

pleasant companion of my prison home, did, indeed, come to exercise a lasting and most potent influence in the life of a generation of my countrymen, lay and cleric, but it aroused among a too considerable section of the Irish Bishops and priests an unsleeping anger and an implacable opposition to its author, to which the politicians who led Parnell's Parliamentary movement to destruction, owed that support in the country which alone could have given them maleficent power. And the poison worked all the more subtly that the attacks upon *When We Were Boys* as an anti-clerical libel, were made in secret, and were never subjected to the test of public criticism.

In the Introduction to a Re-issue of the novel thirty years after (Maunsel, 1919), I have endeavored to throw some light upon this amazing aberration of judgment.

The mystery is, fortunately susceptible of a whimsically simple explanation. The greater part of those who raged most furiously against the book had never read it, or had only read a few grotesquely misleading passages forced under their eyes by a slipshod, and not even malicious newspaper reviewer. It so happened that, at the request of the book-critic of the *Freeman's Journal*, he was furnished with advanced proofs, in order to enable him to prepare an extended and understanding notice of the book for the day of its publication. With the indulgence of his tribe, his matured judgment took the form of a pageful of extracts strung together by a few sentences of golden laudation on his part. Worse still, being himself as mischance would have it, a man of marked anti-clerical bias, he with a special relish scissored out those passages which threw into a strong light Monsignor McGruder's haughty contempt for insular politics in comparison with eternal things, and the passionate protests with which the fiery patriotism of his young countrymen paid him back. Not so much as a hint was given of the main argument and purpose of the book, which was to depict the mischief wrought in the religious even more than in the patriotic sphere, by that divorce between the two vitalising energies of the Irish soul decreed by Cardinal Cullen's superb, but as time has long proved, near-sighted conception of the interests of his Emancipated Church. I pleaded for the homogeneity of priests and people as the essence of wholesome Irish life, and lo! to a thousand clerical breakfast-tables I was presented as though I had fulminated some decree chasing the priests from all influence in the business of their country. The false impression thus stupidly started, it has required a quarter of a century of bitter experience to overtake. The average plain-going rural priest, little addicted to the reading of romances, wanted to know no more, and either never dipped into the book at all, or as soon as the Parnell Split tore the country asunder, a few months after the book was published, only dipped into it in search of political explosives against its author. The poison of faction finished what honest ignorance had begun.

"There was something of the humiliation of falling a victim to some coarse practical joke in finding oneself girded at as an anti-clerical in the most secret recesses of whose being there had never lurked any feeling but one almost of worship for an influence which was as the oxygen of the Irish air, the fragrance of our Irish countryside, the bringer of good tidings here and hereafter, the consoler who 'turneth the shadow of death into the morning.'"

(To be continued.)

WEDDING BELLS

KNIGHT—McKEARNEY.

The wedding was solemnised on May 30, at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, by Rev. Father McManus, of James, son of Mr. D. McKearney, of Petone, and Hermia Cecilia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Knight, Aokautere, Palmerston North. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, wore a panelled frock of ivory crepe-de-Chine with pearl and beaded trimmings, while the hand-embroidered veil was held with a circlet of pearls. The shower bouquet was of carnations, rosebuds, and maiden-hair fern. The matron of honor was Mrs. Florence Knight, of Lower Hutt, who was attired in jade paillette with overdress of radium lace to match, and smart nigger hat; she carried a bouquet of lemon chrysanthemums and asparagus. Mr. Frank Gilligan was best man, and

Miss Eileen Woodfield played the "Wedding March." After the reception at "Balmoral" the newly-wedded couple left by car for the North, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride travelled in a chocolate gabardine costume and marmot fur coat, with chenille hat of lime and touches of jade.

WANGANUI NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

June 21.

The many friends of the McDonald family (Auckland) will be glad to hear that Miss Doris McDonald is now safely convalescent. Mr. and Mrs. D. McDonald and their two daughters came here on a visit some weeks ago, and Doris became seriously ill and had to be hurried off to a private hospital. It was a very anxious time for everyone, but the invalid is getting on well now. As it will be some time before she is well enough to go home Mr. and Mrs. McDonald have taken a house, and intend to stay here for a few months.

Mr. Mick Kennedy (Karioi), is also in hospital here, suffering from a very painful eye trouble. He too, however, is on the mend and is quite cheerful.

The rain it rains, and rains, and rains again. So far we have had no flood because we're hilly and porous. The water comes down all right, soaks in, gets aloft again somehow, and just comes down again. All the same, ours is a very nice climate and the doctors are kept very busy.

Congratulations to Mr. Paul Verchaffelt whom we do not know, but have heard about, and read about too in some of the local classics. Good-wishes anyway.

Confirmation here early in July, and a big class of candidates is being prepared for the great event.

One more of the fast decreasing band of pioneers was the other morning laid peacefully to rest in the Catholic Cemetery, in the person of Mrs. Mary Mahoney. Deceased landed in Auckland from Callan (Ireland) in 1858, together with her brother, Richard Fleming, by the ship *Cuducus*, coming to Wanganui shortly after. She later married Mr. Patrick Mahoney, who for many years was employed at the local bank of New South Wales, under Managers Kirkpatrick, Preston, and King, later becoming proprietor of the Masonic Hotel. The late Mrs. Mahoney was a widow for over 42 years, bringing up a then young family to man and womanhood, and for the past seven years a great-grandmother. She was of a retiring, but most kind and charitable disposition, the many sympathetic condolences received by the bereaved family testifying to the esteem in which deceased was held by those who knew her. The Rev. Father Outtrim, who had attended her during her last brief illness, was celebrant of the Requiem Mass for deceased, and officiated at the graveside. The hymns sung by nuns and children during the Mass were most solemnly and devotionally rendered. The deceased's family left to mourn their loss of a good mother are Messrs. W. J. Mahoney (Hawera), T. M. Mahoney (Harapepe), P. A. Mahoney (Makirikiri), Mrs. David Gellatly (Wanganui), together with many other relatives and a large number of friends.—R.I.P.

The Irish Society, Dunedin

The president (Mr. A. J. Ryan) presided over a fair attendance of members at the monthly meeting of the Irish Society in the Overseas Club Rooms the other evening. The lecturer for the evening was Mr. A. G. Neill, who gave a most interesting address entitled "Leaders of the Irish Bar." In an entertaining and instructive manner he dealt with the lives and works of such men as John Philpot Curran, Richard O'Connell, and Lord Russell of Killowen, the latter of whom rose from the Bar to be Lord Chief Justice of England. The chairman, in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, expressed the hope that later Mr. Neill would oblige the society by giving a lecture on Richard O'Connell. An excellent musical programme was contributed to by the following:—Mrs. Loughran, Misses Dales, A. Treston, Elsie Bryant, E. Duncan, I. Simons, and Mr. W. Fox; a duet was given by Mrs. Loughran and Miss R. Carter, a violin solo by Miss Winnie Geddes, and recitations by Miss M. Gallagher and Mr. Alan Young. Miss M. Sandys officiated at the piano.

H. Bleasel

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