

"My father bade me show you that, Miss 'Stasia, he's had it this long while."

Anastasia picked up the photograph. She held it near the lamp and saw a curious little picture of a girl with smooth hair and a very full skirt, leaning on a pillar. It was herself. She turned it over. On the back was written "Anastasia" in faded ink.

Delia prepared to go. Miss 'Stasia opened the door for her and let her out, but all the time her mind was back in the days when the photograph had been smuggled into Joe McKenna's keeping and he, for the first and—as it proved—the last time, had kissed her. It was the one romantic kiss of her life, and it cost her five pounds.

"Come back," she said quickly; "come in out o' that again."

Delia followed her back meekly to the workroom.

"Wait," said 'Stasia breathlessly.

She climbed on to a chair and took a small teapot from a bracket. This she placed on the table.

"It was for my teeth," she explained vaguely. "God knows when I'll get them now while that young lad is stravaging over the seas. Look at here now, four golden sovereigns and two golden half-sovereigns. Take it quick before God sends me sense to take it back from you."

Delia, clutching the gold in a screw of newspaper, found herself pushed into the darkness, and she heard the door slam behind her. Then she took to her heels and ran.

Anastasia went back to the workroom. She sat down feebly before the dim fire. "Without a tooth in my head for the sake of that lad!" she murmured.

Then she wiped her eyes and went back to the sewing machine.

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A Ban Upon Religion

EDUCATION IN THE SIX COUNTIES OF NORTHERN IRELAND.

Cardinal Logue presided at a meeting of the Bishops of the Six Counties in Armagh on Tuesday (says the *Irish Catholic* for March 31), and an important statement was subsequently issued regarding the grave position of Catholic education in the Six Counties as a consequence of the proposed measure lately introduced in the Belfast Parliament.

The statement declares that to put religion out of the school day in the most plastic years of the child is a retrograde step, even from the point of view of the State's own interest.

RIGHTS OF THE CHILD.

The following statement was issued after the Bishops' meeting:—

"In every country where the population is made up of different religious denominations the question of religious education in the schools is a difficult one for the State. The difficulty has its origin in the special importance which is rightly attached to the religious training of the young; and the trouble is not to be got over by banishing from the school curriculum the most valuable of all school subjects. Religious education imparts Christian knowledge and develops Christian feeling. It is the most precious education the child can receive because its object is to fill the mind with Divine Truth and to form the character after the model of our Divine Lord Himself.

A Retrograde Step.

"To put religion out of the school day for which the State is concerned in the most plastic years of the child is a retrograde step even from the point of view of the State's own interest. Ireland, with whatever failings in these times, is an intensely Christian country, and it should be the purpose of any scheme of primary education to encourage the religious education as well as the literary and moral instruction of the children.

"If Catholic children are compelled to attend school the religious education there should be in accord with Catholic convictions.

"The code of the National Board, trying as it now and then was to the various religious denominations, did not discard religious education from its purposes. It opens by saying that the system of national education is to afford combined literary and separate religious instruction.

"Though the system was avowedly undenominational, religious instruction at least came within school hours, and grants for new schools were more readily made when the means of religious instruction were not attainable by the children of a particular denomination at a national school set a reasonable distance from their homes.

Six-County Proposals.

"What the Education Bill now before the Parliament of Northern Ireland proposed to do for religious instruction in elementary schools is to afford opportunities, if they be desired, for such education in a school outside obligatory hours. Two very different classes of schools, however, are contemplated in the Bill and they are very differently treated as regards almost everything that affects the life and work of the school. These are

(a) Provided schools and (b) the voluntary schools.

"The schools which the Bill favors are the Provided schools, to which 'transferred' schools are analogous. Everything is provided out of the rates and taxes for a Provided school, whether buildings or equipment or upkeep, or heating or requisites of any kind. Such schools are under 'Education Authorities,' 'Education Committees,' and 'School Committees' acting in conjunction with the Ministry of Education, but with their own statutory rights secured to the Education Authority, the Education Committee, and the School Committee over each school.

Education Authorities.

"The County Council or Borough Council as the local education authority comes first in importance, and the Committees are formed so as to reflect the feelings and views of the Local Government bodies in the district, only slightly affected by the nominations of the Minister. These education authorities and committees between them make appointments and control in every respect the schools that are provided or transferred.

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Taumarunui

"Schools which comply with the requirements of the Ministry in regard to public elementary education, but which are not provided by the local education authority or transferred to it, are called Voluntary Schools in the Bill; for these the Bill proposes many disabilities.

"Any one of our schools which continues as now under the management of the parish priest may not be allowed even half the outlay under lighting, heating, and cleansing unless the estimates be approved by the local education authority, and it depends on the goodwill of that authority also whether requisites are provided for the children in the schools. There is no building grant and nothing for equipment or upkeep, yet Catholics will have to contribute like everyone else their full share of the rates and taxes that are to meet the whole expenditure under the Bill.

Other Disabilities.

"There is no aid to build or equip a new voluntary school, no chance of obtaining even a share of the expenditure on renewals and general upkeep in an existing school unless a special school committee is formed to control the school, appoint the teacher, and direct religious education, this committee to be composed as to two-thirds of its members by representatives of managers and trustees, and as to the remaining one-third, by the representatives of the local education authority. Even with such a committee the proportion of aid to build or equip remains uncertain, and the contribution to the Education authority to upkeep or heating does not exceed half the estimated outlay.

"It is necessary to add that, under the arrangements to be made as regards training and certificates which remain with the Ministry, it would be quite an easy matter to cut off the supply of young teachers for convent or even ordinary elementary schools.

"Certainly, if recent legislation abolishing proportional representation and rearranging the Local Government Board areas, thereby ousting Catholics from the representation, is to be taken as an indication of what we may expect the outlook is of the gravest character for our people.

Stricken with Poverty.

"The provided schools are impossible for our children. Schools managed as at present are to be stricken with poverty if not menaced in other ways, and the little to be gained by forming school committees on English model in an Ulster environment may be dearly bought. Perhaps, ere long, it may turn out not to be altogether wise to treat Catholics in this way under a Government where they form one-third of the population, and in a country where they are the vast majority.

"Two important reforms the Bill attempts on great lines; they concern afflicted children and the health of scholars. These observations we deem it a duty to make on a preliminary consideration of the proposed measure. We pass to say a word on the training question. For us the formation of young Catholic teachers in colleges that are both Catholic and residential is a vital matter. The Catholics of Ulster, in common with the Catholics of the rest of the country, made heavy sacrifices to provide a Catholic training college long before the Government of the time was moved to admit the justice of their claim and make grants to several training colleges. Assuredly there should be an agreement now to use to the utmost the existing training colleges for the benefit of the whole country.

Six-County Training.

It is reported, however, that the only training that will be recognised in Northern Ireland is training at a University for which the candidates are not prepared by a course of secondary education, where the surroundings, besides not being at all suited to form the teacher for his work, are more objectionable from the religious point of view than those that existed in connection with the Marlborough St. College. Young teachers trained in that institution were not accepted for schools under Catholic management, and candidates hurried through a bit of a University course without the safeguard of a Catholic residential college in an institution where any or no religion is equally welcome, we must consider still less qualified to undertake the sacred duty of teaching our children in the elementary schools.

Impossible Proposal.

"We cannot think of employing teachers trained in this haphazard way, apart from residence in a Catholic College in Catholic schools for which we are responsible.

By all means it is right that young teachers of special ability should have facilities for graduation.

"(Signed),

* MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland.

* PATRICK, Archbishop of Attalia.

* CHARLES, Bishop of Derry.

* PATRICK, Bishop of Clogher.

* PATRICK, Bishop of Kilmore.

* JOSEPH, Bishop of Down and Connor.

* EDWARD, Bishop of Dromore."

Timaru Catholic Club

The first of a series of "at home" socials conducted under the auspices of the Timaru Catholic Club was held in the St. Patrick's Hall on Monday evening, the 14th inst. Everything possible was done to make the evening a success, and the gathering was at all times comfortably "at home." The hostesses of the evening were Mesdames T. P. Crowe, J. G. Venning, and A. Leeming. The hall decorations consisted of floral embellishments and conveyed the pleasing effect of a huge drawing-room essentially in keeping with the occasion. Among those present were Rev. Fathers Hurley, S.M. (spiritual director of the club), O'Ferrall, S.M. (president), and Barra, S.M., Rev. Brothers Palladius, Eusebius, and Paul, and the vice-presidents of the club. The evening's proceedings opened with cards and other games, after which a pleasing musical programme was contributed to by Misses T. O'Sullivan and M. Young (pianoforte duet), Miss Meehan, Brother Eusebius, Messrs. R. J. Cuddon-Large and J. Fohy (songs). Miss Dennehy was accompanist. After supper, prepared by Mrs. J. P. Leigh and Miss McAteer, the social was continued, the music being supplied by Mr. T. J. O'Connor's orchestra.

The Catholic Paper

A WEEKLY MISSIONARY BLESSING THE HOME.

Cardinal Maffi, of Pisa, in an address on the importance of the Catholic press said to the priests: "You preach on Sunday, but the newspaper preaches every day and every hour. You address the faithful in the church, but the newspaper follows them to their homes. You speak for half an hour or an hour and quit, but the newspaper never quits." This should make it plain to all readers that the Catholic press is of absolute necessity. And these words of Cardinal Maffi should encourage every Catholic to assist in the spreading of the Catholic press.

Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati, in a letter to the clergy and laity says: "Fathers and Mothers, we strongly urge you not only to do your duty by subscribing to the Catholic papers, but also by reading them. If you notice in them anything that you judge of interest or benefit to your children fail not to call their attention to it, or direct them to read it. Cultivate in your children a love for reading Catholic literature. For thus your sons and daughters will become better acquainted with the Divine teaching of the Church, her laudable practices and her wonderful activity in every praiseworthy endeavor. We also recommend that teachers, when they see in Catholic papers or magazines anything of particular interest to the children, have it read to them in class hours."

An experienced priest said: "In my experience as a priest I have found that the weekly advent of a Catholic newspaper is one of the greatest helps that a priest can have in his parochial work. A Catholic family that reads a Catholic weekly will not be numbered amongst the absent ones at the Sunday Mass."

Another pastor says: "Truly, and indeed as Pius X. of blessed memory has rightly stressed, a Catholic paper is a weekly missionary in a Catholic home. Next to the Grace of God I ascribe the marvellous success, spiritually and financially, of this parish to the Catholic press."

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Ladies can save money by buying at wholesale prices from LOW'S Limited, Box 737, Christchurch. Ladies Velvet Coats (in all shades) from 75s; Ready-made Tweed Costumes, 59s 6d; Tailored to Measure Costumes from £5 5s; White Towels, 3s 6d and 5s per pair; Grey Towels, 3s, 3s 6d, and 4s 11d. Postage free and money refunded if goods fail to please.

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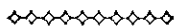


Wedding Bells



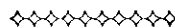
KERR O'BRIEN.

A quiet wedding was solemnised on the 18th ult. at St. Mary's Basilica, Invercargill, by Very Rev. Dean Burke (who celebrated a Nuptial Mass), assisted by Rev. Father S. Marlow, when James, fifth son of Mrs. E. Kerr, Morton Mains, and Annie Patricia, third daughter of Mrs. S. O'Brien, of Invercargill, were united in the bonds of holy Matrimony. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her brother (Mr. Denis O'Brien), was attired in a dainty frock of white crepe-de-Chine, beaded in silver. She also wore a beautifully hand-embroidered veil and the customary wreath. Miss Eileen O'Brien, who attended her sister as bridesmaid, wore a neat frock of silver grey with hat and shoes to match, and a wristlet watch, a gift from the bridegroom. Mr. Pat Kerr was best man. After the ceremony the relatives of the newly-wedded couple assembled at the home of the bride's mother, where an excellent wedding breakfast was partaken of, and the usual toasts honored. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a set of ebony-backed mirror, brushes, etc., with tray to match, and the bride's present to the bridegroom a gold-mounted albert. The newly-wedded couple left by the express for the north, where the honeymoon was spent, the bride travelling in a navy tailored costume. Many useful and ornamental presents, including cheques, were received.



MAHONEY-CORCORAN.

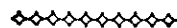
The wedding was solemnised at St. Joseph's Church, Pirongia, on April 18, by Rev. Father Edge, of Mr. Thomas Mahoney, of Wanganui, and Miss B. Corcoran, of Harapepe (Waikato). The church bell (presented by Miss Corcoran some years ago) chimed merrily as the bridal party entered. The bride, who was led to the altar by her brother (Mr. Pat Corcoran), was attired in a tailor-made costume of silver grey gaberdine trimmed with king-fisher blue stitchings and silver buttons, and wore a stylish Gainsboro' hat of mushroom design. She carried an ivory-bound prayer-book, and streamers encircled with pearl rosary beads. Miss Molly Booth (Te Kowhai, Waikato) as bridesmaid wore a grey gaberdine frock finished with silver buttons and panels of floral silk. Mr. W. J. Mahoney (Hawera) was best man. The altar was specially decorated for the occasion by Mrs. Bowling and friends. After the ceremony the wedding party motored to Hamilton, where a reception was held and the customary toasts honored. The newly-wedded couple left later for the North, where the honeymoon was spent; great pleasure being expressed that the bride, who through her many acts of kindness endeared herself to the residents of the whole countryside, would return and, with her husband make their permanent home at Harapepe. In addition to the numerous presents (monetary and otherwise) received, Miss Corcoran was, on the evening of the 16th ult., at the Te Pahu hall, presented by the settlers of the district with a silver tea and coffee service.



O'SULLIVAN-DESMOND.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Foxton, on the 24th ult., by Rev. Father Forrestal, of Inglewood (who celebrated a Nuptial Mass), assisted by Rev. Father Doolaghty, of John, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Sullivan, of Palmerston North, and Florence Madge, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Desmond, Foxton. Miss G. Neylon officiated at the organ. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, was beautifully attired in white duchesse satin, with radium lace sleeves and drapings caught with silver tissue roses, intermingled with orange-blossoms as was also the long trailing veil. She carried a shower bouquet of white cosmos and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid, Miss Ethel Desmond (sister of the bride), wore a lavender crepe-de-Chine and georgette frock trimmed with silver lace petals, a black hat edged with silver lace and a spray of silver and lavender. Her bouquet was of pale lavender cosmos and asparagus fern. Mr. Frank Desmond (brother of the bride) was best man. The church was beautifully decorated by the friends of the bride. After the ceremony, the guests were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, where the usual toasts were honored. Later in the afternoon the newly-

wedded couple left by motor for the North, the bride travelling in a navy costume with braid and chenille trimmings, a smart black panne hat trimmed with silver. She wore a black fox fur, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid's present was a gold initialled bangle. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Desmond entertained St. Mary's choir and their friends, when a very enjoyable time was spent.



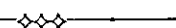
SULLIVAN-BULL.

A pretty wedding was solemnised at the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament, Christchurch, on Wednesday, the 4th ult.; the contracting parties being Francis Edward, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Sullivan, of Christchurch, and Pearl Victoria, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bull, of the Heathcote Arms Hotel, Heathcote, Christchurch. Rev. Father Healy officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Lordan. Miss K. O'Connor presided at the organ. The bride, who entered the Cathedral on the arm of her father, was attired in a wedding gown of white satin with georgette angel sleeves, beaded in pearls and caught at the waist with a spray of orange blossoms. A beautifully hand-worked veil was held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms, and a lovely shower bouquet of delicate pink and white roses completed a charming toilette. Miss Christabel Bull (sister of the bride), who attended as bridesmaid, wore a pretty frock of vieux rose silk beaded in lemon, and a black velvet hat trimmed with vieux rose and black satin streamers and autumn spray. She also carried a bouquet of autumn lilies and lemon roses. Two little flower girls—Molly Trewern and Zeana Lanyon—were daintily attired, and carried pretty posies. Mr. J. Sullivan (brother of the bridegroom) was best man. After the ceremony, the party adjourned to the "Beresford" where over 80 guests were present to honor the newly-wedded couple, and were received by Mrs. Bull (the bride's mother). Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan left later by motor for their wedding tour, the bride wearing a smart navy costume, braided and trimmed with steel buttons, and hat to match with gold satin crown. She also wore a set of furs, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridegroom's gift to the bridesmaid was a gold dress ring set with pearls, and to the flower girls "Nellie Stewart" gold bangles. The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a suit case.



Monsignor Coffey Memorial Fund

Contributions to the Monsignor Coffey Memorial Fund have been received from the following:—Mr. Nicholas O'Neill, £2 2s; Mr. James O'Neill, Mrs. James O'Neill, Mr. Roland O'Neill, Mr. John O'Connell, and Mrs. F. Carter each £1 1s; Mr. W. Easton, Mrs. H. Keenan, and Miss M. Drumm each £1; Mr. Colin McKenzie, Mrs. Culling, Mrs. McKenzie, Miss A. Hartstonge, Miss E. Ryan, and Mrs. Walshe each 10s; Miss O'Reilly, Mr. D. Whelan, Mrs. Whelan, Miss H. Whelan, Mr. P. O'Farrell, Mrs. Hannigan, Mr. J. Robertson, Mrs. Cameron, and Mrs. Elliott each 5s.



The Occupied German Territory

The Archdiocese of Cologne, which includes most of the Rhineland and the occupied Ruhr district, is normally one of the most flourishing ecclesiastical jurisdictions in Germany. In the territory comprised in the Archdiocese there are 3,370,000 Catholics and 1,650,000 Protestants, according to figures just made public by the archdiocesan authorities. There are 1006 parishes, of which three were established during 1922, and 2382 priests. Of the latter 2000 are engaged in parish work, while the remainder are occupied in the administration of the diocese, teaching in theological institutions, assigned to work in other dioceses, or retired because of old age or sickness. There are 450 members of the regular clergy in the archdiocese.

There's a nest for rest in winter
Where the glow of welcome gleams.
And a world of warmth and gladness
In "My Little House of Dreams."
There's a dear-one waits to meet me,
All my fond hopes to assure;
And when colds prevail to greet me
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Current Topics

Frederick Ozanam

Among the saints whose virtues the Church proposes for our imitation there is variety enough to suit all kinds of devout people. Some there are who are attracted by the childlike innocence and flower-like beauty of Teresa, the Little Flower; others will turn to a saint who knew more of the rough and tumble of the battle of life, and they will take for their imitation an Augustine or a Francis de Sales; students will take a Bonaventure or an Aquinas; soldiers, St. Martin; doctors, St. Luke; pastors, St. Peter, and so on through all the grades of human endeavor. For Catholic social workers, it will be interesting news that there is now question of promoting the cause of that model layman, Frederick Ozanam. The President-General of the Vincentian Conferences has sent out to all his affiliations the following query:

"Is it your opinion that the Council-General should introduce at Rome the cause of the Beatification of Frederick Ozanam, chief founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul?"

In reply to this circular, Cardinal Vannutelli has written the following letter:

"I do not hesitate to reply that the project has always pleased and always will please me. . . . If it pleases God to favor this cause, much good will doubtless result, not only from the Society of which Ozanam was the founder, but in general for charitable works and Christian life."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris supports the cause, and, in the meantime, the various Conferences throughout the world are asked to close their meetings with the following prayer, composed by Cardinal Amette:

"O God, who didst fill the hearts of Frederick Ozanam and his companions with the love of the poor, and didst inspire them to found a society for the relief of the spiritual and corporal necessities of the destitute, deign to bless this work of Apostolic charity, and if it be pleasing to Thee that Thy holy servant, Frederick Ozanam, should be raised by the Church to the honors of the altar, vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to manifest by heavenly favors how pleasing he was in Thy sight, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, Amen."

The Conferences are also invited to distribute pictures with the above prayer.

Unfortunate Germany

In *Stimmen der Zeit*, the historian, Bernard Duhr, writes a heart-rending account of the sufferings of German children at the present time. Hundreds of thousands of them are languishing away from starvation, and as many more are constantly underfed. He says:

"Investigations made by the Ministry of Labor resulted in laying bare a terrifying condition of general deterioration. In various home-work districts the majority of the children, seventy per cent., were undernourished. Another investigation showed that twenty per cent. of the city children, in their third and fourth and fifth year of life, were not as yet able to walk without support."

Among Catholic Sisterhoods many are dying of tuberculosis owing to want of proper food. America has done much to stave the ravages of hunger in devastated Europe, and the last act of the American troops before their withdrawal was to give a sum of ten million marks for milk for the little German children who are dying for want of it. It were well for those countries that maintained the most inhuman blockade known in history—the blockade which starved thousands of German women and children *after the armistice*—to prove their realisation of the enormity of their crime in the sight of God and mankind. Without a doubt the slaughter of these women and children is on the heads of the Entente politicians whose blockade killed the

unfortunate people as really as if their throats were cut by the hands of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Mr. Massey and the rest of them. Through our representative, this country also shares in the guilt of that crime, and surely it is time it proved that it does not take its burden lightly.

Discreditable Propaganda

It is all in the game to resort to propaganda work in order to further any cause. After our experiences during the late war we never expect the propagandists to stick even loosely to the truth: in fact propaganda and falsehood have become synonymous. By every mail we receive sheaves of pamphlets and dodgers and papers attacking the Free State Government, its members, its friends, its ways, its aims, its sayings and doings. Naturally the "printed matter" which comes to us contains a very large amount of what we know to be false. But, as we said before, that goes without saying when we are handling propaganda. But what we do draw the line at is the policy of attacking the Catholic authorities in Ireland. This is done systematically and hardly wisely. We might be inclined to read the rest of the stuff had the anti-Catholic campaign been cut out, but the latter puts the authors right out of court at once. Mr. de Valera is rather unfortunate in his friends in this respect, or else he is a bad judge of the temper of ordinary plain Catholics who still consider that their bishops are the best judges of what is morally right or wrong. Abuse of the bishops, by writers in Ireland and America, or by travelling lecturers, is not likely to promote their cause.

Charges Against the Free State

Quite another matter is that of the accusations made against Free State soldiers of treating prisoners with inhumanity. If such charges be true every friend of the Free State is bound to demand that justice be done against the guilty persons. With reference to allegations of this nature, President Cosgrave recently said, according to a report in the *Irish News* of March 31:

Complaint was also made by another deputy of the visits of certain exuberant spirits engaged in raiding. There might be excesses, but if there were, they were isolated, for it should be remembered that they had ten thousand prisoners, and that nothing had happened the murderers of Dr. O'Higgins, of his (Mr. Cosgrave's) uncle, of young Emmet McGarry. They were still alive, and the ten thousand prisoners as well. He thought that while it was possible certain excesses might occur in parts of the country those particular matters must not be forgotten, and that even if out of thirty or forty thousand troops there was a percentage who, at some time or other, allowed their heart's blood to obscure their common sense, as far as he was concerned the particular operation they had in hands had been conducted in a manner that they might be proud of. They had shown remarkable forbearance to the people who had started and persisted in this, and whenever the weight of their wrath fell upon them they squealed and turned and squirmed. There were only six cases as far as he could learn in which the property of those people or their friends had been interfered with, and their shrieks in each case had been heard from one end of the country to the other, and even in America.

Sir Horace Plunkett Hopeful

Sir Horace Plunkett's views on the Irish situation are always worth considering. He is a calm observer, not likely to be swayed by prejudice, and whatever some people say of him his record has been that of a man who tried to do his best honestly and consistently for his country. In a letter to the *Times*, which is quoted by a recent exchange, he discusses the question of "Irish Unity" and particularly of "Paths of Reconstruction." Sir Horace says that in the armed conflict now prevailing the Free State is sure to win, as was North America in the American Civil War, and essentially for the same reason. Personally he expects the issue to be decided much sooner than do many of his

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well-informed friends. When peace comes, he adds, the Free State will somehow have to absorb tens of thousands of young men who are at present the tools of the architects of chaos—"the women are beyond my comprehension." These young men were kept out of the war by Irish public opinion, and by it were driven into a guerilla war against the British Army. Sir Horace thinks that "when peace comes, reconstruction may be as surprising as the destruction has been wanton and disastrous." The reason he gives for this belief is that Ireland depends mainly upon agriculture, and that industry, though functionally deranged, has not been permanently injured. If the British people consent to waive their claim of Ireland's share of imperial expenditure in the past and allow her future contribution, as in the case of other Dominions, to be settled by agreement between the two countries, Ireland should be solvent in a few years. His letter concludes:—"As for the moral situation—is it worse than that of many another new State set up at Versailles?"

Science and Religion

Mr. H. Belshaw, M.A., F.R.E.S., delivered a lecture recently on the West Coast which makes one marvel at what ignorance even a man with university degrees can display when he leaves his last. Of course, he was speaking in a Methodist church, and, as we all know, religion, outside of the Catholic Church, is almost a matter of personal taste. There are no limits to what a Low-Churchman may hold or reject, and even an Anglican bishop can do some rail-sitting where there is question of deciding between Rationalism and Christianity. But that a university man should be so ignorant of the wonderful learning and culture of the thirteenth century as to speak of the "great transformation which took place at the time of the Reformation by the inventing and use of the printing press which enabled people to read and think for themselves, and thus break away from established dogma" is a sad commentary on modern education. Can Mr. Belshaw think as clearly or to such good effect as Aquinas, or Scotus, or Dante? Can our universities turn out another Leonardo? Can our architects rival the cathedrals built in little towns by the local guildsmen? The lecturer's reference to Luther is astonishing considering what we know of the latter's manner of life. And for a man with a university degree to refer as he does to the Galileo incident, so beloved of readers of cheap R.P.A. pamphlets, is strange considering that nowadays educated Protestants agree with that anti-Papal scholar, Huxley, who admitted that "the Cardinals had the best of it" in the case. Mr. Belshaw performs the feat popularly known as talking through his hat when he asserts that the Church has no vital message for the uplifting of the world, instancing the Great War. Unless we are very much mistaken, such good judges as Admiral Beatty, President Wilson, Signor Nitti, and Signor Mussolini would admit that it was because rationalists and lecturers who, unlike the men of the Middle Ages, read more than they think, led people away from the Church and made them deaf to her message that the Great War was possible and the sham Peace an accomplished tragedy. "If," he says, "the Churches went to the root causes of wars, they would be impossible." He is quite right until he is wrong in assuming that the Church does not go to the root cause. It did just this and was denounced by every British profiteer, patriot, and propaganda agent as pro-German! We recall clearly how our press in this country received the Pope's peace proposals. The wild editors of the dailies fell over one another in proclaiming that the Pope was working for Germany and that his note was inspired by Berlin, if not actually dictated by the Kaiser. A little later, President Wilson published his proposals, based on those of the Pope, and they were hailed with enthusiasm by the same editors and by numerous patriots who found nothing German at all in them. Wilson's programme owed its inspiration to the Church, and had it been carried into execution, as the various representatives of the Entente Powers pledged themselves to carry it, it would have made the world a better place to live in to-day. Judging from the report in the *Argus*, Mr.

Belshaw's views on history, religion, and social reform are not in keeping with the hopes raised by the letters behind his name. They smack strongly of the literature of Mr. Grant Allen, Ray Lancaster, Clodd, and McCabe, writers laughed out of court long ago by serious critics. The perusal of the column devoted to him in the *Argus* endorses the old Roman's advice: *Ne sulum ultra crepidam!*

No Popery Stunts

A wild and weird parsonical body arrived in Dunedin recently and advertised that if the public would patronise him he could a tale unfold that would make them sit up and take notice. Dunedin, like Mr. Massey, has grown weary of the tales of rambling parsons, and the visitor had to address practically empty benches when he took the floor to recommend to our peaceful citizens the American murder-club known as the Ku Klux Klan. Our people have too much common sense to go in for hooded and white-sheeted masquerades, with violence, arson, and assassination as side-shows; and if there be any who might secretly entertain a propensity for applying such methods to their Catholic neighbors, they have now discovered that the game does not pay. Was it a mere coincidence that the advent of the Ku Klux Klansman, who was not, we believe, a wild man from Borneo but only a tin-tabernacle preacher from Canterbury, was closely associated with the spread of No-Popery pamphlets of the real old-fashioned style that a mongrel cur would, after one sniff, avoid as carefully as he would the carcase of a rat sodden with Bubonic germs? At any rate, both the Klansman and the putrid pamphlets troubled the air of this city contemporaneously. We have seen a sample of the latest output of "Protestant Literature." As usual it quotes the ex-priest Chiniquy who, after being expelled from the ministry for his scandalous life, was received and petted by the Presbyterians until a habit of pocketing the plate made them weary of his ways, and who finally descended to making a living by concocting lies and turning out such filth as certain parsons create a demand for. On the authenticity of witnesses such as the Chiniquy miscreant, the learned and pious author of the pamphlet (who spells the genitive case of the noun *matrimonium*, *matrimonee*!) tells the worshipful patrons of Protestant literature that the Pope and his priests are liars, slanderers, swindlers, thieves, assassins, murderers, and promoters of strife. We are entitled to fair treatment by the law of New Zealand. And behold we have a Government in power which makes it possible for Protestant scoundrels to circulate filthy books about us, to call us in so many words thieves and murderers, and to pander to the bigotry of the uneducated members of the more negligible sections of Protestantism. The pamphlet we have before us was passed on to us by a decent and disgusted Protestant who certainly does not stand for such methods or for the political importors who thrive by encouraging them. In fact it is a downright insult to offer to any clean-minded and educated person such a pamphlet, and it is only a lack of recognition of what is due to self-respect that prevents anybody to whom one is offered from literally wiping his feet in the face of the pimp who does this dirty work. In this connection recall what Bishop Hughes told the New York State authorities in 1854: "If the State will not protect our property, then the State intends that Catholics should defend their property themselves." Now among our "property" we certainly reckon our good name, that of our Church, that of our schools and convents. And if the State authorities in this country continue to countenance a campaign of calumny against all these we ought to take serious notice of Bishop Hughes's words.

Don't be afraid of the obscurity of your position. A man's worth comes not from the importance or the tumult of his acts, but from the will that moves him. A wisp of straw, picked up through charity by a farmer's wife for the nest of her fowls, will fetch a far greater reward than many brilliant actions done through pride.—Rene Bazin.

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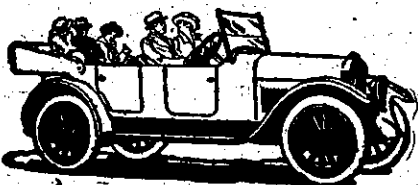
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Modelling a Pope

Excited artists—more than three hundred and fifty, all told—were clamoring for opportunities to paint or model the new Pope, when Leon Cogne, famous for his busts of Joffre, Foch, Lyautey, and Nivelle, made application last summer (says the *Literary Digest*). Perhaps because his genius for portraiture was well known at the Vatican, M. Cogne contrived to meet Monsignor Pizzardo, who seems to make it his business to defend Pius XI. against artists, but who, nevertheless, promised to let M. Cogne see the Sovereign Pontiff for ten minutes. Telling the story in *L'Illustration*, Cogne remarks that portrait busts are not made in ten minutes, and he intimated as much to Pizzardo, explaining that it would be necessary to take measurements. Pizzardo was horrified. In the sculptor's own words—

"He wouldn't let me finish what I was trying to say, but exclaimed indignantly: 'Measurements! What are you thinking of? You don't mean to tell me that you intend to go over the Holy Father with a pair of compasses! It's not to be considered for a moment—you would offend him outrageously.'

Under this torrent of expostulation, I backed down, agreeing to content myself with sketches and to stay only ten minutes.

"With a consoling smile, Monsignor Pizzardo said, 'Well, when you meet his Holiness, you'll see what can be done. Perhaps—'

"Leaving the sentence unfinished, he shook hands and walked away, his cloak of light silk flapping in the wind.

"Then, very softly, I stole back down the stairs. I was to see the Pope—to-day! at five o'clock! I could hardly believe it. For ten days, I had been trying, but invariably some secretary or other would declare, 'So far, 352 artists from all parts of the world have asked permission to do a portrait of his Holiness. At best you can only claim to be the 353rd. The Holy Father is too busy. No one will pay any attention to your letters of introduction. However, here's an admission card to a collective audience to-day.' And away I would go, humiliated. Whereas now!"

As the appointed hour approached, Cogne, armed with a camera and his portfolio of sketches, was piloted through the Vatican by a papal majordomo, and a quite natural bewilderment came upon him as he neared the room where he was to meet the Sovereign Pontiff:

"What was I expected to do when I saw him? Kneel down? Speak to him? The majordomo indicated a genuflexion and, bending my head forward, showed me the posture I was to take. Again the door opened, this time revealing a room that appeared to me simply enormous. It seemed that it was a library. It was partly masked by a great screen, but I thought I could see bookshelves. Suddenly, right before me, I beheld the Holy Father. He advanced slowly, wearing a white robe, while his head was crowned with a white skull-cap. His half-closed eyes peered out through thick glasses.

"I knelt. There came a mist before my gaze. I heard the Latin words that accompany a benediction. Then I rose, and my confusion ended. Before me stood only a majestic model, who spoke in a benevolent tone. His voice is warm and grave. He expresses himself in faultless French.

"The tripod of my camera slipped on the floor and I could not make it stand. I felt the Holy Father's eyes fixed upon me. Forgetting ceremony, I spoke out, begging to be excused for my awkwardness. He said gently, 'Don't worry. Do your work without nervousness, or you will waste time.' Did he intend to chide me for having already wasted time? Or was he encouraging me? His smile left no doubt. So I asked the Holy Father to repeat his gesture of benediction, as I intended to make a statue of him.

"I couldn't pose in that attitude without appearing stiff," he replied, "but I will bless you, and you can make the exposure at whatever moment you like." He blessed me twice, and each time I took a picture. Then he asked, 'Is that all?'

"He had already risen. I answered, 'No, Holy Father; if you will allow me, I would like to ask permission to take some measurements for use when I make a bust of you.'

"He sat down again. I made several hasty sketches, and then, with a pair of compasses, took measurements, hurriedly jotting down the dimensions. He was immensely interested, and said, 'Are you going to measure the circumference of my head? It's sixty-six centimeters.'"

While this was going on, the majordomo fumbled among Cogne's drawings. There he came upon a photograph of a bust of Marshal Lyautey and handed it to the Pope. Bending over his shoulder, for he was seated, he waited to see how it would impress him. Reading on—

"Then Man of Morocco!" he said. 'What an excellent bust! You have added a detail of the first importance—that cigarette between his fingers. He smokes all day and half the night, though his mind remains as splendidly clear as ever.'

"The majordomo showed him also the bust of the apostolic nuncio. 'How good that is of Cerretti!' the Sovereign Pontiff said. 'And yet I think his smile is broader when he isn't posing.'

"All this was said slowly and simply. With my compasses I continued to take measurements. I sketched rapidly, but his face had a questioning look. This time I no longer dared to insist, and realised that I must stop. He rose. He glanced at my work. Kneeling, I saw the hem of his white cassock, the violet slippers embroidered with green, the pendent acorns, the branch of little leaves enclosing a cross.

"The white cassock vanished. I lifted my head. Once more I saw the great library, with its magnificence, its carpets, its books, and I seemed to see kneeling figures in violet and in red.

"The audience had lasted three-quarters of an hour. That evening I ate no dinner. In my hotel room, I feverishly developed my negatives, and dawn found me still drawing indefatigably and making proofs."

Monsieur Rigal, an old crony of Cogne's, has a studio in Rome, and there the sculptor began work on his portrait bust of the Pope. After a day's toil—

"We looked at it. The head seemed to us enormous, yet it tallied exactly with the measurements. Standing beside me, Rigal began sketching the bust and took several photographs of it."

Now to compare it with the model and make corrections. By appointment, Cogne, accompanied by Rigal—and the bust—went to the Vatican. There they waited outside the Pope's private apartment for him to return from his daily drive in the Vatican gardens:

"A rumble of wheels, a clatter of hoofs, and up drove the black carriage. At the four doors within the arcade appeared gendarmes with drawn sabers. The carriage, with its superb horses, crossed the court. Within it sat the Pope, in his white cassock, and next him was a personage wearing violet. A valet ran to open the carriage door, and the Holy Father, wearing an immense violet hat, alighted. Accompanied by a body servant, he ascended the steps and disappeared. The gendarmes were on their knees, with heads bowed. Other men knelt at the four doors.

"We hurried in. Ahead went the red lackeys carrying the bust, and we followed. Through innumerable rooms and endless corridors we went in procession until we came to the Throne Room, where I installed my bust. Monsignor Giuseppe, the Pope's special attendant, received us. Slowly the red door opened, as on the day before, and his Holiness entered. I knelt and received his benediction. Imagine my elation when I beheld the smile with which he approvingly scanned the bust! Readjusting his spectacles, he looked at Rigal and his drawing and appeared far from surprised at finding a second artist.

"As the heat was oppressive, the attendant opened the windows, for the Pope seemed to feel the need of air. His Holiness sat down, took out his breviary, and read.

"Rigal and I set to work. The only sound was that of crayon on paper, so silent were my footsteps as I went back and forth between model and bust, constantly making corrections.

"Like the former one, this sitting lasted three-quarters of an hour. At the end of that time, the Holy Father stood up to look at our work, and we knew by his beaming smile that he was pleased.

"The same ceremonial as before attended his withdrawal. We knelt and kissed his ring."

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When the bust was finished, all but the final retouching, Cogne and Rigal paid another visit to the Pope. Says the sculptor:

"We waited for the Holy Father in the little Throne Room. Before giving the bust, its finishing touches, I looked again at my illustrious model. Still the same simplicity, still the symphony in white, the cassock of white flannel with little white buttons, the short cape covering a pair of broad shoulders, the high girdle. Around his neck he wore a gold chain, from whose boutonniere hung a superb cross of gold set with diamonds and an amethyst.

"What strength in his face! The wide brow is almost without wrinkles. And what eyes! Clear and frank, they express great intelligence and great goodness. I recalled what Monsignor Cerretti had said to me in my studio: 'You will find his Holiness kindness itself. He is a great scholar, knowing all languages. For forty years he has read everything. Often the stars would fade in the sky while he bent over his manuscripts.'"

A product of photography, in part, and in part of exact measurement, Mr. Cogne's portrait bust was a precise effigy. But was it more than that? Did it disclose the Pope's character, his mentality, his temperament—in a word, his personality? What would the Pope himself say of it?

"When all was finished, the Pope rose and came to see the results of our labor. He nodded benevolently. Rigal and I were on our knees, awaiting his benediction, but he did better—inscribed my work with his own signature, PONT. MAX. P.P. XI. That was his way of thanking me."

Chik Lung's First White Man

The Buddhist monk slowly unbent and stood up straight and held out his wet yellow robe. The river was low and he had to lean far over to wash the garment for services on the morrow. He was really too old, the neighbors said, for washing properly, and reverence was forgotten while watching his awkward attempts.

But the old man heeded no remarks; besides, he was almost deaf. His sixty years of cloistered life had dulled the senses to the noises of the busy Chinese about him, though his eyes were keen and under bushy whitened brows they took in much of what was lost to hearing or to touch.

He was no sluggard and usually worked steadily, but to-day his eye had caught a strange sight passing. Perhaps it was his startled snort of a buffalo that attracted his attention and made him look up, for the peaceful animal is usually majestic in its self-control. He saw a boat approaching, one of the many sampans that squirm like beetles on the river, and at its prow a stranger stood—a Western foreigner. A long black robe that differed somehow from the Chinese scholar's gown, with a black sash having a dash of red at the fringe that caught the eye as it fluttered in the breeze.

The old monk paused and the yellow robe lay unnoticed against the slimy rocks. A foreigner in these parts! How the world was changing! He had heard a monk who had journeyed to Yeungkong tell of the advent of the "foreign devils," but here was one at his very elbow. Were the stories true, he wondered, that were told of these white men, their fast ships and flying vehicles and instruments that told the hours of the day, and the stranger tales of occult powers, the medicines they made of children's eyes, their bitter drug that cured the chills and fevers of this marshy land, the salty water, signed and prayed over, that put the devils to rout. At any rate he would find out whatever could be learned, for little passed unnoticed by the old rheumatic man.

The stranger lauded a few feet away and picked his cautious step up the slippery rocks. The monk was nearest the landing, but seemingly intent again on pounding the virtue of cleanliness into his faded tunic.

"Pardon me, Elder Brother," said the stranger to the monk. "can you tell me where the Catholic Church is in Chik Lung?"

The monk, though deaf and busy, caught the words and answered in a deep, clear voice:

"The dwelling next my own has such a sign above the door, but I have never seen a Christian enter yet." And

encouraged by a smile, he added: "Are you a Catholic priest?"

"Yes," answered the missionary, "and I am glad to see you, for I shall be your neighbor for awhile. Which is the house you spoke of?"

The monk, with the inbred courtesy of a Chinese, wrung his wet robe, still far from spotless, and shoving his feet into his sandals, began the ascent to the row of houses above them. He paused at the back of a little shop and shoved open its broken door. A water rat rushed out and roaches scattered into corners; a spider's web with dusty rays stretched from doorstep to lintel, while within the moss-green paving had sprouted scrawny weeds.

"This is your home, and that is mine next door," said the monk, "and you will excuse me for a moment."

"Be it never so humble," the missionary tried to say as he registered a tired smile. A wave of his hat cleared the cobweb, and the mission of Chik Lung had a resident priest.

It was a new venture in the rapidly expanding Maryknoll Mission, a peaceful penetration into fields where white man never yet had lived. It was a resume of the history of the Catholic Church the world over, a hearkening back to apostolic times when first the Gospel had been preached in pagan parts. "Thus far and no farther," cried Canute to the unheeding waves, and with like success can anything stop the progress of God's message of salvation to all men.

But the moment was one of no exaltation to the missionary. A night on a draughty boat had robbed the sun's halo of its poetry and with a grim smile the priest began to set up his simple altar. His "boy" had followed from the boat with handbag and the day's provisions, and soon the altar tapers brightened another altar to the Unknown God.

The tinkling of the Sanctus reached the neighbors' ears and the shadow of the Buddhist monk peeped in as the consecrated hands raised the Saving Host. The monk stood reverently till the end and then quietly slipped out and when the priest had unvested he returned with tea and cakes.

They were an odd sight as they sat down to tea, the aged monk and the younger priest: symbolic too of the two religions. The monk with shaven head and dull grey gown, ascetic and austere, looked like a figure from the past, a past that had grown old and withered; while the priest, although he too was simply dressed, and one accustomed to austerity and prayer, had about him the grace of a living Faith, a religion ever young and never more vigorous. It was like a valedictory repast for the old man. He had ministered to the simpleminded natives, as generations in the monastery before him had done, and now the newer religion was, in God's good time, to supplant the old.

They talked little during the meal, except in smiles, for the priest was already engrossed in plans for the future. The monk was too long habituated to silence to be a ready talker. A silent meal is soon ended. Besides, it was so scanty it did but whet the appetite of youth, and even now the boy was preparing some eggs and coffee on a more generous scale.

The old monk withdrew and through the open door could soon be heard the dull tom-tom and the droning chant in which the monk spent half his day.

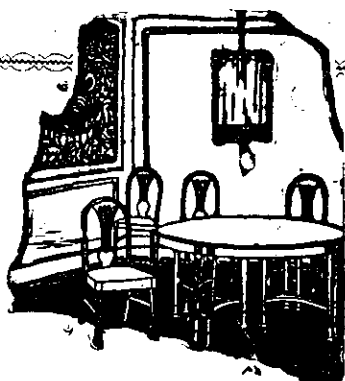
The priest had a busy morning ahead of him. An hour's war on uninvited guests rid the house of its age-long tenants, three pans of dust and a motley collection of broken jugs and crockery. It was a simple house to clean: no panes of glass or draperies, no pictures on the walls or dusty furniture, no rugs or varnished floor. Simply and solely four walls and a loft and three openings that served as doorways and for light. Before the day had closed there were matting near the altar, four chairs and a table and a bed; the walls had been whitewashed and locks put on the doors.

The Christians of this mission were not so few as the monk had imagined, though even the altar bay was a pagan. Within the town was one Catholic (out of 7000 souls), and scattered in villages were fifty others, baptised, some of them, more than twenty years before by a passing missionary.—The Ecclesiastical Review.

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The Annual Conference of Australian Catholic Teachers

Opened by the Archbishop of Sydney

The second annual conference of Catholic teachers was opened by his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney in St. Francis's Hall, Albion Street, on Thursday morning (says the *Catholic Press* for May 17), when Rev. Brother George, of the Marist Brothers' College, Hunter's Hill, acted as chairman. There were present a great number of the clergy, and the Sisters and Brothers of the various teaching Orders and the conference opened auspiciously. His Grace was also patron of the Congress; the general committee consisted of two delegates from each of the teaching communities; the executive committee was formed by Rev. Brother George, Rev. Father Finn, S.J., and Miss C. M. Le Plastrier, whilst the office of secretary was capably filled by Mr. T. J. Davis (Diocesan Assistant-Inspector of Schools).

The day's proceedings were opened by the offering of Mass for members in St. Francis's Church, where the Rev. Father P. Crowley (Diocesan Inspector of Schools), was the celebrant, and at 10.45 a.m. his Grace was escorted into the hall, where he was welcomed briefly by the Rev. Father G. E. Herlihy, Adm., who gracefully paid tribute to their beloved Archbishop. He asked his Grace to deliver the inaugural speech.

His Grace's Address.

His Grace's address fell under the heading: "The principle of justice applied to education as affecting the Creator, the child, the parent, and the civil authority." The Archbishop remarked that often they had reflected upon that promise of the Incarnate God Whose glorious Ascension into heaven they had commemorated that day, that, "Where two or three are assembled in My name, there am I in the midst of them." The Saviour was there with them that day, for truly were they met together in His name. By reflection and by God's grace they realised the truths of religion, and as truly as he (the speaker) was addressing them then, their Lord, the Light of the World, was present with them, even as a member of that Educational Congress. In His name, while praying and trusting in His grace for everything, they did their best. They must utilise all their opportunities and endowments for the furtherance of the great work of education. Let not that word be qualified or restricted. "We know," his Grace proceeded, "what physical growth is. Intellectual growth may be compared to the daylight rising in the obscurity of dawn, increasing gradually to the noonday brightness. So does intellectual growth dispel the mists of obscurity. That is the idea of education—enlightenment."

His Grace also told the delegates they had voluntarily become religious Sisters and Brothers. They were prepared to go anywhere to carry on the work of education. Not only did the Catholic schools give the children a sound religious education, but a very fine secular education, second to none. The physical development of the children was also given close attention in the Catholic schools, and the methods adopted had been admirably demonstrated by the boys and girls on frequent occasions. They must have the combustible materials, and then apply fire to them; then they burn and give forth heat and light. When the fire was tended they applied additional fuel, so that they received greater heat and brightness. So was moral education, which was the education of right love, the love of the right things in the right way. Our Lord was with them, praying with them, and working with them; and in His name he set before them, as it were, their charter—a charter that could not be gainsaid. They might be like sheep among wolves, but as long as they remained His sheep they were invincible by the power of Christ. The charter behind them was expressed in terms: "Justice to God, justice to child, to the parent and to the civil authority." It behoved them to have open minds—minds open to the truth of what justice is and how it came to be applied to education. They should have their minds like souls thirsting for more and more of a draught of truth, which was as scarce in this world as water in a time of drought.

"The world," continued the Archbishop, "is going

to destruction. By the world I mean society, and it is going to destruction because of the decay of the principle of authority, and because truth has been lost sight of. It is, as it were sunk below the horizon."

Divine Authority.

They knew the law of gravitation. What kept the world from sundering and reverting to the original chaos? It was divine authority. Without respect for authority and liberty no individual could carry on the work of procuring his own welfare; without these (liberty and authority) there could be no bond in the family. They could point to those Sisters and Brothers that he saw before him that day as the communists of God. They asked nothing, they called nothing their own. They had no daily wage, but, like the birds of the air, they depended upon Providence. They could do so because they recognised as divine the first principle of authority to dictate what was right, and then the principle of liberty which bounded authority. Authority could easily degenerate into tyranny. If they had anything to be said, they were told to say it from the housetops. Authority and truth depended upon the application of the principles he had mentioned to their school-work. Continuing, his Grace said that they were assisting the parent—taking the work from the parent, and in taking such work they were enabling the father and mother to do their duty rightly by the child and have it grow up in the right paths and in the right hope, so that it might achieve its welfare upon this earth and in eternity, with the ultimate result that society would live in peace and pass its days in progress and truthfulness. If they comprehended what he had said, the conference would be opened with a very excellent promise of the desired results. There was a charge given them, to feed their flocks, to feed their little ones' understanding. Proceeding, the Archbishop remarked that it was well for him that he was speaking in the name of Our Lord, for He could open the minds and hearts of them all.

The Claim of God.

The Almighty had made his audience and himself rational creatures. He gave them the power of speech, and made them for society. Had He no purpose? He had, and that purpose was that His creatures possess this world, and that they themselves devote their intelligence to knowing Him, and their free-will to serving Him, and their hearts and affections to loving Him. They could bless, they could desire, and they could purchase. If they were faithful, they would receive their crown and throne in eternity. Now, who would make the little baby turn to God in thought and affection and prayer? Nature brought it to turn to its mother, to whom it clung. It was capable of knowing and loving the Almighty, but the fire of love must be kindled in it. It was capable of becoming an athlete, a laborer, or a housekeeper. The great claim of God was that He be known, loved, and served by mankind; have peace on earth and obtain everlasting happiness. The speaker continued that the first plank of the education platform was the knowledge and love and service of the Creator.

Substitute for Religion.

What, his Grace asked, was the world substituting for religion? Empire patriotism? He did not, let it be understood, depreciate these things, but they were not to take the place of God. Whether an empire, a kingdom, or a republic, God must come first, and if He did not they would be sowing sorrow in the furrows of injustice. No greater injustice could be done to the child than to shut out religion from education. The parent was in God's place—the parent's right were co-relatively His rights, and the mother and father were responsible to God. If society would ever come back to peace, it would have to come back to Christianity, and the first principle of Christianity was Christian education.

Education Handicapped.

Speaking of handicaps regarding education and otherwise, his Grace stated that it was essentially unjust to deprive any section of the community of the common funds. The critics could say nothing against Catholic teaching. "But we can win the race despite the handicap," he continued, "we can obtain better averages of attendance; we can score in the public examinations, and, given fair play and justice, we can take our places in the public service;

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but their critics were afraid of that. They think that they will keep us down and keep a monopoly of these places by putting us under the ban. This is an illustration of what society has come to, because it has strayed from the paths of truth and justice." His Grace also remarked that he regretted that there was a certain association in Sydney avowedly hostile to the Catholic faith, and was patronised by members of the present Government, and would have them change their name, and that instead of being Catholics, limit their Catholicity by a qualification. He would say to that organisation and to those politicians that Christianity must be Catholic, and that it would not be Catholic unless it had unity. It could not have unity unless it had a centre, and that centre was appointed by Divine Providence when St. Peter fixed his See at Rome. Why, he asked, did not other religions become united? Because they were separated from the centre. They were welcome to come back, and they could do nothing more noble than to say: "Yes, these are Catholics by union with the Bishop of Rome, the Vicar of Christ." There were no other Catholics.

His Grace invoked the blessing of God upon them all, and he wished that their deliberations would be fruitful and productive of great good. His Grace then gave his blessing to the delegates assembled.

The Vote of Thanks.

The Vote of thanks was proposed briefly by Rev. Brother George, and it was carried with great acclamation. His Grace, responding, said that he really had no claim to their thanks, for he was a servant of God and of them all. He knew that God would smile upon the conference, and would confer his bountiful blessing upon them all.

JOTTINGS AT THE CONFERENCE: NOTES FROM THE PAPERS.

A child's development during school life, is not altogether dependent on a pleasant environment, like a convolvulus bud, nor does it resemble a gentle saunter up the mountain side, with a dangerous and impassable, snow-line invisibly ahead. It is brought about, on the contrary, by hard, laborious tunnelling towards the light. Interior flashes of response come from time to time to astonish and gladden the child's whole nature, and also to reward the teacher's conscientious toil.

* * *

"In the Middle Ages," says Newman, "society sustained the individual, raised him up, and supported him in his higher life. It is society now that drags the individual down."

* * *

My quarrel with the present system of examination is as being a hindrance rather than a help to those whose one aim is to develop in the children entrusted to their care what is highest and best in their physical and mental outfit.

* * *

What, then, is to be the aim of the history teacher? I think you will agree with me that it is the cultivation and direction of a Catholic conscience, a filial sensitiveness to all that touches the honor of our Mother the Church; a "heart right" that sets things in their true perspective.

* * *

We live in an age of unreasoning credence in the printed word. Men, no less than children, have come to accept any printed matter, to quote any oft-printed word, as authority infallible.

* * *

As Chesterton says: "It was when men made a holy day for God, they found it was a holiday for man."

* * *

Most Catholics are sensitive to the feelings of their "nice Protestant" social set, but their sensitiveness ends. Instead of the grip on truth that must prevail, the politico-social standard of our times has room for all bigotries save that of loyalty to the standard of the Cross.

* * *

The Abbe Guibert, in a contribution to a French historical review, wrote: "Put before your children the figure of Christ as a brilliant lighthouse posted on a hill. One slope is Ancient History toiling painfully up to the Desired of nations; the other, the modern nations whom

the Bride of Christ, descending from the holy hall, has led captive to her sovereign Lord."

* * *

To civilise the marauders! This was the work of the Dark Ages—more darkened than darksome—when Europe was saved from barbarians only by the sword and the intense Christian ideal that nerved the sword arm.

* * *

The glories of those centuries, when Europe, in her youth, saw visions, and strove to realise them. We hear oracles declaiming of the 12th and 13th centuries—"the dawn was not yet!" No, not the dawn, but the radiant light of day. . . . It is the era of wars, yet withal of letters. . . . A world that is won from war might well look back and refresh itself by entering into the spirit of the 13th century.

* * *

The wealthy took advantage of the revolt (the Reformation), and capitalism, with its attendant ills, took its rise in the north of Europe. Loss of corporate sustenance, isolation, social desolation have since been rife. Men have worshipped false idols: the State, the exchange, sport, even the deadly sport of war; but their gaiety has been about little things. The Middle Ages sang and danced and played for very joy, the joy of those who "found the Child with Mary His Mother."

* * *

When the Reformation took for its political Bible, Machiavelli's "Prince," it put the State above the individual—disregarding the value of a man's soul. The true democracy, ensuring man's rights, is the child of Catholicism. The institutions, the mentality that constitute it are the legacy of mediaeval churchmen.

* * *

The framers of our Commonwealth Constitution went to Switzerland for machinery. Whence did Switzerland derive it? From the Catholic Cantons whose corporate life dates back to the 13th century. The Initiative and Referendum are legacies of pre-Reformation days.

* * *

After the Thirty Years' War, which was the completion of the Reformation, and which secularised Europe, the Concert of Powers substituted for Justice the principle of Balance of Power.

* * *

Belloc says that Poland and Ireland are the crucial tests of history. A teacher of history must apply the tests.

* * *

Mankind is said to be governed by phrases. Let us supply the right ones, embodying ideas that will become ruling principles.

* * *

Why should Church history be relegated to a special session? It is the life of our history lessons and should vivify them.

* * *

All proves that the saints are the supermen of history—not ethereal abstractions with "looks commercing with the skies"—as well as that Catholicism and heroism, Catholicism and culture are synonymous terms.

* * *

Let us compassionate the child in whom the cover of an oft-used book provokes an enervating nausea.

* * *

Education is too often narrowed to instruction in the subjects necessary for passing an examination, and some essentials are neglected, it may be that the study even of Christian doctrine is given a secondary place.

* * *

The training of the human mind is a slow process, and we can no more force its development than we can hasten the unfolding of the buds in spring; if we attempt it we get in either case dwarfed and stunted growth, or frail and delicate life, that cannot resist the storms and rain.

* * *

Question: What shall we get in their place if we abolish the present system of examinations?

Answer: Instead of an army of half-baked professionals, competent artisans and producers.

Joseph Howard, Wholesale and Retail Butcher, Gore.

Country Orders a specialty 'PHONE 380

True education—not mere equipment for social life or for a livelihood, must be our aim. But the cause has often been badly served by our being tied down to text-books, and forced to tread a "departmental" path.

* * *

So much has it become the practice to regard the school not as a thing apart from the world, but as a preparation for it, that one of the usual tests applied to-day to a school is: "How far has the child been trained to work independently, and to develop an interest in the subjects that will lead him to pursue them in his spare time at home?"

* * *

If discipline is founded on liberty, then the discipline itself must necessarily be active. We do not consider an individual disciplined when he has been rendered artificially silent as a mute, and immovable as a paralytic. He is then an individual annihilated, not disciplined. He is disciplined only when he is master of himself, and can, therefore, regulate his own conduct.

* * *

Intelligence tests do not claim to give an account of a person's natural gifts. They are not meant to dispense with the invaluable observation of those in close contact with the subject.

* * *

Those who have gone thoroughly into the matter have discovered that the mental development of different subjects stops at different mental ages, some at two years or under—idiots; some between the mental ages of two and seven—imbeciles; some between seven and twelve—morons; some between 12 and 16—the average group; over 16—the superior group. However long they live, however completely they develop physically, their intelligence will not develop further.

* * *

What is education for? Is it not to make us better? Mere knowledge never made anyone better or happier either for that matter? Neither does mere ability to reason ever make anyone happier or better. Still, knowledge is necessary, reason is necessary, but most necessary of all is the spirit of religion.

* * *

The Dalton Plan is a scheme of educational reorganisation applicable to the school work of pupils from 8 to 18 years of age. It aims at giving to the elder child that freedom for self-development which has proved so valuable in the kindergarten stage, while, at the same time, ensuring that he shall master thoroughly the academic work required by the curriculum of his school.

* * *

As Professor Dewey says: "The aim of a democratic education is not only to make an individual an intelligent participator in the life of his immediate group, but to bring the groups into such constant interaction that no individual, no economic group, could presume to live independently of others."

Answers to Correspondents

INQUIRER.—"Seek" comes from the Teutonic root, *secan*, and "search" is from the French *chercher*. "Show" and "shew" are commonly used as synonyms, or as variations in spelling. Strictly speaking "shew" ought to be used when speaking of demonstration to the mind. Hence, the notice you read on the fence at the Wingatui station: "Shew Railway Tickets" is wrong.

MUSIC TEACHER.—We can sympathise with your sufferings in having to teach elementary music from dawn to dusk. When you go to Heaven perhaps there will be no music to worry you. In the meantime congratulate yourself that you are not the editor of a Catholic paper. You have only one enemy—music, but the editor has a potential enemy in every subscriber who wants to run the paper his own way.

"WORRIED READER."—The law obliges us to confess all mortal sins committed after Baptism. If we forget

them at one confession we must confess them when we recall them. To be guilty of mortal sin we must commit it with full deliberation and full knowledge and full consent. Hence ignorance at the time excuses from guilt. The answer to your second question is no. Is there any use reminding you and other offenders that your name and address must be sent with inquiries and other communications. This is the seventy-eighth time we have given this warning since last Easter. Henceforth letters without the writer's name will hit the W.P.B. with surprising swiftness.

P. H.—What on earth do you read? One out of twenty bishops attended one meeting, and you make that out to be "nearly all the bishops were at their meetings." Until you display a little more intelligence we cannot afford to take your communications seriously. However, you are only one of the people who imagine that buying a copy of the *Tablet* makes them not only editor, but also dictator of its policy. As a token of our good-will we wish you a happy Christmas anyhow.

BOOK NOTICES

Devotion to the Sacred Heart, Father Petrovitz. (Per N.Z. Tablet Office).

From a theological as well as a devotional point of view this work is easily the best study in English of the devotion so much recommended by all the recent Popes. The book will please theologians and it will instruct the devout laity.

Irish Fairy Tales, by Edmond Leamy. (Tablet Office).

Children delight in fairy tales. Youths who begin to think they are men or women think them too trivial for their superior minds. But older people, who know the value of folk lore, who can feel its poetry and its beauty, return with renewed interest to the tales that please the young. We doubt if there is a more delightful collection of fairy tales in any language than Edmond Leamy collected in this book.

The Religion of the Primitives, by Monsignor Le Roy. (Per Angus and Robertson, Sydney.) Price, 12/6.

Monsignor Le Roy began his career as a foreign missionary fifty years ago. He learned to know Africa as few living men know it. From Somaliland to Mozambique, from the Tana to the Kilimanjaro, from Zanzibar to the Massai plains and the mountains of Taita and Uruguru he crossed the dark continent time and again. He has an unrivalled acquaintance with the tribes that live in the shadows of the equatorial forests and on the shores of the great rivers and lakes of Africa. His work brought him into close connection with the most primitive people, and his mission fitted him peculiarly to study their religious ideas. All the harvest of his fifty years of research is gathered in this book which is no mere diary but a scientific study prepared as a course of lectures for the inaugural course of the history of religions in the Institut at Paris. It is not a dry work. The lectures on the belief, morality, worship, magic, and social customs of the primitive races are intensely attractive even to the ordinary educated reader, while to the student they are invaluable for the help they give to theologians, ethnologists, and educated Christians. One can see at a glance that Monsignor Le Roy's work is distinguished by all the Latin qualities of order and clearness, while a study of its pages brings conviction that it is the work of a profound scholar. It is a unique and valuable book.

Holy Cross College, Mosgiel

His Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, officiated at ordination ceremonies on Saturday and Sunday last in the chapel of Holy Cross College. The Revs. C. Tylee, T. Linehan, and J. Lennon received the Diaconate, and Minor Orders were conferred on Francis McMahon, Robert McCormack, and Thomas Hally. John McGettigan, Noel O'Sullivan, Peter Breen, Arthur Gregory, and James Maguire received first clerical Tonsure.

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Selected Poetry

Through Travail

TRIBUTE TO TWO DEAD IRISH LEADERS.

[The *Observer* publishes the following poem by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, entitled "A Song of Victory," dedicated to the memory of William Redmond, killed in action June 7, 1917, and of John Redmond, died March 6, 1918.]

Ditches of mud
Where the boot clung till it tore,
Snowcold water thigh-deep,
Holes in the ground for shelter:
It was not well to be there.

Something glimpsed in the dark:
What did you fire at?
Seldom a form clear-seen,
Never the face of a foeman,
Strange, impersonal war,
No heat in it, no hate.

But in the heart of night
Sudden crash of the guns:
All the horizon
Pulsed with leaping flashes,
Wide-shooting flashes of anger,
A terrible pation striking.
Then in the grey dark dawn,
Search for one missing.
There, in a tangle of wire,
Posts fallen, ruin of sandbags,
What is that darkness?
Wedged in, frostbound:
Lift him, you, by the head:
There is no head, sir.

After a week of that,
Two weeks or three weeks,
Down the trench slowly filing
Mud-clogged, encumbered creatures
Stumble along,
Till at last a road,
Open space, deliverance:
And the war-beaten, trench-weary men
Form in a column,
And tramping back to their billets
Whistle a tune to march to.
Would not your heart be proud of them?

Yonder, behind the line,
We met while we rested,
Other men of our country
Who had not counted us friends.
There at ease for a moment,
With the common danger behind us,
We drank and were pleasant together,
We made comrades:
And from the ditches of mud,
From the pit of destruction,
Word went back to Ireland:
We have met, we have spoken,
Who at home would never have spoken,
Strange to think of it.
And Ireland sitting at home,
Far away from the danger,
Began to think of it:
Even began to feel
A stir in her stiffness.

Suddenly flashed to us there
Word from Ireland:
Ditches of blood in Ireland:
Widening chasms.

We trod our way to the end;
We were part of victory:
And in the face of the world
Ireland disowned us.

Ditches of blood in Ireland:
Hate speeding the bullet
Where man stalked man like a beast,
Aimed, brought down his quarry,
Saw him writhing:
Ditches of blood in Ireland,

So in the end they won—
Won for Ireland.

Grey head of my comrade,
Gallant and comely,
Who in the wider battle
Marched with the young,
With the young men of Ireland,
Ay, and of Ulster,
To a day of high achievement,
And in a moment of victory
Fell:
You, not unforeknowing,
Not without wrench at heartstrings,
Yet in a jubilant sacrifice
Offered your life.
Was it for nothing, my comrade?
Is there atonement of healing? Is there reward?
Not yet.

Not for you, who loved Ireland
In a lifetime of service without self-seeking,
Not for you the morose,
Sour-visaged enjoyment,
Seeing the men who spurned you spurned in their turn.
Rather, O loyal heart,
It may be your time of purgation,
Idle, powerless, apart,
To look upon Ireland.
From the valley of humiliation
Struggles at last:
When cool air of the mountains,
Sunlight, fresh-running waters,
Wide-sweeping cloud-shadow on meadow,
With birdsong at dawn
Bring back her natural kindness,
Nurse her into serenity,
Renew her peace,
It may be, O comrade, that Ireland
Casting a backward glance on the road he has travelled,
Beyond the descent into victory,
Past the ditches of blood,
Will turn and yearn in her heart for the valor she once
rejected,
For the wisdom she cast aside:
Will cry in the face of the world: My faithful, my lovers,
Will cry to her own sick heart:
My faithful, my children,
My lovers who never hurt me,
You also are Ireland.
And it may be that Ireland,
Crying it so, will take courage
To tread on the forward track.

This O comrade of mine,
This were your recompense.

On Shakspeare's Sonnets

Whether his loves were many or but two?—
Whether his heart grew strong or bled to waste?—
Whether he toyed with thought as idlers do
Or some unseasoned lines betray his haste?—
We enter here as to an empty house;
As pale folk, from a far-off clime and date,
Peep into pictured halls where the carouse
Of mummied kings once mocked their certain fate.
We gaze at signs he saw, but only guess
How he read what we read: not bloom to fruit,
Meal to moth's wing, sight to blind eye is less
Recoverable! Time treads life underfoot:
These dead black words can warm us but as coal;
Once, forest leaves, they murmured round his soul.

—T. STURGE MOORE, in the *London Athenaeum*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Devotion to the Sacred Heart, p. 29. Notes—Hokitika on the Map; Convention; W. H. Mallock, p. 30. Topics—Frederick Ozanam; Germany; Sir Horace Plunkett Hopeful; Science and Religion, pp. 18-19. Short Story, p. 9. A Ban Upon Religion, p. 13. Modelling a Pope, p. 21. Chik Lung's First White Man, p. 23. The Australian Catholic Teachers' Annual Conference, p. 25.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope



THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1923.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART



THE month of June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. In accordance with the will of several Popes, many Catholic countries have specially consecrated themselves to the same Adorable Heart of Our Redeemer. Like the people of France and of Ireland, the people of Australasia have made the Act of Consecration in the Catholic churches, as well as privately in their homes. Hence it is opportune for us at the beginning of the present month to dwell on this great devotion and to stir up anew our fervor.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart is a phase of the soul's love for Christ. It is the same love specialised and directed to the heart which is the seat of the passion of love. When we say passion, we use the word in its primary and philosophical sense and not in the perverted sense it has come to have in the English language. Again, the love of God may be called the formal element in the devotion, and the love of the Sacred Heart the material element. The love of God is older than Christianity; and the material element of this love has had several phases, being manifested in the devotions to the Passion, to the Five Wounds, and to the Pierced Side of Christ, as far back as the time of St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine, and St. Gregory. In the fifth century there is explicit mention of devotion to the Heart of Jesus, and Paulinus of Nola (431, A.D.) is among the writers who encouraged it. But it was not until the sixteenth century that it became widespread and fixed in the affections of the people of Christendom. At that period Lauspergius, a Carthusian, Louis de Blois, a Benedictine, and the Jesuit Fathers, Hajnal and Druzicki, did much to make it popular among the faithful. In 1670 Father Eudes became its great apostle, publishing a treatise on *Devotion to the Adorable Heart of Jesus*; but it is with the name of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque that the devotion is most closely associated in our minds at the present time. Margaret Mary was a Visitandine nun in the Convent at Paray-le-Monial, from 1671 to 1690. In her instructions to her novices, and in her letters to her friends she pictures the Sacred Heart as the fountain of God's love and goodness to mankind; and her fervor, as well as the simple holiness of her life induced many to practise the devotion which was so dear to her. As time went on numerous confraternities were founded all

over the Continent, and eloquent preachers and writers were raised up to make the devotion more widely known. There was opposition from theologians, and notably from the Jansenists, but the devotion spread swiftly, until in the reign of Clement XIII. (1758-1769) there were one thousand and ninety confraternities established all over the world, and bishops and priests were urging the Pope to grant a special Feast, Mass, and Office. Pius IX. beatified Margaret Mary; Leo XIII. consecrated the world to the Sacred Heart; and the canonisation of the saint by Benedict XV. gave to the devotion its present official status in the Church. The theology of the devotion is clear. Christ is at once true God and true Man. He is One in person, both natures being united hypostatically, that is to say in His person. Hence the Second Divine Person of the Blessed Trinity is hypostatically united to Christ's humanity and to all its parts—to His hands, His feet, His precious blood, and to His Heart. Hence every one of these parts, like the humanity itself, is worthy of adoration in view of its union with the Godhead. The infinite love of Christ for mankind is both the motive and the formal object of the devotion, while the material object is the Sacred Heart as the symbol of that love. On this question theologians and spiritual writers are unanimous. It must be noted that the heart, in this devotion, is not regarded as the *organ*, but as the *symbol* of love, and, on the part of Christ, it is held by Alvery and Ramière and others that the Sacred Heart directly symbolises Christ's created love and remotely His increased love. Vignat writes: "Christ being only one Person in two natures, divine and human, manifests to us the whole love of His Person by His Heart, not only His created but also His increased love. Only in this sense, but in the fullest extent of this sense, one may say: Jesus as God loves us by means of His Human Heart." For a discussion of the questions concerning the Nine Fridays, readers ought to consult Dr. Petrovitz's book on the *Sacred Heart* (it may be had at the Tablet Office) where they will find a very full and satisfactory treatment of the subject. It will suffice to say here that his view is that the Promise with reference to the Nine Fridays encourages sinners to hope for the reward of final perseverance, rather than to feel that by any action of theirs they have an inalienable right to it.

To make this brief article practical for ourselves, let us recall that the object of the devotion is to return love for love to the Heart of Our Divine Saviour, and, at the same time to make reparation to Him by our fervor for the coldness and ingratitude with which His love is met by so many of the men and women whom He died to save from Hell. Hence, it is fitting that during the month of June we should by means of acts of love and reparation, by special prayers, and by Holy Communions of atonement, take our share in the world-wide devotions which true children of the Catholic Church will practice for the love and honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus during the next few weeks.

NOTES

Hokitika on the Map

Few of our readers are aware that the Eternal City has a rival on the West Coast, and in Hokitika no less! But if any person should be so rash as to doubt this, let him consult the *Christchurch Press*, which, through its correspondent, informs us that the Bishop of Christchurch has gone to Hokitika on his *ad limina* visit! His Lordship will be honored to find that one of his parishes is so remarkable. We have not heard that the Pope gave a dispensation whereby New Zealand, Australian, and American Bishops might fulfil their obligations by going to the old mining town by the lonely sea instead of to Rome. In view of the rush of prelatical visitors in the near future, what about organising a company to erect hotels over there?

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Convention

We are all more or less living under the tyranny of conventions. Some break their chains through ignorance, others through a desperation begotten of common sense; but on the whole public opinion (which forgives society criminals and child-murderers) decides that the man who is superior or inferior to conventions ought to be flayed alive with a thorny shillelagh. If you attained to good manners among the politest races on earth you will bravely seize the leg of a fowl by the shank when eating it, but if you do that in this country you are in a worse state than if you broke all the commandments. Again, you stop at a railway station and you get five minutes for refreshments. Three of these you spend knocking with a coin on the counter in vain efforts to attract the attention of a flapper who tries to serve twenty people at the same time. When you get your cup of alleged tea and your raw ham or your red paint paste, you find the tea is boiling hot. Then it is up to you either to be polite and leave it there, or have common sense and drink it from the saucer, just as King Edward is said to have done once on a similar occasion. It is a strange fact that those whose *savoir faire* is only superficial are really the greatest sticklers for nonsensical observances. The man who wears starched cuffs with a soft shirt is the one who will turn up his nose at his neighbor who puts common sense before convention; and the lady who speaks of a serviette instead of a napkin is the dame who lays down the laws for her friends and acquaintances. If you hear anybody talk of doing a thing "off-ten" or of going to the "corral" society look out for the danger flag. You are very near the "hay-school" mark then. Engrave it on the tablets of your memory, write it broad on your philacteries, there is no politeness without true Christian conduct: there is no real courtesy without religion. And that is why the State atheists of New Zealand are reducing this country to the level of a Prime Minister who is retained in his position after publicly making the offensive gesture of an ill-bred schoolboy.

W. H. Mallock

Recent Home papers contain notices of the death of a distinguished man of letters, well known to a more thoughtful and earlier generation of readers. In an England where traditional hostility to Catholics was rampant even in the highest circles we had a valiant defender in Mr. Mallock who, not being himself a Catholic obtained a hearing where Catholics were disqualified as prejudiced witnesses. In his day Mr. Mallock did right yeoman service for the Church, and he was to Catholics then what in recent years Mr. Chesterton became—a fair, clear-minded advocate of the truth. The following eloquent tribute from the pen of Canon Barry is a fine appreciation of Mr. Mallock's life and labors:

To a man like myself, who was born in the same year with W. H. Mallock, and who began my literary career about the period of the late seventies as he did, the passing of this rare, if not unique, Victorian figure brings a world of reminiscence, brilliant, stimulating, sad also even to tragedy. But I should hesitate to attempt so much as even this slight "In Memoriam" here of the author of that once largely-discussed and lauded book, *The New Republic*, had its creator not stood in a peculiar relation to the Catholic Faith, as its defender, yet independent of it. A most powerful champion, as I judge, some of whose arguments were no less original than unanswerable: yet he died out of the Church, so far as I can tell, and we cannot reckon him our own. He certainly captured London and Oxford in 1877 at a single blow. His ironical searching presentment of the new masters in science, religion, art, and culture, might be frowned upon by those whom he satirised; but, on turning over the pages to-day, my feeling is that caricature never was the right word for such skilful reproduction of the manner and tone of Jowett, Pater, Tyndall, and Matthew Arnold. The women of the dialogue are drawn to the life—Mrs. Sinclair, who was not a saint, the delightful inconsequent Lady Ambrose, and Miss Merton, the grave Cath-

olic girl, whose piety equals her common sense. Those were the days of "Fors Clavigera," when Ruskin reigned in Oxford; and here, as "Mr. Herbert," he speaks with angelic authority, with Dantean sternness. In point and purpose *The New Republic* has not lost but gained by the lapse of a generation. Its forecasts have come, or are coming, true. Especially with regard to the fatal effects of treating this lower world as the be-all and end-all of existence every day shows them in forbidding relief. Then we must add the driving-force of a fresh apologetics, in which the plain and solid bulwark of Christianity is shown to be the Roman Church. From this position Mallock never swerved.

Champion not Convert

Mr. Mallock was by marriage related to the Froudes. His mother was a sister of Hurrell and of James Anthony Froude, the former being a man of deep spiritual insight with a love for all things Catholic, and the latter a Rationalist who became a writer of history of a sort that does little credit to his love of truth. Mr. Mallock had not the faith of Hurrell but he was incapable of the injustices and the perversions of fact which inspired so much of James Anthony's history. Of his life, from his Oxford days onward, Canon Barry says:

Being of this parentage and temperament, Mallock went up to Oxford, lighted upon a Broad Church tutor at Balliol, and lived under Jowett, whom he disliked personally. In his view Jowett was a word-spinner, serving the time, deftly combining phrases by means of which Christian dogmas and all they promised were to melt into the "infinite azure" celebrated in Professor Tyndall's "Belfast Address." Broad Church amounted to capitulation without the honors of war. Another equally futile compromise lurked in the "culture" offered to a world in agony by Matthew Arnold with his engaging smile. The so-called aesthetic movement had invaded Oxford; and Mr. Rose (that is to say, Walter Pater) preached a strange kind of Renaissance, Greek-Italian, Pagan-Catholic, which proved in not many years to be decadence, with tragic results. Then science, or its arrogant experts, Huxley, Clifford, and their followers, denounced Christianity as "having destroyed two civilisations and menacing a third." All these we behold in *The New Republic* deliberating how they shall build the City Beautiful of years to come. And build it they could, in its outward material aspect. But the life, the spirit? Not they singly or altogether. For they had no religion, or everlasting law of right and wrong. The Christian creed is the only foundation. When it fails, "art after art goes out and all is night." This counter-demonstration was wrought with power of argument, with sarcasm, pathos, and some terribly impressive strokes of cynicism, to a climax in the funeral oration over Humanity delivered by Mr. Herbert, the mask of John Ruskin. And now I wish it were possible to add that, having won so splendid a victory, Mallock entered the Church as a convert, which he had thus vindicated in face of her deadliest foes. But something held him back. We who belonged to the literary group with which he was chiefly bound up felt very sorry when he drifted away from his Catholic friends into general society, where, of course, he shone; but he had not followed his star. The pity of it! Life had its poignant sorrows for him; yet greater than any other loss I count his turning from the light of faith to a career of social distinction—how vain, how poor in comparison with an apostolate on behalf of the known truth! He is gone, and has made no sign. But we will make over him the sign of the Cross, with a prayer for his soul. We owe him that much; since he lifted a sharp sword in defence of Holy Church and with it smote the captains of unbelief. Therefore I will ask all good Catholics to say with me, *Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei.* Amen.

One cannot hear the word of God without the infusion of His wisdom, nor penetrate the meaning of what He has told us if one has not received His Spirit.—St. Gregory the Great.

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DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Very sincere sympathy is felt by the Catholics of Dunedin with the Rev. Father Foley, Adm., on the death of his sister in Limerick, Ireland, the sad news of which he received by cable this week.—R.I.P.

The Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a donation of £1 towards the Orphanage from "A Client of St. Anthony."

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, occupied the pulpit at St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday evening at Vespers, and delivered a beautiful discourse on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. His Lordship graphically described his journeyings to Rome and Lourdes. He vividly pictured the shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes and his impressions of the wonderful scenes with which it is associated. Those who had the privilege of hearing Dr. Brodie's fine address were very deeply impressed, and the conclusions he drew will long be remembered.

NORTH-EAST VALLEY. BAZAAR.

A concert in aid of the stall funds will be given by St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir in St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray Street, this (Thursday) evening. An excellent programme has been arranged, which, together with the worthy object the choir is assisting, should attract a crowded audience.

Another of the series of enjoyable card tournaments in aid of the Refreshment Stall will be given on next Thursday evening, June 7, at Mrs. Thompson's residence, opposite the Botanic Gardens.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 26.

Rev. Dr. McEvoy, also the Mother Provincial and four Sisters of the Lewisham Hospital, left for Sydney yesterday.

The Very Rev. Father Moran, S.M., Assistant General of the Marist Order, who has been visiting the houses of his Order, left on his return journey to Europe last week.

The annual schools' social in aid of the Education Fund, was held last Wednesday, at the Town Hall, and was a great success. There was an attendance of 1500, and among those present were his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, Rev. Fathers Vibaud, Mahony, Smyth, O'Donnell, Murphy, M. Devoy, Kelly, and Connolly. The first part of the evening was devoted to a picture entertainment, and the remainder to dancing, Mr. Geo. Harriss being M.C. The supper was provided by the ladies of the various parishes.

On Tuesday evening, the 22nd inst., St. Joseph's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society entertained members of the crew of the steamer Middlesex at a smoke concert in St. Joseph's Hall, Buckle Street. Rev. Father O'Donnell welcomed the men, and expressed the hope that the members of the society would again have the pleasure of meeting them on the return of the vessel to Wellington. Such gatherings had much to recommend them, as they served to remind the men that they were members of the greatest family in the world—the Catholic Church—and further they helped to keep them up to the practice of their religion, as they furnished an excellent opportunity for the priests to meet the men and speak to them of their duties. Mr. Power suitably responded, thanking the members for the pleasant evening they had provided, and assuring them that the sailors greatly appreciated their hospitality. Those who contributed to an enjoyable programme were Messrs. F. Dwan, Burnett, J. Hyland, R. Robinson, D. Kelly, E. Murphy, and W. B. Gamble. Messrs. Gough and Power, of the ship's crew, also gave items, which were well received, and Mr. F. Hally was accorded a vote of thanks for his services at the piano.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

May 25.

In aid of the new church debt at Otahuhu a very successful sacred concert was given in the church on Tuesday, May 15. Local artists, assisted by members of St. Patrick's Cathedral Choir, rendered the varied enjoyable items. After the recital, the Rev. Father Wright entertained the

performers, whom he heartily thanked and hoped again to have the pleasure of listening to. Following was the programme:—Hymn, "Hail! Queen of Heaven," combined choirs; solo, "Ave Maria" (Gounod), Mrs. Collins; quartette, "Nearer My God to Thee," Messrs. Gillies, Duffin, Dickson, and Best; solo, "Pater Noster" (Hiscocks), Mr. J. Best; solo, "He Wipes the Tear From Every Eye," Miss D. McGee; "Benedictus" from Weber's Mass in G, combined choirs; solo, "Hold Thou My Hand," Mr. W. Dickson; solo, "Consider the Lilies," Mrs. Bailey; solo, "The Holy City," Mrs. J. Gillies; solo, "Ave Maria" (Kahn), Miss V. Page; quartette, "Art Thou Weary?" Selected solos were also contributed by Miss J. Smith and Mr. H. Duffin. Mrs. J. E. Gillies was organist.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

The members of the Cathedral Choir were, on Sunday last, treated to an outing by Rev. Father Hanrahan, Adm. The party set out in motor cars and made a very pleasant run through the Cashmere and Tai Tapu districts, making camp at St. Joseph's Home, Middleton. Rev. Mother Gertrude received them warmly, and entertained them hospitably. The choir members contributed a nice musical programme, and the children in turn sang for the visitors. The Orphanage Brass Band played selections surprisingly well. Father Hanrahan thanked the Sisters for their kindly treatment, and he expresses his deep gratitude to Messrs. J. Ardagh, D. O'Connell, T. Tansey, P. H. Jones, George Ryan, C. Cotter, P. Amodeo, and A. Mead who supplied cars for the outing.

A meeting convened by Rev. Father Hanrahan, Adm., was held on Sunday evening last to devise a means of raising funds to instal heating apparatus in the girls' schools. There was a record attendance as considered from the standpoint of similar movements, and judging by the enthusiasm displayed success is already assured. It was decided to hold a sale of work in the Brothers' school during the vacation in August next, and stalls were allotted as follows:—Flower Stall, Mesdames W. Brittenden and J. Nolan; Refreshment Stall, Misses E. Brophy, M. and M. Daly; Tobacco Stall, Mesdames Upjohn and Aspell; Surprise Packets, Mrs. Blackaby; Variety Stalls (2), Misses McAloon and Kiely, and Mrs. Burns.

After its business meeting on Monday evening last, St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian Society played St. Patrick's branch at euchre. The attendance taxed the lodge room to capacity. St. Patrick's won by 43 points. Bro. H. O'Connor, B.P., welcomed the visitors, Bro. E. Fitzgerald, B.P. (St. Patrick's), suggested a trophy to be played for by the three branches of the society in Christchurch; and the suggestion met with general approval. During the evening songs were given by Mr. MacPherson, and Bros. J. Sweeney, H. Doherty, G. Nelson, and V. Toomey. Bro. S. Doherty presided at the piano.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Ahaura

(From our own correspondent.)

May 26.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie visited Ahaura last Monday (Whit Monday), and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to between 40 and 50 children. He was very pleased with the excellent disposition of the candidates, but his greatest source of gratification was their grand knowledge of the Christian Doctrine. St. Mary's Church, that nestles beneath the neighboring hill, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The choir was very good. The strains of the "Veni Creator" seem still to linger along the valley. The following priests were present. Our good pastor the Rev. Father Fogarty, Rev. Father Long, Adm. (Greymouth), Rev. Father Herbert (Reefton), Rev. Father P. MacLean (China), and Rev. Father T. O'Regan (Greymouth). It was a gala day in Ahaura.

The Rev. Father P. MacLean was here last week, and the people were glad to see him and to help him. He was pleased with the response to his appeal, and is especially grateful to the people of Nelson Creek, Ngahere, and Blackball. He received something more than £35.

Mrs. J. Smythe and Miss D. Corcoran, who have been spending a well-deserved holiday in Christchurch, came back a few days ago. Both are looking grand. They are

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Greymouth

well versed in the latest methods of running garden parties and jumble sales, so we expect great things.

The Blackball parishioners are hard at work collecting funds for the renovation and painting of their church, Mrs. J. Keating and Mrs. M. Connors taking a very special interest in the hard but good work.

St. Munchin's Church, Totara Flat, would not object to at least a couple of coats of paint. The long-felt want will be supplied, we hope, at the first available opportunity.

Much credit is due to Miss F. O'Brien (Nelson Creek), Miss Kathleen Ryan (Ahaura), and Miss N. Donellan (Ngahere), for the lively and keen interest they take in their catechism classes. His Lordship Dr. Brodie was truly pleased with the knowledge displayed by the children.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.) May 28.

The choir of the Sacred Heart Church gave a recital of sacred music last night, in the presence of a large congregation. After the devotion of the Rosary, the choir rendered the "Gloria," "Sanctus," and "Credo" from Silas's Mass very creditably. Misses K. Dennehy and Meehan sang as a duet an "Ave Maria." The choir then gave "Benedictus Est Tu," Mr. Fohy taking the solo. He also sang a "Pater Noster." Mr. Andrews rendered "Glory to God" (Pecceia) in a spirited manner. During Benediction the choir sang Elgar's "O Salutaris" and Miller's "Tantum Ergo." Mrs. Maugos presided at the organ, and also played three organ solos—Dunhill's "Nocturne," A. Godfrey's "Romance Angelique," and A. Mailly's "Toccata"—the last-named at the close of the recital. Before Benediction, Rev. Father Hurley delivered a splendid discourse on church music, emphasising its ennobling influence on character; and he expressed regret that the public authorities did not give sufficient encouragement to such an art.

MARRIAGES

KERR—O'BRIEN.—On April 18, 1923, at St. Mary's Basilica, Invercargill, by the Very Rev. Dean Burke. James, fifth son of Mrs. E. Kerr, Morton Mains, to Annie Patricia, third daughter of Mrs. S. O'Brien, Mary Street, Invercargill.

MAHONEY—CORCORAN.—On April 18, 1923, at St. Joseph's Church, Pirongia, Thomas Michael Mahoney, of Wanganui, to Bridget Mary Corcoran, of Harapepe, Waikato.

O'SULLIVAN—DESMOND.—On April 21, 1923, at St. Mary's Church, Foxton, by the Rev. J. Forrestal, Inglewood, assisted by the Rev. M. Doolaghty, John, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Sullivan, Palmerston North, to Florence Madge, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Desmond, Foxton.

DEATHS

FLANNERY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Flannery, beloved husband of Anne Flannery, who died at his residence, Poolburn, on May 8, 1923, in his 80th year.—R.I.P.

COLGAN.—On May 24, 1923, at Seacliff (the result of an accident), Joan Mary, dearly beloved daughter of Frank and Annie Colgan; aged four months.

HURLEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Jeremiah Hurley, J.P., who died at his residence, 151 Brougham Street, Wellington, on May 16, 1923; in his 78th year.—R.I.P.

McSWIGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, dearly beloved husband of Mary McSwigan, who died at his residence, Nursery Road, Linwood, Christchurch, on May 14, 1923; in his 78th year. (Fortified by rites of Holy Church).—R.I.P.

O'MALLEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Ann Cunningham, beloved wife of Martin O'Malley, who died at her residence, Lowe Street, Invercargill, on May 25, 1923, in her 86th year.—R.I.P.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, your prayers for her extol, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

IN MEMORIAM

FAISANDER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Ann Faisander, who died at Clyde, on May 26, 1917.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FITZSIMONS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Terence Fitzsimons, who died at Wairio on May 31, 1900.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

FORD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maria Ford, who died at Oamaru, on March 21, 1919.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted

by her loving daughter and son-in-law (Diana and Thomas Tansey) and family.

LYONS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James William Lyons, who was killed at the battle of Messines, June 7, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his parents.

MacGINNIS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Jane MacGinnis, who died at Earnscleugh, on May 26, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her loving daughter (E. J. Dawson.)

McVEIGH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel McVeigh, who died at Weston, on June 1, 1919.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MACDONALD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Macdonald, who died at Glen Lyon Station, on June 3, 1922 (the result of an accident).—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

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Our Sports Summary

DUNEDIN.

The St. Patrick's Harriers' Club held its three-mile handicap at Wingatui. The limit men all made good use of their handicaps from the start. The first round resulted—H. McDonnell 1st, with J. McDonnell and L. Clutterbuck close on his heels. Final result: McEneaney 1, H. McDonnell 2, L. Clutterbuck 3, Bradley 4.

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WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

Prior to the departure of the New Zealand soccer representatives on their tour of Australia, Mr. Thomas, of the Marist senior soccer team was presented by members of the Marist Old Boys' Association with two travelling bags. Mr. Thomas is an enthusiastic member of the club, and it is in recognition of his sterling worth as well as the deserved honor accorded him by the soccer authorities, that members of the association assembled to wish him success.

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TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The other Saturday evening the Celtic Football Club held a smoke concert in the St. Patrick's Hall, Browne Street, to bid farewell to Mr. P. Geaney, who was for a number of years secretary of the club. Mr. P. F. Roach presided over a large gathering and a very enjoyable evening was spent. In making a presentation, which took the form of a solid leather suitcase, Mr. Roach expressed appreciation of the good work Mr. Geaney had done for the club during his long association with it, and wished him every success in his new sphere. Several others also spoke in complimentary terms of Mr. Geaney's sterling qualities and the high esteem in which he was held by all. Rev. Father O'Ferrall, on behalf of the Catholic club, presented Mr. Geaney with a volume of Shakspeare, and remarked on the willing help he had at all times given to the club. Mr. Geaney suitably replied, thanking all for their useful gifts and the kindly sentiments which accompanied them. The remainder of the evening was spent in music and song, those who contributed being Messrs. P. F. Roach, F. Geaney, P. Munro, F. Pearce, and R. O'Connor. Mr. Geaney left subsequently for his new position in Fairlie.

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INVERCARGILL.

The Marist Old Boys' Football Club has greatly pleased its supporters by its vastly improved form this season. In its last match the Pirates club was fortunate in beating it by the narrow margin of 9 to 8. The previous Saturday Marist beat Bluff by 24 to 3, and the week before the Waikiwi team with their two All-Blacks (Richardson and White) was beaten by 11 to 8. The president of the Union has advised players desirous of representative honors to imitate the Marist style of back play. The Marist school second grade team (under 6 stone 7 pounds) has been unbeaten so far. Its wins are as follows:—Against North, 11 to 3; Middle, 21 to nil; Waikiwi, 53 to nil; South, 29 to nil. The 3rd grade (under 5 stone) is also doing well. In its last match against North it won by 20 to nil.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

In the football competitions on Saturday week, Marist seniors defeated Albion by 8 to nil; 2nd grade beat Technical College by 24 to 6; 3rd's won from Technical by 16 to nil; 4th's beat Riccarton by 28 to nil; and 5th grade defeated Belfast by 8 to nil.

A successful social arranged by St. Mary's Tennis Club, was held on a recent evening in the Memorial Hall, Manchester Street. The arrangements were in the hands of a capable committee, to the members of which much credit is due for the beautiful decorations and other features which contributed to the success and enjoyment of the function. During the evening the club captain (Mr. D. McCormick) presented Miss Ida Bradford (winner of the ladies' handicap singles) with trophies generously donated by Mr. and Mrs. McCullogh.

The Irish Society, Dunedin

The monthly meeting of the above society was held in the Overseas Clubrooms on last Thursday evening. The president Mr. A. J. Ryan presided, and among the guests of the evening were representatives of the Gaelic Society. In welcoming the Gaels the president referred to the pleasant memories of former meetings, and expressed the hope that they would have many more of a like nature in the years to come. The programme was arranged mainly to commemorate the anniversary of Thomas Moore, and included, to a large extent, items from "Moore's Melodies." The choir, conducted by Mr. T. J. Anthony, rendered several part songs: Miss Fitzpatrick a pianoforte solo, Misses N. Coughlan, D. O'Sullivan, May Hungerford, A. Moore, L. Budge, and M. Gall dances; Misses Heley and McIlroy, recitations; Mrs. Carty and Mr. F. Rodgers, vocal duet; Mrs. McIlroy, Miss C. Dillon, Messrs. M. Coughlan, and F. Rodgers, songs. Miss M. Sandys was accompanist, and Mr. W. Budge supplied the pipe music for the dances.

The Hibernian Society

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, PORT CHALMERS.

Encouraged by the success which attended their recent function, and the gratifying results attained, the members of the above branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, in conjunction with a number of the parishioners, held a meeting recently in the schoolroom, when it was resolved to promote an organisation to be known as the Hibernian Social Club. The objects of the club include the holding of social entertainments to assist any worthy undertaking, and meetings for the mutual improvement of the members. Bro. J. P. Eagar (who presided) expressed the opinion that the club should be controlled by the younger parishioners, and a resolution to that effect was moved by him and adopted, together with the appointment of executive committee consisting of Misses Borlace, Craig, and Hart, Bro. S. W. Mead and H. Albertson, to carry on the work for the balance of the present year. Bro. Mead was elected chairman and treasurer, and Bro. Albertson, secretary. The lady members of the executive are to arrange programmes and other details of the various functions. A strong effort is to be made to enlarge the membership of the club and extend its activities. The inaugural event is to be a euchre party this (Thursday) evening.

The Strasburg Clock

The wonderful model of the Strasburg Clock, now showing at the King's Theatre, Dunedin, continues to draw crowds of delighted sight-seers. Few cities of Europe have such an interesting history as Strasburg, the capital of Alsace, which, with its neighboring territory of Lorraine were annexed by Germany as an outcome of the Franco-Prussian War, but reverted to France at the close of the Great War. The Cathedral is an epitome of Gothic art. The lofty tower in which is placed the world-famous astronomical clock (the perfect model of which is now being exhibited) was completed in 1439. The descriptive lectures given at short intervals are in themselves quite an education.

Allen Doone

Mr. Allen Doone and his theatrical company of sterling artists are meeting with well-deserved success during their tour of the chief centres of the North Island. Mr. Doone is an actor, a singer, and a composer, and he has won success in all capacities in America, Australia, and New Zealand. His plays all have a true honest ring in them and none of them have yet proved a failure. He has associated with him, Miss Edna Keeley, who has become quite famous in the characters she delineates. She is a quaint, dainty little performer and wins her way into the hearts of the audiences. The rest of the company are all well-known and experienced actresses and actors. The Allen Doone Company is billed to appear at Stratford on June 9, Hawera on the 11th, Taihape on the 12th, Hamilton on the 14th, Cambridge on the 15th, and Auckland from June 16th.

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PERIOD FROM MAY 10 TO 16, 1923.

AUCKLAND, HAWKE'S BAY, AND FOREIGN.

D. McL., Annet Vale, Waipatiki, 30/4/24; M. M., Tolago Bay, 30/4/24; I. J., Murphy Rd., Taradale, 8/5/24; T. B., Kakahi, 15/1/24; O. McK., New Bond St., Auckland, 23/1/24; T. F., Manutuke, Te Aroha, 8/5/23; J. C., Otahuhu, —; T. K., Annuello, Victoria, 8/5/23; L. C., Victoria St., Hamilton, 23/5/24; J. C., Shakespeare Rd., Napier, 23/10/23; F. L. M., Hikurangi, 23/5/24; J. O., Kenneth Av., Morningside, 23/10/23; J. D., Queen St., Wairoa, 23/5/24; P. K., Rotorua, 30/5/24; Mrs. S., Whangarei, 30/9/23; Mrs. K., Hunter St., Dannevirke, 30/9/23; Miss D., Ardfield, Kihikihi, 30/10/23; G. M., O'S., Warwick Rd., Hastings, 30/4/24; J. T., St. Mary's Rd., Pongsonby, Auckland, 23/5/24; V. E. R., Nuhaka, 15/5/23; A. B., Queen St., Paeroa, 15/5/23; M. L., Miller St., Dannevirke, 15/11/23; D. N., Otatau, Waiuku, 30/3/24; P. M., Waihou, Te Aroha, 23/5/24.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

A. F., South Rd., Hawera, 8/5/24; E. M., Chomley Lodge, Thorndon Quay, Wgton., 30/9/23; Mrs. K., Halswell St., Wanganui, 15/10/24; Rev. M., Convent, Otaki, 30/9/23; Mrs. R., Carlton Av., Wanganui, 15/1/24; P. J. K., Barrister & Solicitor, Feilding, 8/5/24; Miss S., Box 50, Pahiatua, 30/9/23; A. C., Thorndon Quay, Wgton., 8/11/23; P. C. F., Britannia St., Petone, 8/6/23; M. J., Central Terr., Kelburn, 30/3/24; E. P., Police Stn., Whangamomona, 8/3/24; J. T. M., Devon St., New Plymouth, 30/9/23; F. E. B., Kerewarewa, 30/5/24; M. O'B., P.O., Mataroa, 8/8/23; J. C. G., Commercial Hotel, Waverley, W.G., 15/1/24; R. A. B., Mangatainoka, 15/2/24; D.J.L., Bridge St., Rongotai, W.N., 30/9/23; J. M., Gorge Rd., Woodville, 15/5/23; J. R., Ruahine St., Palm, North, 30/9/23; Rev. J. J. K., Catholic Presbytery, Opunake, 23/5/24; M. O'C., Denbigh St., Feilding, 15/4/24; A. H., Gloucester St., Wanganui, 30/6/23; W.L., Warea, 23/5/24; J. C. S., H.M. Prison, Wgton., 23/5/24; D. D., Hastie's Hotel, Feilding, 15/5/24; D. B., Contractor, Petone, 8/10/24; M. W. O'B., P.O., Mataroa, 8/11/23; J. D. B., Whare-hoa, Raumai, 23/4/24; E. T., Young St., Wanganui, 15/11/23; H. F., Union St., Hawera, 30/5/24.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

J. R., Church St. W., Timaru, 30/3/24; N. D. M., c/o M. O., & S. B., Timaru, 30/9/23; D. L., High St., Timaru, 30/4/24; T. O'B., Latter St., Timaru, 30/4/24; A. J. R., Lauriston, 8/1/24; H. S., Regent St., Timaru, 30/9/23; T. P. O'R., Edenbridge St., Spreydon, 23/4/24; Mrs. C., Spencer St., Addington, 15/4/24; P. H., Washdyke, Timaru, 23/4/24; J. S., Box 122, Fairlie, 30/3/24; B. Bros., Milford, Temuka, 8/4/24; Mr. N., Kerrytown, 30/3/24; P. J. C., Edinburgh St., Spreydon, 30/3/24; M. O'C., Totara Valley, Pleasant Point, 23/5/24; M. C., Lyalldale, St. Andrews, 8/3/24; J. B., Ma Waro, Timaru, 15/5/24; T. C., Box 143, Timaru, 23/5/24; A. S., Kerry-

town, 8/4/24; P. S., Arowhenua, Temuka, 30/12/23; E.H., Willowdale, Wai-iti, 15/9/23; F. L. McG., Bealey Av., Chch., 8/3/24; J. H., Shirley Rd., Chch., 23/5/24; R.T.M., Stichebury House, Sarah St., Timaru, 23/4/24; J. M., Henton St., Timaru, 30/9/23; T. C., Harper St., Timaru, 15/3/24; P. C. L., Orari Bridge Delivery, Geraldine, 15/4/24; M. L., Aberdeen St., Chch., 15/11/23; M. G., Maud St., Temuka, 30/3/24; C. B., Manchester St., Chch., 15/10/23; J. P. McG., Hassall St., Timaru, 30/4/24; T.G., Upr. Waitohi, 23/5/24; T. K., Pleasant Point, 23/4/24; P. V. McB., King St., Rangiora, 23/7/23; J. C., Craigie Av., Timaru, 30/9/23; E. McG., Matilda St., Timaru, 8/5/24; M. H., Simeon Quay, Lyttelton, 30/3/24; Miss C., Barbadoes St., Chch., 30/3/24; D. McL., Bright St., Westport, 23/4/24; M. M., Armagh St., Chch., 15/11/23; D.R., Ashton P.O., Ashburton, 23/9/23; J. C., "Langley," Rakaia, 15/5/24; M. Bros., Barbadoes St., Chch., 23/5/24; L. O'C., Green Hill Rd., Morven, 30/3/24; J. D., Morven, 30/3/24; Mrs. D., St. Asaph St., Chch., 15/11/23; W.M.M., "Bir Hod," Flat Creek, 30/11/23; Mrs. B., Millerton, 15/5/24; T. C., Millerton, 15/11/23.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

T. C., Racecourse, Winton, 23/2/25; J. McG., Arthur St., Dun., 30/10/23; Mr. R., Begg St., St. Kilda, 8/5/23; Mrs. S., Grant St., Dun., 30/9/23; A. M., Earn St., Invercargill, 30/5/24; M. J. G., Queenstown, 30/5/24; M. C., Balfour, 15/4/24; J. G., Highgate, Maori Hill, 30/9/23; Rev. L. B., Mosgiel, 8/5/23; Mrs. H., Elm Row, Dun., 30/9/23; Mrs. O'N., High St., Dun., 30/5/24; M. B., Heddon Bush, 30/1/24; J. G. S., S.M., Wyndham, 8/4/24; F. H. O., Oamaru, 15/1/24; M. McK., Sth. Dun., 30/3/24; D. O'C., Toa P.O., Longbush, 23/11/23; P. McG., Limehills, 8/2/24; M. McK., Mossbank, 30/4/24; J. O'N., Nelson St., Gore, 30/4/24; H. P., Box 217, Dun., 23/5/24.



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Successful Mission at Hamilton

(Contributed.)

A very successful mission was conducted in Hamilton for a fortnight during the earlier portion of this month by the Marist Missioners, Rev. Fathers McCarthy and McGrath. The attendances throughout were very large, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested until the close. There can be no doubt that Father McCarthy's fine eloquent mission sermons made a great appeal, and the large crowds at early morning Mass and at the evening devotions were evidence of his prowess in instilling into the minds of the people a fuller realisation of "the one thing necessary." One particular feature of the fortnight's exercises was the grand procession of the Sacred Host held on the Thursday evening of the first week of the mission. Every member of the congregation, numbering about 800, each bearing a lighted candle, took part. The huge procession as it passed through the church grounds to the accompaniment of hymns and lighted by the flickering flare of the candles, presented an unique and picturesque sight of a nature perhaps never seen before in Hamilton. So well was everything arranged that the little girls in their regalia at the head of the procession were about to re-enter the church after travelling the prescribed course as the men who brought up the rear were leaving the building. Prior to the procession Rev. Father McCarthy delivered an appealing address on the "Blessed Sacrament," explaining how God in His love for mankind had ordained that He should be ever with His people in actual reality on the altar of the Church.

The mission was brought to a close with a sermon on the "Divinity of the Catholic Church," delivered in an eloquent manner by Rev. Father McCarthy, the spacious church of Our Lady of the Rosary being packed to overflowing. After renewing their baptismal vows the members of the congregation, with bowed heads and lighted candles in their hands, then received the papal blessing, the final ceremony in the exercises of the mission. Rev. Father McCarthy, on behalf of himself and his confrere, Rev. Father McGrath, who was associated with him for the first week but who during the second week gave a mission at Te Kowhai, where he met with marked success, expressed the greatest gratification at the splendid showing made by the parishioners in giving such fine demonstrations of faith by their attendance night and morning every day of the mission.

Right Rev. Dr. J. Liston, Coadjutor Bishop of Auckland, who was in attendance, spoke of the great debt of gratitude which the parish owed to the Marist Missioners, referring in eulogistic terms to their unselfish efforts and their untiring zeal so that those whose faith was falling from them might be set again on the path of virtue, and that those whose lives were pleasing in the eyes of the Almighty might be still further strengthened for the battle of life.

An outstanding feature of the mission was the men's general Communion, which took place at the eight o'clock Mass on the final Sunday. A special request had been made that all the men of the parish should participate, and in response to this expressed wish between 300 and 400 men in a body approached the Holy Table. After Mass, all marched to the convent school, where a Communion breakfast was held. Bishop Liston presided, and afterwards congratulated the men on their splendid rally. His Lordship then called for three cheers for Rev. Father McCarthy, which were heartily given, and also for the parish priest (Rev. Father Bleakley) and his two assistants, and for the ladies who had arranged the breakfast. Cheers for the Bishop himself closed a function which the missioners regard as one of the most pleasing of the whole mission.

The Number Seven

Seven is often called the number of perfection, there being seven sacraments, seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, seven joys and sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, seven great councils of the early Church, etc. The seven champions of Christendom are: St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. David of Wales, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. James of Spain, St. Denys of France, and St. Anthony of Italy.

WANGANUI NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

May 23.

The many friends of Mr. A. E. Kitchen are glad that he has recovered from his recent seriousness. Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen are home again from a trip to Hawke's Bay.

Died at the Sacred Heart Convent last week, Sister Monica, one of our senior Sisters. The late Sister had been ill and suffering for many years and was well-known to the older members of the congregation.—R.I.P.

Mrs. A. McDonald died also last week at the residence of her daughter Mrs. R. J. Campion, Fordell. Never very strong, for a number of years Mrs. McDonald had been quite an invalid suffering from periodical serious and distressing heart attacks. Lately, however, she had been well enough to be taken out to Mrs. Campion's home, and here it was that she had the final seizure passing away quietly and peacefully. The body was brought into town on Sunday evening and placed in the church, Rev. Father McDonald receiving it and his four brothers, Messrs. Louis, Edgar, Ernie, and Ron, reserving to themselves the privilege of carrying it into the church. Many of the congregation waited and joined in the prayers. Requiem Mass was celebrated on Monday morning by Father McDonald assisted by Father Mahony; a choir consisting of Fathers Hickson, Ryan (Wellington), Venning (Jerusalem), and Outtrim, singing the beautiful music, and the Children's Choir sang their favorite hymn, "They Are Waiting For Our Petitions." The funeral took place immediately after Mass, Father Mahony officiating, and again at the graveside the priests sang the "Benedictus." Our sympathy is extended to the family, all of whom were able to be present, except Sister M. Bernard (Hokitika), and to Miss McDonald who has always been one of the household and specially devoted to the dear one now at rest.—R.I.P.

Football is in full swing, the Marists are in good form again after a most eventful Saturday a week or two ago. On the afternoon about half the team had to retire for major and minor repairs—smashed noses, twisted thumbs and ankles, and cracked collar-bones being some of the extras. However, football hurts are hardly noticed, and certainly not mentioned in decent company!

Last time I wrote I spoke feelingly of the younger generation of our congregation, who have blossomed into things electric, and even then I didn't mention all the new firms. Unintentionally, I left out Messrs. O'Brien Bros., who have been wiring us up for quite a few months. The place is full of electricians and dancing teachers and cabarets. So far, nothing to record in the way of a parochial *cachet* on the last named.

Abolishing the Workhouses in Ireland

The Free State has undertaken the task of abolishing the workhouses in its territory, and apparently the example is to be followed by the six-county Government. At the Newry Union meeting on Saturday (says the *London Catholic Times* for March 3), the clerk said there was a movement going on to close up almost all the workhouses in the six counties—Newtownards and Kilkeel being already closed—and he understood it was proposed in a very short time to close Banbridge Workhouse. He had written to the Enniskillen Board on the matter of closing which had been under consideration. The Enniskillen Guardians had decided to ask the six-county Ministry to introduce a Bill at an early date, boards of guardians to close down workhouses and board out the inmates. The Ministry had written to say that such legislation would be necessary before other action could be taken. The scheme was set on foot with the object of economising, as in many cases the body of the house had few inmates and the number in the infirmaries was very small.

Our joy depends upon the Cross, and Our Lord would not enter into His glory save by the way of bitterness. He leads you by the same path as the saints. Do not shrink from it. I beseech you, but be patient, yield to Him, ask Him to follow His will, and not yours.—St. Vincent de Paul.

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BETTER THAN RICHES

There was once a rug-maker of Persia noted for the beauty of his work, and his name was Ali Ben Sahrab.

Many buyers came and waited for him, knowing that his rugs were good; while the merchants in the market-place despised the poor weaver who had little to sell, though that little was of the finest quality.

Once late at night, as he bent lovingly over his loom, these merchants came secretly to him, saying, "Why do you waste so much time over each small rug when you might make many and sell to us at a great profit?"

And Ben Sahrab answered with the wisdom of Solomon: "A good name is better than riches, and service is above silver and gold. I am content."



The manufacturer who is too much concerned with profit cannot build an enduring business. Certainly he never makes the best product in his field. Invariably there is another manufacturer in the same field, whose pride of product is greater than his pride of profit, and his name comes to be the mark of all that is finest and most enduring.

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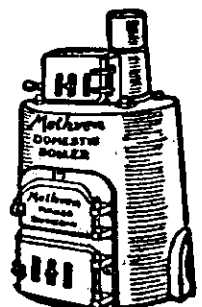
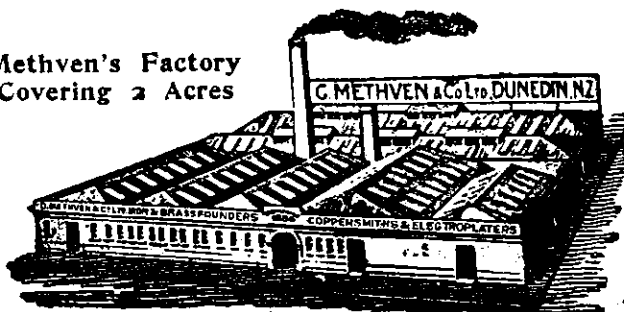
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Here and There

A Victorian Literary Peer.—Lord Crewe, British Ambassador in France, who now lies so seriously ill at Paris (says the *Dublin Weekly Freeman* of recent date), will surely be remembered by many as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1892 to 1895. It is, however, to his father, Richard Monckton Milnes, the first baron, that most interest attaches. He was seemingly a man of a wide range of sympathy. In 1848 he collected and published the papers of Keats, and he befriended and helped several poets, as Tennyson, and later Swinburne. He wrote a volume dealing with personalities he knew. One of those was Cardinal Wiseman, whom he met as head of the English College in Rome, while Cardinal Cullen was head of the Irish College. Dr. McHale, also then Bishop of Killaloe, a frequent visitor to the English College, attracted Houghton by the strength of his individuality. He speaks of Dr. McHale's "persistent nationality—which, during his long career as Archbishop of Tuam, alienated him from all social intercourse with the representatives of British power in Ireland."

A Worker in the National Cause.—A very pleasant reunion took place on St. Patrick's Night in the A.O.H. Hall, Claude Road, Glasnevin, when the members of the local division of the Order availed of the national festival for the purpose of making a presentation to Brother J. M. Ryan, in recognition of his many years of loyal service as honorary treasurer. Brother J. P. Gaynor, President of the Dublin County Board of the A.O.H., presided over the gathering. The presentation consisted of a solid silver tea and coffee service, a silver tray, and a solid gold pendant containing the arms of the Order, all of which were supplied by the well-known firm of Messrs. Hopkins, jewellers, O'Connell Street. The chairman, in making the presentation, paid tribute to the sterling worth of Bro. Ryan, his unaffected sincerity of purpose, utter unselfishness, and devoted loyalty to the National cause. The president of the Division (Bro. Gallagher), Bro. Nathan (ex-president of the Dublin Co. Board), and several other speakers endorsed the chairman's remarks. Bro. Ryan made a suitable reply, and an interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

Forgotten Irish Dramatist.—Amongst the names of the Irish dramatists who flourished over a century ago, and who are now practically forgotten, is that of James Whitely, a descendant of whom has recently been appointed to an important judicial position in Canada. Whitely was born in Dublin, and became the manager and proprietor of the theatres constituting the "Midland Circuit of England." He was the author of many dramatic sketches, but his most important was "The Intriguing Footman." He is described in contemporaneous records as an "honest, gifted, kind-hearted man, whose conduct through life reflected credit on his calling." From the piece mentioned, Mr. William Macready (father of the celebrated tragedian and grandfather of Sir Nevil Macready), also an Irishman, born in Dublin, took the materials of a comedy which he entitled "The Irishman in London." Produced at Drury Lane in 1792, it proved most successful, the chief part being played by the celebrated Jack Johnstone.

An Orator and Dramatist.—It is just 71 years since the death of Richard Lalor Sheil, and the fact is recalled by a passing reference in an American paper to his tragedy, "Adelaide, or the Emigrants." To comparatively few is the name of the great orator familiar as that of a dramatist. Yet it was in his 23rd year that the work mentioned was produced at Crow Street Theatre, and it was subsequently, in 1816, put on the stage of Covent Garden, with the inestimable advantage of having the chief part played by the incomparable Miss O'Neill, who was supported by Young, Charles Kemble, and Macready. It, however, did not prove a success. In the year following, his tragedy, "The Apostate," was received in the same theatre with great approbation, the performers being the same combination. His third tragedy, "Ballamira, or the Fall of Tunis," was produced, but with inferior success, and it was followed

by his best dramatic effort, "Evadne, or the Statue," which ran for 30 nights to crowded houses. Miss O'Neill performed "Evadne" twice afterwards in Dublin, and it was later revived by Miss Helen Faucit, who added much to her fame by her admirable personation. On December 11, 1832, Sheil's last tragedy, "The Huguenot," appeared in the same theatre as had witnessed his earlier efforts, Macready alone remaining of the leading performers.

Senator Surgeon Gogarty.—Surgeon Oliver Gogarty, who has been giving a lecture on "The Genesis of the Drama" in London, long known in Dublin as an eminent throat specialist, and elected Senator, is generally credited with the authorship of a few Abbey Theatre plays. He will, however, not be quite unknown to a London audience, as George Moore has made his name familiar to readers of two continents as one of the most ingenious of versifiers who find in "Limericks" a vehicle for their special talent. With George Moore must be added the poet, William Watson, who acclaims the charms of the Dublin surgeon's personality in a manner that makes one hope his stay in London will be brief. To all who read modern verse, Watson's work is well known, especially his poem, "On Wordsworth's Grave." The following lines, in a different vein, which appeared in a recent book of verses, and are part of a longer poem, may not be so familiar :

Two Olivers before your time
Were not unknown in prose and rhyme;
One gave Drogheda to pillage,
And one wrote the *Deserted Village*;
But sorra an Oliver ever was seen,
Compared with him of Stephen's Green.

The Ghost of a Cork Tailor.—Recent mention in the news of the day of the Toghher district of Cork brings to mind the fact that it looms large in the ancient history of the city by the Lee. In the later period of the 18th century the bank of a lough there was called "Gallows Green," on account of the fact that it was the principal place of public execution at the time when people were hanged for petty larceny. In 1760 there was an amazing sequel to an execution at this spot. A tailor named Redmond, noted for his bibulous and dishonest habits, was sentenced to death for sheep stealing and was duly hanged. The huge crowd which flocked to the scaffold to see his end included an actor named Glover, then performing nightly at the Theatre Royal in George Street. Glover, who was a tragedian, examined Redmond and, observing faint signs of life, had him conveyed to a neighboring house, where he discovered that his neck was not broken, and he soon had him none the worse of his business with the hangman, in his grand uniform of green and yellow, who departed under the impression that he had well and truly performed his duty. Redmond "laid low" all day, thanking his stars for the advent of his rescuer, but got uproariously drunk, as usual, in the evening, and made his way to the theatre to again express his gratitude to his preserver. The house was full and, while Glover was declaiming, the tailor suddenly burst upon the stage. The fellow produced what was probably the most thrilling scene ever witnessed on the stage. The audience, believing that it was the ghost of the sheep-stealer come back to haunt them, fled in terror from the building. After a time the people returned to realise that they were not beholding an apparition, but the irrepressible Redmond, who was much inclined to assist Glover in the performance. In this escapade he ran great risk of being strung up a second time, as the Sheriff was in the theatre. He, however, affected ignorance of what was taking place, and Redmond was with much difficulty thrown out. His subsequent history is not recorded.

A monument of a large block of stone with a large cross towering over a multitude of smaller crosses, signifying the sacrifice of the chief and his soldiers, commemorated by the emblem of the Divine sacrifice was recently placed over the tomb of Colonel Driant, one of the most popular French heroes of the war, at Verdun.

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The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

My dear Little People,

I had made up my mind to make our page a little different for a change, but, among my letters the other day there was one from a little friend and it has made me think again. I wonder what all of you will think of Henry Campbell's idea to help the Ponsonby Orphanage children, and I am sure Anne and her chickens can manage it, if they try. Now then, Little People, let us see if we can get a wonderful surprise packet for Bishop Liston, he asked us all in last week's *Tablet* to help him. I wonder did someone whisper to him that a little boy, a friend of "Anne's," was going to try to set the ball rolling among all the other children. Let us see now how well we will do our first work together, so, all of you make a little offering for the orphans who are children like yourselves. If you have to deny yourselves a little so that you can spare your pocket-money—so much the better. And mind you don't worry your mothers and fathers for the money. If you have to borrow it from them, mind you *pay it back*, as this offering must be from the children to the children. I'll come in with you, and you can send the money to me with a little note saying who it is from. Then, every week we will publish our own list, and we will get quite excited watching it grow. Hurry up now, let us start this minute.

Another thing children. Please write your letters in *ink* and on *one* side of the paper only. I should have told you this long ago because it is very important. These grown-ups who print the *Tablet* are very busy people—you haven't the faintest idea how quickly they have to work so as to be finished in time—and you can help them by doing as I say. Remember: In *ink* and on *one* side only.—Anne.

P.S.—Mind you understand that no offering is too small for our list, provided it is the most you can give. Do you understand?

Dear Anne,—This is my second letter which I intended writing on Easter Sunday but unfortunately I met with an accident that afternoon. I was thrown out of a gig and received injuries on my head and arm. It is a wonder I was not killed but I think the Sacred Heart protected me because I always wear the badge. Dear Anne I read in the *Tablet* the account of the fire at St. Joseph's Orphanage: I am very sorry for the poor boys. I think it would be a good plan if all your Little People would give an offering to help in the rebuilding of their Home. If you approve of my plan I will send you five shillings. Best wishes. Your little friend, Henry Campbell, Albany.

(Henry, you are a trump for suggesting such an easy way to help the Orphan children. I'll give the same as you and I'm sure all our Little People will rally round. Certainly the Sacred Heart did protect you, and He always will if you try to love Him and help your neighbor.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I was very glad to see my letter in the *Tablet*. I am now in Std. II. and was eight last April. We have a dear little baby sister, and she smiles at us. This Island is not very big. The season for shooting wild ducks opened yesterday, but Daddy has not been out yet. There is a big lake seven miles from here; and hundreds of wild swans live on it; and men can shoot them at any time. They lay their eggs on the shore, and people gather them to eat and to make cakes. There is a wireless station at Waitangi. We have no roads; and in winter it is very muddy. Pat and I caught ten eels in the holidays. Mummy took me to New Zealand when I was a baby. Your little friend, Edward John Prendeville, Owenga, Chatham Islands.

(So you did forgive me for keeping you waiting so long last time Edward. When are you coming over to New Zealand again? What is a swan's nest like, and are the eggs very big? Some day will you send me a snap of your family at Chathams.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I was very pleased to see my letter printed in the *Tablet*. We have two little kittens named Darky and Spotty. Our examination is next week and I am looking forward to the holidays. We have early church next Sunday and I am going to make my first Communion. Well I must say good-bye now. Love from your friend, Eileen Whelan, Waimatuku.

(Now you are having holidays and enjoying them, too. I'm sure. Did you make your First Communion quite safely?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I wish I were one of your friends. I am six and am in Std. I at school. I like going to school very much and play leap-frog hide-and-seek and other games. We are getting a new fence round the school. I have two sisters called Eileen and Cecily. I will tell you about our farm if you would like me to write to you again.—Mary Griffin, Te Wae Wae.

(Mary mine, you are one of my little friends and your letter is a masterpiece. Wish we could leap-frog together.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am going to be a friend of yours. I have one brother and two sisters. I am in the fourth standard. I live in Westport, the place where the best coal comes from. Our coal saved a warship one time in Suva when all the other boats were wrecked in a hurricane. We had seven ducks but we killed three for Easter Sunday. We have thirteen fowls, on an average we get one egg a day. And we have 29 fruit trees. The weather is fine to-day. Sometimes I get up and go to church. I am a Catholic. I am ten years of age. I stay with a lady at Westport. We had our school picnic on St. Patrick's Day. I am fond of reading the *Tablet*, but Anne soon I'll get no *Tablet* because my friends have got a house in which they will get it. Now I must close my letter. Good-bye now Anne. From your new friend, Patrick Terence Thorpy, Westport.

(Good boy Pat, stick up for your own coal. Do you ever help mother clean the stove. My, what a dinner you had on Easter Sunday. Perhaps your friends will let you peep at the Little Folk's page in the *Tablet*.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am eight years old and am in the second standard at school. How old are you? but I forgot Anne and you need not answer that, as it is not gentlemanly to ask a lady that question. I have a lovely pet lamb and her name is Shiela and a calf and I call her Brenda. Must stop now with love to you Anne from your little friend, Bernard Joseph O'Malley, South Hillend.

(It's quite all right about asking me my age Bernard, but we will talk about Shiela and Brenda instead. How are they and how are you?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am writing again very soon, as my last letter has not been published yet, but I suppose it will be in next time. I went up to the Post Office for the mail to-day, as I was in a hurry to get the *Tablet*, to see the results of the competitions, but as I see it is not going to be in until next week, I need not be anxious for it just yet, but I will next Tuesday. I did not read in the *Tablet* all about the burning of the Takapuna Orphanage, but I wished I had read it. It must have been dreadful for the poor boys and girls, and the Sisters too, to wake up and find themselves in the burning building. How lucky they were to all escape! Well Anne our Easter holidays are over to-day, and we have to go back to school to-morrow. I have just been looking for our sick duck, but it is not far away. About two weeks ago a weasel took seven of our little ducks and nearly killed another one. We have had it inside in a box for about two weeks, and now we let it go with the other little ducks, but it cannot keep up with the other ducks and we always think it is lost. My little brother started serving on the altar last Sunday. Well, as I told you that on Easter Sunday it was going to rain it did, and very heavy too. The Inangahua Junction sports were on Easter Saturday but they had to be postponed till the Monday on account of the rain. Well Anne I think I am taking up too much space, so I close. From your friend, Tessie McMahon, Cronadun.

(By this time you know the results of the competition Tessie, also you have seen your letter published. Did you get that weasel?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I wonder if I am the first to you from Roxburgh. I look at the *Tablet* every week but do not see any of the Roxburgh children's names in it. We have no convent school here so I go to a public school and I am in std. V and I am 11 yrs of age. I have one sister and three brothers my sister and one of my brothers are left school and my other two brothers are in std. VI. We have a orchard and we grow kinds of stone fruits, apples and pears. We are now picking our apples and it takes a long time because we have to be careful not to bruise them because if they are bruised they would not keep. Well dear Anne this is all the news for my first letter but will write a longer one next time. From your new friend —Frances Brady, Roxburgh.

(I am not quite sure if you are my first Roxburgh friend, but you are ever so welcome all the same. Wish I could go fruit picking with you.—Anne.)

The Pure of Heart

Prayer.—Help me, O Lord, to serve Thee with a stainless mind, a pure heart, and a chaste body. Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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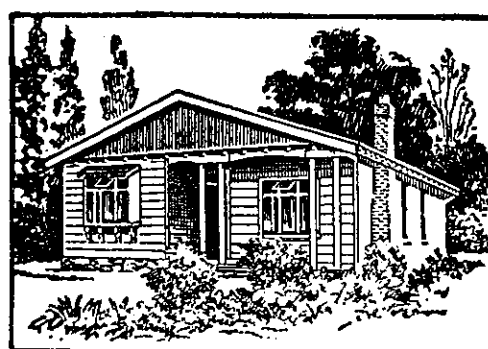
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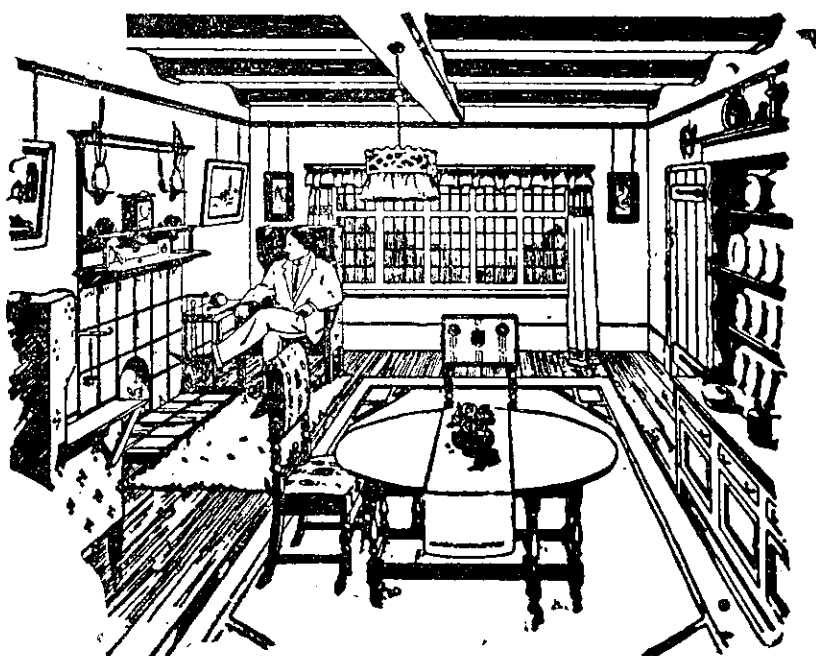
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Faith of Our Fathers

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]
Of the Supreme Dominion of Jurisdiction Which God Has
Over His Creatures.—(Continued.)

Q. 15. What effects ought the consideration of this supreme dominion of God to produce in our souls?

A. Chiefly these two. (1) A most profound humility, a reverential awe and dread of His infinite majesty. This is what St. Peter most earnestly recommends to all, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. Be you humble, therefore, under the mighty hand of God" (1 Pet. v. 6). St. Paul in like manner says, "Let us serve, pleasing God, with fear and reverence; for our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 28). And indeed if so great veneration is shown to the majesty of earthly kings and potentates, which is scarce a shadow of majesty if compared with God; if their subjects tremble and are confounded in their presence, so as sometime to be unable to speak a word before them; with what sentiments of veneration, with what profound respect ought our hearts to be penetrated in the presence of the most High God, the most august majesty of the increated, all-powerful King of heaven and earth? With what reverential dread and awe ought we to be overwhelmed, every time we call to mind His Divine presence? every time we hear His adorable name pronounced? "Hear, O foolish people," says He Himself, "and without understanding: Will you not then fear Me? said the Lord" (Jer. v. 21). *Me!* who am the King of kings, and Lord of lords. *Me!* who have the universe for My kingdom; all creatures for My subjects; for My throne, immensity; for My sceptre, omnipotence; for My diadem, eternity; for My soldiers, thunders and lightning, tempests and deluges, famines, plagues, and earthquakes; *Me!* whose anger none can resist; *Me!* who have your life in My hand, and can destroy you whenever I please; who have the whole world in My power, and can reduce it to nothing in an instant; *Me!* so tremendous a prince; and you worms of the earth, My creatures, My vassals, My slaves! and will you not fear Me? "If I be your master, where is My fear? saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. i. 6). O great God, truly "There is none like to Thee, O Lord; Thou art great, and great is Thy name in might. Who shall not fear Thee, O King of nations? for Thine is the glory; among all the wise men of the nations, and in all their kingdoms there is none like unto Thee." . . . for "the Lord is the true God, He is the living God and the everlasting King; at His wrath the earth shall tremble, and the nations shall not be able to abide His threatening" (Jer. x. 6, 10). "Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket before Him, and are accounted as the smallest grain of a balance. . . . All the nations are before Him as if they had no being at all and are counted to Him as nothing and vanity" (Is. xl. 15, 17). "What then is man, O Lord, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" (Ps. viii. 5). "What is the number of my days, that I may know what is wanting to me? Behold Thou hast made my days measurable, and my substance is as nothing before Thee; and indeed all things are vanity; every man living" (Ps. xxxviii. 5). And shall this vanity, this nothing dare to set up its crest, and to walk with a high head and a stretched out neck, in the presence of the Almighty. Alas! how miserable a delusion would this be! "For if any man think himself to be something, whereas he is nothing, he deceiveth himself" (Gal. vi. 3), and how fatal is his deception, by which the great Almighty God becomes his declared enemy, and threatens him with utter ruin and destruction! "If his pride mount up even to heaven, and his head touch the clouds, in the end he shall be destroyed, like a dunghill, and they that have seen him shall say, Where is he? as a dream that fleeth away he shall not be found, he shall pass in a vision of the night" (Job xx. 6). And why so? "Behold I am against thee, O proud man, saith the Lord, the God of hosts, for the day is come, the time of thy visitation? and the proud one shall fall, he shall fall down, and there shall be none to lift him up; and I will kindle a fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him" (Jer. l. 31). "Wherefore let us humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, who resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble" (1 Pet. v. 6).

(2) The other effect which the supreme dominion of

Almighty God ought to produce in us, is a continual attention to do His will, and exactly to obey His holy commandments. Our obligation to this is a necessary consequence of His dominion and authority over us; and this obligation is so great that no power in heaven or earth can exempt us from it; we can no more cease to be strictly obliged to obey the commands of God, than we can cease to be His creatures; this obligation is as essential to us, as His sovereign dominion is to Him. And the necessity we lie under of complying with it so absolute, that we have nothing to expect but ruin and destruction, devastation and misery, if we refuse to obey Him, and rebel against Him. All which will still more clearly appear, if we consider attentively (1) That we are His creatures: whatever we are, whatever we have, we are altogether the work of His hands; He created us, and He created us out of nothing; consequently He has the most absolute power over us, and the most incontrovertible right to our obedience, and to every possible service we can do to Him; and of course we are strictly obliged in everything, without exception, to serve Him and to obey Him. Moses speaks with astonishment of the sins of his people, precisely as being an infringement of this supreme title that God has to their obedience as our Creator, and considers their disobedience as the greatest folly. "Is this the return thou makest to the Lord, O foolish and senseless people? Is not He thy Father that made thee, and possessed thee and created thee? . . . Thou hast forsaken the God that begot thee, and hast forgotten the Lord that created thee" (Deut. xxxii. 6, 18). What obligation can any man have to obey those who have dominion over him in this world, equal or comparable to what we owe to God as our Creator, or what right can an earthly superior have to the service and obedience of those under him, equal or comparable to the title that the Creator has to the service of His creatures? What is the authority of parents over their children; masters over their servants—kings over their subjects, if compared to the authority which God has over all creatures? Alas! all earthly dominion, and all the obedience due to it, is but adventitious, accidental, partial, and temporal; but the dominion of the Creator, and our obligation to obey Him is essential, indefeasible, universal, and eternal. If, therefore, it be great injury to earthly superiors, when their subjects disobey their lawful commands, who can conceive the unparalleled injury done to the Almighty Creator, when we, worms of the earth, refuse to obey Him, and transgress His sacred laws? What greater title can a man have to the use and service of any thing, than to that of the work of his own hands? The gardener has a perfect right to the fruits of his garden; the husbandman to the produce of his land; the builder of a house to the use and rents of the house which he builds; the merchant to the profits of his commerce. Now we are wholly the handy-work of God; He made us what we are—He created our very substance out of nothing—everything we have belongs to Him—we are altogether His undoubted property; how incontestable, then, must His right be to all service and obedience from us! and how great our obligation to serve and obey Him!

Sacred Heart Society, Wellington

A well-arranged and pleasant social evening was held recently at St. Joseph's Hall, Buckle Street (writes a correspondent), when the men of the Sacred Heart Society were tendered a concert after their meeting, an effort which was enthusiastically received and much enjoyed. Those responsible for the evening's success were Messrs. A. J. Fogarty, J. P. Hyland, W. B. Gamble, J. O'Sullivan, and R. S. Dwyer. The following contributed to the entertainment: Messrs. J. Boyce, R. L. Loftus, B. Kelly, P. Fitzgerald, P. Kelly, G. Burnette, A. J. Fogarty, J. Murphy, W. B. Gamble. Mr. F. Halley was the accompanist. Rev. Father O'Donnell thanked the performers for their kindness in providing a most enjoyable entertainment, and also the committee for their arrangements of the evening.

The May devotions held each evening at St. Joseph's Church in honor of the Blessed Virgin, have been well attended. Great credit is due to Messrs. D. Kelly and R. Dwyer, who were mainly responsible for the artistic scheme (in blue and white drapings and colored lights) of decorations of Our Lady's Altar.

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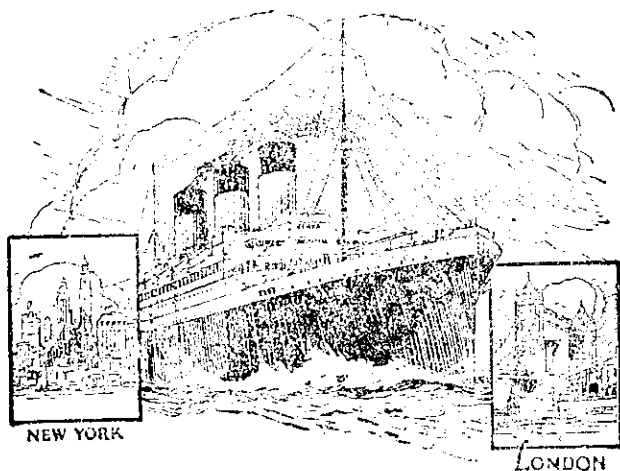
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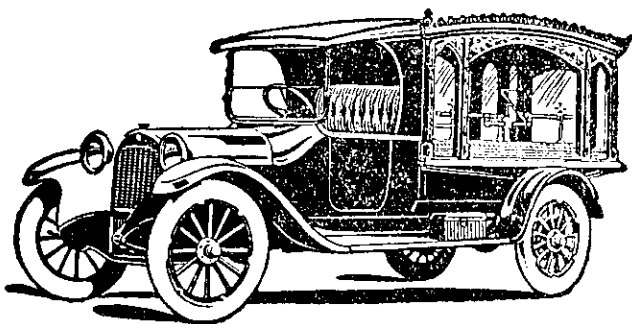
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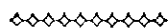
THE BISHOP OF CORK AND CRIME.

Referring to the partial destruction of Saint Mary's Hall on a recent Sunday in Cork Cathedral, the Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan said that the crime had shocked all classes, since no one thought that Catholic men could be found in Ireland who would deliberately commit an outrage on a parish hall belonging to their Church. But, as his Lordship added, when one gets on an inclined plane in the moral order, descent to the abyss is rapid. Some in Ireland are on such a plane to-day, and to what depths they may be impelled no man can tell. This alone is certain, while the present Government remains in power they will not be permitted to drag the country after them upon their wild career.



PATRIOT PRELATE'S HOME BURNED: DETAILS OF TIRCONNAIL CRIME.

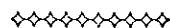
Further particulars of the burning of the residence of Mr. Daniel O'Donnell, of Kileraine, Glenties, brother of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Archbishop of Attalia, Coadjutor Archbishop of Armagh, and Apostolic Administrator of Raphoe, are now available. Three armed men entered the house and roused the occupants, Mr. Daniel O'Donnell, and two young relatives, from their beds, declaring that they were going to burn the house, as a reprisal for the Drumboe executions. They were given a few minutes to clear out of the house, after which the raiders saturated the walls, floors, and furniture with petrol and set the building ablaze. The occupants were warned that if they dared to remove any article of furniture they would be shot down. Great sympathy is expressed with Mr. O'Donnell by residents in the neighborhood. Furniture in the dwelling-house was also destroyed. Outside there was also a party of men on guard. This is the family home of Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell. Here were born his brothers, Dr. John O'Donnell, of Merrion Square, Dublin; Mr. Daniel O'Donnell, B.L., and other members of the family.



THE IRISH RAILWAYS.

The recent meetings of the chief railway companies in that country were marked by the submission of reports which have enabled the public to visualise the enormous material damage wrought during the period of general disorder that followed the Republican revolt last summer. In this connection the address delivered by Sir William Goulding to the Great Southern and Western shareholders was particularly effective. Having reminded them that sections of their permanent way had been broken on almost five hundred different occasions, that thirty-six of their engines had been damaged, and that two hundred and ninety of their bridges had been attacked by Irregulars, he informed them that the company's gross receipts for the year amounted only to £2,400,000, compared to £3,400,000 for 1921—a decrease wholly due to the disorganising influence of the civil war. Although the other reports were slightly less depressing, they all told the same story of lawless aggression against national trade and enterprise, the chairman at the Midland Great Western meeting adverting particularly to the senseless destruction of that company's splendid hotel at Recess (Connemara), long a well-known centre for tourists visiting the West. On one point, however, the reports were more than satisfactory; they all paid tribute to the energy, resource, and civic courage shown by the railway employees when faced by difficulties and dangers. The splendid courage which has been displayed by these trade unionists cannot compensate the country for lost life and trade, but it has set a high example to the Irish people. Were all the non-Republican sections of the community to manifest a tithe of that civic courage which has marked the conduct of the railwayman, peace would reign to-morrow in every corner of the land. As it is, a sense of their responsibility is, no doubt, beginning to dawn painfully upon the public, but we may yet have a long road to travel before our last local councillor has realised that patriotism shows itself,

not in playing to the noisiest element in the gallery, but in working for the stability of the State and the reconstruction of the country.

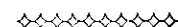


A GOLDEN JUBILEE OBSERVANCE.

A Dublin message under date April 12, says:—Scenes of great devotion marked the observance of the golden jubilee of the consecration of Ireland to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Throughout the city of Dublin the occasion was marked by impressive exercises. In general there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from the time of the last Mass until evening, when Benediction was given. Great multitudes of people visited the churches and participated in the devotion. Special solemnity marked the celebration of the anniversary at the Pro-Cathedral, where his Grace the Archbishop presided at the High Mass. The Dean and the Chapter of the archdiocese were present for the ceremonies. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached at this service, and after the Mass the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart was read.

"Fifty years ago," said Rev. Father Flanagan in his discourse, "the Irish Bishops consecrated our country to the Sacred Heart. What was the significance of that? It meant that we were committed as a nation and pledged to loyalty and fidelity to Christ, that we were committed and pledged to safeguard, as far as we could, His interests in the world, and that we gave ourselves to His love and service, individually and collectively, as a country. To-day we recall and renew that solemn act."

The day was a great one for the country, and its observance wherever it was celebrated served to recall a historic event in the country's history.



IRREGULARS' BASELESS CHARGES: ALLEGED ILL-TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

A campaign has been carried on by Irregulars about the ill-treatment of prisoners, and from time to time allegations are made for which there is no foundation. When a document was circulated some time ago alleging torture of prisoners by officers of the National Army, no evidence was brought forward to sustain the charge.

President Cosgrave has said if those who complained would give particulars he would have investigations made. He had one such case inquired into, and found that the allegation of torture could not be substantiated. It was the case of Joseph Clarke, a member of the Dublin Corporation. President Cosgrave, on receiving a letter from Mrs. Clarke complaining that her husband had been ill-treated in Mountjoy, immediately sent an officer, Commandant O'Reilly, who investigated the case, and it was found that Clarke was in perfect health, and bore no signs of ill-treatment.

No Ill-Treatment.

"The fact of the matter is," said President Cosgrave, "this is simply another attempt to embarrass the Government." He added that they held at the time 7000 prisoners. There had been only one death, a case of appendicitis, so that it did not appear there was much ill-treatment going on.

Another allegation (says the *Irish Bulletin*) is that of shooting at unarmed prisoners. It will be recalled that prisoners in Mountjoy some months ago attacked the guards from their cells with firearms, killing two and wounding three. In the return fire one prisoner was killed and two wounded. In a search of the prisoners' cells a land mine, revolvers and ammunition were found.

Count Plunkett's Scare.

On the same day the following telegram, misrepresenting the incident, was sent to the Bishop of Galway by Count Plunkett:—"Many prisoners shot in Mountjoy this morning. Free State officers charged with murder and savage treatment of prisoners. Bishops should press for impartial inquiry."

This was effectively countered, however, by the leader of the prisoners himself. A. Cuanan, who accepted full responsibility for everything that happened, and stated:—"That any lives should be lost occasions my most sincere regret. I have absolutely no grievance against the guard. They simply did their duty. Neither have I any cause for complaint against the officers in the prison, whose duty it was to keep us prisoners, and who, therefore, are in no way to blame for the loss of life."

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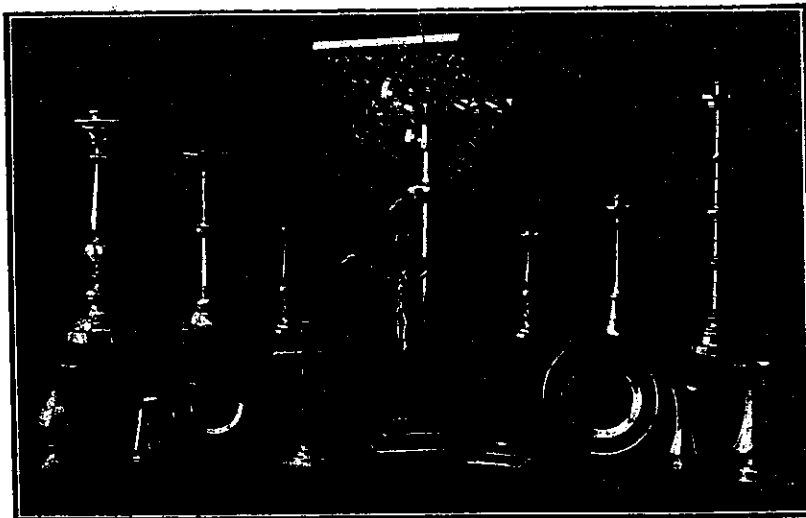
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Obituary

MRS. MARY JOSEPHINE HARRIS, WAIMATE.

There passed away on the 4th inst., at Waimate, in the person of Mrs. Mary Josephine Harris (*nee* Fahey), a lady who was formerly well known in Dunedin. The late Mrs. Harris was born in Co. Galway, Ireland. She came to New Zealand in 1891, and for some years managed the Gridiron Hotel, Dunedin. She married in 1902 the late Mr. A. Harris (for many years foreman printer of the *N.Z. Tablet*). They shortly afterwards took over the Empire Hotel at Waimate, and became well and favorably known to the people of that town and district. When, in 1911, her husband died, the late Mrs. Harris retired from business, and devoted her life solely to the welfare of her children. Deceased, although of a retiring disposition, was loved and esteemed by all who knew her. She was a devout Catholic, and, attended in her last illness by Rev. Father Peoples, she died fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. Her nephew (Rev. F. Marlow) officiated at the interment. A son and two daughters are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

MR. THOMAS FLANNERY, POOLBURN.

On Tuesday, May 8, there passed away at Poolburn, in the person of Mr. Thomas Flannery, one of the oldest and most respected settlers of Central Otago. Attracted by the glowing accounts of the New Zealand goldfields, the late Mr. Flannery, who was a native of Co. Sligo, left Ireland in 1865, and after a long and tedious voyage landed at Dunedin. In common with many others of the new arrivals, he quickly made his way to the German Hill diggings, then in full swing. After following the gold rushes of Otago, West Coast, and Coromandel with varying success, he returned to Tinkers, now known as Matakau, and was one of the small party who brought in the Undaunted water race. It is a lasting monument to the courage and perseverance of those sturdy pioneers that they accomplished a work of this magnitude without the aid of engineers, Government grants, or any of the latter-day appliances. After a few years of successful mining at Tinkers he took up land at Poolburn, and had farmed successfully there ever since. Throughout his life he was a staunch, practical Catholic, and was a familiar figure at the Ophir church, where he served Mass for about 40 years. He was also a strong supporter of the *Tablet*, and used to boast that he had never missed a copy since the first issue. Any movement in aid of the Irish cause always appealed to him. The funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in the district, evidenced the great respect in which deceased was held. The burial took place at Omakau, Rev. Father O'Dea, assisted by Father Fenton, officiating. Three sons of deceased served in the Great War, two of whom made the supreme sacrifice. The late Mr. Flannery is survived by his brother (Mr. B. Flannery, of Ophir), his widow, two sons and five daughters, to whom sincere sympathy is extended in their sad loss.—R.I.P.

MR. JEREMIAH HURLEY, WELLINGTON.

It is with regret (writes our Wellington correspondent) that I have to record the death of another of our most esteemed and staunch pioneer Catholics in the person of Mr. Jeremiah Hurley, which occurred at his residence, Brougham Street, on Thursday, the 17th inst. The deceased, who had a varied and interesting career, was born in Tralee, Ireland, and arrived in this country as a young man some sixty years ago. Being a teacher by profession he was master of the Catholic boys' school in Wellington before the advent of the Marist Brothers. On the school being handed over to the Brothers Mr. Hurley entered the Government teaching service, being stationed at Kaiwarra and subsequently at the Hutt, where he remained until his retirement. He then took up farming in the Otaki district, and was for a period of 25 years returning officer and registrar of electors for the Otaki electoral district. He removed to Wellington in his declining years. The late Mr. Hurley was Wellington's first correspondent to the *Tablet*, and also the first Wellington subscriber. He continued

taking the paper throughout his life. The late Mr. Hurley was also one of the foundation members of the local St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, occupying the position of secretary during the first years of its existence. He was also a Justice of the Peace. The deceased was a patriotic Irishman, and rendered valuable assistance to the cause of his native country which he loved. A pious Catholic and a man of integrity and honor, he was esteemed and respected by all classes of the community. He leaves a family of one son and five daughters to mourn the loss of a loving father. The son is Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., of Timaru, and two daughters are also serving God in religion as Sisters of the Order of St. Joseph. The other daughters are Mrs. Robertson, and the Misses Hurley. Mrs. M. J. Lynch, of Paraparaumu, is a sister of the deceased. Mrs. Hurley and a daughter (Mrs. Perry) died some years ago. The funeral (in deference to the wish of the deceased) was a private one. Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., celebrated Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Church (Buckle Street, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea and all the local clergy being present. The remains were interred at Karori Cemetery, Father Hurley officiating at the graveside. The deceased was attended in his last moments by Rev. Father Cullen, Adm., and had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments half an hour before he breathed his last.—R.I.P.

The Church and the Penitent

"Most significant and thought-compelling" is what the editor of the *American Church Monthly*, an Anglican magazine, terms the following "parable" from Andre Maurois's *Les Silences du Colonel Brumle*:—

"O'Grady, you are an Irishman, tell me why the Catholic chaplains have more prestige than ours." "Padre," said the doctor, "listen to a parable; it is your turn. A gentleman had killed a man. He was not suspected, but remorse caused him to wander abroad. One day, as he passed an Anglican church, it seemed to him that he must share his burdensome secret, and he asked the vicar to hear his confession. The vicar was a well-educated man, a former student of Eton and Oxford. Enchanted at the rare opportunity, he cried eagerly: 'Certainly, open your heart, you can speak to me as a father.' The other began: 'I have committed murder.' The vicar jumped up. 'You tell me that! Wretched murderer! I am not sure that it is not my duty to take you to the nearest police station. At any rate, it is my duty as a gentleman not to keep you a minute more under my roof!' The man went his way. Some kilometres further he saw a Catholic church. A last hope caused him to enter, and he knelt behind some old women who were waiting near a confessional. When his turn came he saw in the shadow a priest praying, head on hands. 'My father,' said he, 'I am not a Catholic, but I would like to confess to you.' 'I am listening, my son.' 'Father, I have committed murder.' He waited for the effect. The priest said gently: 'How often, my son?'"

The Doctor's little parable shows as well as could an hour's learned exposition the Church's attitude toward the sinner. Her high mission is to hallow her children and lead them to Heaven by changing sinners into penitents. So her confessors, though they have, of course, been trained always to act in the sacred tribunal like skilful physicians, prudent counsellors, and just judges, fully realise that they must be, above all else, kind and patient fathers. They have learned from the example of the Good Shepherd Himself that every lawful means should be used to keep the sinner from going away unrepentant and unabsolved. Therefore, the confessor never seems to be surprised or scandalised at anything he hears, and with a hundred holy artifices encourages faltering penitents to cleanse their bosoms thoroughly from the perilous stuff that is ruining their son's health. Encompassed with infirmity himself, he can feel for those who have been vanquished for a time in the never-ending battle they must wage with Satan, the world and the flesh. So he bends down, tenderly helps his penitents to rise, pours into their wounds oil and wine, and starts them forward again, heartened and rejoicing, on their way to heaven.

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St. Joseph's Boys' Orphanage, Takapuna Auckland

An Appeal

God's ways are strange, but they are wise. We can be quite sure then that He had some very good purpose in sending the fire that has reduced the Boys' Orphanage, Takapuna, and everything in it, to complete ruin. Perhaps it was to give us all—Bishop, priests, and people—an opportunity of practising charity to Our Lord Himself in the person of 109 orphan boys. And certainly the many good Catholic people who eagerly claimed the privilege of giving a home for the next few months to 80 boys, and the many others who claimed the same privilege but for whom there were no orphans left—these performed a very beautiful act of charity.

Whilst we return heartfelt thanks to God for His kindly Providence in protecting the lives of the little ones and the Sisters, I am sure we are all determined to make sacrifices in order to provide another home for our orphans. We are appealing to our fellow-countrymen of other faiths, for charity knows no bounds, but we must take up our own responsibility and give the example.

The position is this: The new wing, happily untouched by fire, is costing about £10,000. We have to add to that and rebuild what is left of the old orphanage (the walls of one part are standing). These additions and the furniture will cost at least another £10,000. We require, therefore, the sum of £20,000.

We have now £7000 in hand, and the insurances will come to £3000. So we have to find the sum of £10,000.

Others will help—the kindness of non-Catholics at Takapuna to the orphans was unbounded—but it is mainly our work, and with God's blessing we will take it up and carry it out.

We earnestly beg of you, dear friends, to make a not unworthy offering to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem in the person of the orphan boys. Every one of us will give—men, women, and children. No offering can be too big, no offering if given at a sacrifice can be too small. Those who haven't much wealth will give what they can; those who have been blessed by God with the goods of fortune will gladly seize this opportunity of thanking Him. All will be generous, giving at the cost of a sacrifice twice as much as they first intended to give.

Fathers! Mothers! Help generously to build a good home for these 109 boys, even as you would like other fathers and mothers to build a home for your boy where he an orphan.

Young Men and Women! Give cheerfully a week's wages—you can do this easily by cutting out some amusements—and so do your share towards providing for these orphans what you have yourself—a good home.

Children! God is very kind to you because you have good parents and a comfortable home. Come and help your little orphan brothers.

Let us all earn the reward promised by Him who repays even a cup of water given in His name to "the least of these My little ones."

* JAMES M. LISTON,
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Catholic World

BISHOPS AT WESTMINSTER.

On the Tuesday after Low Sunday (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for April 14), the archbishops and bishops of England and Wales met at Archbishop's House, Westminster, for the annual episcopal conference, with Cardinal Bourne in the chair.

The opening day was a busy one for their Lordships. Some of the prelates were present in the Cathedral in the morning at the Bernhardt Requiem, and all of them were in the Throne Room during the evening, when the annual levee in honor of the Hierarchy took place.

By now this annual reception is one of the most brilliant social functions of the London season. The dazzling diplomatic uniforms of the ambassadors and diplomats, prelatial purple and the old-world full dress of officials of the Papal Court and equestrian orders, together with the many decorations worn by members of knightly orders of the Empire, all help to make the moving scene up the great staircase and past the Cardinal's throne one of great animation and brilliant coloring.

But for all the gay uniforms and flashing decorations, the function is democratic in the extreme. High personages are there, it is true, but no special invitations are issued, and the doors are open to all who wish to pass before the members of the Hierarchy; so that Catholics of the working classes, with an utter lack of self-consciousness, rub shoulders with peers and ambassadors. The Cardinal's levee is, indeed, the most Christian and democratic function of the year.

CATHOLICS AND POLITICS.

Archbishop Keating of Liverpool, like his episcopal colleagues, is not in favor of Catholics, as Catholics, organising themselves into political groups. The Archbishop is strongly against the Catholic societies allowing party politics to enter into the sphere of their activities.

Party politics—his Grace told the Catholic Young Men's Societies—break up families, not to speak of societies. Their place is not in the Catholic Church nor at Catholic meetings.

The Archbishop warned the Catholic young men that should they apply for the hire of Catholic parish rooms for political meetings they must not be surprised if they meet with a refusal.

SPANISH STUDENTS IN ROME.

On Easter Monday the Holy Father gave a private audience to a delegation of Spanish students, representing the National Confederation of Catholic Students. His Holiness spoke with the liveliest interest about the life of students, and before dismissing the delegation said: "I have the greatest pleasure in knowing, greeting, and blessing you, and I should like this blessing to include all the Spanish students. Cardinal Benlloch has told me about your organisation and its aims, which I should like to be made better known to the Cardinal students of Italy."

The following day about 700 Spanish pilgrims were admitted to the presence of his Holiness, when the Pope addressed them in very cordial terms. The Holy Father's allusion to King Alfonso was not without its significance, for the wildest rumors have flashed between Rome and Madrid that the Holy See contemplates a rupture in its diplomatic relations with Spain. All this arose, so it appears, out of the contemplated modification of the Spanish Constitution. That scheme seems to have been nipped in the bud; but press writers unfavorable to the Vatican have tried to make an incident out of the affair. Something of the same kind was current last year; only that time it was supposed to be the Spanish Government that was to break relations, the alleged cause being that the Holy See had favored French and Italian claims in Palestine to the detriment of Spanish claims. It was a press canard, however.

REQUIEM FOR BERNHARDT.

King George sent his own special representative to the Solemn Requiem in Westminster Cathedral for the repose of the soul of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, at which the Cardinal Archbishop, with several other bishops, assisted.

Prominent among the ambassadors and diplomatic officers was the French Ambassador, while every section of official, social, and civil life sent its delegatoin.

But the theatrical and dramatic societies were mostly in evidence. Societies of Great Britain and France, both Catholic and non-Catholic, were represented, while some of the best-known actors in the country acted as ushers.

The memory of the famous French actress attracted to the Cathedral a congregation of high personages, that gave to the function almost as official a character as the Solemn Requiem for Benedict XV., when nearly half the floor of the nave was occupied by Ambassadors and Ministers and their suites.

RHINELAND BISHOPS PROTEST.

The city of Paderborn, which during the war was the centre of a great German movement for prisoners of war, which relieved thousands of Belgian and French prisoners, was the meeting-place for the Rhineland bishops, whence they have issued an appeal to the world in which once more they insist that Germany was not responsible for the world war.

The bishops call attention to Germany's sufferings following the Armistice during the Revolution, and the Versailles Treaty, which they declare falls heavily on the non-combatants. Their pastoral work, the bishops say, has had to be directed towards material relief, caring for the sick and disabled, more than to purely spiritual matters. Monasteries and convents are in a distressing condition; nevertheless there is a spirit of charity and reconciliation.

"We think it our duty," the bishops said, "to declare that our people, obedient to the Government, worked earnestly and honorably to fulfil the demands of the victors. To them it is due that almost a milliard gold marks have been handed over; and then we ask where has any people, in order to obtain peace, accomplished anything approaching this?"

"How can the Belgian and French conquerors, in face of this enormous contribution, seize upon a slight defect in our monthly supply of reparation coal to occupy our land and incite its inhabitants to disobedience and treason; to treat our most respected functionaries as common criminals; to exile them in chains? In the midst of peace we have exorbitant fines, public floggings, evictions, and brutal ill-treatment of the innocent and defenceless.

"We, the bishops, declare sorrowfully that these events will make a still deeper breach between the nations. We shall continue to teach our flock not to return evil for evil. But, on the other hand, nobody ought to expect us to remain silent in face of the sufferings of our flock; for that would suggest complicity, and responsibility for the terrible consequences that we fear—consequences that, in spite of the earnest dissuasion of England, will be made inevitable by the Franco-Belgian conquerors.

"It must be clear to everyone (save the French and Belgians) that the revision of the Versailles Treaty is imperative. As the pastors of seven million Catholics, two-thirds of whom are in the occupied area, we are familiar with all the circumstances, and seize this occasion to spread throughout the Catholic world some aspects of the needs and sufferings of our flocks, and turn, as becomes his true children, in the first place to our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI."

The lengthy protest is signed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, as well as by the Bishops of Munster and Paderborn. The Bishop of Trier was to have taken part in the episcopal conference that issued the manifesto, but as the railway communication was cut off the Bishop had to be content with giving his general adherence to the protest, without being able to be present at the conference.

Messrs. Jago, Biggs, Limited, the leading cycle and motor mail merchants in Dunedin, have an important announcement on page 34 of this issue.

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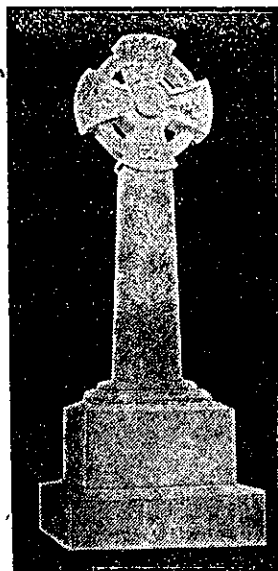
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By Maureen

INVALID COOKERY.

Invalid Beef-Tea.—Select 1lb of nice fleshy beef, without fat. Cut it into small pieces about the size of dice, and put it into a clean saucepan with about 1 pint of cold water, and bring it to the boiling point. Put in one salt-spoonful of salt, and heat gently from half to three-quarters of an hour. Strain, and set in a cool place. When wanted, it is a good plan to put the tea into a small cup or basin, and to place this basin in a saucepan of boiling water to warm, as beef-tea is always best made the day before it is wanted. The meat left from beef-tea may be boiled a little longer and pounded with spices for potting. This makes an economical and tasty breakfast dish. If when making soup or beef-tea for an invalid it is necessary to cool it at once, pass it through a clean cloth well saturated with water. Not a particle of fat will be left in the soup.

Chicken Soup.—Prepare a chicken as follows: Cut it up into joints, and put into a jar containing about 2 pints of cold water. Place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and allow it to boil slowly at the side of the fire for about two hours, and add more boiling water to the saucepan from time to time if necessary. Strain it by putting a muslin cloth over the mouth of the jar and letting the broth flow into a jug. If seasoning is liked, put in a little mace, pearl barley, and pepper and salt. If the invalid is very delicate, seasoning should be avoided.

Chicken in Aspic.—Prepare a chicken as for boiling. Place it in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover it, add a sprig of thyme, an onion, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and a thick slice of lemon, and salt to taste. Cook gently till tender. Meanwhile, soak half an ounce of gelatine in sufficient water to cover it. When the chicken is done, add the gelatine to the liquor in which the chicken was boiled, and reduce. Skin the chicken, when cool, and cut it up into neat joints. Place in a round basin, or shape, if preferred, and when the liquor is reduced enough, strain it over the chicken, and leave till set.

Milk Jelly.—Take 1 pint of milk, 8 lumps of sugar, 2 tablespoonsful of cornflour, 2 whites of eggs. Bring the milk to boil, then add cornflour, boil it, add sugar, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with vanilla, stir quickly, then put into a mould.

Egg and Chicken Broth.—Take 4 tablespoonsful of chicken-broth (warm), add this to a well-beaten egg; mix both together thoroughly. Pour this into a well-greased cup, which should be about half full; tie the cup over with a piece of greased paper. Place it in a saucepan with enough water to come half-way up the cup, and steam for 10 minutes. Beef-tea may be added in place of the broth. This should be served with toast and be very hot.

Oranges for Invalids.—Patients often refuse to take oranges. If they are prepared as follows they will be very palatable and easily eaten: Peel an orange and scrape away the white pith. Cut the fruit into thin slices and take out all the pips. If sugar can be taken, a liberal supply of castor sugar may be sprinkled over the fruit.

Household Hints.

To prevent chilblains, rub the hands and feet with damp salt.

Fresh orange peel is excellent for restoring black shoes. Rub well with the inside of the rind, and polish with a soft cloth.

Keep a small piece of wax candle by you when sewing for waxing threads or easing seams. When putting a thick seam through the machine, rub the candle along the line where the sewing will go, and there need be no fear of the needle breaking or sticking.

To soften a hard sponge cover it with cold water, add a tablespoonful of borax, and bring slowly to the boil in a clean saucepan. Then remove the sponge, rub some dry borax into it, and rinse under the cold tap, allowing the water to run over it for several minutes.

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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 394 head of fat cattle were penned, which was a large yarding. This number was considerably in excess of butchers' requirements, especially after the heavy yarding of the previous week. The entry consisted of a great many unfinished cattle, and beef of this description was in some cases practically unsaleable. The local graziers were operating for all unfinished sorts, and this helped the sale to some extent. Prime cattle were scarce, and there was good competition for these at prices equal to those realised at the preceding week's sale. Extra prime heavy-weight bullocks brought to £14, prime from £9 15s to £10 10s, medium from £7 10s to £8 17s 6d, others from £6 upwards, best cows and heifers to £5 15s, medium from £4 5s 6d to £5, others from £3 15s upwards. Fat Sheep.—A fairly large yarding of fat sheep was forward for last week's sale, 3186 being penned. The bulk of the yarding was comprised of medium wethers and ewes, and prices for this class showed a decline of from 1s to 1s 6d per head. Heavy-weight sheep were in good demand at prices 2s firmer than at the previous sale. Extra prime heavy-weight wethers realised from 45s to 49s, prime wethers from 40s to 43s 9d, medium wethers from 32s 9d to 37s 6d, others from 28s upwards. Extra prime heavy-weight ewes 32s 3d to 37s 6d, prime ewes from 26s 3d to 30s 9d, medium ewes from 23s to 25s 9d, others from 20s upwards. Fat Lambs.—A fairly good entry of 1477 was penned. All exporters were again operating at late limits, and the yarding was readily cleared at prices equal to those of the preceding week. Extra prime lambs brought to 35s 9d, prime lambs from 28s 6d to 32s, medium lambs from 23s to 26s 3d, others from 18s upwards. Fat Pigs.—There was an average yarding of pigs, all classes being represented. Competition was fairly brisk, and the previous week's prices were maintained. Prime baconers realised up to 6½d, and prime porkers up to 7d per lb.

At Addington last week there were heavy yardings in all classes. Beef again showed an easing tendency. Second quality fat sheep were also easier. Fat lambs were slightly firmer, and there was a good sale of store sheep. Fat Lambs.—2600 penned. A slightly firmer sale, the average increase being 9d, and in cases 9½d per lb. Extra prime lambs to 32s 6d, prime 27s 9d to 30s 6d, medium 24s 6d to 27s 3d, light 19s 6d to 21s. Fat Sheep.—A heavier entry than for some months. Prime wethers were unaltered, but other classes were weaker by 1s to 1s 6d per head. Extra prime wethers 34s to 37s, a few special 39s 1d, prime 30s to 33s 6d, medium 27s 6d to 29s 9d, light 25s to 27s 3d, extra prime ewes 30s to 32s 10d, prime 24s 6d to 28s 6d, medium 20s to 24s, light 16s 6d to 19s 6d, old 13s to 16s. Fat Cattle.—A heavy yarding of 445 head. A further easing in values. Extra prime made to 26s 6d, good to prime 22s to 24s, medium 19s to 21s, inferior 10s to 17s 6d per 100lb. Extra prime steers to £13 5s, prime £8 15s to £12, medium £6 10s to £8 10s, light £4 5s to £6 5s, extra prime heifers to £9, prime £4 10s to £7 5s, ordinary £2 15s to £4 7s 6d, extra prime cows to £7 12s 6d, prime £4 5s to £6 5s, ordinary £3 to £4. Vealers.—A heavy yarding and an all-round easing. Good runners £4 15s, ordinary heavy vealers £2 17s 6d to £3 12s 6d, medium vealers 18s to £2, small calves 15s. Fat Pigs.—Baconers were easier, but porkers sold at late rates. Choppers £3 to £5 10s, light baconers £3 to £3 10s, heavy £3 15s to £4, extra heavy £4 12s (average price per lb 5½d to 6d); light porkers £2 2s to £2 7s, heavy £2 10s to £2 17s (average price per lb 7d to 8d).

At the sale of rabbitskins, etc., last week, moderate catalogues were submitted to a full attendance of buyers. Bidding throughout was keen. The poorer grades were slightly easier, but the better grades showed an advance of 1d on average, as compared with the previous sale prices. Quotations: Prime does to 76½d, prime bucks to 73½d, first bucks to 68½d, first does to 73d, winter bucks to 64½d, winter

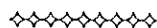
does to 68½d, early winter 57½d to 61½d, incomings 50½d to 57½d, late autumn 45½d to 50½d, autumn 45d to 48½d, prime racks 32d to 34½d, light racks 27½d to 29d, runners and suckers 18½d to 24d, summers 27d to 29½d, milky 22½d to 24½d, winter black to 68½d, autumn black to 60½d, winter fawn to 60½d, autumn fawn to 50½d. Hareskins to 29½d; horsehair to 26½d.



VALUE OF GRASS AS A FOOD.

The value of grass as a food is shown by the color and flavor of milk when cows are out to grass and also by the high quality of the butter and cheese made from it. "Grass" cheese is recognised to be superior even to "hay" cheese, although both the hay and the grass may be grown on the same land, the superiority of the grass arising from its being fresh when grazed, whereas hay is often old when cut.

The inferiority of winter dairy foods is not easy to explain, but, according to Professor Wrightson (says a Home paper), may be attributed to the following factors:—The age of the hay when cut, the introduction into the feeds of other foods, such as turnips and straw, to want of freedom and exercise; it may also be partly due to the cows being old in milk.



LUCERNE.

Of all fodder crops lucerne is probably pre-eminent. It has many advantages over others which are not appreciated by those who have not grown it. In the first place, it is a perennial, consequently when once established there is no further trouble of sowing afresh for some years. It is deep-rooted, going down, after moisture, as much as 18 or 20 feet, and thus is able to resist drought. It can be mown three times a year, so that when soiled off, if used in moderation, by the time the piece is finished the part first cut is ready to begin again, thus securing a succession of succulent food of the very best quality. If there is more than is required for green food it can be made into hay.

Cattle, horses, and pigs, the latter especially, do well on it when green, but sheep should not be folded on it, although they may be allowed to run over it in the autumn to finish off any odd stalks which would only be cut off with frost. It will produce as much as twenty tons to the acre of green food.

It is frequently sown broad-cast with a crop such as barley or oats at the rate of eighteen or twenty pounds to the acre in the same manner as seeds. A better plan, if the crop is drilled, is to drill the lucerne, also, in rows 9in apart crossway of the former. A few plants of the corn may be sacrificed with the coulters, but not so many as if all the rows ran the same way.

But if a piece of ground prepared as for roots and reduced to a good tilth can be spared lucerne may be sown late in the season. There are advantages in this late sowing. The ground can have a dressing of farmyard manure ploughed in during the spring, which is greatly in favor of the plant.

If sown after roots they should have been grown with such manure and not entirely with artificials. The land can be more thoroughly cleaned and annual weeds can be more easily destroyed. In fact, the life of lucerne seems to depend on its being kept clean.

Lime is also a necessity, and if the soil is deficient in this a dressing of two tons to the acre should be worked in before sowing the seed. The latter is drilled in rows 9in apart, 15lb to the acre being sufficient.

With a patch of lucerne one has always a crop of green feed during the summer.

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OUR HEROES.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
To do what you know is not right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you'll overcome in the fight.
"The right" be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—EBEN E. REEFORD.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

The most important part of the church is the sanctuary. Here is found the high altar, and here the most solemn functions of worship are performed. In the sanctuary are seats for those who minister at the altar. In cathedral the throne or seat (cathedra) of the presiding bishop is placed at the left or Gospel side of the sanctuary. Hence the name, cathedral church. The ideal location of the sanctuary is toward the east, with the Gospel side toward the north. As the sun rises in the east, so did salvation and truth come to use from the east: while the north is considered the abode of the powers of darkness, which the truth of the Gospel is to dispel. In most of our churches the choir is a gallery at the rear end of the church, where the singers have their place. But in many churches, especially cathedrals and convent churches, there is a space in or adjoining the sanctuary where the clergy and the religious assemble to recite the divine office or to assist at divine services. In many churches, especially of Europe, a similar location is reserved for the choir of singers. Adjoining the sanctuary is also the sacristy or vestry, consisting of one or several rooms. Here the sacred vestments and vessels are kept, as well as all other articles used at the divine ceremonies. In these rooms the priest and altar boys vest. There is in the sacristy, or about the high altar, a receptacle called the *sacramium* or *piselina*, into which the ablutions are poured, that is, the water in which the sacred linens have been washed. The portico, or porch, and vestibule are at the entrance of the church. The initial ceremonies of baptism, and other ceremonies, such as the blessing of the fire on Holy Saturday, are performed here unless circumstances demand otherwise. The nave is that part of the church which is filled by the faithful, more especially that part of the main body of the church which is beneath the glory-story. The Communion rail separates the sanctuary from the nave.

The essential part of the altar is the table upon which the Holy Mass is offered. The baldachino, as well as the more or less ornate superstructure, are not the altar proper. The altar proper must be of stone, or at least, the table of the altar must be furnished with a stone large enough to contain a Host and the greater part of the chalice. The altar or altar stone must be consecrated by the bishop. Every altar stone bears upon its upper surface five crosses—one in each corner and one in the centre—in memory of the five wounds of Our Lord; and a cavity, sealed with cement, in which are enclosed the relics of saints. There is also the fixed altar, which consists of a large stone slab resting upon a foundation which is either entirely of stone

or has stone walls or columns, foundation and table-slab being consecrated as one piece. The other altar is the portable altar or altar stone, an unattached, and usually small slab, consecrated by itself.

TAUGHT BY THE SACRED HEART.

On the subject of devotion to the Sacred Heart Cardinal Manning wrote:—

"If you love the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Sacrament by Its own light will teach you to know and love the Sacred Heart; and the Sacred Heart will open Itself, and will teach us to know Its own character. We shall know all Its love—the love which is from eternity to eternity, the love ineffable, Divine fervor, of unspeakable human tenderness; the Love that died for us. We shall know, too, the commandment of that Love when He was about to die for us. And we shall learn not only His love, but also His patience; for He abides in the midst of us. Sinners as we are—He still dwells in the midst of us in His humility, veiled, out of sight, slighted, and disbelieved, passed without a sign of recognition by the multitudes that go by Him. There He is, in His generosity, giving away grace after grace. We become bankrupt through our own fault and sin; we go back to Him; He restores to us the grace that we have lost; more than this, He pours down upon us even more grace than we have wasted; for His generosity is inexhaustible. He does not 'break the bruised reed' nor quench the smoking flax.' He waits for you. He has waited for you from childhood and in your youth and in your manhood; in all your wanderings He has been waiting for you still, trying to draw you towards Him, that some day, at last, you may come to true repentance, and that some day before you die you may be His disciple. And in all this I see what I may call His unsuspiciousness. Friends suspect one another, they form rash judgments of one another, they are always harboring hard thoughts of each other; they draw to themselves pictures and characters of other men, and seldom in their favor. How does the Sacred Heart deal with us? He knows everything that is in us, and yet He speaks to us with the same unchangeable love and the same unalterable patience as if we were within altogether what we show ourselves without. What a perfect love, then, is this Divine and human love of our Master!

"But if we love Him, we must bear fruits that are like Him. 'The fruit of the Spirit is charity, joy, peace (Gal. v. 22). These are the fruits of the Sacred Heart. The Heart He bears to us we must bear to our neighbors. Our whole mind must be to our neighbor what His mind is to us. And to this we must add a love of the cross, for that was the crowning perfection of the Sacred Heart. It is not easy to love contradictions, slights, sorrows, anxieties, failures, vexations. We who murmur and repine and strive and fret all the day long, if anything goes wrong, call ourselves disciples of the Sacred Heart, and yet we have not as much as the will to bear the cross, much less to love it. We must learn to be forgiving, to be patient, to be severe against the least sin, not in others—we must bear with them in charity, hoping for their salvation—but in ourselves. Be as sharp as you will with yourselves, and do not bear with the least in your own temper; give no impunity to yourselves or to your own faults. These are the tokens of the true disciples of the Sacred Heart."

THE PRESENCE.

I love Thee harbored in my heart,
O Christ, for as I do my part
Through rushing, driving hours of toil,—
While many hotly, blindly moil,—
My soul can sweetly feel within
A saving Peace amid the din:
When I have Thee, the dearest Guest,
In Whom alone are peace and rest.

Swift fly the hours by work possessed,
When I have Thee; with vision blest
I see that memory forgets,
It is not will nor heart that lets
The knowledge of Thy presence end.
Although absorbed my body bend
And Martha play, I know my soul
With silent Mary finds her goal.

—D. C. McG., in the *Missionary*.

Thos. Munro

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A Trial Solicited

A NARROW SQUEAK.

A man in a trap was run down at a level crossing, and the old signalman in charge had to appear in court.

After a gruelling cross-examination he was still unshaken. He said he had waved his lantern frantically, but in vain.

The following day the superintendent of the line called him into his office.

"You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom," he said. "I was afraid at first that you might waver."

"No, sir," replied Tom, "but I was afraid that old lawyer was going to ask me whether my lantern was lit!"

◆◆◆◆◆

WHO STOLE THE PIG?

His Worship: "What we want you to tell us is the exact words used by the prisoner when he spoke to you."

Witness: "He said, your worship, that he stole the pig."

His Worship: "No, no; he would not have used the third person."

Witness: "But you worship, there was no third person."

His Worship: "Then he must have said, 'I stole the pig.'"

Witness: "Well, maybe you did, your worship, but he did not tell on you."

◆◆◆◆◆

GOOD FOR TRADE.

Applicant: "I'm an experienced barber, and I should like a job in your shop."

Barber: "You? You'd never do with that bald head. A customer would laugh if you asked him to buy a bottle of our celebrated magic hair restorer."

Applicant: "Yes, but I'd be the man who used the hair restorer that Jones sells in the shop round the corner."

Barber: "I never thought of that; you can start."

◆◆◆◆◆

SMILE-RAISERS.

Maid: "Please, mum, may I pop over to the toy shop and get a skipping-rope?"

Mistress: "Whatever do you want a skipping-rope for?"

Maid: "I've just took me medicine, and forgot ter shake the bottle!"

▼

Tommy: "Talking of riddles, uncle, do you know the difference between an apple and an elephant?"

Uncle (benignly): "No, my boy, I don't."

Tommy: "You'd be a smart chap to send out to buy apples, wouldn't you?"

▼

Lecturer (in a small town): "Of course, you all know what the inside of a corpse is like."

Chairman of Meeting (interrupting): "Most of us do, but you'd better explain it for the benefit of them as has never been inside one."

▼

Edith: "When it comes to marrying, I wouldn't give a thought to how much a man was making."

Maud: "Neither would I, dear. What would interest me most would be how much he had already made. It's foolish to take chances."

▼

Bobby had written "The books is on the table."

"Stupid!" remonstrated the teacher: "where is your grammar?"

"She's at 'ome with grandad, I think," replied the child.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Ancient Anaesthetics.

The use of anaesthetics in surgical operations is not a modern invention. Thousands of years ago, we are told by one high authority, surgeons knew of anaesthetics and used them. They trepanned skulls; they amputated arms and legs, and they did all of those things with the help of anaesthetics. They commonly used vegetable drugs such as morphine and hashish and alcohol. The ancient races of South America preferred the leaves of plants containing cocaine. The surgeons of ancient Egypt, who probably were the most skilful of antiquity, had a method of their own. They hit the patient on the head with a club and operated while he was unconscious; they fitted wooden blocks to the head to protect the skull from fracture and the scalp from injury. The mallet with which they hit the block was also of wood. The art of hitting just hard enough and at exactly the right point was a delicate one. No doubt this expert was as much respected in ancient Egypt as the skilled anaesthetist is respected to-day in London or Paris.

World's Deepest River: Chasm 5000 Feet Deep.

The Canadian Government has been asked to make a special survey which it is expected will prove by scientific measurements that Canada, among its other distinctions, has the deepest river in the world.

Hidden beneath the amber waters of the Upper Ottawa River is one of Nature's most curious phenomena, rivalling in its way the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the National Bridge of Virginia, the Falls of Niagara or Zambesi. It is a gigantic chasm cleft in the surface of the earth in a period which must have approached the earliest in the earth's history, for the bed reveals sandstone of the Paleozoic Age. If the Ottawa River were to dry up the chasm with its walls 6000ft or 7000ft high would eclipse the wonder of Colorado. As it is, the Deep River Reach of the Ottawa claims the distinction, which it is hoped will soon be scientifically confirmed, of being the deepest river in the world. In several places over a distance of 23 miles 5000ft of tow-boat lines have failed to give an anchorage.

By comparison the Great Lakes are but duckponds and the famous fiords of Norway and the East American Atlantic Coast are quite eclipsed. Lake Erie has a depth of only 272ft. Lake Ontario is not much better with 738ft. Lake Michigan has 789ft. Lake Superior, the deepest of all the great inland seas, is only 1007ft or about one-fifth as deep as the Deep River Reach will probably prove to be. One of the East Atlantic fiords shows 3000ft, and the Sogne Fiord of Scandinavia is 4000ft.

Deep River Reach of the Ottawa is north of Pembroke, and is traversed by serviceable streamers. The southern stretch of it is found identified on most maps as Upper Alouette Lake. This part of the river course is dotted with hundreds of beautiful islands furnishing summer houses for urban residents. A point called Des Jo Achim is the upper limit of the Great Chasm. Here the river makes a right-angled turn, and is transformed from a madly-surfing rapids to the restful slow-moving deep current of the Grand Chasm.

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The diamond jubilee of the establishment of the Cleveland Diocese was observed recently. At the time of its establishment there was only one church in Cleveland and about 10,000 Catholics in the diocese. To-day the diocese numbers 600,000 souls. It has 220 parishes, 425 priests, 1650 Brothers in charge of 137 parochial schools.

PILES

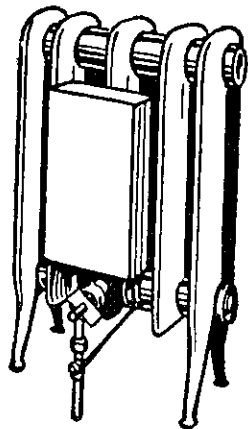
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20doz. Men's Striped Shirts; all sizes. Usual price, 9/6; Bargain price, 6/6.
50doz. Men's All-Wool Knitted Sox. Usual price, 2/-; Bargain price, 1/6.
5doz. Men's All-Wool Knitted Cardigans. Usual price, 18/6; Bargain price, 15/6.
10doz. Men's Colonial Pink Worsted Pants and Singlets. Usual price, 15/6; Bargain price, 12/6.

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Close of Competition postponed till end of May

Six Cash Prizes

RULES.

- 1.—Make out a list of all words which can be formed from the letters contained in the following sentence:
"SAVE EVERY OLD STAMP."
- 2.—No letter to be used more often than it occurs in above sentence.
- 3.—No foreign words to be included.
- 4.—With every attempt send 1/- entrance fee.
- 5.—Editor's decision to be final.

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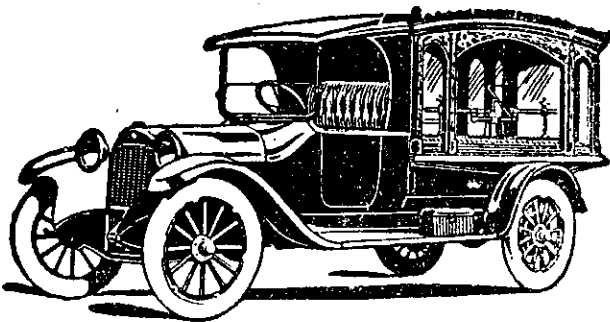
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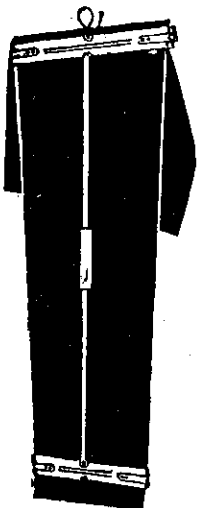
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