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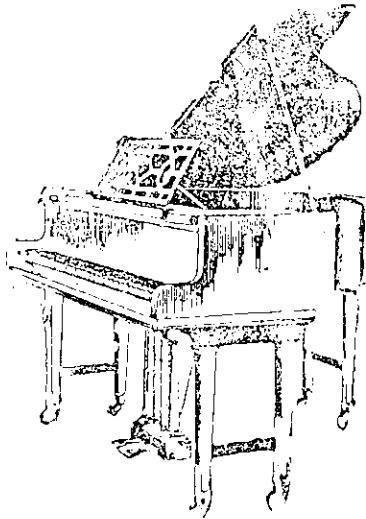
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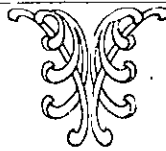
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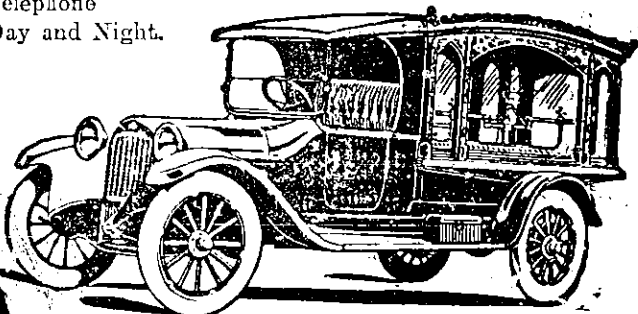
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FRIENDS AT COURT

- Jan. 11, Sun.—Feast of the Holy Family.
 „ 12, Mon.—Within the Octave.
 „ 13, Tues.—Octave of the Epiphany.
 „ 14, Wed.—St. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor.
 „ 15, Thurs.—St. Paul, the Hermit.
 „ 16, Fri.—St. Marcellus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 17, Sat.—St. Anthony of Egypt, Abbot.

St. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor.

St. Hilary, the scion of a noble family of Poitiers, was born between 320 and 325. He received his scientific education in his native town and in Bordeaux, where he especially applied himself to the study of rhetoric. The more he saw of the profligate life of his fellow citizens, the more his noble soul was filled with disgust and longed after the knowledge of truth. He embraced Christianity in 350. On account of his holy life, both the clergy and people demanded his elevation to the Bishopric of Poitiers, and he was consecrated shortly before 355. He died in Poitiers in 366.



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OUR FATHER.

Our Father, 'tis Thy children's pleading cry.
 Unheard by Thee that prayer shall never be.
 Redeem'd — we feel "Our Heav'nly Father"
 nigh.

For fearless 'neath Thy gentle rule we live
 And bask in never-ending blissful joy.
 Thine is the tender Heart without compare.
 (Heedless of Thee all pleasures soon must
 cloy)

Embracing all in mercy and true love,
 Ready to give us precious crowns above.

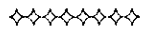
II

Ought not God's exiled children solace find,
 Unmixed with error's fatal, wounding blight,
 Rememb'ring that "Our Father" is so kind?
 For tender is His mercy to forgive
 All troubled hearts who plead with Love
 Divine.

This union with our Saviour sets us free.
 Hid 'neath His merits justice is benign;
 E'en gladd'ning weary souls with burning
 love,

Rewarding them with glory up above.

—Florence Imelda.



REFLECTIONS.

Let no one think of death, but immortality,
 nor temporary affliction but eternal
 glory.—St. Cyprian.

He tramples on Christ who sins freely without
 fear and without sorrow; so too does he
 sin who receives Him unworthily, an
 unworthy receiver of Christ is a slayer of
 Christ.—St. Ambrose.

I am considering the greatness of God, and
 the more I consider it, the more it seems to
 grow before me.—St. Philip Neri.

Do not fix your eyes on temptation—look
 solely on Our Lord. . . . Divert your
 mind with any right and healthy occupation,
 for if that takes possession, and fills your
 thoughts, it will drive away temptations and
 evil imagination.—St. Francis de Sales.

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LICHTENSTEIN

(Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

His mother's house was soon one of the most frequented in town. Lily's reputation of being an heiress, as well as the supposition that Curt would soon be his own master, added to the glitter of a great name, and of a well-kept establishment. It was known that the countess earnestly desired a marriage should take place between the two young people, but that did not prevent enterprising mothers and sons making their own little plans, especially as the parties concerned gave no reason by their conduct for coupling their names together. Curt was decidedly indifferent to his cousin. He was always to be seen of an evening in his mother's drawing-room, but the rest of the day he spent mostly alone. His studies apparently took up his thoughts as well as his time, and the young ladies were one and all indignant at his amiable indifference towards them. Not one of them could boast of his having taken particular notice of her.

The countess was probably put out by his conduct; she had thought her stratagem would be followed by more rapid victory. Towards the end of Carnival she gave a great ball, at which the whole town, as it is termed, was assembled. Curt did the honors with his usual ease and amiability, as well as with that perfect tranquillity and self-possession which can only exist when there is no "attraction" for us in the world.

"What a charming, well-bred youth your son is," said an old gentleman to the countess, sitting at the entrance of the ball-room amidst a circle of chaperones. He was a great authority in worldly matters, this worthy old Excellency. "He really has the very perfection of *bon ton*, and is so clever and handsome into the bargain. Quite the son to rejoice a mother's heart!"

The countess bowed her thanks to the compliment, but a contraction of her features plainly showed that she was not quite satisfied with her son.

The old Excellency noticed this at once. He was a knowing and worldly excellency, and liked to get at the bottom of all things.

"I cannot say how I have always admired his conduct. I have seldom seen so steady a young man. Indeed, he has kept so much aloof from all the pleasures of our town-life that one might almost be anxious for the future. For, alas, dear countess, is it not a fact that we must all sow our wild oats?"

"If, indeed, that is a necessity, I suppose my son will not be exempt from the general rule"; the countess said this so bitterly, that one could gather she already spoke from experience.

This awakened the old Excellency's curiosity to the highest pitch. What reason could the countess have to blame her son, about whom even the greatest scandalmongers were

silent? "Perhaps he refuses to do as mamma bids him, and marry that little golden bird out there," he thought, following Curt with his eyes, and seeing him turn abruptly away from Lily, who had gone up to him, as if to ask him something.

"Your son will soon leave us, I have heard," he began, making a fresh attack upon the countess. "The young ladies will wear mourning, although he treats them with complete indifference. Not one of our beauties can boast of having made a conquest of him."

"He is too young to settle down as yet," said the countess coldly. "But you, who are always so well-informed, can surely tell me where he is to be sent?"

This time she was evidently anxious as to the answer she would receive.

"Diplomatic secrets!" smiled the old gentleman. "Moreover, I do not like to spoil the evening of so amiable an hostess. Mothers do not relish great distances to be placed between themselves and their sons."

"Oh, pray, speak!" said the countess with ill-suppressed impatience. "Will he be sent to North Germany?"

"Precisely in an opposite direction, but somewhat further away, countess; nor more nor less than to his Ottoman Majesty. But when charming ladies wish a thing not to happen . . . you know, countess—*ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut*," he added in a whisper. "Our *attachés* are not so very important that a change on their parts should upset the balance of the State."

"Oh, why?" said the countess quickly. "It is quite well as it is. We mothers must not wish to keep our sons tied to our petticoats. Moreover," she explained, "Baron X, the present ambassador there, is an old acquaintance of our family. But your Excellency is always so well-informed," she added with a smile, "I don't know where you have not your threads. You are really a very dangerous man!"

"The old Excellency smiled, for although he was only an ex-minister, he liked to pass for a man who possessed great influence. As the countess now rose to greet a new arrival, he muttered to himself: "Quite a Semiramis! But I should like to know the reason why she wants her son to be sent so far away. One really might imagine that he had grown too quickly to please her. Oh, women! women! who could ever guess at all what their sweetness and gentleness conceals! For instance, who knows what that shy little mouse will grow into?" he added, alluding to Lily, who was now standing not far from him, always fresh and rosy, but always awkward and shy. She was a favorite with old gentlemen, who liked her rosiness, childishness, and the shyness of her manner; whilst young men declared her tiresome and insig-

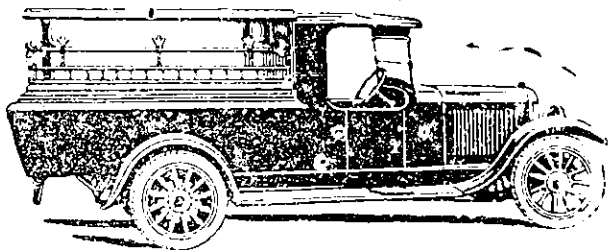
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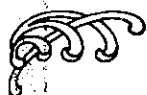
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and wages for her workers, who have so
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nificant. True, she had a few admirers of her fortune—pattern young men who followed the wise advice of their mothers. With these apologies for lovers she was equally silent and passive; and reddened and smiled exactly in the same manner to each one.

People gifted with a fine spirit of observation, declared that she always followed her handsome cousin with her eyes, although he only avoided her. Just now he had turned most rudely away from her, in order to greet with unusual warmth his old friend Dahnnow who, passing through town, had not been able to refuse Countess Degenthal's pressing invitation.

"I can't say that you're very civil to your cousin," said Dahnnow in a tone of reproach, as Degenthal led him away into another room. "You were in the middle of a dance."

"Ah, bosh! One need not be so civil with relations! Why did she choose me? But now, tell me—What on earth can have brought you here at the very end of Carnival?"

"Oh, just the wish of making a little tour before throwing myself headlong into reading up for the examination. I tell you your cousin can turn out to be a very pretty girl, once she has developed herself a little more. She has such a pretty line about the mouth too."

"Really?" said Curt, "do you think so? Oh, I daresay you're right; for me, she belongs to those set of people who do not exist."

"But you exist for her, anyhow. Poor thing! she quite touched me, as she stood there, following you with a sad look upon her poor face, when you left her in the lurch."

"Oh, it's all nonsense which has been put into her head, and which she must get out of it again. Dahnnow, look here at my talisman. I did not like to write to you about it, but now, see!" and Curt pulled out of his waistcoat pocket a small gold locket, containing the miniature of a lovely face.

"Oh! beautiful!" said Dahnnow. "So you have remained faithful to her after all! You were so silent, and went away so suddenly, that I thought it was all over. But have you any hope of success?"

"I have succeeded, I may say; a few conditions have been made; quite bearable ones, too; my mother insisted upon two years' separation and complete secrecy. Did anything transpire on the Rhine about the whole thing?"

"Oh, very little! It was simply said that your mother had very sensibly called you away. As the director and his family also went away directly, the matter was soon forgotten. Students' loves are never thought very much of."

"*Nous verrons!*" said Curt drily, smoothing his moustache, and giving one more look at the miniature before closing the locket.

"Where is she now?" asked Dahnnow.

"In a villa not far from X, in which she will spend the two years to come. I can't bear to think of her in contact with the company, and therefore asked her father to make that arrangement," he added in a changed tone.

Dahnnow looked meditatively before him. "Do you know," . . . he began, and then, speaking off, suddenly asked: "*Apropos* what

are your plans? I know you have entered the diplomatic career. Do you remain here during the first months?"

"Oh no; my studies are over, and I shall probably be sent away as *attaché* to some embassy or other in a few days."

"Ah!" said Dahnnow, as if relieved. "And now, my good fellow, you're evidently wanted. There is a footman in the doorway looking at you with such a woful face, that you had better try to comfort him."

"Ah, yes!" said Degenthal, "I suppose it is about the supper. We shall do it without any ceremony, sitting at small tables. You look out for yourself, old fellow. As master of the house, I must take some important personage upon myself. I will come to your table later on; take my cousin in; as it is, you don't know anyone else."

"I shall know how to get on, never fear," muttered Dahnnow; and, indeed, he got on very well, for a short time afterwards he was at the side of the so-called "Belle of the season," amidst a group of fashionable young men, whom he was amusing with his flow of wit and humor.

"Ah, Count Degenthal!" now exclaimed the handsome young lady, beaming upon him with her black eyes—a thing she had done without success during the whole winter, and she had not yet quite given up all hope of attaching him to her triumphal car. "Count Degenthal, tell us why your North German friend only visits our town now, when our festivities are at an end, and when we are going to cover our heads with ashes."

"Because, as I have already observed, I am only a poor heretic, and know nothing about covering my head with ashes. But I have the worst of all penances to bear, for I know not what I have lost, unless you compensate me by giving me a turn to-night."

"Flatterer!" said Degenthal laughing. "Countess Hedwig, punish him by giving him a great many rounds; for he is like a Turk who prefers looking on when others dance, to dancing himself."

"Ah! then I can guess what has brought you here, Baron Dahnnow," said another gentleman. "North Germany has sent us a few artists of the kind, or rather of the jumping and springing kind. The famous Karsten Circus has arrived, and will help to shorten Lent a little."

Dahnnow so completely engrossed the attention, that no one noticed Degenthal's sudden change of expression.

"Baron, how you blush!" cried Miss Hedwig laughing. "So those quadrupeds seem to have more attractions for you than anything or anyone else. Now, see, I declare you're blushing again!"

It was strange, but Dahnnow did not somehow find as usual a ready answer to the young lady's saucy speech.

Degenthal, standing opposite to him, looked at him with surprise. "Did you know that the Karsten Circus was coming here?" he said in a somewhat forced tone.

"Why, my dear Degenthal," answered Dahnnow with a laugh, "you seem to think very little of the attractions of your town, to notice so trifling an event. Karsten was, moreover, not in B. this year, but further up north."

"And therefore, you have come here in order to find—well, not him, I suppose, here!" said one of the gentlemen. "*Chi sa* whether it is on account of the quadrupeds! I have heard that Karsten has a daughter who has crated an immense sensation everywhere. Last autumn, one talked of nothing else on the Rhine. I hope she will also show herself off to us!"

"Nora Karsten never shows herself in public," Lily suddenly said in her quiet voice. "She has never done it, and will never do it either."

Everyone looked in surprise at the little speaker.

"But what on earth do you know about it?" exclaimed Countess Hedwig. "How do you come by such an acquaintance?"

"I know Nora Karsten very well, and am very fond of her," said Lily in the same quiet manner. "I was nearly a year in the convent with her, where she was brought up. She was the handsomest and the best of the pupils, and particularly good to us new girls."

"Really, Countess Lily, that is an original combination—a rider in the circus, who has been brought up in a convent—"

"I tell you that she is no circus-rider," repeated Lily obstinately. "Her mother did not wish it, and her father, who was very rich, caused her to be brought up in a convent. At that time we did not know anything about her father. Our chaplain told me all this later on."

"What does she look like?" asked Countess Hedwig with curiosity; "and where does she live?"

"She is more beautiful than any other girl I know," replied Lily, just a little spitefully. "I don't know where she lives, but I suppose with her father. But one thing I *do* know, and that is, that she will never do anything which we would not do ourselves; she is much too pious and too well brought up."

Lily had become quite red in her vehement defence. But for the first time a pair of eyes were fixed with interest upon her; it seemed as if Degenthal could bless her for each word she was uttering. For the first time also, he noticed the truth of Dahnnow's praise of the line about her mouth.

A few minutes later, and he stood behind her chair.

"Can I have the cotillon, little cousin?" he asked softly.

Lily blushed deeply, and nodded in silence; she could not bring a "yes" out for very joy at so unexpected and blissful an event.

A few hours later, as the cotillon—the dance which lovers prefer—was in full swing, the countess could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw the couple sitting side by side. Curt seemed absorbed in his conversation, and Lily seemed to be in the seventh heaven.

The countess could not hear that it was only because the topic of their conversation was the convent that Curt was so attentive; she only saw the light dancing in Lily's small eyes. What! Had she perhaps been blind until now? Had she not noticed what the intimacy of home-life had brought about? Had she been in too great a hurry to get her son away? And now it would be folly indeed

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to break asunder the newly-spun threads.

The countess began looking out again for the old Excellency, and she had not far to look, for he was always hovering about the ladies' circle.

"Will you be very much shocked if I show myself *mobile*, as most women have the right to be, Excellency?" she said with a sweet smile.

"If you are a little changeable, it will only make you more like other mortals," said the old Excellency gallantly.

"Constantinople is, after all, very far away—the climate is not healthy; make the necessary sign, and let him be sent somewhere else."

"*Toujours au service des dames*," answered he; "Count X. will certainly be pleased to send any other *attaché*."

What variety is there even in unity of thought! At the same moment in which the old Excellency spoke those words, Curt leant reflectively back against his chair, his partner had just left him for a turn in the cotillon, and he began thinking of what he had heard about the director and his troop being in town. For the first time, he blessed his mother's consideration, in getting him sent away. He also thought of the old Excellency, and whether he could not manage, through

him, to hasten his departure. It was such an unpleasant idea to be in town with Karsten, and to hear him talked about continually. He made up his mind to inquire at once as to the time when the Circus would be opened, in order to take the necessary steps beforehand.

The day after the ball he rode out at an early hour in the direction of the Circus, where he found workmen employed fitting everything up for the coming representations. He went in at once, hoping to see the director himself. Instead of him, however, he only met the dark disagreeable-looking man he had seen once before at Karsten's. He seemed to fill the office of overseer, and immediately pressed his questions upon the count, whom he likewise recognised, and whose intercourse with the director evidently filled him with curiosity.

Curt thought to himself: "What an odious man that is!" In answer to his inquiries after the director, he ascertained from him that the latter had arrived, but that he had suddenly fallen ill. The man at once offered himself to accompany the count to the hotel in which the director was laid up. Curt refused the offer coldly and proudly, and as he did so, the man looked loweringly upon him. (To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued.)

John Redmond did, indeed, quit the Convention Hall never to return. He had been suffering from an inward disease against which, in any case, he could not have struggled much longer. But if ever an Irish leader died of a broken heart (as, woful to confess, is the normal penalty attached to the distinction), it may with truth be said that John Redmond died of Mr. Lloyd George's "Irish Convention," composed in the main of his own partisans, and that the tragedy is the only practical result—so far as Ireland is concerned—for which that ill-omened body will be remembered. The ghastly attempt to prolong the sittings for some weeks after his death, and to juggle with the figures of the divisions so as to represent that something like a sub-majority vote of the majority had been engineered, fell absolutely flat in a country where the Convention only escaped aversion by perishing of contempt. "Ulster" stood precisely where she did, on the rock of a Partition sanctioned by Ireland's own "Nationalist" representatives, and these worthies, split up between those who would have clung to Mr. Redmond, and those who dismissed him to his deathbed, were united only in the destruction which overtook the entire body of 70 members of the Convention (with one solitary exception) as soon as their constituencies got the opportunity of settling accounts with them at the General Elections, Parliamentary and Local. Mr. Dillon, who had been all along the masked leader, now became the responsible leader of "The Party," but it was only to officiate as chief mourner at its funeral.

For Mr. Lloyd George the Convention was

not so barren of results. "Ireland might starve but great George weighed twenty stone." Ireland was duped, and John Redmond in his grave, but Great Britain was throbbing with the sight of the United States despatching her soldiers in millions to the rescue of England. The Prime Minister had one other memorable satisfaction. On April 9, 1918, the day on which the "Report" of the Convention was submitted to the cabinet, and without (as he confessed) doing the unfortunate document the courtesy of reading it, he announced that his word to Ireland was to be broken again, and that Conscription was to be imposed upon Ireland in violation of his solemn promise to the contrary.

CHAPTER XXIII—A TRUE "NATIONAL CABINET."

The resistance to Conscription led to the first and last occasion on which all descriptions of Nationalists—Parliamentary, Republican and Laborite—acted unitedly together. One of the bribes by which Mr. Lloyd George had secured the silence of the Hibernian Party, while "the Home Rule Government," with a sweeping "Home Rule" majority was being transformed into a Coalition dominated by Sir E. Carson, was the promise that Ireland would be exempted from Conscription. The promise was to be impudently broken now when the Hibernian Party had parted with its casting vote. By a grisly coincidence, on the day when the Report of the Irish Convention was submitted to the Cabinet, Mr. Lloyd George rose in the House of Commons to propose that the Conscription Act be extended to Ireland. His announcement wrung from me the exclamation:

"That is a declaration of war against Ireland!" It also wrought the rank and file of the Hibernian Party into an outburst of real indignation. Mr. Lloyd George had, however, his answer that put to silence the falsetto passion of their leaders. He was ready with quotations from the late Mr. Redmond, in which he said: "Let me state what is my personal view on the question of conscription. I am prepared to say I will stick at nothing—nothing which is necessary—in order to win this war," and from his successor, Mr. Dillon, who added: "Like Mr. Redmond I view the thing from the point of view of necessity and expediency. I would not hesitate to support Conscription to-morrow, if I thought it was necessary to maintain liberty, and if there was no Conscription we ran the risk of losing the war." The Prime Minister had no difficulty in satisfying the condition of "necessity" by appealing to the desperate emergency of the moment, when "with American aid we can save the war, but even with American help we cannot feel secure." After which he was able to give short shrift to the present blatant indignation of the Hibernian leaders and to the spluttering war-cries of their bemuddled followers.

The fit of hypocritical virtue which always accompanies a breach of faith with Ireland by a sanctified assurance of rewards to come was not missing on the present occasion. Conscription there must be, to be enforced within two or three weeks, but Mr. Lloyd George sweetly warbled, it was to be washed down with a new Home Rule Bill, which he only vaguely adumbrated as one to be founded on the Majority Report of the Irish Convention; but inasmuch as he casually mentioned that he had not yet read the Majority Report at all, and as the Majority Report turned out to be a make-believe, which was impartially despised on all sides, and was, in fact, never heard of more, the perfidy of breaking the promise Ireland understood to have been plainly given, was only aggravated by the accompanying dose of British hypocrisy. It was too late, however, for the Party who had parted with their Parliamentary power to make any impression in Parliament. Their wry faces made but little impression upon the serried ranks of the Coalition. It was in Ireland, not in Westminster, Conscription had to be encountered, and not with words. It was to gird Ireland up to the terrific trial to which the Conscription Act challenged her that my own protest was principally directed:

"Whether wisely or unwisely, all parties of politicians, both English and Irish, have done their worst to deprive my friends and myself of any effectual power of interfering in Irish affairs, but so long as I retain my seat in this House at all, I shall not shrink from the duty of making my protest, no matter how powerless it may be, against the mad and wicked crime which you are proposing tonight to perpetrate upon Ireland. For forty years now Ireland has been pleading and hungering for peace with England upon the most moderate terms. For the last eight years the representatives of the Irish people have had sovereign power of life and death over this Parliament under two successive Governments and the only fault of the Irish

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upon your heads the execrations of the entire Irish race in America and Australia and Canada, as well as in every honest Irish home, if not among the five hundred thousand men of Irish blood in your own military camps, and you are driving millions of the best men of our race to turn away their eyes from this Parliament for ever."

Never was perfidy more swiftly punished. To the demand for her best blood, coming from the Government which had just broken its word twice over, by the fraudulent Convention, and by the violation of its pledge to exempt her from Conscription, Ireland made answer that her blood would be spent rather in resisting the decree of her oppressors, and to the world's amaze, it was the all but unarmed "small nationality" that succeeded, and it was the Power counting its soldiers by millions that went down in the encounter. The happy idea of turning that resistance into a heavensent bond of National Unity occurred to the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Ald. O'Neill), who can truly be described as the only Irishman of our time, who lived through long years of civil war, and belonged to no Party, but gave noble service to them all. He summoned a Mansion House Conference at which the leaders of all sections met around the same board to organise the resistance. The Conference was so happily constituted as to deserve the description of it given by the official organ of Sinn Fein—*The Irish Bulletin*—that "it formed a National Cabinet." Its members were—For the Sinn Fein Party, Mr. de Valera and Mr. Arthur Griffith; for the Hibernian Party—Mr. Dillon and Mr. Devlin; for the All-for-Ireland Party, Mr. T. M. Healy and myself; and for the Irish Labor Party, Messrs. Johnston, O'Brien, and Egan. The country was fused as it was never fused before by the common danger into a glowing National unity so complete that any order countersigned by "the National Cabinet" would have been obeyed without question by every Nationalist of the race.

Its sittings gave me my first opportunities of getting acquainted with Mr. de Valera. His transparent sincerity, his gentleness and equability captured the hearts of us all. His gaunt frame and sad eyes deeply buried in their sockets had much of the Dantesque suggestion of "the man who had been in hell." His was that subtle blend of virility and emotion which the Americans mean when they speak of "a magnetic man." Even the obstinacy (and it was sometimes trying) with which he would defend a thesis, as though it were a point in pure mathematics, with more than the French bigotry for logic, became tolerable enough when, with a boyish smile, he would say: "You will bear with me, won't you? You know I am an old schoolmaster." On the other hand the Memphis Sphinx could not well have been more mute than was Mr. Arthur Griffith during these consultations, but his silence had something of the placid strength and assuredness of that granitic Egyptian countenance. Nobody acquainted with his abundant and excellent work as a publicist will suspect that he said nothing because he had nothing to say. So long as all went well, he was content to listen. He

raised no difficulties. He gave no hint of personal preferences or fads. Throughout our sittings, Mr. Healy was considerate and conciliatory to a degree that took away the breath of Mr. Dillon himself, and he contributed to our proceedings in the form of an Address to President Wilson, a statement of Ireland's historic case which will deserve to live in our National archives as a State paper of classic value. On the day of our first meeting at the Mansion House, the Irish Bishops were meeting also at Maynooth, twelve miles away. It will always be counted among my most consolatory memories that it was my good fortune to frame for submission to the Bishops a resolution outlining the form of National Resistance to be adopted. It was Mr. de Valera who drew up the words of the Anti-Conscription Pledge which we suggested should be solemnly taken in every parish in the country on the following Sunday. It was, indeed, a drastic one, and led to a logomachy between its author and Mr. Dillon so prolonged that I had to appeal to the Lord Mayor to force a decision, or the Bishops would have dispersed and our deputation would arrive too late. The necessity for haste was justified. When the deputation reached Maynooth, the Bishops had concluded their meeting with a resolution energetic enough as a Platonic protest against conscription but as water unto wine compared with the specific declaration of war of which our deputation were the bearers. Fortunately their Lordships reassembled and adopted with but few changes even of words the substance of our recommendations "solemnly pledging the Nation to resist onscription by the most effectual means at their disposal," and inaugurating the National resistance by a Mass of Intercession in every church in the island to be followed by the public administration of the Pledge. The Bishops, who have not always been so fortunate in their dealings with Irish political affairs, deserve the lasting gratitude of the nation for the fortitude (and it was greater than persons without intimate secret knowledge could estimate) with which they faced all the perils of saving their race. It was the Bishops' solemn benediction to the resistance "by the most effectual means at the disposal of the Irish people" which killed onscription.

Next, of course, to the known determination of the youth of the country to be worthy of their lead and to resist unto blood. Even the appalling experiences of the war let loose later on by Sir Hamar Greenwood will scarcely enable posterity to realise in what a perfect ecstasy of self-sacrifice the young men were preparing to meet conscription foot to foot. The Government on its own side seemed not less resolute. Every regiment that could be spared was hurried over to Ireland, and Field Marshal French, fresh from the horrors of the Flanders battlefields, was sent over as Commander-in-Chief to superintend the operations which were to begin "in a week or two." Early on the morning of the day on which the Mansion House Conference was to hold its first meeting, I was awakened in my bedroom at the Shelbourne Hotel by the noise of a military band escorting Field-Marshal French on his arrival by

* Five Hibernians were returned.

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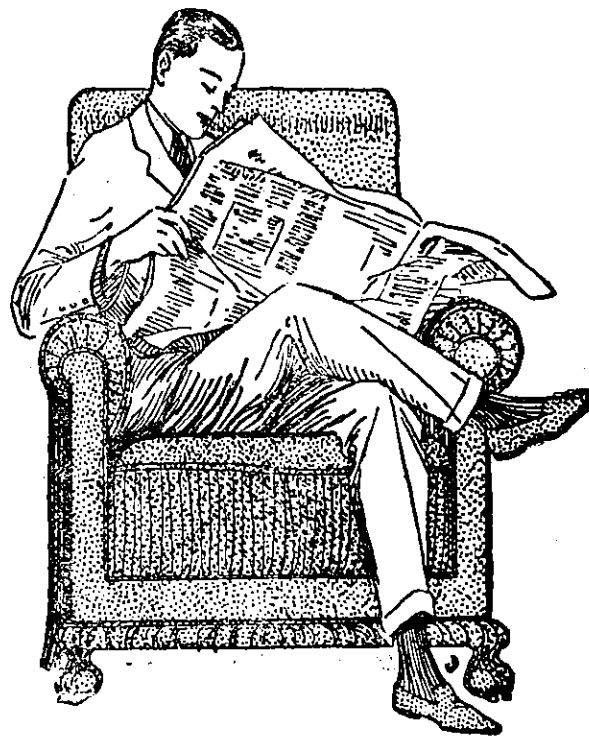
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the morning mail from England. As he stepped out of his motor-car to enter the Hotel, I heard him saluted by waiters, porters and chambermaids from almost every window of the Hotel (once the most aristocratic in the metropolis) with shouts of "Up, Easter Week!" "Up, the rebels!" The outburst so impressed the new Commander-in-Chief that he took his meals in his bedroom, and only from the hands of his orderly. The Head Waiter once entering his room was asked what did the people really mean to do about Conscription. "Well, my lord," was the quiet reply, "we are seventy men in this house. We have all made our peace with God. You may have our dead bodies, but you'll get nothing else." Another experience of mine will help better than any wealth of detail to an understanding of the spirit now enkindled. General Gage, an honest-hearted Englishman, who came over to Ireland for the first time to take command of the Conscription campaign in the South, called upon me to relate with an almost comical surprise what had befallen him the previous day while he was motoring in the neighborhood of Mitchelstown with the High

Sheriff for the County (Mr. Philip Harold Barry) who had himself publicly and with arm uplifted taken the pledge to resist Conscription. They questioned a priest whom they met riding down from the Galtee Mountains as to how feeling ran among the people. "I can't do better," was the reply of the priest, "than tell you what happened up the road there a minute ago. I met old Darby Ryan who complained that the jackdaws had been playing havoc with his field of young corn. 'Father,' he said, 'I went for the old gun to have a shot at the divvells, but I found I had only five cartridges left, and, Father,' he said, 'I'm going to keep them for the first five sojers that come to take away my boy.'" Such was the spirit, it must with truth be owned, which alone could have brought the Ministers of England to repent their breach of faith on Conscription, but "in a week or two" it decided them to drop a campaign which would assuredly have cost them a dozen casualties in their own ranks at the least for every conscript they could ever succeed in transporting whole to Flanders.

(To be continued.)

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No other mission, given in Holy Family parish, ever succeeded like that one. The old church was crowded for every exercise; the sermons were discussed in workshops and department stores, in fine hotels, cheap lodging houses, and by hundreds of firesides; and each afternoon and evening, while it lasted, long lines of penitents waited about the confessionals, many of whom had not approached the Sacraments for ten or even twenty years.

Some said that it was Father Murphy's eloquence, or his eloquence, kindness, and holiness, all three together, that worked the miracle; others, more prosaically inclined, insisted that the mission was "popular," as they put it, merely because scores of people in the parish remembered Father Murphy as a bright-faced boy, in the school and about the sanctuary, and were interested to see how he had developed.

To Father Murphy himself the mission meant an unusual amount of hard work, some consolation, much weariness, and a rather sad renewing of old associations—sad, because all those whom he had loved best slept in the little graveyard behind the church.

It was with a sense of thankfulness that he realised the task was almost finished, as he left the confessional, on Friday afternoon, in the second and last week of the mission. A man instantly intercepted him to ask a question about the hour of the first Mass; then, in going up the aisle he passed close to a stout, poorly dressed, old woman, who whispered something that he did not catch. Bending over her he said gently,

"Pardon me, but I did not understand what you said."

The woman turned a sweet, tired, radiantly smiling face up to him. "Oh, Father, I did not speak to you! I must have been praying too loud. Excuse me. I was just a-thanking Him over and over again."

"A good prayer! Many of us forget to thank Him," Father Murphy whispered approvingly; and as he entered the sanctuary he thought, with a feeling of tenderness for the old woman: "Surely the good Lord loves her!"

In all probability he would never have given a thought to her again, if he had not heard his name whispered loudly, an instant later, and turned back to see the same old woman standing at the altar rail holding out to him a rather grimy envelope.

"Father, it's an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving, because—because a dear plan of mine turned out well—so well I can hardly believe it; something I wanted to do for the dear Lord, and He let me," she explained and added coaxingly, "I just thought this minute that maybe you would say it yourself."

"My Masses are promised for the next week or ten days, but perhaps Father Prendergast—" Father Murphy began; but she interrupted him:

"There's no hurry at all about mine, and I surely would like you to say it yourself, if you're willing" she begged.

"Well, well, I will: on the first free day I have," Father Murphy agreed; and she thanked him as if he had done her a very great kindness.

He passed into the house and went to the room which had been assigned him, intending to rest during the half hour before supper-time for immediately after the meal

there would be converts' class in one of the parlors, followed by a sermon and more work in the confessional; but first of all, he took a small note book from his bag and made a memorandum of the old woman's Mass intention.

This done, he tore open the envelope, slipped the dollar-bill into his pocket, and was on the point of throwing the envelope into the waste-paper basket when he chanced to glance at the inscription upon it, written in a large tremulous, illiterate hand, exactly thus: "ofring for a Mass of thaksgivin."

Father Murphy stared at the two lines. It was not the original spelling that held his eyes, but the queer capital M and the strange long tails worn by the g's.

Suddenly, with the envelope still in his hand, he ran from the room, down the stairs, out of the house, and across the yard to the church door. Into the sanctuary he hurried and looked toward the pew in which the old woman had knelt when he first spoke to her. She was there no longer; and, slowly and regretfully he returned to the parish house and went to the pastor's study on the ground floor.

"Father Prendergast," he said excitedly, holding out the envelope for him to see, "can you tell me whose writing this is? It is quite individual, you observe. Do you know it? An old woman gave me this envelope, with a Mass offering enclosed in it: a dear old body, stout, and smiling, and perhaps a little slatternly in her dress. Do you know whom I mean from the writing or from my description?"

Father Prendergast smiled. "I do not recognise the writing—never saw it before, to my knowledge; but I judge that your friend spent but few days in school, and has scant respect for Webster or the Standard Dictionary. As for the other clues you give, 'stout, and sweet faced, and poorly clad' the description would fit half the good old souls in this parish, or in any other where the congregation is more than half Irish." Then, after a glance into Father Murphy's face, he added, more gravely, "You are disappointed? I am sorry that I cannot help you. Seriously, I haven't an idea who she is."

"Indeed I am disappointed," Father Murphy admitted.

From an inner pocket he drew an envelope, and out of it took two smaller ones, and handed them and the one he had received only half an hour before to Father Prendergast. "See, the writing is identical: the same funny g's, and the same big stiff capital M."

Father Prendergast examined them carefully. "There is no mistaking the writing after you have seen a sample of it," he agreed. "So you want to trace her."

"You'll help me to find her, won't you, Father?" Father Murphy said almost imploringly.

Father Prendergast smiled again. "I'm willing, but what can I do?"

"I don't know—wish I did. It's such a large congregation, and as you say what clues have we?"

He was silent for a moment, vainly trying to devise some means; and when he spoke again, it was to say,

J. O'Rourke

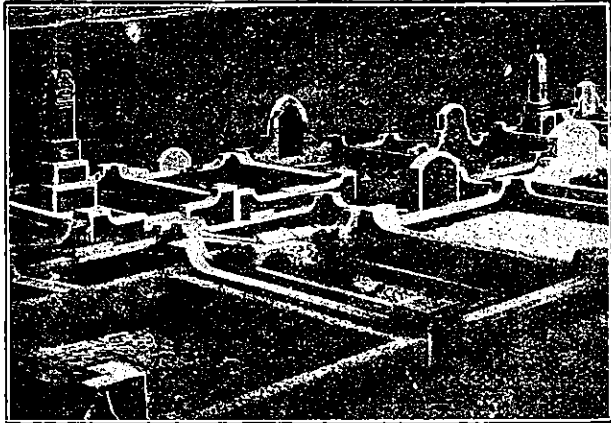
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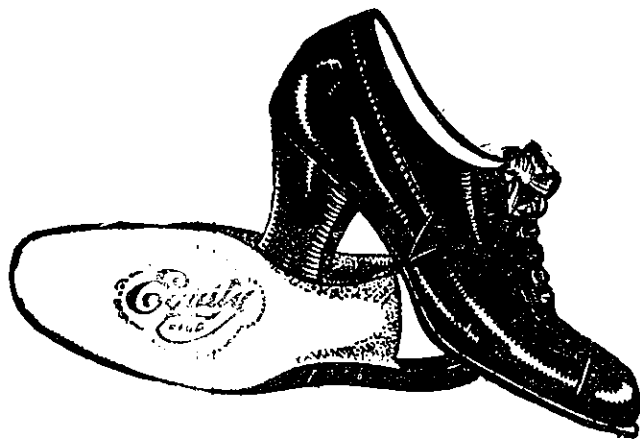


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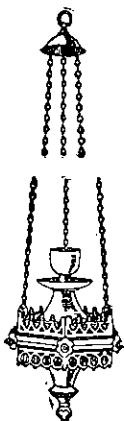
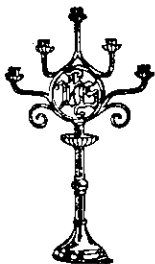
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"I'll tell you why I wish so much to find her. You know that I grew up in this parish. We lived in a small, shabby house on West Dodridge Street. My father died when I was only a year old, and my mother had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. When I was thirteen or fourteen I began to long to become a priest, but I knew mother could not possibly pay my way. I did not say a word to her, but I spoke to dear old Father Kennedy, and he promised to do what he could for me.

"One day, when I had almost finished the eighth grade, and knew that the next year I must go to work unless some way could be found to send me through high school and to the seminary—one day, Father Kennedy took me aside and told me that a lady in the parish wished to support a boy while he made his studies—to pay his tuition fees for his books, clothing, everything."

"'May I be the boy, Father?' I promise that I'd do my best," I begged.

"'I'll speak to your mother about it,' he said; and he did; and very soon everything had been arranged just as I had hardly dared to hope.

"The money was given to Father Kennedy, and he sent to the rector what was needed for my school fees, and to me, enough for clothes and incidental expenses. I did not know the name of my benefactress, and Father Kennedy was pledged never to reveal it. When I was within two years of ordination he died, and I lived through a very miserable month during which I did not know what provisions could be made for me, but some weeks before my half yearly tuition was due, an envelope was left for me at the door of the college, which contained all the money I should need for the remainder of the year.

"The same thing happened in June. Wasn't it thoughtful of her to send it then, so I could know throughout the summer that there need be no worry about being able to return? I questioned the lay-brother at the door, but all he could tell me was that a woman had left the letter, and would not come inside, even to see the new chapel. I told him that if she ever came again I must see her; and I reminded him several times as the next mid-year approached; but one afternoon he came to me, shamefaced, and gave me the last I ever received, or needed, of these envelopes. It was a cold windy, snowy day, but he had not been able to persuade the woman to come in. He had coaxed her to wait until he called me, but she had literally run away at the mere suggestion.

"I heard from her once more: on the day of my ordination. She sent me a chalice. Since then there has not been one word, and that was fifteen years ago. Do you wonder that I want to find her? And this Mass of thanksgiving that she wants me to say—I am quite certain, from what she hinted, it is because I persevered, and was ordained, and am here to give this mission."

Father Prendegast was interested now, and almost as eager as Father Murphy to trace the generous old woman. "We must find her before you go; but I can think of no way except for you to keep watch for

her whenever you are about the church. You would know her again, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, unquestionably; but the chance seems slight, and I am so eager."

Father Murphy decided to say his benefactress's Mass the next morning, and to put off another until the following week, and he said it with unusual fervor and consolation. Afterward, as he knelt on a prie-Dieu in the sanctuary to make his thanksgiving, he glanced instinctively toward the pew in which the woman had knelt the afternoon before. It happened to be directly before the altar at which he had offered his Mass. An old woman was in it then; but he could not be certain it was she, for her head was bent forward, so that it rested on the back of the seat before her, and her face was entirely hidden.

After most of the worshippers had left the church he went to her, and touched her on the shoulder to attract her attention. She had not moved since he first noticed her, and even now she did not stir. He took her hand in his, and found it cold, unnaturally cold.

She had slipped away to heaven while his Mass was being said.

Father Prendegast was summoned hastily, and as soon as he saw her he exclaimed, "It's poor old Mrs. Meara! Surely, she

went straight to God, for a better soul never lived, nor a kindlier, nor a merrier!"

A moment later, catching sight of Father Murphy's agitated face, he exclaimed,

"So she was your friend! I am not greatly surprised, although—What you must have cost her in sacrifices! She made her living by scrubbing in one of the big office buildings down town. She has worked from 10 to 6 every night for forty-three years. She could not rest, in her old age, because she had never saved a dollar; so she told me herself, not more than two or three weeks ago."

Half an hour later, when the two priests were at the breakfast table, Father Prendegast said to Father Murphy, "Her husband died many, many years ago—not very long after they were married. She had one child, a boy, who lived to be twelve years of age. She told me about him more than once, always explaining that she was certain he would have been a priest had he lived. But God was good to her. I have heard from other sources that he was a rascal, a really bad boy; besides being too dull and too lazy to have made his studies. So—well, God always knows best! Her second son turned out well, and, God be praised, she lived to see it."—*The Sign*.

Opening of New Church at Havelock South

(From our Blenheim correspondent.)

During the small hours of the night of New Year's Eve, 1923-1924 the church at Havelock South, an old wooden one, was totally destroyed by fire. It was an old building, but still quite fit for its purpose, and was an interesting link with the past, dating back many years into the past history of the Pelorus district. Years ago it was moved from another site to where it stood until its destruction by fire. On Sunday, December 21, the Catholics of the Pelorus district met for the happy purpose of seeing the solemn opening of their new church by his Grace Archbishop Redwood. The erection of the new building was seriously handicapped by months of persistent wet weather, but the contractors, Messrs. Bythell and Co., of Blenheim, worked hard against heavy odds, and thus enabled the church to be opened on the date fixed, although interior fittings in the sacristies, etc., could not be completed. After almost a week of wet weather, which boded ill for the coming function, the day turned out most propitious; calm, not lacking in sunshine, and yet not too hot. The opening was fixed for 11 a.m., and from an early hour a fleet of cars began to make their way out from Blenheim to Havelock. In addition to the ordinary Havelock congregation, a large number of non-Catholics were present, there being barely standing room by the time the ceremonies commenced. This was no doubt due, in part at least, to the presence and active participation of his Grace Archbishop Redwood, senior Bishop of the Catholic world to-day, whose well-known and venerable figure added solemnity to the function.

Punctually to the moment, his Grace began the blessing of the exterior walls of the church; after which he opened the door with a gold key presented by Messrs. Bythell and

Co. He then proceeded with the blessing of the interior of the sacred edifice, the structure of which is unusually pleasing for a country church, being built of red brick, in the Gothic style. The timbered vaulting of the roof is light and graceful, and gives plenty of ventilation. The altar is particularly handsome, being built of polished rimu, which showed up to great advantage the brass crucifix and candlesticks which are part of the furnishings of the church.

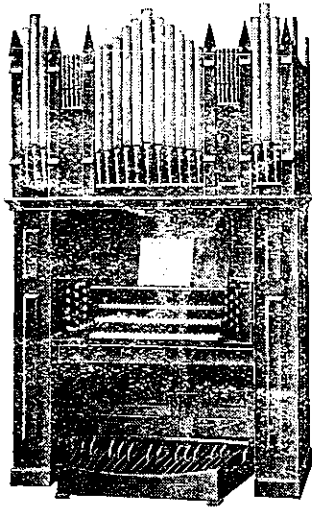
When the ceremony of dedication was finished, Mass commenced, the celebrant being the Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M.; his Grace the Archbishop being present in the sanctuary. There were also present the Rev. Father Gillbert, S.M., Rector of St. Patrick's College, and his associate, the Rev. Father Kingan, S.M. The music of the Mass was rendered by members of St. Mary's Choir, Blenheim, who were accompanied on a small organ kindly lent by Mr. Smith. Others who made the trip from Blenheim were the Rev. Father Henry, S.M., a large contingent of altar boys, members of the Regimental Band, and a good many of the general public.

Very Rev. Dean Holley addressed the congregation after the Gospel, recalling to their minds the unusual and very gratifying circumstances under which this new church of the Sacred Heart was opened, circumstances which his Grace the Archbishop afterwards spoke of as unique in the long history of his episcopate. Owing to the munificent gift of the late Mr. Fitzpatrick, the church was erected and opened absolutely free of debt, at no cost to the congregation. The sum of money apportioned to this purpose under Mr. Fitzpatrick's will had so materially accumulated in the course of years, that there had been no difficulty in building a church

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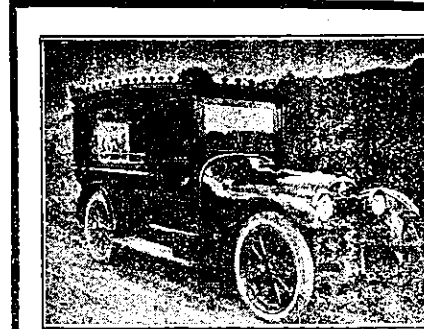
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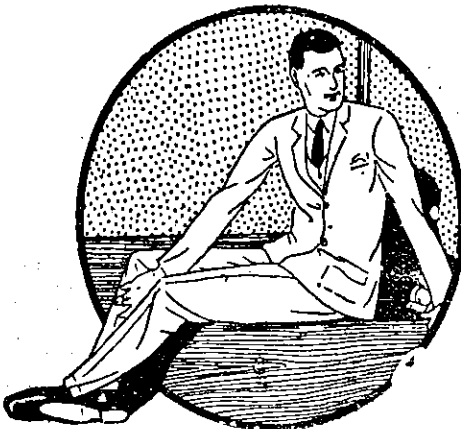
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which would be a constant source of gratification to the Havelock Catholics, and of legitimate pride to the whole district in which it was situated. The Very Rev. Dean then went on to thank all those who had contributed in any way to the successful completion of the church, mentioning particularly the contractors, the workmen who had frequently faced drenching rain in order to complete the building by the date set, the choir, who had contributed so much to the solemnity of the occasion, the O'Sullivan family, whose gift of a magnificent chalice was a touching link with the past, and the early pioneers of the district; Mrs. Perry of Havelock, whose long and faithful service of the old church had rendered her perhaps the most interested participant in the opening of the new, and the gentlemen who had placed their cars at his disposal to make the trip to Havelock.

At the conclusion of Mass, his Grace delivered an impressive discourse, taking for his subject "Truth and Grace as exemplified in the Catholic Church." He pointed out that the Church was the guardian and expounder of the truths of faith, and the dispenser of the mysteries of God in the Seven Sacraments, which were the principal channels of grace. He dwelt particularly on the Blessed Eucharist, the centre of Catholic life, and the great reason for all splendor and beauty in church architecture.

In conclusion, his Grace recommended his hearers to seek within the walls of the church that day opened to them, the words of Eternal Truth, and the means of grace contained in the Sacraments. The Archbishop then imparted to the congregation the Apostolic Benediction, according to faculties given him recently in Rome, at his audience with

the present Holy Father. Speaking of that audience, his Grace said that though he had personally known five Popes, having been appointed to the episcopate by Pius IX, he had never met with anything approaching the gracious welcome he had received from the present Pope, who rose at once from his seat, not giving time to perform the customary genuflections, and, bidding him welcome, warmly embraced him. His Holiness then seated him beside his armchair, and conversed with him for a considerable time on the history and present state of Catholicism in New Zealand, in which land he had seen the Church develop from a mere mission to savages, to a flourishing province of the universal Church, with a hierarchy of its own.

Before giving the Apostolic Benediction, the large congregation recited the Confiteor in English in an impressive and edifying manner. There was also a large volume of voice in the prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father, and in the hymn "Sweet Heart of Jesus," sung before the congregation dispersed, the new church being, like the old, dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

The majority of those present made a point of waiting outside the church to pay their respects to the venerable Archbishop, to whom they were presented by Very Rev. Dean Holley. At 3 p.m., his Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, three candidates being presented.

The fine afternoon tempted a large number up to the park, shortly after dinner, to listen to the sacred music rendered by the Regimental Band, and about 4 p.m. the different cars began to make their way back to Blenheim, thus closing a most successful day's function, which will long be remembered in Havelock and the surrounding districts.

Laymen's Retreats

(Contributed.)

The other day, I met a business friend—he had been successful—owned a motor car, of course—said it was indispensable in the running of his business. It was a long time since we had a chat—his life was a whirl—a wave, as he passed in the car had just kept our friendship alive for quite a while. This day he was walking. "Had a smash-up," I queried, expecting a rehearsal of some harrowing details of Auto misery.

"Hardly," he retorted, "can't run those luxuries: true the car's in the garage, but it's only a fool who uses the garage as a casualty ward and no more. Cars, like businesses, must in great part be run on thought—and forethought. That's how I've gone ahead. Take these motor accidents—they're generally called unavoidable, but are they? You'll counter nearly all these 'couldn't-be-helped' people with a 'why didn't you?'—of some sort or other, and ten to one you'll get the answer, 'I never thought.'

"Well, I think a lot of my machine, and after a grinding year in she goes for a spell and an annual sweetener."

"But," I ventured, marvelling at my busy friend's loquacity on this occasion, "you'll be lost without it."

"Better that," he replied philosophically,

"than being lost with it. But, as a matter of fact, I am going to lose myself for the next few days and for the same reason. I'm looking ahead—right ahead—to the everlasting side of things. Many men turn to this side, only after a smash-up. They have the 'casualty ward' view of the Church. It was poor Father Terence Shealy, the great New York Jesuit, who put me right on this matter. I was one of 2000 men—by the way the great American doctor, James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., was one of us, and what he doesn't know about life—better ask New York about him. It would do you good to meet our Catholic professional men in the States. Well, 2000 of us blew along to a most wonderful "Garage" on Staten Island in one year. Such an assortment—all 'dead-beats,' in a sense—worn down with 100 different interests. The good Father told us to take a spell and to 'invite our souls' to Mount Manresa to think—to think of the meaning of life—he said we were just going through it like a Christmas Eve crowd in the streets. We took the hint—somehow Father Shealy's hints had to be taken, and spent the three happiest days ever. Sweetened up? I should say. After three days' recollection we left with a consciousness of new power—throbbing with it—Rotorua? Te

Aroha? Mount Cook?—not in it! New power, I was saying, to face our every day problems, and a definite recognition of the mystery of things so dark to the men of our times—who have no Faith to guide them."

Then I got thinking, too, for my friend had had a long say and had given me a good chance. "But," I objected, "you haven't got to be a Manresa Cave-Man to do that job—a mission every three years is all you want."

"I'd have agreed with you once," was his answer, "but not now. You see you are looking at things speculatively—as an outsider. I've been through the mill. You can't think long enough during these missions. Mind you I don't underestimate them—wouldn't miss them. But during the mission, it's business as usual. You can't concentrate sufficiently—a mission is a makeshift for those who want to get out of the rut, in comparison with a Retreat. I don't do my work at meetings. My biggest strokes are pulled off in my den—out to everybody—silence—thought. You see the soul that runs my business—they say I am the soul of it—has to run the salvation side of things as well. It gets overstrained—run down—ridden to death. It's running my business during Missions—two minutes overtime on a sermon gets it on edge. During a Retreat there is nothing else on. You concentrate on the salvation side. It's a real change, and a change is a holiday. Yes, the anxieties of business eat into the soul—sounds like cancer—though some one speaks of "life's fitful fever." Perhaps he was right—believe me, sometimes I'm very near delirium.

Take my advice—it's a straight tip from one who knows—stave off the delirium—there's nothing so bracing for the tired, washed-out soul as mountain air—it's mountain air in the house of Retreat—when it's the sermon on the mount that's in it."

* * *

I never thought he had it in him—never thought he mixed religion with business—but there was always something about him. He hated and despised the man who hid his religion, who said a Catholic couldn't get on. By sheer hard work, by taking the straight road, which every Catholic should take, and will command respect and a following in taking, he had got on, got ahead. His secret was out. The man with something in him was off to St. Bede's, Christchurch, for the 16th January, or to Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on the 30th January, just as Dr. Walsh and the men who matter in America, are off to Mount Manresa—to learn how their light should shine in the pagan darkness of our times. By his influence I'll fit in a visit to Wanganui at the same time and be right with him in spirit, and it won't be my fault if that brother of mine doesn't hie him off to St. Pat's on the 23rd.

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(By PEDESTRIAN for N.Z. Tablet.)

MY OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

It is strange what importance we sometimes attach to a random remark. The remark that I have in my mind was made in my hearing by a lady travelling into town by tram one morning. "I always impress upon my children to take care of their reading-books all through their life and to study them from time to time." The speaker bore many traces of the teaching profession. Her tone of authority, her disregard of the vanities and niceties of fashion, her choice diction, a crispness of articulation which many might consider exaggerated, and a slowness of speech which assisted her to find the precise word after a diligent search, might all be accepted as evidences that she was a teacher. "If one would keep one's school books always, one could amuse oneself—nay, educate oneself—by means of them." My previous suspicions that she was a teacher were confirmed by that further remark and the form in which it was moulded. If I needed any more evidence, I found it in some allusion to an "overloaded syllabus," "Montessori method," and "proficiency."

Why I have chosen to comment upon the lady's remarks is this: when I was a boy at school the Brother urged us to keep our old school books and to read them from time to time. What my companions have done I am unable to say. But, as for myself, I have guarded them as a rare treasure. I have lent books of various kinds since then, grave and gay, poetical and historical. One or two have been returned to me; the rest are in the North Island or Australia. But my old reading books I have jealously kept. I have never offered to lend them, and nobody has shown any wish to borrow them. On many of them I have been always amused to read the ghastly warning:—

"Do not steal this book, my friend,
Afraid the gallows might be your end."

Prompted by the remark of the lady of the tram, I have drawn forth my little bundle from its resting-place. Though it is not tied up with silken strings, the parcel is as dear to me as the little bundle of love-letters was to ladies of the mid-Victorian era.

What memories, pleasant or painful, my old Fourth Book revives! The first lesson, "The two roads," interests me intensely. I must have been proud of my new book, for I evidently learned that lesson by rote. "It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. . ." I fear, however, I did not grasp it thoroughly in those far-off years. I can join heartily in the closing appeal, "O youth, return! O give me back my early days." What an admirable lesson contained in that simple story! And how little of that lesson I have retained except the words! However, a sort of general, elusive influence remains, a *je ne sais quoi* ("I don't know what") instead of a distinct and definite impression.

As for poetry, I fear that some of us must have given but little satisfaction to the Muses or their favorites. We scarcely ap-

preciated the shades of meaning, the carefully-chosen word, the charm of poetic licence which we foolishly considered permission to write ungrammatically. I had trouble with the opening lines of "Try Again":—

"King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
In a lonely mood to think";

I remember forming an image of some dark dungeon into which he had thrown himself. For "mood" I must have taken the liberty of substituting "pool." From this pool I drained the water, converting it into a "cellar" of some sort. Otherwise, I could find no place for a spider. The spider taught King Bruce an important, a heartening lesson. The poem taught us the same lesson of trying again even if we had failed many times. We had the same idea in a musical setting:—

"First if you don't succeed, try, try, try
again."

I am wondering whether I should be branded as a Philistine by the teachers of to-day if I said that modern reading-books, viewed in comparison with mine, are, in a well-known phrase, "only as I roved out."

And again, here is a reading lesson that should be committed to memory and recited in the elocution class and parsed and analysed, so that boys and girls may never forget what it teaches, viz., "The Apples—Bad Company." It is the story of the bad apple put into the basket containing the soundest apples of the garden. In a short time, they were all rotten, absolutely decayed. And how earnestly the good Brother lectured us on that startling fact! He told us of excellent boys of whom he had entertained the highest hopes, boys who were obedient to parents and teachers, obliging to companions, paragons of virtue. They fell away from the practice of religion through keeping bad company. The facts as laid before us were fraught with warning to us, but the sorrowful manner of the good teacher in narrating those facts was still more impressive than the facts themselves.

And "Whang, the miller" can never be forgotten by those who were ever "in the Fourth Book." We knew but little then of poor old Noll Goldsmith. He might have been a jeweller and goldsmith combined, as artificers in gold so often claim to be. But in my young days we were more limited in our reading than are the children of to-day. Our modern children would be told in which of his books Goldsmith immortalises Whang, and they would be advised to read the whole work in order to get the atmosphere of the short sketch. The more advanced pupils now-a-days, those intended for the Honors paper, would be asked to discuss the methods of distributing flour in Whang's day and to point out whether the cornering of wheat, as practised in America to-day, would have been punished as illegal by the Chinese Government at that uncivilised period. The children

of to-day read more than they can digest. With apologies to modern pedagogues, I hold that we shall have to revive the methods, since discarded, of the days when I was young.

And just now I lighted upon the *Sayings of Poor Richard*, and another lesson, *Too Much for His Whistle*. How often I have quoted these since I passed away from Fourth Class into Fifth, and then into the great University, the world! Since then I have read a good deal about Benjamin Franklin. Much of what I have read about him I have forgotten, but not so those reading lessons. Perhaps it is because I have so often paid "too much for my whistle" that I have never forgotten the wisdom it teaches. Sometimes I have bought books on the strength of a favorable critique and found them fit only for shaving-paper. I have cut my face with a safety razor, I have torn my hand with a safety-pin, and during the war safety matches were such a protection against fire that they would not light even a cigarette. Oh! yes, I have often paid too much for my whistle. My frequent experience of the disappointments of life must have helped me to remember those blocks of philosophy chiselled out of his acute observation.

And then the lessons bearing on science. James Watt comes before me and I at once recall the well-known lines that the steam-engine drones out to itself:—

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
I manage the mill and the mint,
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
And the news that you read I print.

Those lines might not find a place in modern anthologies, but they have found a place in my memory for many, many years.

Scripture History lessons gave us the touching account of Joseph, and we felt justly indignant at the cruel treatment to which his brothers subjected him. And, after all this, the mercy he lavished upon them. Why he favored Benjamin we could not fully understand until Brother explained that Joseph wished to see whether his brethren would be jealous of Benjamin as they had been of himself.

The history of Moses interested us without, however, touching the same delicate chord that the story of Joseph did.

It all comes back to me again—the lessons and the boys and our teacher. Our teacher is now, I trust, reaping the reward of his labors; the books are still my valued possession, but the boys—many of them attained high positions and did honor to their school, but of one or two I shall say nothing, for the charity of silence hinders me from discussing their subsequent careers.

I thank you, dear Brother who taught me for several years, that you advised me to keep my old books through life; and to you, dear Unknown lady in the tram, I tender also an expression of my gratitude for having thrown out a hint (if a woman of such precise diction will tolerate such a phrase) that "one should always keep one's books beside one, for one never knows when one will need them."

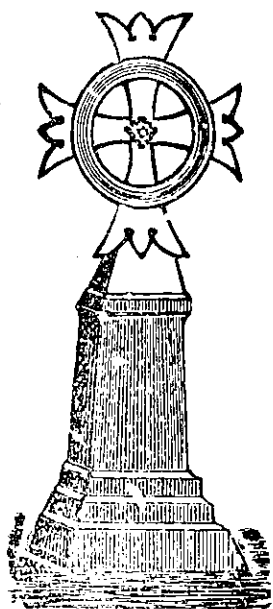
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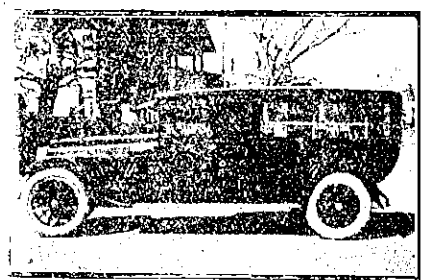
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CATHOLICITY IN CANTERBURY: EARLY MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

Lyttelton

In 1871 Father Boibieux resided at Lyttelton. Akaroa was visited on the first Sunday of the month, and oftener when it was necessary. Father Boibieux was a pious and clever priest, who came from Auckland to Christchurch, in order to recover his strength which had been exhausted by the fatigues and privations which he had endured in his missions among the Maoris of the North Island. He gave all his attention to the spiritual wants of the Catholics, and the schools founded by Father Chataigner. In 1873, on the arrival of Mgr. Croke, he was recalled to Auckland, where he died three years later, on September 16, 1876. His work was continued by Father Francis del Monte, Fathers Donovan and Walsh, and afterwards by Father O'Connor.

The district was visited once by Mgr. Viard, in 1866; twice by Mgr. Moran during his administration, in 1872 and 1873; and about every two or three years by Mgr. Redwood.

Christchurch

In 1850 when the Marist Fathers had left Auckland in order to establish themselves in the diocese of Wellington, Father Seon was placed in charge of Port Cooper. This was at the beginning of the colonisation of Canterbury, and as Catholics there were too few in numbers to employ a priest, Father Seon had then to include it in his visits, sometimes as far as Lyttelton, sometimes into the Peninsula where the Catholics were more numerous. The priests were put up as visitors, and said Mass for the Catholic families who were settled on the Canterbury Plains. In December of 1879 Father Seon established himself definitely at Christchurch, and took up his abode in a house attached to the Royal Hotel, then owned by Catholics.

The material situation was not very brilliant. The missions possessed, it is true, three acres of land given by the Colonial Government, but this consisted of an almost inaccessible swamp. The deed was still

either sides were used for the priests; and a shed divided in two parts was used as refectory and kitchen; that was all. They were happy to take up their dwelling there. On Christmas Day, 1860, a congregation assembled composed of fifteen Catholics. Their number increased. In 1861 Father Seon left Christchurch to go to the Hutt, and was replaced by Father Chervier, who arrived from France. Those who see the Christchurch mission in its present state, cannot comprehend the difficulties of all kinds which accompanied its foundations. The first difficulty was the language. The missionaries could not speak English or spoke it very badly, therefore the Protestants whose delicate ears were offended by their barbarous speech said laughingly: "The Pope, who sent these priests here with the power to preach ought also to have given them the gift of languages." This gift had not been given to them, however, and in order to know the language the poor missionaries were obliged to study it every day.

Another difficulty was their poverty. With the money they received for the propagation of the faith, and the offerings of the faithful which did not amount to more than 16 francs a week, they were obliged to live frugally—dry bread and water in the morning, a little meat at mid-day and the remainder for dinner in the evening. This was their fare for several years.

In order to increase their resources Father Chataigner bought two acres of land and immediately began the work in the garden which combined utility with pleasure. A Protestant gave some trees; and soon cabbages, carrots, and potatoes grew to perfection in this virgin soil. These happy beginnings were not without their difficulties; heavy rains and floods swamped the garden; by and by the neighbors' animals ransacked it, and nothing less than traps could prevent their nocturnal visits.

When Father Chervier had time he visited the Peninsula and the neighborhood of Christchurch. Father Chataigner took charge of the township of Lyttelton, and they visited the south from time to time.

Father Chataigner had collected from the Protestants as well as from the Catholics. He laid the foundation of the church which was opened and solemnly blessed on May 29, 1864. This part of Christchurch was not more than 6 or 8 feet above sea level.

The church and the presbytery were unapproachable to pedestrians. Some may still remember the time when they could not even approach on horse-back or in a conveyance, and it was necessary to place stepping-stones along the way to make a path for those who came on foot.

During the great flood of 1863 the Fathers were so shut off by the water that no one could approach to bring them provisions or to prepare their meals. They lived on bread and cabbage stumps which they obtained by wading into the garden. This state of affairs was changed when the Government made footpaths and dug drains to carry away the water.

A parish school was constructed the same time as the church. When the buildings were erected, pupils, who had until then attended



FATHER CHATAIGNER, S.M.

At the census of 1882, the Catholic population was 1016, divided thus: Lyttelton, 516; Akaroa, 112; and 388 in the different bays of the Peninsula. In the district there were two good churches, two presbyteries, one school, one Hibernian Society, and several sodalities or confraternities.

What has become of the Maori Catholics? For the most part they are dead; some have left the country; others, annoyed at not having a priest who could speak their own language, have grown indifferent and frequent the Protestant churches of the neighborhood. There are not very many Maoris on the Peninsula—about 250—but it is a pity that they have been neglected thus; lack of priests is the cause of this.

withheld by a trustee who was unwilling to give it up. There was no house, no money to help the missionaries.

Father Chataigner, who was a resourceful man, began by forcing the faithless trustee to give the deeds of the property, and he compelled the contractor, who had cheated Father Seon in regard to the building, to fulfil the conditions of his contract; obtained from Mgr. Viard the sum of 3700 francs, and with the offering, which some benevolent people had made, he built and paid for the house which was to serve for the time being as presbytery and church. This house was not very comfortable; bare planks formed the frame-work; one large room served as church, two little rooms on

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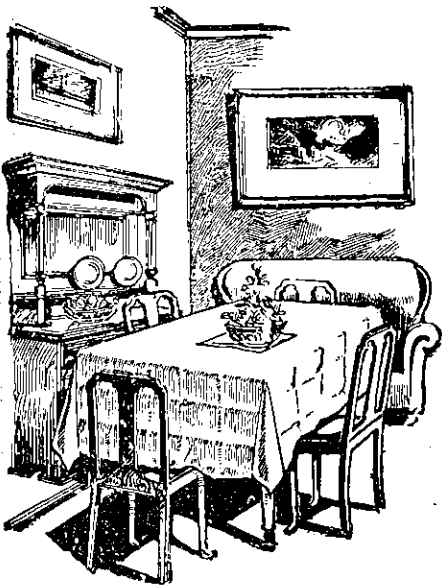
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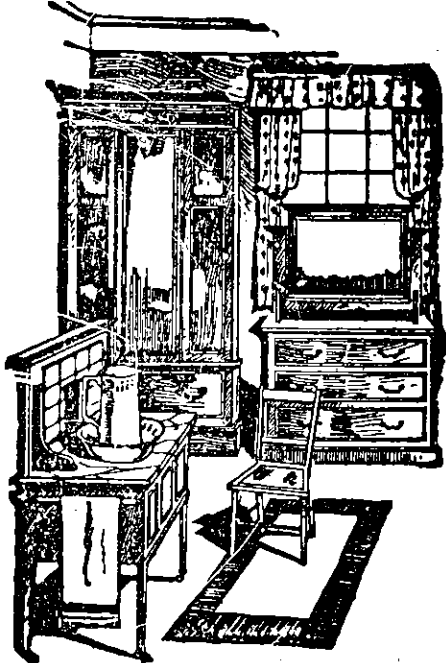


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at a small house in the town, were transferred thither, to the great delight of the children and the teachers.

In 1863 Father Chataigner visited the whole of South Canterbury as far as Waitaki. These visits were renewed every year from January till May. The greater part of the journey was made in public vehicles which were more solid than elegant. This solidity was very necessary. As soon as the signal was given, the horses would gallop across the plains where the roads were only marked by tracks left by the wheels of vehicles. All went well when the ground was level; but if stones or ruts were encountered a horrible ordeal had to be endured. It was useless to ask the driver to moderate his pace—he

the river. The man afterwards told some friends, laughingly, what he had done.

"You wretch," cried a gentleman, "you have sent the priest to a certain death. The river is not passable." At the same time he jumped on his horse and rode towards the Hurunui, intending to stop the priest if there was still time. One can realise his relief and astonishment on seeing Father Chataigner on the opposite side of the river. When he entered the river the priest had held the sacred vestments above his head. He soon arrived at a place where the current was swift but continued to advance in this manner with his eye on the opposite bank where he arrived without knowing how.

At the beginning of 1868 four Sisters of

spent several months amongst them and did not return to Christchurch till the end of the year. He did not live there long; for, having visited Akaroa in February or March, he left Christchurch to open a new mission at Timaru.

He was replaced by Father Chervier, who took charge of the district in March, 1869, and remained there until June, 1871. His assistant was Father Boibieux, a French priest of the diocese of Auckland. The number of Catholics had considerably increased in Christchurch, and in the district which comprised the whole of Canterbury and of Rangitata, as far as the Hurunui. Long and difficult were their journeys in order to visit the Catholics and to give them the comforts of religion. Father Chervier's successors were Fathers Tenyer, Belliard, Charcyre, and Ginaty. Under the administration of especially Father Ginaty the parochial affairs were considerably extended, and numerous conversions were made to recompense the apostolic zeal and the devotion of his worthy confreres.

(To be continued.)

WEDDING BELLS

NARBEBY—CONWAY.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at the Cathedral, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch, recently, when Hubert Joseph Orlando, youngest son of Mr. F. Narbey and the late Mrs. Narbey, of Cashmere Hills, and Eunice Hannah, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Conway, of Stafford Street, Riccarton, were united in the bonds of holy Matrimony. Rev. Father Hanrahan officiated and celebrated Nuptial Mass. The bride wore a beautiful gown of cream satin charmante, with accordian pleated panels of cream Chantilly lace and pearl ornament. Her hand-embroidered tulle veil was becomingly arranged and fell in graceful folds from a coronet of orange blossoms and silver leaves. She carried a shower bouquet of cream roses and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaid (Miss Lillian Halliday) was attired in a pretty frock of pink georgette with pipings of silver, and silver lace hat with touches of pink, and carried a shower bouquet to tone with her frock. As the bridal party left the church little Joan Conway (niece of the bride) dressed in a dainty frilled frock of lemon organdi, with rosetted hair band, presented the bride with a basket of flowers. The bridegroom was attended by his cousin, Mr. Denis Darbey, of Akaroa, as best man. Miss K. O'Connor presided at the organ and played appropriate music during the Mass. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The newly-wedded couple, who were the recipients of handsome presents and congratulatory telegrams, left later for their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a pretty frock of fawn brocaded marocain smocked at one side and relieved with touches of Amazon blue and fawn georgette hat with blue hand-made French flowers.

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FATHER CHERVIER, S.M.

turned a deaf ear, and laughing to himself excited his horses whilst pretending to make them stop.

It remained for them to resign themselves to their fate and to endure their bruises patiently until the first stop, in the hope of obtaining a driver more courteous or less drunk. Apart from these inconveniences, accidents were rare. Arriving at the end of their journey, the missionaries had to search about for a track which took them to the Catholic families, and they had to cross mountains and valleys, in order to avoid the marshes, in the hope of arriving quickly at their destination. The crossing of the rivers was very dangerous, and Father Chataigner escaped one time only by a miracle. He had been called by Count de la Pasture on the other side of the Hurunui, to one of his servants. The Father found the river swollen by the rain, and asked a young man if the ford was passable. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he prepared to enter

Notre Dame des Missions arrived in Christchurch to take charge of the girls' school. The buildings planned to receive them were scarcely finished, the place was damp, and the Sisters lacked colonial experience. At first they met with many reverses. But when the Sisters had gained the confidence of the families their success was assured. They secured six acres of land, and when, after several years, the old buildings became too small for the Sisters and their boarders, they built a magnificent building of brick and stone which still serves as convent and boarding school. The foundation stone was laid in 1881, and the house opened and blessed on June 11, 1882.

In the beginning the pupils were not numerous, they now number nearly 500.

About August, 1860, Father Chataigner visited South Canterbury and the whole of Otago. There were then in the mines a great number of Catholics who were awaiting patiently the visit of a priest. The priest

Current Topics

"The Duel"

The last issue to hand of the *Strand Magazine* contains a story ("The Duel") from the pen of L. J. Beeston. It deals with the doings of a picturesque quintette, members of a powerful secret society formed for the purpose of pulling down the social edifice in order to rebuild it upon a different plan. The distribution of deadly subversive literature is part of the society's activities. So far so good, but as we proceed, we learn that one of the thugs is a priest from Ireland named O'Bourne. Now, what on earth was a priest doing in a society of that kind? Is the Beeston person so shockingly ignorant that he does not know that the Catholic Church reprobates all secret societies? And what was the editorial department of the *Strand Magazine* thinking of when it allowed the drivel to "get by"? The inclusion of a priest as one of the conspirators was not necessary to the plot of the story. An editor would have been more in keeping with the character of a distributor of deadly subversive literature. Either the author does not possess the elementary knowledge of a Catholic infant, or his wretched story was written as an attack on the Catholic Church. In any case, the *Strand* people must bear the odium of their contributor's ignorance or prejudice. Further, if respectable and prosperous British periodicals wish to warn their readers against secret societies, why don't they begin on the Freemasons? Most of the respectable and prosperous editors could do that from first-hand knowledge of the subject.

Lourdes Miracles and Joseph McCabe

Joseph McCabe, renegade monk, pseudo-scientist, atheist, and popular humbug, has delivered judgment upon Lourdes and its miracles. He commences by saying that the magnitude of the subject prevented him from making the kind of investigation that would enable him to speak with authority—and then he proceeds to speak with authority. He dismisses the cures as frivolous deceptions, and he appears to think that considerable weight is added to his testimony by admitting that he knows nothing about the subject. Those who remember Joseph as a lecturer on evolution, and as an apologist for Haeckel, will also remember that ignorance of a question does not prevent him from lecturing dogmatically upon it. His noise is not regulated by his knowledge.

His Method

Men like McCabe, however, do not welcome knowledge. It embarrasses them by disclosing flaws in their reasoning to which they wish to close their eyes. If all the evidence in the world were placed before McCabe to prove the cures at Lourdes miraculous, he would not admit it. It is not a case of honest conviction; it is the case of a man whose living depends upon his ability to slander Christianity; it is the case of a man who has lost the faith, and who seeks to draw profit from his infidelity. His opinion of Lourdes is based upon the smallest work

on the subject he could find—a two-penny pamphlet of the Catholic Truth Society. The pamphlet in question is merely part of a lecture delivered by Father Woodlock, S.J., and it was read first of all as a preliminary to a discussion, and as an introduction to the standard works on the subject. The dishonesty of the atheist is disclosed by his methods. He sets out to deal with a question which, on his own admission, is a huge one, and in doing so he ignores the standard works which contain full and authentic information, and delivers judgment upon a popular lecture mainly intended to advertise those standard works. The pamphlet contains the names of the books to which reference is made, tells where they can be purchased in England, and urges the people to procure and read them. All this is ignored by Mr McCabe, who professes to regard the pamphlet as a full and sufficient statement of the case for Lourdes. Dishonesty seems essential to atheist philosophers.

His Logic.

Mr McCabe is just as illogical as he is dishonest. His grounds for dismissing the miracles are confined to three:—(1) That there are too many miracles; (2) that it is easy to imagine still more staggering wonders; (3) that scarcely any miracles happen to English people. *Catholic Truth* says the phrase "too many miracles" is meaningless: "miracles" may be unproved or they may be sheer lies, but they cannot be too frequent; again, the more staggering cures that may be imagined do not in the least invalidate the staggering cures that have actually occurred—one cannot either explain things or argue them out of existence by imagining other things; and, as to England, it is not important whether miracles happen to English people or not; a miracle is a miracle to whomever it happens. Mr McCabe makes a strong point of the fact that the pamphlet contains "only ten cases out of a possible ten thousand." On this head he accuses Father Woodlock of deliberately suppressing relevant matters which would destroy his case. The fact that not more than ten cases can be squeezed into a two-penny pamphlet does not impress Joseph. Father Woodlock is a Jesuit, and therefore everything omitted for want of space is "suppressed" with sinister intent. He complains that the cases cited are all over fifteen years old. This is simply explained: it was thought advisable to give standard cases about which a medical literature has grown up, which have been fully tested, and about which no fear of relapse can any longer be entertained. He finally dismisses the pamphlet by saying that the work is full of minor inaccuracies in spelling, as if that could in any way affect the claims of Lourdes. But even here it is the critic who is at fault. Mr McCabe writes: "Marie Barrell (not Barel, as the Jesuit says) . . ." Here are two inaccuracies. Her name was not "Barrell,"

and Father Woodlock did not write "Barel," Her name was "Borel," and so Father Woodlock wrote it. After all, Mr. self with confusion, an exercise to which McCabe has succeeded in covering himself, he is well accustomed. It is a great pity, however, that people who are slightly interested in scientific subjects should permit themselves to become the dupes of garrulous humbugs whose chief reason for talking about things completely beyond them is their fierce and abiding aversion to any and all kinds of useful work.

The Boundary.

The Boundary dispute still lies very close to the heart of British politics, which means that it lies very close to the heart of British trade. It is a grim, uncompromising fact which is much too tragic to be discussed in the House of Commons or treated openly in the British press. A shell of fiction has been raised around it, and Ministers make speeches and hold conferences about *that*. In like manner newspapers print ponderous leading articles about *that*—leading articles containing well-balanced periods, treating of psychology, national temperament, religious prejudice, and liberty of conscience, with a phrase or two of French thrown in to add tone to the whole. But all the time the kernel inside the shell is not touched. During the past few weeks Ministers have referred to the Boundary on several occasions, but the words on their lips give no clue to the thoughts in their minds. Cable messages informed us that the Free State wished to have the Anglo-Irish Treaty registered with the League of Nations Union and that Great Britain objected on the ground that the said Treaty was merely a domestic agreement between the Empire and one of its units. The objection is untenable, but the motive behind it is quite clear.

The Legend.

Napoleon described the English as a nation of shopkeepers, and the motive of British policy in Ireland will be found in the mind of the shopkeeper rather than in the speeches of the politicians. The frequent Ministerial references to the claims of "Loyal Ulster" may serve the purpose of convincing some British electors that the Government is mightily concerned about protecting the loyal Orange minority in the North from the oppression of a rebellious Catholic majority in the South; but all the same, those who know the history of Ireland in English politics will pass over all the windy declamation about religious liberty and seek the motive of the policy in the Board of Trade statistics. We do not go so far as to assert that Ulster is a negligible quantity in the question. Ulster is important as a fiction: destroy the fiction and you destroy the fact. Destroy the legend of a small band of thrifty, God-fearing settlers consumed with loyalty to the Empire and to British tradition—a sturdy company whose souls revolt against the surrender of their liberties to a nation of ignorant, thriftless, discontented people dominated by a clergy giving obedience to a foreign prelate—destroy that legend, and Britain's last excuse for remaining in Ireland fades away. It is the business of the British politician to see

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that the legend is not destroyed. Ulster serves a purpose—the self-same purpose that she served in the early plantation days. Therefore, she is useful as an instrument, but only when she is a legend. But British commerce is not a legend. It is the propelling force in British politics, and for sound commercial reasons—to British traders the best of all reasons—British statesmen nibble and equivocate about the interpretation of the Boundary clause of the Treaty.

Daylight.

The *Catholic Bulletin* is usually well informed as to the reason of things political. It believes that as far as Ireland is concerned British statesmen are on the horns of a dilemma. There is much wild talk in the North about civil war; and in the South there is a strong Republican section eager to scrap the Treaty and declare a republic. Then, there is the Free State Government standing firm upon the Treaty and insisting that all its clauses be honoured. A definite breach of the Treaty by Britain would mean the fall of the Free State Government, with a Republican Government as a probable sequence. Under these latter circumstances Britain may find it difficult to prevent war; and just as present there are two things she cannot afford—she cannot afford the destruction of the Ulster legend, and she cannot afford war in Ireland. Ireland is still Britain's most valuable market, and it is the one market where she is not menaced either by competition or hostile tariffs. The decline of British trade in the world's markets moves the politicians to temporise with Ireland. According to the *Times* the Board of Trade returns show that in the first quarter of last year that while exports from the United States and France exceeded imports by £30,000,000 and £8,000,000 respectively, the imports of Great Britain exceeded exports by £69,000,000. Again, at the annual meeting of the Calico Printers' Association, held in September, the Chairman revealed the fact that India now took only one-half the amount of printed cotton goods from the United Kingdom that she did before the war. A similar reduction was shown in the purchases by Persia and Baghdad. In the case of Rangoon, the Levant, and South America the decline was heavier still. The success of foreign competitors was due to lower taxation, lower freight charges, lower scale of wages, and longer working hours. Italy, the Chairman added, had practically secured a monopoly of the flannelette trade in the Near East markets, and Americans, who had undersold the British in shirtings, had themselves been undersold by the Japanese. If anything, conditions in the iron, steel, and ship-building trades are worse, while the competition of German coal is bound to become more severe as Germany regains her economic liberty.

Strategy.

The *Catholic Bulletin* goes on to say that all parties in England are agreed on the necessity of maintaining Partition, but they particularly wish to have Partition acquiesced in by the Irish themselves. The position is one of extreme delicacy. There is danger of war from three quarters—two

of which are in Ireland, and one is in England itself. Some time ago Mr Thomas disclosed the drift of British policy when he said that a Republic in Ireland would not be tolerated. There is much more in this at the present time than in the ordinary stereotyped objection to which we have long been accustomed. It means that if a war has to be faced this is the point upon which it will be forced. A war arising on the issue of a violation of the Agreement would be a more serious matter for England than a war following on the declaration of an Irish Republic. A war fought by the Free State for the possession of Tyrone and Fermanagh could justly be described as a defensive war, and a cause likely to engage influential sympathy. The Free State could quote the "scrap of paper" and the violation of Belgium. Obviously, if a Commission sat, its findings, whatever they might be, would be a cause of war. All things considered, the last thing England wants is a war in Ireland within the Articles of Agreement. But should there be a war, the object of the British policy of delay will reveal itself as having been followed for the purpose of making the issue the proclamation of an Irish Republic.

Decay of Manners.

The *Times* lately delivered to modern society a strong dose of salutary home truth concerning the decay of manners. "Go to any place where people are dancing, listen to the music, and watch the actions of the couples. Then let imagination carry you back two hundred years to the day of the Minuet. There is no doubt about the ideal aimed at then. It was elegance and distinction both in music and dancing. Heaven alone knows what is aimed at now beyond perspiration and noise." The critic then goes on to attribute the present state of manners to "the sudden arrival of democracy in power," but that contention is exploded by the *Bombay Examiner*. The latter paper points out how absurd it is to pretend that the middle and lower classes of England direct modern taste. The whole evil is that they too slavishly imitate the bad example set by the wealthy. The second reason given for the decay of manners the *Examiner* believes to be the chief one. The *Times* writer puts it well: "The sudden advance of scientific knowledge has blinded us to the real degeneracy in the things that matter. We have imagined that the fact that we could talk to one another over a few million miles of wires was a more important thing than the fact that we had really nothing interesting to say. We have imagined that the fact that we can get into boxes which will carry us very much faster over the world's surface than our ancestors could go, marked us out as their superiors, and we have been oblivious to the fact that the really important things are the minds of the people who move about. There is no point in an empty head travelling even a thousand miles an hour." In a word, comments our contemporary, it is the modern concentration on merely material progress to the neglect of the things of the spirit that manifests itself in the modern decay of manners. This

is very true, and it is an evil which successive Popes have emphasised again and again throughout the last century. "It is perfectly evident," wrote Leo XIII, "that the very notion of civilisation is a fiction of the brain if it rest not on the abiding principle of truth and the unchanging laws of virtue and justice. . . . Civilisation divorced from religion is but a worthless imitation and a meaningless name."

How? What? Why?

A Methodist minister of Wilkesbarre, Pa., U.S.A., in the person of Rev. James Benninger, pays an eloquent tribute to the Catholic Church. We reproduce it without comment:—

We have fumed and fussed and worked ourselves into a frenzy while the Catholic Church, without any effort on her part, has gone on the even tenor of her way solving the problems to the satisfaction of her Hierarchy. How does she do it? How does she get men out of bed on Sunday morning at an early hour—men who work late on Saturday night? How does she fill the streets on Sunday morning with worshippers, when the Protestant world is fast asleep? I know some of the explanations that are offered, but they do not explain. Many that we have heard and read only seem childish twaddle. One man will tell you that the Catholic Church contains nobody but ignorant people. But is that true to the facts of the case? Do we not know of brilliant lawyers and judges and professors and business men who are devout worshippers at her shrine? But if it were true that she had only ignorant people, would not the criticism pay her a high compliment? For every Protestant clergyman in Christendom knows that the hardest people to get along with are ignorant people. A Church that can gather and hold the ignorant people has a vitality very much to be desired. But the criticism is not true. Another man will tell you that the Catholic Church scares people into her fold. But that explanation is no better than the first. You can readily see how one generation might be frightened into doing something, but who is willing to believe that twenty generations can be worked upon in the same way? The scarecrow method is bound to play out with the growing years. Her secret lies deeper. The reason the Catholic Church succeeds, in spite of our misgivings, is because she is true to the central fact of revelation. She makes the death of Jesus the centre of her devotion, and around that point she organises all her activities. When you see a company of Catholic people on the way to church you can be assured of this: they are not going for the sake of fine music, they are not going to hear an eloquent dissertation on Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. They are going to that place of worship to attend Mass. What is the celebration of the Mass? It is what we call the celebration of the Lord's Supper. That fact is kept prominently before the mind of every Catholic. What is the first thing you see as you approach a Catholic Church? A cross. What is the first thing you see as you enter that church? A cross. What is the first thing you see a Catholic do as he seats himself in that church? Makes the Sign of the Cross. What is the last thing held before the eyes of a dying Catholic? A cross. He comes into the Church in childhood imbued with the death of Jesus; he goes out of this world thinking of the death of Jesus.

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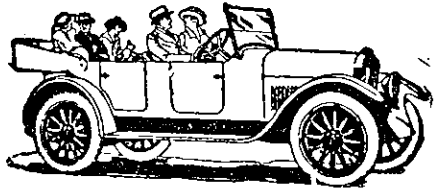
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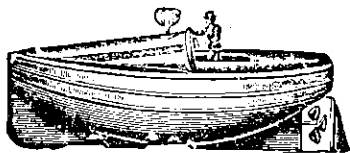
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PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The prize-giving at the Sacred Heart Convent, Wanganui, took place on December 11. The prizes were distributed by the Rev. Father Mahony, following being the list:—

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Christian doctrine, gold cross (gift of Father Mahony).—Senior division: Basma Gustine 1, May Benefield 2, Lily Howard 3. Next in merit, L. Engel and R. Nolan. Junior division: K. Dowdall 1, M. Cahill 2. Next in merit, P. Howard and N. Ward. Elementary division: M. Purcell 1, G. Beechey 3.

Good conduct (gold medal, gift of Mr. Lloyd).—Senior boarders: R. Mulline 1, R. Nolan and L. Howard 2. Next in merit, R. Goldfinch. Junior boarders: F. Barry 1, M. Boulton 2. Day scholars: M. Robinson 1, O. Nixon 2.

Dux (gold medal, gift of Mr. D. McDonald).—Secondary division: Leah Engel. Primary division: M. Boulton.

Proxime Accessit to dux.—Secondary division: N. Cooper.

Diligence (gold medal, gift of Miss Tottie McLean, Hawera).—G. Culling and L. Howard 1, K. Long 2.

Essay (gold medal, gift of Miss Mollie O'Meara).—N. O'Meara 1, Z. Donnelly 2. Next in merit, N. Cooper.

Languages (gold medal, gift of Miss Victorine Ruscoe).—Peggy McGreevy.

Elocution (gold medal, gift of Miss Kathleen Carroll).—Advanced division: M. O'Halloran 1, N. O'Meara 2. Next in merit, M. Missen. Senior division: C. McGreevy. Junior division: R. Moorhouse 1, M. Boulton 2. Next in merit, M. Robinson.

Knitting.—D. Gray.

Painting.—M. Missen and C. McGreevy 1, D. Robertson 2. Next in merit, G. Culling and R. Nolan.

Black and white drawing.—D. Robertson 1, M. Missen 2. Next in merit, C. McGreevy and R. Nolan.

Politeness.—Senior boarders: K. Carolan 1, M. Murphy and E. Howard 2. Junior boarders: E. Cursti. Day scholars: D. Curtin 1, O. Graham and S. McGuinness.

House prize.—Senior boarders: L. Howard 1, G. Culling 2. Next in merit, M. Langford.

Neatness and tidiness.—Z. Donnelly and E. McGrail 1, E. O'Brien 2.

Home science.—Senior division: L. Engel. Junior division: Z. Donnelly 1, M. Keegan 2, E. McGrail 3.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-keeping.—Advanced division: L. Howard 1, G. Culling 2, E. McGrail 3. Intermediate division: C. McGreevy 1, O. Graham 2, O. Nixon 3. Elementary division:

E. Plunkett 1, J. Piper 2, E. Howard 3.

Shorthand.—Senior division: D. Nolan 1, C. McGreevy 2. Junior division: E. Howard 1, M. Beechey 2, E. Plunkett 3.

Typewriting.—Advanced division: C. McGreevy 1, D. Nolan 2, E. McGrail 3. Elementary division: S. McGuinness 1, M. Beechey 2, E. Howard 3.

Commercial geography.—E. Plunkett 1, D. Nolan 2, S. McGuinness 3.

CLASS PRIZES.

Form VI.—Rita Nolan, 1 Eng. lang. and litt., gen. hyg. and French.

Form VA.—Leah Engel, 1 arith., 1 alg., 1 Latin, 1 H. Sc., 2 Fr., 2 hist., 3 geom. Norma Cooper, 1 hist., 1 geom., 2 Eng. lang. and litt., 1 penmanship, 3 essay, 3 alg., 3 Fr., 2 geog. Peggy McGreevy, 1 Fr., 1 Lat., 2 alg., 2 geom., 3 arith. Margaret O'Halloran, 1 rdg., 3 h. sc., 3 Fr., 3 alg. Gladys Culling, 1 geog., 1 model drawing, 3 h. sc., 2 hyg., 2 arith., 2 penmanship. Lily Howard, 1 geog., 1 hyg., 2 h. sc., 3 hist.

Form VB.—Zita Donnelly, 1 essay, 1 arith., 1 alg., 1 Fr., 1 Latin, 1 Eng. lang. and litt., 1 penmanship, 2 hist., 2 h. sc., 2 geom. Elsie McGrail, 1 geog., 2 Eng. lang., 2 penmanship, 3 arith., 3 hist. Bryana Beechey, 1 rdg., 1 h. sc., 1 geom., 1 hist., 2 Eng. litt., 2 Lat. Lorna Cross, 2 arith., 2 alg., 3 Eng. lang., 3 geom., 3 Lat.

Form IVA.—Rora Mullins 1, O. Graham 2, O. Nixon 3. Two or three mentions in class subjects: M. Keegan, M. Fletcher 1, O'Brien. Diligence: W. Howard and M. Langford.

Form IVB.—C. McGreevy 1, N. O'Meara 2.

Form IIIA.—B. Gustine and M. Benefield 1, N. Ward 2, M. Missen and K. Dowdall 3. Two mentions in class subjects: K. Carolan, M. Morphy, D. Curtin, M. Cahill, P. Howard. Diligence: J. Piper and R. Goldfinch.

Form IIIB.—E. Howard 1, M. Beechey 2, A. Gleeson 3.

Class VI.—Dux, M. Boulton 1, M. Vance 2, K. Engel and J. McLennan 3. Next in merit, E. Curtis. General improvement: A. Casey, E. Lynskey, Z. Blair, M. Curtis, P. Barry.

Class V.—A. Moorhouse 1, G. Beechey 2, E. Brown 3. Next in merit, D. Gray. General improvement: E. Hogan and O. Hogan.

Class IV.—M. Purcell 1, V. Overend 2, J. Cochrane 3. Next in merit: L. Bethune and M. Heffernan. General improvement: M. Anderson.

MUSIC.

Pianoforte, L.T.C.L. and Advanced grade (gold medal, gift of the convent).—R. Nolan.

Higher Local.—D. Doig 1, N. O'Meara 2. Next in merit, R. Johnston.

Intermediate Local Centre.—L. Price 1, L. Cross 2. Next in merit, M. Keegan.

Senior division.—E. Carmody 1, E. Howard 2, Next in merit, K. Long.

Intermediate division.—C. McGreevy 1, I. O'Meara 2. Next in merit, Z. Donnelly.

Junior division.—E. Brown 1, E. Lynskey 2. Next in merit, J. Piper.

VIOLIN.

Senior Division.—D. Nolan 1, M. Keegan 2.

Junior division.—G. Beechey.

SINGING.

L.T.C.L.—Edna Greenwood, St. Mary's Convent.

Intermediate Division (gold medal).—M. O'Halloran 1, B. Beechey 2.

Preparatory Division.—E. Howard 1.

Class Singing.—P. McGreevy and M. Beechey 1, J. McLennan 2.

Physical Drill (gold medal, gift of Mrs. Gellatly).—M. Beechey 1, K. Carolan 2. Next in merit, M. Morphy.

Sport (gold medal, gift of convent).—N. Cooper 1, A. Moorhouse 2. Next in merit, M. Langford and M. Morphy.

NEEDLEWORK.

Senior Division (white work).—E. Howard 1, N. O'Meara and R. Nolan 2. Next in merit, D. Robertson, E. Brown, and A. Gleeson. Junior division (colored work): E. Brown 1, Z. Blair 2. Next in merit, E. Curtis.

Dressmaking.—C. McGreevy 1, Z. Blair 2.

Class III.—J. Heffernan 1, C. Overend 2, J. Farnworth 3. General improvement: J. Winstone, D. Sargisson, and A. Bell.

Sacred Heart College, Auckland

RESULTS OF THE SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.

First: Rupert Cuddon-Large, of St. Thomas's Academy, Oamaru, 594 marks.

Second: M. Smith, of the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, Wellington, 549 marks.

Each of the above-mentioned boys has won a scholarship of the annual value of £60 (the board and tuition fee at the college), and tenable at Sacred Heart College for three years, with a possible extension to four.

Next in order:—

Third: S. H. Ellis, Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, Wellington.

Fourth: B. Bennett, Marist Brothers' School, Vermont Street, Auckland.

Fifth: J. Spillane, Convent School, Temuka.

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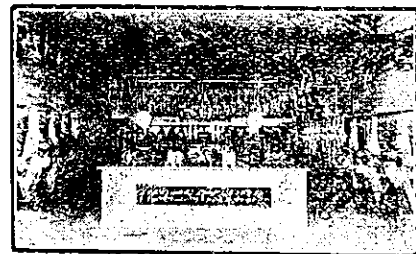
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St. Mary's Collegiate High School, Christchurch

His Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, presided at the annual entertainment and distribution of prizes in connection with St. Mary's Collegiate High School, Colombo Street, held on Friday, December 12, the programme being as follows:—

Chorus, "Merry June," pupils; pianoforte duet, "March," Misses A. Clifford, M. McDermott, D. Blake, and M. O'Brien; recitation, "The African Chief," Master K. Hamlet; chorus, "My Old Bush Home," boys; violin solo, "Gavotte," Miss Eunice Penhallariach; vocal solo, "Invitation," Miss Aroha Clifford; recitation, "The King's Picture," Miss Anthea Loughnan; action song, "The Wonderful Fan," junior pupils; pianoforte solo (two pianos), "Nocturne," Misses M. Johnston and M. Rogal; recitation, "A Christmas Camp on the San Gabriel," Miss I. Fowler; chorus, "Angelic Messenger," senior pupils; violin solo, "Tarantelle," Miss L. Gilders; drill, "Tennis," pupils; action song, "Come, Little Birdie," junior pupils; piano solo, "Rigoletto," Miss W. Owen; action song, "Coach and Four," junior pupils; pianoforte duet, "Bugle Calls," Misses M. Delany, J. Blake, P. Lythgoe, and L. de la Cour; chorus, "The Night Bells," pupils.

Following is the prize list:—

Special prize for Christian doctrine (senior division), presented by Very Rev. Father O'Connell. First for Christian doctrine (senior division), Mavis O'Brien, Patricia Wall, Hubert Hayward, John Jackson, Margaret McGahey. Good conduct, Amy O'Donnell, Winifred Thiele, Doreen O'Connor, P. Mahoney. English literature (Matric. class), Antoinetta McGrath (gold medal). Latin (Matric. class), 1st, Marian Grofski; 2nd, Mary McDermott. Latin (Civil Service), Anthea Loughnan (gold medal). Latin (Intermediate), Joan Blake. French (Matric. class), 1st, Antoinetta McGrath; 2nd, Dorothy Blake. French (Civil Service), Bernice Grofski. French (Intermediate), Joan Blake. English composition (Matric. class), 1st, Marion Hayward; 2nd, Mavis O'Brien. English composition (Intermediate), Joan McGrath, Mabel Colley. Book-keeping, 1st, Edna Ewing (gold medal); I. Fowler, Mary Ormandy. Shorthand (Advanced division), 1st, Mary Ormandy; 2nd, Irene Davies. Shorthand (Intermediate division), 1st, Aroha Clifford; Janie Rennall, Moira Delany. Mathematics (Matric. class), 1st, Mary McDermott; 2nd, Marian Grofski. Mathematics (Civil Service), Anthea Loughnan. Home Science (Matric. class), 1st, Dorothy Blake. Home Science (Civil Service), Anthea Loughnan. Home Science (Intermediate), Joan McGrath. Needlework, 1st, Aroha Clifford, Mercia Aldridge, Kathleen Ryan, Eilcen Mawhinny. Diligence, Bernice Grofski, Janie Rennell, Ivy Fowler, Marjorie Whelan, Constance Muhleisen. Typewriting, Edna Ewing, Moira Delany. Geography (Matric. class), 1st, Marian Hayward, Amy O'Donnell. Geography, Std. 6, Patricia Lythgoe; Std. 5, Nancy Malley; Std. 4, Ian

McKay; Std. 3, Archie McKay. General proficiency, Mary McDermott, Patricia Wall, Mary McGahey, Patricia Armstrong, Nancy Griffith, John Jackson, Patricia McDermott. History (Matric. class), 1st, Antoinetta McGrath; 2nd, Amy O'Donnell. History (Std. 4), Lindsay Levestam; Std. 2, Jack Armstrong. English grammar and composition, Catherine McGahey, Kelvin Hamlet, Gerard McDermott, Ann Clarkson, Grace Dalton, Patricia Ardagh. Drawing (landscape), 1st, Irene Davies; Std. 4, Lorna de la Cour, Frances McGregor. Arithmetic, Annie Taylor, Bernadine Wall, G. Pollard, Eric Nee, Ian Bain, Norman Duncan, Bernard Wood, Theresa Ward, Margaret McGahey, Paul Bunz, Clare Fogarty. Dictation and spelling, Nan Wallace, Shona Duncan, Myra Dalton, Masie McNabb, Jack Soanes, Sheila Curtis, Charles Morkane. Writing, Francis Mulheisen, Olga Davies. Reading and recitation, Moira Wed-

rell, Margaret McKenna, Joan McDonnell, Naomi Cotter, Mary Howard, Bernice Gentles. Attendance, Edna O'Connor, Thelma Healey. Associate Piano, 1st, Ella Marshall (gold medal); 2nd, Myra Johnston. Higher Local Piano, 1st, Dorothy Blake (gold medal); 2nd, Mary Rogal. Senior Division Piano, 1st, Valerie Clarkson and Alma Chamberlain. Senior Violin, Louise Gilders. Intermediate Division Piano, 1st, Freda Maindonald (silver medal); 2nd, P. Lythgoe. Junior Piano, 1st, Lilian Dollan; 2nd, Mabel Dalton and Mary Kyle. Junior Violin, 1st, Eunice Penhallariach. Preparatory Division Piano, Constance Barker; 2nd, Catherine Leggott. First steps, 1st prize, Patricia McDermott. Vocal music, 1st, Aroha Clifford. Class Singing, 1st, Marion Hayward and Mavis O'Brien; 2nd, Joan Blake, L. de la Cour. Theory, Higher Local, 1st, Mary C. McDermott. Junior division, 1st, Joyce Burrell. Junior division, 2nd, Nancy Malley and Nan Wallace. Prep. division, 1st, Mavis Evans.

Convent School, Hastings

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Christmas came to Hastings, or rather the juvenile portion of it, a little earlier this year. For a glorious Christmas tree reared its green arms in the Convent grounds, and every child below the 3rd Standard found his name on a gay toy depending from those generous branches. Father McDonald, in a happy speech, made the presentation of gifts to the eager little mites. Nor did the sudden rain that came just as the last toy was plucked from the tree damp the youngster's glee. Assuredly Christmas is the feast of happy childhood.

December 15 saw the parish school prize-giving. The Proficiency results showed how well the children worked during the year, and are a fine tribute to the quality of teaching imparted by the capable Sisters entrusted with this noble work. Handsome medals were donated by patrons of the school. Following is the prize list:—

Amiability Crown (chosen by vote of the pupils), gift of the Convent, Mona Flynn. Good conduct (gold medal, gift of Rev. Father McDonald), Mora Flynn. Christian doctrine (gold medal, gift of Rev. Father McDonald), Aileen White. General excellence (gold medal, gift of Mr Archibald), Ethel Caldwell. Languages (gold medal, gift of Dr. Story), Maeri Pownall. Games, boys (gold medal, gift of Mr Booth), Howard Plummer. Games, girls (silver medal, gift of Mr Garland), Rhoda Hammond. Dux, boys (gold medal, gift of Mr N. Y. Dennett), Francis Begley; girls (gold medal, gift of Mr N. Y. Dennett), Katie Cullinane. Punctuality and order (gift of Mrs Archibald), Iris Morgan. Diligence, Standard V, Wallace Lewis. Music, gifts of Mr Ribbands. Instrumental, Aileen White and Kathleen McKeegan. Vocal (gift of a friend), Molly Watt.

A hearty round of cheers was accorded the sisters by the pupils, and a similar flattering reception was given the Rev. Father McDonald, who presented the prizes.

OBITUARY

MR. MICHAEL LUCY, RANGIORA.

There passed away on December 22, at the Christchurch Hospital, at the age of 89 years, a highly respected pioneer of Canterbury in the person of Mr. Michael Lucy (writes a correspondent). A native of Co. Cork, Ireland, the late Mr. Lucy landed in New Zealand in 1872. Settling in Sydenham, Christchurch, he followed the occupation of builder, and erected some of the earliest structures in the city. He later removed to Rangiora where he had resided for the past 52 years. A fervent and practical Catholic, the late Mr. Lucy was widely esteemed for his sterling worth. His wife predeceased him 38 years ago, and he leaves two sons (John and Daniel) and two daughters—Mrs. A. Quinn (Rangiora) and Mrs. Stokes (Kumara Junction) to mourn their loss. After Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul, the interment took place in Rangiora Cemetery.—R.I.P.

Holy Cross College, Mosgiel

A Retreat for laymen will begin on Friday evening, January 30, 1925, and end on Tuesday morning, February 3, 1925.

Retreat giver: Very Rev. Maurice J. O'Reilly, C.M. (Rector of St. John's College, Sydney University).

Applications to be made to the Rector of Holy Cross College.

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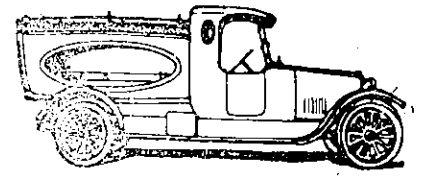
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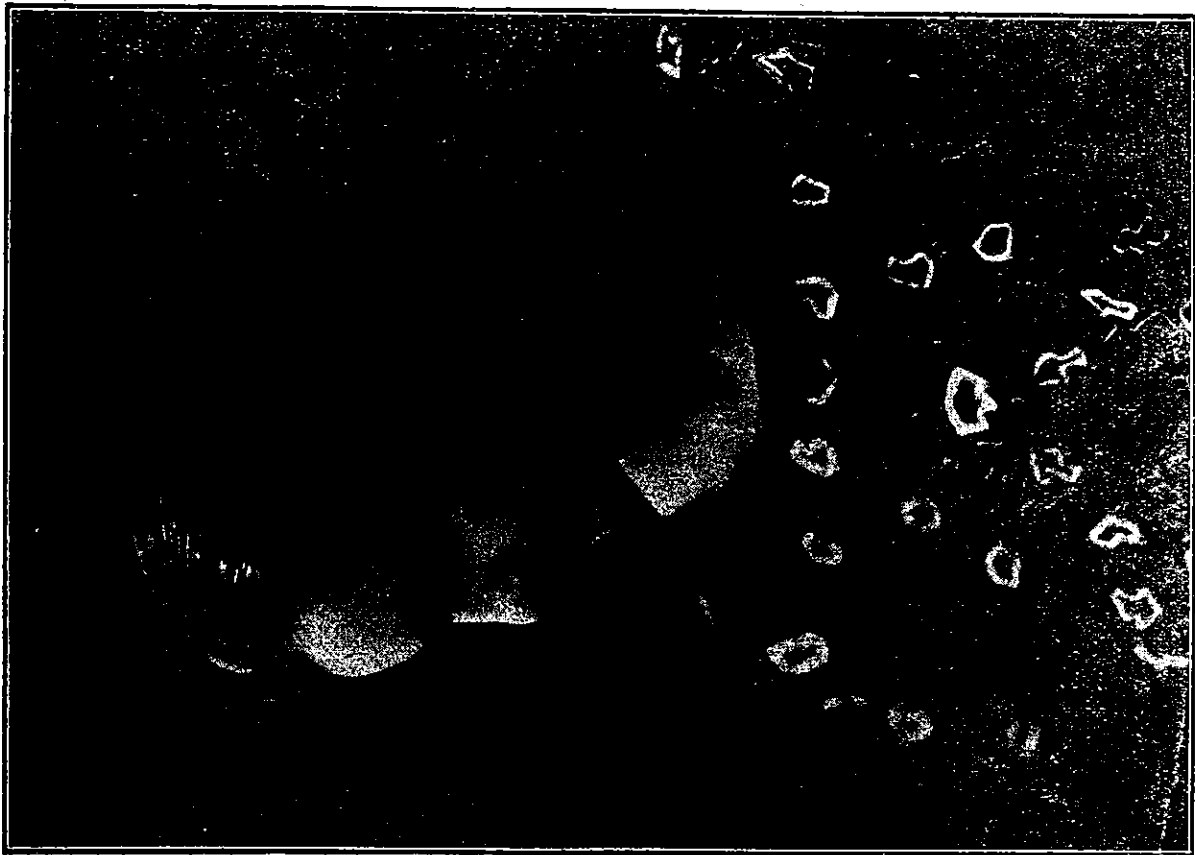
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MISS TUI HUTTON, L.A.B. (TEACHERS)

Pupils of St. Basil's Priory, Dunedin, who received their diplomas at the recent Examination in connection with the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, London.



MISS ADELINA MCGRATH, L.A.B. (PERFORMERS)

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Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 2.

The New Year is in with much shrieking of whistles, jangling of pianos, wailing of gramophones, and droning of the pipes. One enthusiastic piper walked the streets in the wee sma' hours, tirling, skirling, moaning, droning. Dirges at three in the morning are a cheerful way of ushering in a New Year. It was useless to point out to the residents that every soul has its own enjoyment, and what was a little loss of sleep provided one soul was made happy. A wakeful night destroys the sense of justice. But the taciturnity of the others did not dim the ardor of the first-footers; 1925 got a great welcome. It is to be hoped we get a spell of better weather. The city has had slips, and landfalls galore, and the country has more than a few Hanrahans prophesying "Roon if this rain doesn't stop."

Father Athanasius Ryan has left to give the Retreat to the Sisters of the Missions, Nelson.

Christmas at the Nai Nai was a very happy function. Santa Claus came in by the door, and found his tree already waiting for him at the end of a long room. The children were delighted, of course.

This year we have had no Boxing Day picnic. Last year after great and tedious preparation the attendance was poor, so this year it was decided to hold only an art union. Catholics are requested to support this art union, since it is a means of helping Catholic education, and of providing scholarships at Catholic schools. The work of those who have till now worked for the picnics is not a thing to be taken for granted. It can best be recognised by the purchase of the tickets.

The Hutt picnic on Boxing Day took place as usual. It was well attended and a fine result was obtained. Rev. Father Daly had the assistance of a very energetic committee. It was a little sad this year for one could not forget that it was the first one without Dean Lane, God rest his soul! He inaugurated these picnics and they were among his happiest days.

Masses were celebrated in all the churches on New Year's Day and were well attended. Everyone seemed desirous of cleaning the skillet for the New Year.

Mother Joseph Aubert, that veteran of charity, acknowledges thankfully donations from the following towards her institutions: Commercial Travellers' Association (£75), Sir James Wilson, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Young, St. Patrick's College, Messrs. J. O'Brien, J. Staples and Co., Dwan Bros., N.Z. Warehousemen's Association, G. Thomas and Co., Combined Aerated Waters Co., Laery and Co., Colonial Motor Co., J. J. Bourke, Frank Fanning, J. Henrys, O. J. D'Ath, J. Gamble, Dealy, H. Abbott, J. Mulhern, W. Wolland, Gamble and Creed, R. Hannah and Co., J. E. Taylor, George Lambert, J. Wall, J. Downes, P. Oakes, E. P. Bunny, J. Carroll,

Creagh O'Connor, F. McParland, M. J. Crombie, J. E. Connor, G. Winder, T. G. Bate, Dustin's, D. Madden, Levin, Gregory, Gordon, Jacobs, Burke (Manakau), H. Ryan, employees Samuels and Kelly, Fagan, Herlihy, Tomlinson; Mesdames C. Rolleston, W. Nathan, V. Riddiford, Abbott, Mulhern, Coles, Peters, Walter Johnston, L. Dwan, Gawne, O'Donovan, Brown, Webb, McEvedy, Sales, Oakes, McGuire, Joseph, Lawlor, Murphy, Clark, J. McManaway, Davidson, Guthrie, O'Regan, Montgomery, Beveridge; Misses Discaceti, Sheedy, Gillespie Barry, Breed, Flaunery; Mrs. Clark's Sewing Guild, and Butter Contributors, and many others who materially assisted in making the Christmas festivities such a success.

RETREATS FOR LAYMEN.

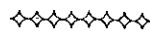
The dates fixed for the various Retreats for laymen are:—Wanganui, January 16 to 19; Wellington, January 23 to 26; Christchurch, January 16 to 19.

CONNEMARA RELIEF FUND.

The Irish Society here had the pleasure of cabling home to Connemara the sum of £100 towards the relief of the starving peasants there. Not since the famine has there been such need, and it is wise to send what help is possible before matters grow worse. Owing to the wet season the potato crop has failed, and owing to the eating of seaweeds, and other unnatural foods from the shore, scurvy and typhus have both broken out in parts. No one could read of such misery in any country and remain untouched. Since the cable additional donations have come in. The list remains open that Irish men and Irish women may still have a chance to contribute.

The greater part of the sum collected was obtained at the "at home" for which Mrs. Bourke lent her residence, and most of the donors in the following list attended the "at home" and contributed there also. Here is the list of actual donations:—Rev. Father Collins, C.S.S.R., £2; Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, £1; Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., 10s; Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., £1; Rev. Father Connolly, 10s; Rev. Father V. Kelly, 10s; Mother Joseph, St. Bride's Convent, Masterton, £1; Mr. M. Crombie, £1; Mr. F. O'Neill, Johnsonville, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Brookes, 10s; Mrs. Redwood, £2 2s; Mr. C. Twomey, £1 1s; Mr. Burke, Gisborne, 10s; Mr. Carson, 6s; Miss Goaley, 5s; Mr. Russell, 10s; Mr. Donnellan, £1; Miss Kelly, Newtown, £1; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Bourke, £10; Mrs. Burgess, 5s; Miss Cotter, 10s; Miss Duggan, 10s; Mr. D. Collins, 10s; Mr. M. Collins, 10s; Mr. Maloney, 10s; Mr. Noone, 10s; Miss Lenihan, 7s 6d; Miss Sawyer, 10s; Miss O'Keefe, £1; donation from Club funds, £12 10s; Mr. Griffin, Newtown, 5s; Mrs. Quirk, Gisborne, £5; Mrs. W. Ferguson, Silverstream, £1; Mrs. Beswick, Wanganui, 10s; collected by Mrs. O'Connell, Onehunga, and by Mrs. Reidon, Newton, Auckland, £11 10s. The additional donations are being forwarded for the New Year. Anyone de-

sirious of helping a starving people can forward a donation to the secretary, Fletcher's Buildings, Lambton Quay, Wellington. All donations received will be acknowledged. The society thanks deeply those who have helped or given. They will have the prayers of Connemara, and Pearse always said that Christ walks the roads of Connemara.



Palmerston North

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 2.

Again the ladies' branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society must have its name placed on the roll of well-doers; and again the Old People's Home was the scene of the well-doing. A Christmas party, this time organised by the ladies' secretary (Mrs. Leydon). All concerned enjoyed themselves immensely.

Christmas has gone, but the memory of the Midnight Mass; the crowded congregation; the beautiful singing; and the seemingly endless stream of communicants will linger long in the minds of the people. Although this little church seats about 350 people, 500 managed to squeeze in; and, judging by the numbers at the altar rails, all Palmerston appeared to be here. We had four Masses besides the Midnight; and in the evening Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The festive season brought sorrow into two local homes. Mr. and Mrs. John Holloway lost their little girl (Julia Mary) of 8 years; and Mr. James Sheerin was accidentally killed on the railway line at Khandallah. What a strange world it is! a tiny girl of 8 to whom life was an unopened book, dies peacefully in her bed amidst love and comfort, and an old man of 72 whose life-book, in the ordinary course of events, would soon be finished from cover to cover, has to go all the way to Khandallah to meet his death on the railroad, and die desolate and unknown amidst strangers. Mr. and Mrs. Holloway and Mrs. Sheerin and family have the sincere sympathy of all.—R.I.P.

Oh! where oh! where has the summer gone? oh! where oh! where can it be? Christmas Day was fairly good until about 3 in the afternoon when the weather became dull and threatening. Boxing Day dawned wet and miserable, but to the delight of race-gowers the sun shone out at 10 o'clock, and by the time the first race started the ground was beginning to dry a little. At mid-day on Saturday the rain came down again, and the afternoon was a real "soaker." Sunday was a half-hearted sort of a day; when it wasn't drizzling it was cloudy and bleak. An aeroplane hovering over the town took our eyes and likewise our thoughts from the water and mud for the time being. On Monday afternoon the skies opened upon us; and Tuesday came to life with misty rain. We had heavy showers on Wednesday morning, but dearie me! this will never do! the Beautifying Society will be "having me up" for 'uglyfying' the district in the eyes of the world. When it isn't raining it's fine, so cheerio! and lets be thankful!

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DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 2.

His Lordship the Bishop will officiate at a profession ceremony at "Villa Maria," Riccarton, on Monday, and at the Sisters of the Missions, Ferry Road, on Tuesday afternoon, and will then proceed to the West Coast to attend the diamond jubilee celebrations of Rev. Mother Mary St. Clare.

The Retreat of the Marist Fathers of the diocese, to be conducted by Rev. Father Clune, C.P., will be held at St. Bede's College, commencing on January 19.

The Retreat for the diocesan secular clergy will take place on January 26, and will be preached by Rev. Father Collins, C.S.S.R. Father Collins is at present conducting a Retreat for the Sisters of Mercy at Lyttelton, while Father Murray, C.S.S.R., is similarly engaged at Temuka.

Rev. Father McLoughlin, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, passed through Christchurch during the week.

Rev. Father Gilbert, S.M., Rector of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, passed through Christchurch during the week to attend the jubilee celebrations at Hokitika.

A YEAR'S PROGRESS: REVIEWED BY BISHOP BRODIE.

Speaking at the Catholic Cathedral on Sunday night, the 28th ult., on the year 1924, Bishop Brodie gave an outline of the work done in various parts of the diocese (says the *Lyttelton Times*).

The diocese of Christchurch, said his Lordship, gave evidence of the solid foundations laid by the pioneer Catholics, under the distinguished leadership of Archbishop Redwood, in whose diocese Canterbury and Westland were included until constituted a separate diocese in 1887. The late Bishop Grimes, of revered memory, zealously continued the record of progress, and the magnificent cathedral will ever be a fitting monument to perpetuate the memory of his untiring and zealous labors. The Apostolic Delegate and the many members of the hierarchy of Australia, who visited the Dominion for Archbishop Redwood's golden jubilee in February last, were astonished at the fine churches, religious and charitable institutions, and schools throughout the diocese of Christchurch.

The year 1924 would show that the enthusiasm and generosity of the Catholic people still survived, and the records of the work undertaken proved that present activities were quite in accord with the traditions of the past. The work of the year in the structural development department included the erection of new buildings and additions to existing buildings and comprised all buildings brought to completion during the year, and those still in progress at the end of the year. Amongst the works brought to completion during the year are:—

- New school, Leeston.
- New parish school, Waimate.
- Extension to school, Morven.
- New boys' school, Timaru.
- New boys' school, Greymouth.
- Science room and music room, St. Mary's Convent, Christchurch.

These works involved an outlay of £22,000, independent of an outlay of £5000 for maintenance and repair of existing buildings.

The works still under construction at the end of the year include:—

Additions to building at Mount Magdala.

Additions to building at Villa Maria Convent of Mercy, Riccarton.

Additions to building at St. Bede's College, Papanui.

New school-church at Beckenham, North Linwood and Riccarton.

New church at Marshland.

New school for boys at Christchurch (the contract has just been let).

New stone church at Little River.

Additions to girls' school at Timaru.

New convent for the Sisters of Mercy at Greymouth.

Additions to Convent High School for Sisters of Mercy, Hokitika.

Additions to church at Fairlie.

The expenditure, estimated and authorised, of these works still under construction is approximately £90,000.

In the department of parochial extension is included the acquisition of necessary properties for parochial equipment. The following properties have been acquired:—

Additional section of land, Greymouth.

House and section, New Brighton.

House and land at Beckenham.

House and land at Papanui.

Section of land, site for church at Marshland.

The outlay necessary for the purchase of these properties was about £8000.

The total amount required for this comprehensive programme of diocesan development is approximately £120,000. This is a large amount certainly, but when it is remembered that the sum of £22,000 required for buildings brought to completion during the year was already subscribed, and the buildings were opened free of debt, this sets at rest any fear regarding the obligations involved in all the works still in hand. The diocese possesses a valuable asset, a reliable source of confidence in the self-sacrifice and untiring work of the diocesan clergy and the Marist Fathers, and of the various communities of religious Brothers and Sisters who devote their lives, without thought of earthly remuneration, to the sacred work of their calling; this proved source of confidence and of God's blessing, combined with the un-failing generosity of the people, explains the success of past efforts and the assurance of success in the present extensive development programme.

Another feature of interest in the year 1924 was the constitution of three new parishes at Papanui, Riccarton, and New Brighton. These new parishes will entail some difficulty in the pioneering days of the districts named, but the development is a necessity to cope with the requirements of the spreading population of the city. In conjunction with this parochial extension movement it will please the people to learn that new school-churches are being erected at Beckenham, North Linwood, and Riccarton, and a new church at Marshland, with another church in contemplation; these new churches and school-churches will enable all the people to attend Mass without having to travel unreasonable distances.

"As Bishop of the diocese," continued his Lordship, "I am confident the coming year will record a generous response for the works

undertaken; our people will rise to the occasion, and emulate the generosity of the past, and look to 1925 with determination that, with God's blessing, the close of the year will record the accomplishment of great work in the diocese of Christchurch."

His Lordship concluded by wishing to his clergy, the religious communities, and the laity of the diocese and to his fellow-citizens of other faiths, all the blessings of a happy and prosperous new year.

* * *

OAMARU

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 1.

The members of the Catholic Girls' Club journeyed to Cozy Dell, Waianakarua, last Sunday week, and spent a most enjoyable time. Some 25 members comprised the party. Bathing, sport events, and communing with nature amid the floral pagentries of the Dell made a very pleasant day pass all too soon.

At the quarterly meeting of the Hibernian Society the opportunity was availed of to express regret at the departure of Mr. S. H. Price, manager of the United Friendly Societies' Dispensary, who severed his connection with the local dispensary in order to enter business on his own account at New Brighton. The secretary was instructed to forward a letter of appreciation of Mr. Price's services to the branch.

In accordance with the usual Christmas custom, Midnight Mass was celebrated at the Basilica. The spacious building was filled, the choir, reinforced for the occasion, sang the Mass in a capable manner, and the altar decorations were very effective. Father Ardagh was celebrant, and in a few words conveyed, on behalf of Monsignor Mackay, Father Fenelon, and himself, their best wishes for a happy and holy Christmas and New Year.

Last Sunday evening, Father Ardagh, in referring to the spiritual benefits accruing from a period of Retreat, urged the men of the congregation to consider the advisability of attending the men's Retreat shortly to be held at Mosgiel.

Father Gilbert's tribute, in his address in Wellington, at a school function, to the fine spirit of sportsmanship prevailing between Victoria College and St. Patrick's College in their many encounters on the field, emphasises the fact that the masters of the secondary schools generally inculcate a manly spirit among the boys. Point is given to these remarks by the latest issue of the *Waitakian*, the school magazine of the local High School, whose masters are all keen sports. Referring to the match with St. Patrick's School (Oamaru), the *Waitakian* says: "Here we met a very strong combination, and though our fellows played the best game of the season, our colors were lowered. We must congratulate St. Patrick's on their fine team."

Mr. I. L. Hjorring (son of Mr. P. C. Hjorring, of Oamaru), an ex-pupil of the Christian Brothers (Dunedin) and St. Patrick's (Wellington), and now of Victoria College (Wellington), passed five professional subjects of the LL.B. degree. As only one other candidate in New Zealand has succeeded in passing a like number of subjects, Mr. Hjorring's achievement is a very creditable one.

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Selected Poetry

HER WAY.

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

"My daughter Mary was sick," said she,
And they took her away from her childer
three,

And I was tied and I couldn't go.
He should let her back, and I told Him so.

We couldn't bear to have Mary die.
"You wouldn't have made so bold," said she.
"I wouldn't indeed," said I.

Well, Mary's childer are all so small—
And what use is a man with a child at all?
Especially Shawn—he could lift a hill,
But he gives the childer all their will.

'Twould be foolish to let their mother die.
"You wouldn't have made so bold," said she.
"I wouldn't indeed," said I.

Well, I took their picture upon my knees,
And I said, "You were once as small as these,
And Your mother would watch You all the
day,

And You cried if ever she stayed away.
It wouldn't be right to let Mary die."
"You wouldn't have made so bold," said she.
"I wouldn't indeed," said I.

I lived on His doorstep night and day,
And my tongue was rough, for that's my way.
But a friend can scald and scold a friend,
He wasn't minding, for what was the end?
My Mary went home—she didn't die;
"You'd wonder at that, perhaps," said she.
"I wouldn't indeed," said I.
—EILEEN DUGGAN.

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

"Don't you take no sail off 'er," the Ol' Man
said.
Wind an' sea rampagin' fit to wake the
dead.
Threshin' through the Forties in the sleet an'
hail,

Rounn' down the Eastin' under all plain sail
"She's loggin' seventeen, an' she's liftin' to
it grand,

So I'm goin' down below for a stretch off the
land.

An' if it's gettin' worse, Mister, come an'
call me—
But—don't you take no sail off 'er," said the
Ol' Man, said 'e.

Them was the times, sonnies, them was the
men.

Them was the ships as we'll never see again.
Ah, but it was somethin' then to be alive,
Threshin' under reveals south o' Forty-five!
When it was—"Don't you take no sail off
'er," the Ol' Man'd say,

Board an' whiskers starin' stiff wi' frozen
spray.

"She's loggin' seventeen, an' she's liftin' to
it grand,

An' I mean to keep 'er goin' under all she'll
stand.

An' if it's gettin' worse, Mister, come an'
call me,

But—don't you take no sail off 'er," said the
Ol' Man, said 'e.

—C.F.S. in *Punch* (London).

HERITAGE.

A highway runs beside my door—
Just a broad, straight road and nothing more—
Except when the westering sun droops low
Till the dust in the air takes a golden glow
Like a veil or a web, and within its sheen
The present fades as the past is seen.

Then like a dream down the broad highway
Pass women of old and of yesterday:
Spartan mother, a jewelled queen,
Peasant martyr and Magdalene;
Fair young faces unmarked by years,
Sad eyes faded and dimmed from tears;
Brave, strong shoulders unbent by loss,
Old backs bowed from a long-borne cross.
Rank on rank, a mighty throng,
They march to the beat of an unheard song;
Mothers of men, they have toiled and wept
That a dream might live and a flame be kept.

Then from afar, like the whirl of wings,
A voice in majestic pæan sings:
"These are they who have journeyed through,
They have kept the faith, they have builded
true,
And the way will never be quite so long
Because they have wrought so fair and
strong."

The vision fades . . . and the road once more
Is only a road by my open door.
Through a mist of tears I lift mine eyes
To the first faint star in the twilight skies,
And breathe my prayer on the evening breeze:
"Thank God for my heritage from these!"

—LYTTON COX in the *Lytic*.

EXIT (THE OLD YEAR).

The day goes faltering toward the tumbled
west,
Ragged and old and muttering, in his
thought.

Of grievous wrongs, and crippled and op-
pressed,

He wears the ruin that the storm has
wrought.

The growling wind will never let him be,
The blinking stars leap out to stare at him;
The old man is too bitter-blind to see:

His wits are wandering and his eyes are
dim.

The hills have opened for his going out,
Where gaunt trees mock him with grotesque
good-byes,

In a great wind that gathers to a shout
And sends him tottering down the angry
skies—

Gone, with his mumbling and his tattered
pack,

And none cares whither. . . . He will
not come back.

—DAVID MORTON in *The Bookman*.

CODICIL.

And when I die call in, too, if you will,
The priest. And, if he will, let him say o'er
The brave old words that I could not believe.
So many have believed them—and who knows?
And if you must, why, dig for me a grave—

Near open water, or on some high place
From which there is a vision of the world.
Is not the cold seed, buried in the dark,
Thrilled back into the miracle of life?

Yet let me go more quickly, if you may.
Give me to pass by fire into the light
That I have always loved, and let me be
At once a part of God's clean wind. But oh,
Grant me one little mercy, gentle friends.

I let you call the priest. I let you say
The "dust to dust" of those immortal words.
I shrink not from the darkness of a grave.

But if you bear this heart that beats no more
Unto the pyre, wait not to gather there
My ashes into any foolish urn,

As something sacred rather than the good brown
mould.

Or if you leave the speechless part of me
In the unanswering earth, oh, on my grave
Spare me the humiliation of a stone!

I could sleep softly in the marble bed
Where Alexander lay, watched round about
By proud young men and stallions and wild
beasts,

In the pale beauty of his vanished world.
I could find truce of dreams in that white
room

In Florence where the mighty statues muse,
Stilling all chatter in their air of stars—

Or in another chamber that I know,
Tile-tapestried and flickering with a fire
Of jewel panes, where a dead caliph lies.

But oh, it would be ill for me 'neath a weight
Of stupid stone, carved with well-meaning
words!

Why stammer to the world a few vain years
Of one whom it had never known? Why mock
Your friend with dear but ill-considered
praise—

To make another generation smile,
To topple slowly into invading weeds

And keep so much of nature from the sun?
Carve me no monument. But on my grave

Plant me a young tree—chestnut, oak, or pine.
Or if shine on me last a southern sun,

A plane-tree, born to prop the sky—or best
A cirque of cypresses, that, feeling down,

May gather me into their green and leap
The higher into spires of emerald flame.

So when the air flows through their woven
boughs

The voice you hear will be a little mine.
So in the later years, when you are gone

And no one knows why cypresses are there,
My fluent leaves, inspired by the stars,

Shall utter things this tongue could never
say—

Hap to some bitter heart that will not rest
Until it give them immortality.

—H. G. DWIGHT in *Scribner's Magazine*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Home Life, p. 33. Sub-Leader—Pius XI and Latin Literature, p. 33. Notes, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 11. New Church at Havelock South, p. 13. Laymen's Retreats, p. 15. Sketches Grave and Gay, p. 17. The Church in New Zealand, p. 19. Sunday Afternoon Readings, p. 51.

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.

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.

The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1925.

HOME LIFE.

THOSE who remember their Dickens will recall how "Mrs Jellyby" spent her days and nights in writing hundreds of letters to public bodies and wealthy individuals, requesting funds to educate the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, while her own children roamed the streets in rags and dirt, and her own home, by reason of her neglect of her own duties as a wife and mother, was a dismal den of apathy and disorder. And the reader will remember also how "Mrs Pardiggle," a fierce, uncompromising social worker, contrived to devote her own life and those of her five infants to such projects as Civilising the Tockahoopo Indians, the Great National Smithers Testimonial, the Superannuated Widows, and the Infant Bonds of Joy; in addition to all of which this estimable lady occupied her spare time with the duties of School Lady, Visiting Lady, Reading Lady, Distributing Lady, Linen Box Committee Lady, and General Committee Lady. Unfortunately, "Mrs Jellyby" and "Mrs Pardiggle" are not confined to the pages of a novel. They walk abroad in real streets, neglect real homes and real children, and make real pests of themselves to society at large. Neither are their particular sins to be attributed solely to members of the fair sex, for the world contains a vast number of people of both sexes who, in order to dance in the dazzling glare of the spot light, throw themselves into public activities, and neglect the stringent obligations to their families which Heaven has thrust upon them. A public spirit is highly commendable when it does not interfere with home duties; but when our fervor for public projects bids us shirk our domestic duties it becomes for us a thing of evil cloaked in the mantle of sham benevolence.

The world is never at a loss for a weapon with which to attack the home, and it would indeed be difficult to find in the negative order a more insidious means of making parents neglectful of home than by mounting their vanity and love of display upon the pretence of promoting some public good. And it sometimes happens that these misguided people spend much time and substance in forming associations to mitigate the evils which were caused in the first place by their own neglect of the responsibilities they assumed when they commenced to found their families. Father Cashin, for many years chaplain at Sing Sing prison, recently told the plain truth to some of these well-meaning folk who had deceived themselves into the belief that aggressive public philanthropy could cover domestic neglect. He was invited by the wife of a prominent banker to meet some other people whose intention it was to lend a helping hand to convicts. "I had," he said, "what seemed to be . . . a brutal message for the woman. I had seen her hastily dismiss her children who had come into the room to talk with her. She had impatiently sent them to the moving pictures with a governess, saying that she had to discuss important matters with me. I told her that she should give her personal attention to those children and not disturb herself about other people's erring offspring. I made it plain that 70 or 80 per cent. of the criminals had come from unsympathetic homes, and that there was no greater preventative for wrongdoing than a great desire on the part of parents to understand their children, to pay attention to them, and become their confidants. Social work, like charity, should begin at home, I told her. Her husband vigorously applauded my sentiments, and told me later that she had been so shocked and unnerved by what I said in the presence of her pleasant callers that she had taken to bed for three weeks, but he said he didn't mind, and the way he shook my hand convinced me that he felt I had rendered his family a service. Whenever I speak to people about my work at Sing Sing I stress the need for more amicable relationship in the home. It is not surprising that children, after they get old enough to select their own friends, do little more than eat and sleep at home. If they get in some minor scrapes they know they can not get sympathy at home. They go where they will get a comforting pat on the back and where they will not be nagged by the hour. It is, perhaps, a far cry from answering the endless questions of a child to the clanging of the big gates of Sing Sing. And yet I have seen how closely the two are related. Only seldom do we get boys from homes where there was understanding. I do not refer to wealthy homes. Even the poorest parent can give what the richer one often neglects to provide—the whole-hearted effort to make the boy feel that his parents are his best friends. . . ."

Father Vincent McNab, O.P., in a pungent article in the *Catholic Times*, tells how he saw wealthy women consigning their babies

to the arms of a nurse while they themselves fondled a pug dog. First of all, he says, we ought to be thankful that the child was not where the dog was—on his mother's icy bosom. A nurse's embrace was not the best thing for poor, forlorn little Dives; but it was infinitely better than the dog shelter. There are some who affect to believe that the pressing family evils of the day can be removed by such external remedies as better housing and better economic conditions for the masses of the people; but as the want of these things is in large measure due to lack of religion in the industrial and commercial worlds, they are not so much the causes of evil as the effects of evil. In any case they do not apply to the people we are discussing at the moment, as the latter are usually in easy circumstances; and the fact that affluence has not induced them to recognise their duties as parents makes us rather sceptical of the idea that morals will grow from loaves and fishes supplied in sufficient abundance or from brick and mortar tastefully arranged. What is needed is a better understanding of the serious nature of the responsibilities resting on parents. As Bishop Gordon says, great vigilance, wonderful patience, unflagging industry on the part of parents is required if the children are to grow up in virtue. To be a father or a mother is no easy task. The one charge, the one duty they have to look to, is the welfare of their child. This obligation overshadows every other. Even their own salvation depends in a very great measure on their laboring for the salvation of their children.

PIUS XI AND LATIN LITERATURE.

Nowadays the patrons of classical studies are in many countries looked upon as impractical and as idealists. They are reminded by people with strong commercial instincts that the attention of youth should be directed to physical science in the hope of discovering cheaper methods of producing marketable articles. It is asserted that the ancient classics should, therefore, be banished from universities and high schools.

The lovers of Latin studies will derive much comfort from the action of his Holiness in establishing a special school of Latin in the Eternal City. In the document just issued by Pius XI, he alludes to the cultured writings of the poets and orators of ancient Rome, as well as to the mastery of Latin acquired by many of the Fathers of the Church. The great orators of modern times, Bossuet and Segneri, are referred to as attributing their success to their deep study of Cicero's eloquent speeches. The Popes have never ceased to promote the study of the Latin tongue, the Holy Father instancing the notable example of Leo XIII, who was himself a most cultured writer of Latin and was an ardent promoter of lucid, ornate writing amongst the secular and regular clergy. Pius has already in two epistles urged the priests of the world to cultivate the study of Latin writing.

In his recent *motu proprio*, his Holiness states the practical steps he has taken. First, a special school for the higher study of Latin

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will be opened at the Gregorian University, and will be placed under the supervision of the Society of Jesus. Secondly, the best teachers are to be procured, under whose direction the pupils will acquire a facility of writing forcibly and clearly. Thirdly, after a two years' course, a diploma will be granted to proficient students, and will be taken into account when positions are vacant on the staff of Roman congregations, Episcopal curias, and the like. In the fourth place, a gold medal will be awarded each year to the most suc-

cessful student; and, fifthly, the school will be open to laymen as well as clerical students.

It is the Holy Father's wish that bishops throughout the world should endeavour to offer this advanced course to seminarists or priests who show a special aptitude for Latin literature. The well-informed of every nation and creed, aware that the Catholic Church preserved learning from decay and total destruction in ages past, will welcome with acclamation this action of the learned Pontiff who now occupies the Chair of Peter.



NOTES



Language and Archaeology

There is no lovelier language on earth than the Italian; and the Italian is at its best when spoken by a Roman. Florence for purity of diction, and Rome for accent, is an old saying: *Favella toscana in bocca romana*. One hears people who do not know say that it is an easy language, just as one hears Americans say that the city for full knowledge of which a lifetime is too short can be seen in a week. When going to Rome, Mr. Steed, like many another, told himself that with his knowledge of Latin and French he would be able to learn Italian in less than no time. "This presumptuous belief," he says, "was soon shaken. Italian I found harder to master than French or German. The wealth of its vocabulary, the subtlety of its phraseology, its very capacity to express the most delicate shades of meaning, give it a singularly elusive quality; and until foreigners learn to speak it and write it with some approach to accuracy and elegance, they cannot know Italy." Even if you never go to Rome the language is worth learning for the sake of its literature. There is also another reason. The best works on archaeology are in Italian. And there is no more fascinating study than that of the ancient monuments which bring one in touch, not only with the beginnings of civilisation in the west, but also with the beginnings of Christianity. Some thing of its interest may be gathered from the following note on the labors of Cavaliere Boni:

He meant to find out the true nature of the Forum, to read its early history from its *strata* and to discover, if possible, why a practical people like the Romans chose the bottom of a marshy valley as the centre of their civic and political life, instead of placing the Forum upon one of the surrounding hills. Whenever the Tiber rose, the lower parts of the Forum and, especially, the place of meeting, or Comitium, were liable to be flooded out. Yet here the Romans gathered, here they built their temples, and hither ran their Sacred Way. Why? Every morning at 3 a.m. Boni began work, reading and re-reading the classical authors, known or forgotten, whose writings bore on the Forum. Having thus entered into the spirit of the place, he went down to it and, with a faithful workman sworn to secrecy, dug by candle-light. He found first the Black Stone, the *Niger Lapis*, reputed of old to mark the tomb

of Romulus. Below the *Niger Lapis* he found again an ancient four-sided shaft, or stela, with a Latin inscription so archaic that it was deciphered with difficulty. When funds threatened to run short, an Englishman, Mr. Lionel Phillips, came to the rescue and provided a stimulus. Little by little, Boni changed the face of the Forum and brought new life and meaning into its dead stones. Yet his main purpose remained unfulfilled. He could not find the answer to the riddle why the Forum had been built in a marsh. Believing that the early Romans were a prehistoric Aryan race, upon whose religious customs Sanskrit literature might throw some light, he read the Vedas until he found a passage indicating that the dead should be buried in ground sloping down towards still waters. He came to me one day looking like an inspired prophet. "I have it now," he said. "There must be a prehistoric necropolis somewhere on the slope leading down to the bottom of the Forum valley. The Sacred Way runs along the slope. That would explain why it was called the Sacred Way and why the still waters of the marsh at the bottom of the valley were held by the Romans in so religious a respect that the valley became the centre of their life. Now, I must find the necropolis."

Either he had the gift of divination or he was mad. Many people thought him mad. Boni, quite unmoved, began to search for the necropolis. When a dozen attempts had failed to yield the desired proof, his antagonists grew joyful, but Boni's confidence increased.

One hot day he came to lunch. "I shall find it this afternoon," he said. "I walked over it this morning and felt it burn my feet." I asked what other signs he had. "None," he answered. "I know. I will telephone as soon as I have found it." Towards 5 o'clock that afternoon he telephoned that he had found it, and called me to the Forum. In a deep hole by the side of the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina, which flanks the Sacred Way, was a pre-historic urn of black earthenware containing other urns; one of which held human ashes. Soon more than a score of tombs were found on the same site, and it was shown that, in laying the foundations of the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina, the Romans had cut right through their pre-historic necropolis, which, as Boni had guessed, ran right along the slope of the Sacred Way."

The Charm of Rome

Byron, whose centenary the world of letters commemorates this year, in a moment of genius sang:

O Rome, my country! city of the soul;
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.

No man who ever lived long in the Eternal City escaped the spell which she casts over her children. We come to her from afar and she adopts us. She gives us her love and she wins ours. All the world and all the charm of the world is in her. She is a universe in herself:

Eine Welt gar bist du, O Rom!

said Goethe who never touched the zenith of his powers until the love of Rome had filled him with inspiration. Among the ruins, when the Ave Maria has sounded from hundreds of bellfries, travellers may become victims of the malaria microbe which usually remains with them for the rest of their days. In the old and unchanging city one catches another microbe—the microbe of love which for ever after leaves a nostalgia, like the pain of exile, wherever one may wander henceforth. Rogers, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Goethe, Veuillot, and countless others of great name, have left us their impressions of their sojourns in the "city of the soul," and their thoughts are probably familiar to many of our readers. To the long list of souvenirs it is worth adding an interesting page in which a modern, Wickham Steed, records his submission to the old, old spell which gave pathos to Ovid's song of exile two thousand years ago:

The secret of Rome and of her eternal charm is that she destroys the notion of time. Nowhere else in the world have I been so conscious of living at once in the distant and less distant past, the present and the future. Physical marvels like the high Alps, or that great wonder, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, dwarf humanity into insignificance. They chill and sadden even while they inspire. In Rome, all is human. In an early morning or a moonlight midnight ramble, one may muse by the pre-historic necropolis, by the wall of Servius Tullius, by early Christian Churches, by Renaissance palaces, and by the ambitious piles of modern Italy. In them and round them men have striven, hated, loved, dreamed dreams of power fulfilled and unfulfilled, hoped, despaired, and achieved. Everything has been; what is, will pass—and yet there is ever the promise of great things to do. Thus Rome gives not sadness but a rich calm born of a sense that though some efforts fail, others succeed and all may be worth making for their own sake. Within her walls a man may learn that his individual importance is, indeed, infinitesimal; but she teaches also that notable things have been done through the agency of minute unimportances such as his. If he learn to smile at the illusions men cherish, his smile will be kindly, not a sour grimace. This is the secret of Rome. It is a place of visions and of vision. In Rome men may take counsel of the gods and taste of eternity.

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DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

St. Patrick's Sodality of the Children of Mary, South Dunedin, took advantage of their last meeting for 1924 to present a parting gift, in the form of a beautifully framed picture of Our Blessed Lady, to one of their number, Miss Cecilia Fahey, who was about to enter the bonds of holy Matrimony. In making the presentation the spiritual director (Rev. Father Delany) referred to Miss Fahey's fidelity to the rules of the sodality, and wished her every happiness in her new state of life.

It is hoped that many of our Catholic men will avail themselves of the opportunity of participating in the Retreat for laymen which is to commence at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on Friday, the 30th inst. The Retreat will be conducted by the Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M., D.D., of St. John's College within the University of Sydney. Dr. O'Reilly has attained great eminence as a preacher and orator, and his being available for the Retreat should be regarded as a distinct privilege.

Large congregations attended the Masses at St. Joseph's Cathedral and suburban churches on the Feast of the Circumcision (New Year's Day).

Very Rev. Prior Hogan, O.P., is at present engaged conducting the Retreat for ladies at Teschemakers. He will afterwards conduct a Retreat for the Dominican Nuns of North Otago, and later will be engaged on similar duty at Invercargill.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Cathedral from the eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday. In the evening, after Compline, the monthly meeting of the Men's Confraternity of the Sacred Heart was held, and a fine discourse on the Blessed Eucharist, preached by the Rev. Dr. Geaney, S.M., Rector of St. Bede's College, Christchurch. The usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament then took place, followed by Pontifical Benediction.

DOMINICAN NUNS CARNIVAL.

Arrangements for the production—under the direction of Mr. F. Wauchop—of the spectacular entertainment entitled "Mexicano," which is to form the central feature of the above carnival, were inaugurated on Tuesday evening, when the experienced producer met a number of the young people who are to participate in the display. "Mexicano" as the title infers, will depict in vivid coloring, artistic staging, and appropriate national costuming—a scene of wonderful brilliance—the colonising of the countries of South America by the people of Spain. Everything in connection with the theme is to be worked out in minute detail, and the display promises to be far superior to any previously attempted in this city.

ST. PATRICK'S BASILICA, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

The interior of St. Patrick's Basilica at South Dunedin has been recently made more beautiful by putting in additional stained-glass windows. As a fact, each of the fourteen wall windows is now radiant in ecclesiastical style, and they harmonise, showing in

three groups the holy mysteries concerning the life on earth of Our Lord. The first group, of five, set forth the Joyful Mysteries—the Annunciation by the Angel, the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to Elizabeth, the Nativity, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Child Jesus amongst the Doctors. The next group, numbering four, are of the Sorrowful Mysteries—the Agony in the Garden, the Scourging, the journey to Calvary, and the Crucifixion. The artist has reserved his greatest thoughts and skill for the delineation of the Calvary scene. It is very impressive, and, though simply treated, is abundant in faithful detail, particularly as to the flesh tints and the sun-darkening. There will be a fifth window to this group to be placed when the church is enlarged, or rather completed according to the original plan. The group of five representing the Glorious Mysteries picture the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption of Our Lady, and the Coronation of Our Lady. These windows are all of rare craftsmanship. They were imported from Europe, and Mr. Robert Fraser, of Dunedin, has put his best work into erecting them in their present position. Each is a memorial gift from relatives. The window of the Nativity perpetuates the memory of the St. Patrick's soldiers who fell in the Great War. Father Delany admits that he is delighted with these pious adornments of his church, and they are admired by all who have seen them.

Obituary

SISTER MARY CANICE KAVANAGH, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

By the death of Sister Mary Canice on December 26, after a brief but distressing illness, the Sisters of Mercy lost a young Religious of great promise. The deceased Sister, who was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh, "Sherwood," Kilbride, Tullow, Co. Carlow, Ireland, received her early education in her native town and later studied under the Presentation Nuns at their boarding school, Stradbally, Queen's County. Feeling called to consecrate herself to the service of God in the Order of Mercy, Ellie Kavanagh generously made the most complete sacrifice possible—she left all, her loving Father and Mother, her happy Irish home and the land she dearly loved. Early in 1922 she sailed from Ireland for New Zealand, breaking the journey at Sydney to spend a few happy weeks with her uncle, Rev. Father Gahan, P.P., Coolomon, New South Wales. On July 6 she entered the Convent at South Dunedin, where, after the usual term of probation, she received the holy Habit on the 13th February, 1923. Nearing the close of a fervent novitiate, she was eagerly looking forward to the day of holy Profession, when she would have the happiness of pronouncing the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. This fond hope was not to be realised, for God in His all-seeing wisdom, demanded of her a still greater sacrifice—the sacrifice of her young life. The Angel of Death came and he found the generous soul resigned and ready to go. *Consummata in brevi explevit tempora multa,*

leaving her community to mourn the loss of one whose deep piety, child-like faith and spirit of self-sacrifice were a constant source of edification. By her genial, sympathetic nature Sister M. Canice won the hearts of all; she has gone but her memory will long be cherished by those who knew and loved her. The deceased had always enjoyed robust health; on Christmas night with her Sisters she assisted at midnight Mass and received Holy Communion; next day an attack of appendicitis necessitated an operation. Complications followed ending fatally. Fully conscious and fortified by all the rites of holy Church, received from the hands of his Lordship the Bishop, she peacefully breathed her last. The deepest sympathy is felt for her good parents, brothers, and sisters in Ireland to whom the announcement of her early death—tragic in its suddenness—will come as a painful shock. On Saturday morning his Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Rev. Father Fenelon, and Rev. Father Rooney offered up private Masses in the Convent Chapel for the repose of the soul of Sister M. Canice. Her solemn obsequies took place in St. Patrick's Basilica on Monday morning, his Lordship the Bishop presiding. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. C. Tylee (St. Joseph's Cathedral) with Rev. T. Hally as deacon, Rev. E. H. Rooney, subdeacon, and Rev. J. P. Delany, master of ceremonies; Rev. B. Kaveney, Adm. (St. Joseph's Cathedral), Rev. Dr. H. O'Neill (Holy Cross College), and Rev. F. McMahon were also present. St. Vincent's Orphanage Choir sang the impressive incidental music and a large congregation filled the Basilica. Immediately after the Requiem the funeral left for the Southern Cemetery, where, far from the land of her birth, the mortal remains of the little Irish Novice were laid to rest beside those of eight other Sisters of Mercy to await, we devoutly hope, a glorious resurrection. His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by Rev. J. P. Delany, officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

INVERCARGILL

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 30.

This year the pupils of the Marist Brothers' School agreed to forego their prizes, in favor of devoting the money to establishing a bursary for the training of students at the Junior Training College, Tuakau, Auckland. Accordingly the money derived from the last concert was devoted to this purpose, and with the exception of a few prizes privately donated no prizes were given.

Delightful summer weather has prevailed in Southland for the holidays. On Christmas and New Year's Eve Invercargill's streets were thronged. These beautiful days all the beaches and picnic resorts are being well patronised.

On Friday morning a number of ladies left for the Retreat at Teschemakers.

Christmas Day we had three Masses. At the early ones a large number of the congregation approached the Holy Table. The altars were beautifully decorated, especially the high altar which was a picture, the glorious Christmas lilies seemed to have blossomed for that day. Great credit is due to the young ladies in charge.

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"Tablet" Subscriptions.

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference:—

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Rev. Fr. H., Milton, 23/11/25; Miss F. MacLaggan St., Dun., 15/6/25; H. M., N.Z. Express Bldgs, Dun., 15/12/25; R. W. F., 45 Melbourne St., Sth. Dun., 30/5/25; B. McC., King St., Mosgiel, 8/5/25; Rev. Fr. M., Invercargill, 15/3/25; F. H. H., Winton, 15/5/25; Miss C., St. David St., Dun., 30/6/25; W. O'B., Carpenter, Ngapara, ---; Mrs. M., Wharf Hotel, Dun., 30/12/25; A. S., baker, Cromwell, 30/1/26; W. D., Clifton, Waipahi, 30/9/25; Mrs. G., 69 Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/5/25; A. L. H., Irvine St., Lawrence, 30/11/25; Miss M. H., 45 Prince Albert Rd., St. Kilda, 8/1/26; F. F., 28 Clarendon St., Dun., 30/9/25; Mrs. J., Leith St., Dun., ---; T. M., Ardgowan, Oamaru, 8/12/25; T. O'D., Thornbury, 15/11/25; J. S., P.O. Pomahaka, 30/3/25; Mrs. D., Box 10, Dipton, 15/1/25; H. O'G., Rother St., Oamaru, 30/5/25; Mrs. C., Haldane, 23/12/25; H. B., Te Archa Gardens, Roxburgh, 30/12/25; A. M.B., Lower Shotover, 23/11/25.

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Oamaru



A Page for Little People

Conducted by
ANNE



My dear Little People,

Of course you know what day it is to-day—it's the great feast of the Epiphany, or as it is called in the Old Countries—Little Christmas. And do you know what it all means?

You remember seeing in the Crib, and in Holy Pictures, the Three Wise Men, or the Magi, as they are sometimes called. And you know the story of how they travelled so far and so long, following the Star, so that they might see the Infant Jesus, the newborn King. Well, it was many days after Christmas when they arrived, but, when they did get there, they bowed low before Him, adored Him and gave Him their precious gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. It was their own Christmas—their Little Christmas—and, if you take notice, you'll find that the Crib will disappear from the church after this great day, because the Three Wise Men were the last to arrive. Would you like to know their names? They were called "Caspar," "Melchior," and "Balthasar"—strange names to us perhaps, but great names in the far away Eastern countries where the wonderful story was lived. You know the rest of the story, do you, of how the powerful and wicked King Herod told these Wise Men to come back and give him all the tidings about the wonderful baby they were going to see. He pretended that he wanted to know all about Him, and indeed so he did, but only so that he could have Him killed at once. But an angel from heaven told these Wise Men to go home another way, and not to go near Herod, and the Star guided them the way they were to go. So the dear Little Infant was not killed, but alas! every baby boy for miles and miles round the country was killed by order of Herod. This led to "The Flight into Egypt," another beautiful story I'll tell you another time, perhaps next week. Of course, I'll only tell you very shortly, because we've not got room for much story nowadays. Still I remember how fond I was of these stories, and I think many Little People would like to hear them now.

And how are you enjoying yourselves, are the holidays turning out anything like your dreams of them? Dear me! How I wish I could turn myself into a Fairy or something, so that I could get round and see you all, it really would be something specially nice. But of course, whoever heard of an "Anne" turning into a Fairy of all things, if you please?!!!

Before we go through our letters I'll give you a little something to work out. See what you can do with it and send in the answers:

The Escaped Circus.

A small girl had a complete cardboard circus—and a very bad small brother. One day she went out, and the complete circus and the complete rascal were left alone. When she came back she found 27 little heaps of legs and arms and heads and tails, and such, all mixed up. Imagine each letter is a part of the circus, and help the poor

child to get things into order again. As a help, we tell you that (1) is a clown.

(1) WOLCN, (2) ROSHE, (3) MACLE, (4) BEARZ, (5) PLEROAD, (6) KYMENO, (7) SOPSMU, (8) KNSAC, (9) GRFO, (10) LINDSA, (11) RONKOAGA, (12) PLEANEHT, (13) TARBIB, (14) REHA, (15) OLIN, (16) BALYWAL, (17) ERTGI, (18) NYKDEO, (19) PPTLVYAS, (20) BMTWOA, (21) DIZRLA, (22) YIAFR, (23) CRABOTA, (24) DAUTSWS, (25) GEAGS, (26) SOPHO, (27) NADW, (28) PHWL.

—ANNE.

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting on. This is my last letter to you this year. I will write again next year I hope; when I am in standard three next year. I have two brothers and three sisters. We have six cows and nine calves. I milk four cows and feed the calves and help my father with the hay after I have finished my milking.—Your old friend, Jack Sullivan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Good for you Jack, some day you'll have a truly farm of your own. Thank you and Julia for your pretty cards.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just going to write you a few lines to see how you are getting on. I am in Std. two. I am nine years old. I live at Have-lock North. I walk to school every morning and at night we often get a ride. I live two and a half miles away from the school. We break up on the twelfth of December. We get six weeks' holiday and I am very glad. We have some cats. We have a little baby called Kathleen. She pulls the cats' tails and she does many other things. Your loving friend, Reggie Heffernan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Good boy Reggie, wish I could walk to school with you. Your cats must be angels not to gobble Baby Kathleen up.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am writing a few lines to tell you how I am getting on. I am in Standard 2 now. I have a mile to walk to school every morning. My birthday is on the sixth of October. Our school closes next Friday for our Christmas holidays. I am nine years old. Your loving friend, Dorothy O'Connor, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(You have a birthday mate Dorothy, her name is Mary Hanrahan, and her address is St. Bathans, South Island. Would you like to write to each other?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am writing you a letter to wish you a happy Christmas. On the twelfth of December we are having our concert. Peter Koo-rey is saying a piece of poetry which is called "Opening the Sardines." Rena my sister is saying a piece of poetry which is called "How?" and she is also the jester, and Myra is a princess. Flip is lost now. He got lost when we were shifting, Myra and Rena were coming to where we shifted.

As they were nearly home he jumped out of their hands. I must close now with best love from your little friend, Tom Banks, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Fancy Flip flipping like that, Tom. I'm sure the concert must have been very nice.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just writing these few lines wishing you a merry Christmas. I hope you are quite well. We are having fine weather. I am in std. two. I go to the Convent school and I like the Convent school better than any other school. My mother is not very well. We break up the 12th of December. We are having a concert the 12 of December. It starts at 8 o'clock. Sister reads us nice stories if we know our Catechism. I have four sisters and two brothers. My big brother, whose name is Peter, works in a motor car garage and there is only three of us going to school. All the rest are at work. Mother has a little baby. She is minding it for a lady. I am sending you a Christmas card. My birthday is the 15th of June. I will write soon again. Your loving friend, Kathleen Cullinan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Thanks for good wishes Kathleen, hope your mother will be better soon. How very nice to have stories read to you.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just writing a few lines to wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We have had our test and are breaking up on the 12th of this month. I am not going away for my holidays because I have not seen enough of Hastings yet. The flowers all look lovely in Hastings when they are in bunches. We have a few flowers but they are not all out. I think this is all I can think of now so I will say good-bye. With best wishes. Your loving friend, G. Fitzgerald, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

P.S.—Geraldine is my name. I should have put it in before.

(Thank you for pretty card Geraldine. I'm sure you'll find quite enough in Hastings to amuse you during the holidays. Wish we could wander round together.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to wish you a happy Christmas. We are breaking up on the 12th of this month. I think I have passed the exam. I like school very much and I hope to be in standard 3 next year. During the holidays we are going to Napier for a week. There I will have a bathe in the breakers. I will sometimes go for a swim in the baths. Your new friend, Rodger Hanrahan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Lucky boy to go to Napier, Rodger. Hope you'll enjoy the surf.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to wish you a happy Christmas. In my holidays I am going away for about four or five weeks to stay with my Auntie and Uncle. We break up on the twelfth of this month. I hope there will be

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MARRIAGE

NARBEBY—CONWAY.—On December 9, 1924, at the Cathedral, Christchurch, by the Rev. Father Hanrahan, Hubert Joseph Orlando, third son of Mr. F. and the late Mrs. Narbey, Cashmere Hills, to Eunice, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Conway, Stafford Street, Riccarton.

DEATHS

CARR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Francis Claude, beloved youngest son of Edward and Sarah Carr, who died at Waihao Forks, on December 21, 1924; aged 19 years.—R.I.P.

DATH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Dath, who passed away on January 2, 1925.—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

HEFFERNAN.—Of your charity pray for the happy repose of the soul of William, beloved husband of Ann Heffernan, who died at Moonlight, on January 11, 1923.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

MANGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Leo, beloved youngest son of Michael and Mary Mangan, who died at his parents' residence, Winchester, on November 22, 1924; aged eight years and five months.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

MELVILLE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Arthur Melville, dearly loved husband of Olive Melville, who died at the Coronation Hospital, Christchurch, on December 28, 1924.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

CONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Stephen Connell, who died at Oamaru, on January 3, 1921.—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loved ones.

HENRY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Recardius John Henry, who died at Wellington, on January 6, 1919.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving wife and children (Annie, Cardy, Mona, and Frank).

MANSELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Mansell, who died at Awamoa, Oamaru, on December 29, 1921.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MACMILLAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Marjorie, dearly beloved only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lemon, who died on January 10, 1921. So dearly loved, so sadly missed.—R.I.P.

COTTER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maurice Cotter, who was killed in France, on January 7, 1918.—Inserted by his sorrowing sister—M. Long.

WELSH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Welsh (late of 233 Dee Street, Northend, Invercargill, who died at her residence, 37 Ravelston Street, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, on December 27, 1924.—R.I.P.

KAVANAGH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Canice, novice of the Order of Mercy, South Dunedin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh, "Sherwood," Kilbride, Tullow, Co. Carlow, Ireland, who died on December 26, 1924, in the 21st year of her life, and the 3rd year of her Religious Life.—R.I.P.

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Retreats for Laymen

The Annual Retreats will be given by the Marist Fathers as under:—

St. Bede's College, Christchurch.—Friday, January 16, at 8 p.m., till Monday, January 19 (morning).

Villa Maria, Wanganui.—Same as above.
St. Patrick's College, Wellington.—Friday, January 23, at 8 p.m., till Monday, January 26 (morning).

Application to the respective Rectors should be made as early as possible to ensure accommodation. No fixed charge is made, but a voluntary offering to defray expenses is taken up at the close.

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Addington Garden Party

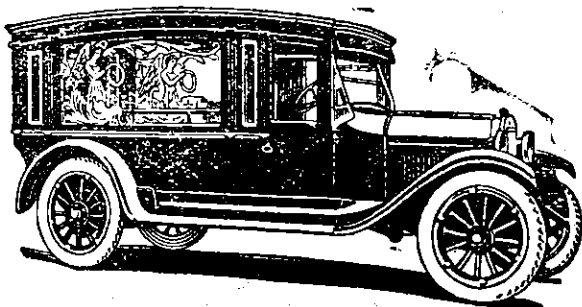
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GUESSING COMPETITIONS

8722	9356	9018	10145	9970	3676
6854	13888	3581	8996	12307	11278
1111	11162	1441	8576	12092	1323
4562	10825	12763	3203	5530	9960
11629	12843	8290	10728	4029	11803
11051	11980	13078	9741	3189	9763
3627	6703	9786	12961	10178	11328
10378	8611	11033	12784	12864	13804
6162	10991	10547	13933	1224	3166

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a river there because when I am hot I can have a swim and I will get cooled down. At school now we play cricket instead of football because it is too hot. Yours truly, Frank Laredo, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Hope you have lots of good swims in the holidays Frank, and if there's no river, just get someone to hose you.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—Just a few lines to wish you a very happy Christmas and a happy New Year. We have had very hot weather in Hastings. I am ten years old and I like school very much but we will have our holidays soon. We get our holidays on the 12th of December and we are going to have a concert. I think I have passed, if I have I will be in standard three. Your loving friend, Dolly Kitching, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Thank you for good wishes Dolly. Hope you have passed into Std. III.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just writing this letter to know how you are getting on. I hope you are quite well and strong. My best mate is Mollie Hull. We have just shifted into a nice big house which is very comfortable, but it is not very nice when you do not know where to find anything at all. We have a little Persian kitten and I would like a name for it, this is all the news I have so I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Your loving friend, Joan Gallagher, Convent School, Hastings.

(Thank you for the pretty card Joan dear, and your good wishes. Call your kitten "Beauty." Hope you'll be quite straight in the new house by Christmas.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just writing a few lines to ask you how are you getting on. This is my third letter to you. I am in std 2. I have one brother and three sisters. I have one brother in std 3 and one sister in std 4 and another in primer 2. We break up on the twelfth of this month. My birthday is on the 17th of July. Your new friend, Denton Brimer.

(Hope you have a jolly Christmas and good holidays.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to wish you a merry Christmas. We have had our exam, and if

I pass I am going into Std three. We have a dog called Wirrie, and he is a good watch dog. We are getting our holidays this week, and we are going to have a Christmas tree on Wednesday afternoon. I have four brothers and five sisters so that there are nine in the family. Your loving friend, Alice Cassin, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Glad to hear from you Alice. Hope you and Wirrie will enjoy the holidays.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to let you know that I am wishing you a merry Christmas. I am sending you a Christmas card. I have five sisters and two brothers. I like school very much. We are breaking up for our Christmas holidays soon. Sister has been very good to us during the schooldays, and we must thank Sister. This is only a few lines but I cannot think of any more. I must close. Hoping that you will enjoy reading all the letters. I will be writing soon again. Your loving friend, Jean Martin, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Thank you for good wishes Jean. Hope you'll have the nicest holidays ever.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Well dear Anne, how are you getting on? I do not seem to be getting on very well. Not very long ago I had two sore fingers but now I have only one. The one that is better had a thorn in it but mother got it out. The other one is not so nice. It is poisoned. I have had ten poultices on it and it is still sore. I want it to heal up before I go away and have a good holiday. But I must not forget you Anne must I? I will wish you a merry Christmas and a bright and happy New Year. Yours truly, Patrick Gardner, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Sorry Pat old man about your poor fingers. Hope they'll be better quite soon and that you'll have a real good holiday.—Anne.)

Dear Little People from Hastings,

What a batch of lovely letters you sent me, all the pretty cards and photos. Your letters are so well written, so clean and fresh, that it was good to get them. A Happy Christmas and New Year to you all from—

ANNE.

P.S.—Thanks to Jean Martin and Kathleen O'Connor for cards.

Meaning of the Holy Year

(By REV. T. A. ADKINS, in an exchange.)

The word "Jubilee," we are told, is derived from the Hebrew word "Jobel," meaning ram's horn, because the Jubilee used to be proclaimed by the priests of the Old Testament with trumpets of ram's horns. Hence the word has come to signify supreme joy, jubilation, a shout of gladness.

The jubilee period was, indeed, for the Israelites, a time of exultation and universal pardon, and hence the expressions, "Jubilee year" and "year of remission."

While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza,

says Scott in can. 5 of his "Lady of the Lake."

It came round every fiftieth year, when the land, which had passed out of the possession

of those to whom it had originally belonged, was restored to them; all who had been reduced to poverty, and were obliged to let themselves out for hire, were released from bondage; and all debts were cancelled.

God's Message to Moses.

For the origin of this custom we must refer to Leviticus, xxv: "The Lord spoke to Moses in Sinai, saying: . . . thou shalt number to thee seven weeks of years, that is to say, seven times seven, which together make forty-nine years; and thou shalt sound the trumpet in the seventh month, the tenth day of the month, in the time of the expiation in all your land. Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land; for it is the year of

jubilee. Every man shall return to his possession, and everyone shall go back to his former family; because it is the jubilee and the fiftieth year."

It is this jubilee of the Old Testament which has given its name to our Holy Year.

But the Christian jubilee vastly surpasses that of the Jews because that which the fiftieth year produced for them in temporal benefits is produced for us in spiritual ones.

Their jubilee opened the prisons, freed the slaves; ours gives us the means that may deliver us from the bonds of sin and remit the debts of temporal punishment we have incurred. Their's returned them to their families and to the possessions of their goods, ours gives us an easy means of re-acquiring the grace and friendship of God, our place in the communion of Saints, our right to the eternal heritage of heaven.

Well may we apply to our Holy Year the following from the fourth chapter of St. Luke: "He came to Nazareth and he went into the synagogue and he rose up to read and he found the place where it is written by Isaias; the spirit of the Lord is upon me; wherefore he hath anointed me to preach deliverance to the captives, and sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of reward."

Treasury of the Church Opened.

It may be asked: Why were the first Christian jubilees kept every hundred years, whereas the Mosaic Law prescribed one to every fifty? There is no answer except perhaps that there may have been an intermingling of ideas not unconnected with the Roman *ludi saeculares* which were kept every hundredth year with great rejoicings and are commemorated by Horace in his "*Carmen Saeculare*."

The Church continues Christ's work on earth for our sanctification and salvation, so those words of Isaias can be applied to it as they were to Christ Himself.

During the jubilee, this special time of grace and spiritual favors, the Pope not only invites all to exceptional prayer and penance, to a more ardent practice of good works and a more fervent reception of the Sacraments, but he also opens wide the treasury of the Church, publishing a solemn and universal plenary indulgence.

This publication is made first in Rome by the Pope himself with exceptional solemnity, and is transmitted then to all the faithful throughout the world.

In other times it used to be published in Latin from the porch of St. Peter's on the Feast of the Ascension the preceding year and in Latin and Italian before the Quirinal Palace on the fourth Sunday in Advent of the jubilee year itself.

All are invited to take part, and certain special practices of piety and charity are laid down as conditions for obtaining the jubilee indulgence or remission; and during the year, as a help even to the greatest sinners, confessors have special faculties and powers such as in ordinary times are reserved to Bishops or only to the Pope himself.

Truly, then, the Holy Year is a special time of joy for all, a jubilee indeed, and verily the year of the Lord.

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

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Sports and Entertainments

ST. MARY'S BOYS' SCHOOL, BLENHEIM
(From our own Correspondent.)

It is pleasing to record the creditable result achieved in athletic circles during the past year by St. Mary's Boys' School, Blenheim. It comprises the following events:—St. Patrick's Sports Shield, Rugby competition cup (senior), Keating Soccer cup (junior), swimming relay challenge cup, St. George's Cup, the Bagge Banner.

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HASTINGS CONVENT SCHOOL
ANNUAL CONCERT.

The pupils of the Hastings Convent School, under the direction of the Sisters, held their annual entertainment recently at the Municipal Theatre, in the presence of a large audience, whose enthusiasm was evinced by frequent encores, which the management courteously but firmly declined, owing to the length of the bill.

In the first part of the programme, the pupils, boys and girls, sang several choruses with a freshness and spirit, animation and expression which quite tuned up the house and which evidenced careful training. Miss R. Banks recited "How?" and Miss I. Morgan recited "Gaulberto's Victory" very pleasingly, their enunciation being so distinct that not a word of their stories was lost, and Master P. Koorey quite tickled his audience with a humorous description of an experience in opening a tin of sardines. The distinct feature of the first part was, however, the excellent playing of the pianoforte duet, "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (Liszt) by Misses E. Riley and V. Pimley. The execution was capable and the interpretation expressive, pronounced and replete with character, indicating much promise in the future of these young players.

Miss E. Riley played the accompaniments very effectively.

The second portion of the evening was devoted to an operetta, "The Enchanted Rose," founded on the evergreen history of "The Sleeping Beauty"; the characters being sustained by the following:—Misses T. Murray, G. Gallagher, M. Watt, K. McKeegan, Z. Spink, R. Banks and L. Morgan. Others taking part included J. Halligan, C. Hannah, T. Petersen, P. de Boissiere, M. Banks, E. Mackenzie, M. Gardner, M. Matthews, Z. Lasker, K. Cullinane, P. Riley, M. Flynn, M. Rees, M. Sullivan, M. Hickey, M. Richards, E. McKenna, M. Cassin, E. Hickey, D. Johnston, L. Cassin, E. Goodall, M. Laredo, E. Laredo, E. McConnell, M. Lewis, M. Aldridge, M. Lay, I. Wright, K. O'Neill, E. Morgan, M. Mannix, E. Wright, M. Wells, L. Curtis, D. Barry, O. McConnell, J. Curtis, A. McKeegan, M. O'Neill, P. Buck, I. Gallagher, L. Halligan, D. Cowan, C. O'Neill, J. Gallagher, P. Rees, A. Joseph, C. Brennan, E. O'Connor, E. Barrett, G. Williams, M. Brennan, C. Barrett, K. Pownall, M. Porter, J. Walsh, N. Balcombe, K. Laredo, A. Hempseed, V. Davey, M. Downing, M. Smith, and P. Pimley.

The operetta was well supported by an orchestra.

The entertainment was much enjoyed, and the Sisters of the convent are to be congratulated on the success which has waited on their devoted efforts.

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Convent Schools' Concert

A SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT.

(From our Blenheim correspondent.)

The annual concert of St. Mary's Convent pupils (senior and junior) was one of the most successful yet held, and the Sisters of Mercy are to be congratulated on the special training given to the pupils to enable them to acquit themselves in such a splendid manner. This concert was held in His Majesty's Theatre, Blenheim, on Thursday, December 11, when the performers faced an overflowing audience—every seat being occupied. The stage presented a pretty sight with a profusion of climbing roses and lilies, with a color scheme of pink and white, the work of the Sisters and helpers. The concert opened with a pianoforte duet capably played by Misses Edith Turner and Ella Smith, appropriately entitled "The Children's Overture." This was followed by a chorus by the High School girls, "The Happy Hunter." There seemed to be an unwritten law against encores, and only on one or two occasions was a repeat granted, although at times the audience were very persistent. Some tiny tots came out and musically told secrets to dolly, going through some pretty evolutions. Vincent Wilkinson made quite a hit in the "Pinafore" song, "Ruler of the King's Navee." He was not at all nervous and sang his song with vigor. He had the assistance of the senior boys in the chorus. A pretty and well-dressed minuet by the senior girls was followed by one of the star items of the night. This was a song and dance by a bevy of junior girls, some of them very junior. In batches of four they came forward dressed to represent posies of spring flowers—snowdrops, briar roses, violets, and buttercups. The little ladies sang clearly and danced gracefully, and on this occasion they had to come back and repeat a portion of the item. The dresses for this contribution were designed and made by Mrs. Evatt. A part song—nicely sung—by the senior girls ("May Bells and Flowers") was followed by an amusing action song, "Ten Little Niggers," in which some originality was shown. Some considerable interest was evinced in the appearance as pianoforte soloist of Miss Nancy Wilkinson, who made her first bow to an audience as an L.A.B. She is the only student in Marlborough, and one of the very few in the Dominion, to attain that honor this year. She played Liszt's "Polonaise in C" entirely from memory, and the applause that followed her playing must have been very encouraging to her. She declined, however, to respond to the encore. A wonderful band in green uniforms, with a bright conductor and a cute little Kazoo artist, took

the audience by storm in a splendid solo and chorus entitled "MacNamara's Band," and they also had to come back. The "Change Ringers" was a pretty chorus, which was followed by another character chorus by the junior boys, "The Volunteers." They marched and shouldered their muskets like real soldiers. Two little girls—Brenda Cimino and Cara Evatt—in Dutch costume, sang very sweetly and danced a clog dance. This was a pleasing item. Miss Doreen Lucas appeared in the character of a sundowner and sang "On the Road to Anywhere." She has a voice of good quality for so young a child, and evidently has been well taught. Her words were clear and she sang perfectly in tune, although a little nervous. Later on she seemed to have much more confidence when she sang "Dolly and a coach," one of the "Daddy" series. She was splendid in this, and the audience insisted on her returning, when she repeated a verse. The junior girls made a charming picture in "Toy Balloons," the senior girls showed some graceful posturing in tambourine drill and a cachuca was very well done by senior girls. Miss Cara Evatt danced a pretty rose dance; Terence Thomas, Rae Winkinson, and Louise Blunt told the story of Pelorus Jack in musical verse; Miss Mavis Curran used a sweet voice to great advantage in "Mother Marchree" and a chorus ("Christmas Bells") and a very fine tableau ("Gloria in Excelsis") concluded one of the most successful entertainments held in Blenheim. Mrs. C. T. Cimino carried out the duties of accompanist in a most pleasing manner, and greatly assisted the pupils in their success.

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CHRISTMAS MUSIC AT SACRED HEART BASILICA, WELLINGTON

On Christmas Eve the Sacred Heart Choir gave a very fine rendering of some difficult music at Midnight Mass at the Basilica, Wellington (writes a correspondent). The music included "Kyrie" from Weber's Mass in G, "Gloria" and "Credo" from Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" (St. Cecilia), "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei" from Farmer's Mass. At the Offertory, the "Adeste Fideles" was sung. At the conclusion of the Mass, the "Veni Creator Spiritus" was intoned by the celebrant and the choir sang the beautiful hymn right through. To Mrs. Quirk, the conductress, there is due the very heartiest congratulations of the Thorndon parish. She has done wonders with the choir, and the high standard of music set down is due entirely to her unflinching efforts to keep the attention of the choir members engrossed in the work. The priests and laity of Thorndon extend to Mrs. Quirk their heartiest congratulations. Mr. Paul Cullen acted in his official capacity as cathedral organist. Prior to the commencement of Mass he played some delightful numbers suitable for the occasion. At the conclusion of the Mass, Mr. Cullen played in his usual delicate style "Pastoral Symphony" from the "Messiah."

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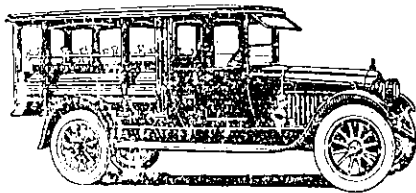
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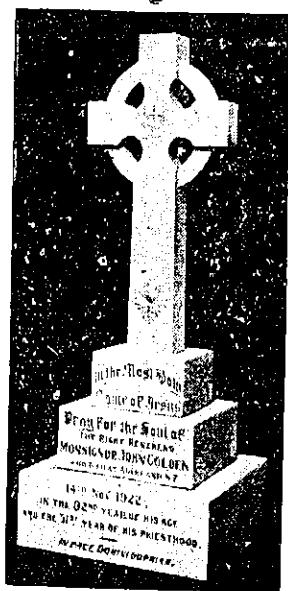
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Here and There

The Lord Mayor Visits Cardinal Bourne.—Persons in the immediate vicinity of Westminster Cathedral on the day of the Requiem for the Irish soldiers (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for November 17), were surprised to see the three state carriages of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, with the footmen hanging on behind and preceded by mounted police, driving in the direction of Archbishop's House. It was an occasion unprecedented in London for centuries; for the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, all of them Catholics, went in full state to pay their respects to the Cardinal Archbishop. Cardinal Pole possibly received the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in his day; but he was Archbishop of Canterbury, and would have received them at Lambeth. The rulers of the city were received by his Eminence in official audience, and later in the day Cardinal Bourne drove to the Mansion House to repay the call.

Knighthood for Catholic Governor.—Captain James O'Grady, formerly member for Leeds and now Governor of Tasmania, now becomes Sir James O'Grady, having received the honor of Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. Sir James is not the first member of the Labor Party to be made a knight; but he is the first Catholic member of the party to receive knighthood. Sir James O'Grady was born of Irish parents at Bristol, and after being educated at the Catholic school of St. Mary in that city, was apprenticed to the furniture trade, becoming ultimately the head of its trade union. During the war he served with the Allied troops on various fronts, and in 1917 was sent on an official mission to Russia. In 1918 he went to Ireland on a recruiting mission, and in 1920 he negotiated for the exchange of war prisoners with the Bolshevik leader Litvinoff (Finkelstein). Sir James was mentioned as first British Ambassador to the Soviet Government—a diplomatic post that has yet to come into existence.

Episcopal Jubilee of Bishop Heylen.—Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, celebrated the jubilee of his episcopal consecration in his cathedral church, in the presence of Cardinal Mercier and the Nuncio to Belgium. Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Rheims, and the Bishop of Verdun also attended the jubilee Mass, which Mgr. Heylen celebrated in the presence of many Belgian bishops and high personages. Mgr. Heylen, who was born in 1856, entered the Norbertine Order at Tongerlo when he was nineteen. Ordained in 1881, he was sent to the Gregoriana in Rome to complete his theological studies. Leo XIII subjected him to a special examination at the Vatican, when Father Heylen presented no fewer than 259 theses, dealing with sciences physical, mathematical, and natural, as well as with theology. In 1887 he was appointed Abbot of Tongerlo. In 1889 he founded the Premonstratensian monastery at Manchester in England, and ten years later was nomin-

ated Bishop of Namur. Bishop Heylen is also President General of the Permanent Committee of the International Eucharistic Congresses.

English Abbot President Dies.—Dr. Oswald Smith, O.S.B., Abbot of Ampleforth and President of the English Benedictine Congregation, has just died at Leeds after a severe illness. Dr. Smith, who had a distinguished academic career, was elected Prior of Ampleforth in 1898, and when that house was raised to the rank of an abbey by Leo XIII he became its first Abbot; his abbatial benediction and instalment being the first of its kind celebrated in England since the installation of Abbot Feckenham at Westminster Abbey under Mary Tudor. The connection was interesting, for Abbot Smith was the lineal descendant of Abbot Feckenham as head of the Westminster monks; for the community of Ampleforth Abbey traces itself back directly to the last survivor of the monks of Westminster Abbey who were dispossessed by Elizabeth. A further confirmation of this historic connection was given recently, when the Royal College of Heralds conferred on the Abbot and Convent of St. Lawrence's Abbey at Ampleforth their right to bear and use the seal of arms used by the Abbot and Convent of Westminster.

Benedictine Artist's Work on View.—London is shortly to have an exhibition of the paintings of that talented Benedictine artist, Brother Richard Anson, O.S.B., who is an oblate of the Caldey Benedictines and a resident of Quarr Abbey in the Isle of Wight. The forthcoming exhibition, which is the second public showing in London since 1922, consists of a number of paintings of the Orkneys and the Pistoian Apennines. The artist is not greatly given to ecclesiastical subjects; but in his own line of work is considered to be one of the coming artists of the day. The Orkney series, apart from their artistic merit, have a further interest in the fact that they were painted by Brother Anson whilst in the northern fishing grounds with the trawling fleet, carrying out his work as organising secretary of the Apostleship of the Sea, a work amongst Catholic sailors that has earned the warmest approval of Pope Pius XI. Brother Anson's pictures have been hung in the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, and this autumn he has had an exhibition at the Walker Gallery in Liverpool.

Episcopal Anniversary of Spanish Primate.—Congratulations from all parts of Spain have been pouring in on Cardinal Reig, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, who has recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. On the day itself the Cardinal Primate celebrated the anniversary Mass, and during the morning received a number of delegations at the Archbishop's Palace. One delegation,

composed of the Mayor and Corporation and civil authorities, conveyed the congratulations of the city. The Military Governor and other military chiefs paid the respects of the Army, while a further delegation consisted of the chief ecclesiastical personages of the archdiocese. Practically the whole day was given up by the Cardinal Primate to giving audiences, among those received by his Eminence being the General of the Paulist Fathers, the Director of the Spanish Brothers of Charity, and representatives of various religious Orders who came by train to congratulate the Primate on his anniversary.

Convert Journalist.—Mr. William Theodore Brewster, of Glasnevin, Dublin manager of the Independent Newspapers Co. and hon. secretary of the Irish Newspaper Society, stated in his will that he thanked Almighty God for the priceless gift of having been received into the Catholic Church. "I place it on record," he added, "that while during my life I have never used compulsion in this matter towards my dear wife and children, it is my dearest wish and most constant prayer that the Almighty, in His own good time and way, may vouchsafe the same great gifts of faith and conversion to every one of them."

A Priest's Heroism.—A message from Capetown dated December 15, says:—

Special cable messages received by the *Cape Argus* from Port Louis, Mauritius, give thrilling accounts by survivors of the small steamer *Cigale*, which caught fire while carrying 1500 cases of motor spirit from Mauritius to the French island of Reunion in the Indian Ocean. A panic occurred when the petrol was ablaze. There was a wild rush by the crew for the boats, and some of the women passengers were left in a fainting condition on the burning vessel. There is public indignation in Mauritius owing to the allegations that the women on board were abandoned, and when the captain, officers, and other survivors of the *Cigale* arrived at Port Louis on Saturday they were received in silence. Brother Ignace, who spent several days and nights with a sailor on a raft 6ft square, told a harrowing story. He said the raft remained for a time near the doomed ship. Father Dufay, an invalid priest, who gave up his seat in a boat, pronounced absolution on the two men on the raft from the ship's deck. Brother Ignace, as they drifted away, could hear Father Dufay baptising the Chinamen and comforting his comrades. The heroism of the women left to go down with the ship was beyond words. They knelt on deck, praying quietly, Rosaries in hand, as the ship sank. Father Dufay's voice could be heard pronouncing absolution—the words *in articulo mortis* (in the article of death) being clearly audible above the cries of the drowning passengers. Brother Ignace states emphatically that he heard Father Dufay plead with the crew that they should save the women.

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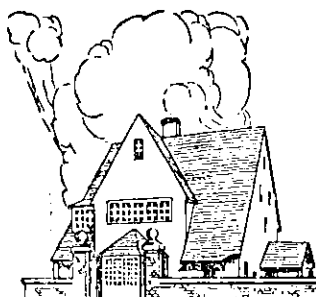
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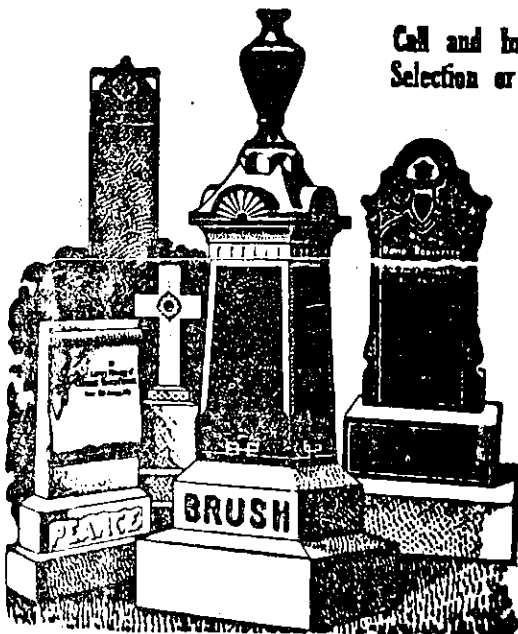
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Irish News

NEW IRISH NOVIATE OF MISSIONARY SISTERS—LARGE COMPENSATION AWARDS—DEATH OF A GREAT IRISH NUN—"ULSTER'S" CLAIMS.

The new Noviate of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary was recently opened at Killesbudra (Co. Cavan) by the Most Rev. Dr. Finnegan, Bishop of Kilmore. After the celebration of Holy Mass, his Lordship received seven postulants into the new congregation, founded for the conversion of the native women and children of Southern Nigeria, and for the pagan mission of Africa. The seven Sisters, wearing their white habits, received the Cross of the Rosary, and an appropriate sermon was preached by Father Kearney, C.S.Sp., of Blackrock College, Dublin. After the ceremony the Dominican Sisters from Cabra, who are in charge of the new Congregation, entertained the Bishop and clergy.

The large sum of £79,800 was awarded recently as the amount of compensation for the destruction of Castle Bernard (Castle O'Mahoney), Co. Cork, the residence of the late Earl of Bandon, K.P. Of this sum, £37,500 was given for the destruction of the Castle and £42,300 for the loss of its contents. The whole amount has been paid, and there was no stipulation attached to the award.

At Clifden (Co. Galway) Circuit Court Lord Killanin was awarded £17,400 for the destruction of Spiddal House, Connemara, by armed men, on April 28, 1923, £14,850 being allowed for the house and £2600 for the contents. Lord Killanin, according to his counsel, was now an exile in London, broken in mind and body, and would never live in Ireland again. Judge Power, in making the award, said that it was a most melancholy case, and he awarded the amount without any conditions as to rebuilding.

On October 23, at the Wexford Circuit Court, claim for compensation by Senator Sir Thomas Esmonde for the burning, in March, 1923, of his mansion at Ballynesstragh, near Gorey, Co. Wexford, was heard by Judge Doyle. The original claim was £77,496, while subsequent claims for loss of personal property were lodged by Col. L. G. Esmonde and Mr. Osmond G. Esmonde, and other relatives. After several negotiations, the Ministry of Finance agreed to a specified sum, subject to proof of malice. Mr. J. L. Esmonde, B.L., asked for costs on each of the claims, and eventually Judge Doyle allowed the claims to stand with a view to an arrangement as to costs being come to.

By the death of Mother M. Clare Elliott at Sion Hill, Blackrock, the Sisters of St. Dominic have lost one of those venerable pioneers in the work of Irish education who have done so much for the higher education of Irishwomen during the past forty years.

Mother Clare had reached the venerable age of 90 years, and it is 60 years since, at an unusually early age, she was first elected Prioress. She, therefore, had a leading part in all the developments of the work of the Order and its expansion during more than half a century.

During her first priorship, in 1867, six of the Sion Hill nuns sailed for Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to establish a convent there. Three years later ten Sisters were sent to Dunedin, New Zealand. Both of the missions have flourished exceedingly, and Mother Clare never lost her interest in them. In 1882, under her far-seeing guidance, the now famous convent in Eccles Street was founded. As an educational centre it has served not only Dublin and Ireland, but also the greater Ireland beyond the seas. There was brought to full success the secondary education of Irish Catholic girls.

So marked was the success that when, in 1893, the late Archbishop of Dublin desired to see the organisation of a University College for Irishwomen, so as to enable them to take full advantage of the degrees of the Royal University, it was to Mother Clare that his Grace turned for the work. The result was the establishment of St. Mary's University College, where further educational laurels were won and the cause of women's education advanced.

Through all her achievements and with all her progressive spirit, Mother Clare remained always the simple, gentle daughter of St. Dominic. She was a wonderful woman, but always a true religious. Scores of nuns were trained by her for both the home and the foreign mission. Her community regarded her as their Mary Aikenhead.

Mother Clare belonged to a respected family of North Dublin. She was related to the late Right Rev. Dr. Forde, V.G. Modest and retiring as she was, her work and name were well known in the Rome of the 'sixties. She filled a long life in the vineyard with the most fruitful toil.

In the first of two articles he is contributing to the columns of the *London Star*, Captain Wedgewood Benn, Liberal M.P. for Leith, subjects "Ulster's" pretensions to an analysis in the light of constitutional and other facts.

"It is said," he writes, "that Ulster is a self-governing State, with an area of six counties, reluctantly accepted but irrevocably granted, and that to tamper in any way with her powers and boundaries is unconstitutional is a breach of pledges, is illegal and unjust.

"We may well ask why, if Northern Ireland has this independence,

- (1) The Home Office represents her in Parliament?
- (2) Her members sit and vote at Westminster?
- (3) She secures grants for unemployment and police from British funds? and
- (4) The taxing power remains in London?

"Is it possible that Mr. Snowden decides the rate of Customs duties but Sir James Craig decides whether they are to be levied? That Mr. Walsh demands supply for the British Army, but that Sir James Craig decides what boundary it is to defend?

"If the Act of 1920 cannot be amended by the British Parliament, how comes it that the Act of 1914 was repealed in a single unnoticed clause, that the Southern Parliament was created in 1920 and destroyed in 1922 without a word from the area concerned, that a Governor and Privy Council were created for the benefit of Northern Ireland by an Act specifically amending that of 1920? The words of the Judicial Committee (whose authority is the highest) may be cited—

The Government of Ireland Act, 1920,

which it is the purpose of the Act of 1922 to alter and amend.

"There is a further fatal flaw in this constitutional plea. If the Act of 1922 could not affect their position, why did the North pay any attention to it? Why did they admit its authority by availing themselves of the right to option out under Article XII?

With whom was the solemn contract made to hand over six counties? Was it with Ireland? Was it with Ulster? Was it by the consent or desire of the border counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh? Clearly not with Ireland, which, as a whole, has been unflinchingly against partition. Clearly not with the disputed areas. And as to Ulster it returned a Home Rule majority. Why, therefore, were six counties selected?

Captain Craig's Confession.

"The reasons were very frankly stated in March, 1920, by Capt. Craig. The Unionist Council in Belfast rejected three counties, and accepted six because that was the maximum area in which they could be sure of a majority.

"What sort of sacro-sanctity belongs to a boundary drawn despite the wishes of the inhabitants to suit the desires of a political caucus?

"A mere glance at the Act of 1920 will dispose of the suggestion that the Treaty conflicts with it, and is in some strange sense illegal. Section 4 of the 1920 Act withholds from the Northern Government any power respecting treaties with any part of his Majesty's Dominions. Section 6 declares the power of the Parliament of the United Kingdom to make laws extending to Northern Ireland, even on the reserved matters. Section 75 declares the supreme authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom to be 'unaffected' and 'undiminished.'

"And, lastly, as to justice and fairness—the strength of the Ulster case, which for 40 years prevented the grant of Home Rule, was this—that a minority must not be coerced. The Unionists of all Ireland then formed 26.1 per cent.; the Free Staters in Northern Ireland now form 34.4 per cent. How strange that a party which has appealed so successfully to the British sense of fair play should now, in its turn, refuse to its own minority even a limited opportunity to select its form of government!"

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Town and Country News

BLenheim NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 29.

Masters J. Keating, L. O'Leary, and R. Reid, students of St. Clement's Redemptorist College, Galong, N.S.W., are spending their Christmas vacation with their parents in Blenheim. Another Marlborough boy, Master J. Buist, who is studying for the priesthood at the Redemptorist College, remained in Australia holidaying with friends.

ADDINGTON NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 27.

On Sunday, December 21, his Lordship the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about 66 candidates. The Bishop examined the children in all the important questions relating to the Sacrament, and complimented them, also the Sisters who had trained and prepared them in such an excellent way. Confirmation was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A very large congregation attended.

WANGANUI NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 31.

One of the most delightful entertainments of the season was given in the Opera House on December 10 by the pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent. There was a very large attendance and the performers, who displayed exceptional talent, received a most liberal share of well-deserved applause. The rendering of the instrumental and vocal items was a treat to listen to and demonstrated clearly the careful training the pupils receive from the Sisters. A big feature of the concert was the elaborate costuming, which was done with an eye for massed effect. At the conclusion of the concert the special medals won during the year were presented by the Mayoress, Mrs Hope Gibbons. The Rev. Father Mahony, on behalf of the Sisters, returned thanks to the Mayor and Mayoress, and all who had assisted with the concert.

A pretty ceremony took place at St. Joseph's Church, Aramoho, on a recent Sunday, when twenty-two tiny tots received their First Holy Communion. The Act of Consecration to Our Lady was read by Mollic Henderson and that to St. Joseph by Bernard Locke. Both altars were fittingly decorated for the occasion. After Mass the children adjourned to the school, where a dainty repast awaited them. The room reminded one of the festive season, as a large Christmas tree occupied the place of honor upon the table. Gaily colored streamers depended from the ceiling, and ferns and greenery were much in evidence. The pretty altar of Our Lady at one end of the room was also resplendent with lights and flowers. After breakfast each child received a present from the Christmas tree. No doubt this happy day will be remembered by the little ones for many years to come.

Rev. Father Outtrim, who was transferred to St. Bede's College a few months' ago, re-

turned on a short visit to Wanganui recently. The occasion was not allowed to pass unnoticed by the Aramoho parishioners, for they, together with the local clergy, gathered in large numbers at the Aramoho Convent on Thursday evening, December 18, to make a presentation to him, as a mark of appreciation for the good work he had done in that part of the parish. Prior to making the presentation, Mr. M. J. Dowling, on behalf of the Aramoho parishioners, referred in eulogistic terms to the good work done by Father Outtrim in Wanganui, but especially in the Aramoho portion of the parish. Mr. Dowling then presented Father Outtrim with a wallet of notes, the recipient suitably responding.

The Christmas observances at St. Mary's Church, commenced with Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. The sanctuary of the church was beautifully decorated, the work having been done by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Beautiful wreaths of evergreens were wound in graceful spirals around the pillars, whilst the High Altar was a blaze of light, being illuminated by numerous candles. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Mahony. St. Mary's Choir, under the baton of Mrs. T. Lloyd, with Miss N. Dowling as organist, rendered the music which consisted principally of "Farmer's Mass in B flat," Novello's "Adeste Fideles," was sung at the Offertory. The members of the choir acquitted themselves well, and the rendition of the music was impressive and devotional. Rev. Father Mahony preached, and concluded by wishing the large congregation a holy and a happy Christmas. A second Mass was celebrated at 7.30 and a third at 10.30. In the evening the usual devotions were held.

INGLEWOOD NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 30.

Although the weather in this locality has been unusually rough for the time of the year, with two heavy falls of snow on the mountains the week before Christmas, we were consoled by the fact that Christmas Eve and the morning of the great festival were fine. Hence there was a crowded congregation for Midnight Mass, and practically every one present approached the Holy Table.

A successful scholastic year was recorded at the local convent. While the examination this month of the pupils generally was favorable, two obtained their proficiency certificates and five competency. During the same week the examination in connection with the Trinity College of Music, London, was held, when all the pupils presented passed, in the following grades:—Licentiate diploma: Miss N. Wilson; senior (singing): Miss M. Leech, 83 (honors); pianoforte: R. M. Lamer, 76; R. Gudgeon, 70. Intermediate: (pianoforte and 'cello): M. Leech, 77; (pianoforte): E. M. Allen, 74; D. Manby, 72. Preparatory (pianoforte): E. Haselden, 84 (honors); M. Dombroski, 82 (honors); B. Dobson, 73; E. Taylor, 73; D. Olson, 68. First steps: R. Kerick, 80; J. Dobson, 74.

The Sisters are to be commended on their year's achievements, especially in view of the fine work they have also carried out in connection with the bazaar and other parish undertakings.

All are pleased know that the health of our worthy pastor, Father Forrestal, is improving after a severe attack of influenza.

St. Thomas's Academy, Oamaru

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The following is the prize list:—

First Class prize, A. Richardson; arithmetic, D. Fletcher; number, D. Bourke; reading, P. Taylor; writing, K. Nolan; progress in studies, D. Doyle; number and spelling, C. Cartwright; reading and writing, P. Murdoch; reading, L. Dunn; number, K. Fletcher; general progress, T. O'Connor; number and reading, W. Maynard; phonics, C. Clarke; handwork, T. Clarke.

Standard I.—First Class prize (silver medal), A. Murdoch; reading and recitation, T. Roach; arithmetic, J. Hudson; progress, R. McLean.

Standard II.—First Class prize (silver medal), J. Ward; second in merit, J. Richardson; spelling, T. Shaw; reading and recitation, P. Dunn; arithmetic, M. Mowat; writing and drawing, D. Kelleher; catechism and music, T. Bourke; progress, R. Taylor.

Standard III.—First Class prize (silver medal), J. Armstrong; second in merit, J. Cull; arithmetic, history, improvement in writing, N. McCarthy; composition and grammar, T. Roach; spelling, J. Venning; catechism, P. McCarthy; drawing and handwork, J. Dunn; general progress, D. Nolan.

Standard IV.—First Class prize (silver medal), D. Kelly; second in merit, A. Hill; reading and spelling, S. Shaw; arithmetic, B. McLaughlin; diligence, L. Archer; progress in studies, L. Nathan; spelling and history, T. McKinnon; drawing, J. Kean.

Standard V.—First Class Prize (silver medal), L. Mangos; second in merit, G. Thomas; spelling and drawing, A. Prendergast; improvement in class subjects, J. Charles; Bible history, F. McCormack; improvement in arithmetic, J. Hodgson; progress, J. McLean.

—Special Prizes.—

Music prizes.—Piano, first steps (silver medal), J. Dunn, P. McCarthy; violin, first steps (silver medal), T. Roach, P. Dunn; piano, preparatory division (silver medal), A. Hill; violin, preparatory division, D. Kelly; theory of music (preparatory division), 100 marks, A. McKinnon and R. Cuddon-Large; class singing (silver medal), L. Mangos.

—Christian Doctrine Prizes.—

Junior division (silver medal), W. Hillary, T. Bourke; senior division (first prize gold medal awarded by Mrs O'Farrell, Hinds), R. Cuddon-Large; second prize (silver medal), G. Thomas; Bible history, F. McCormack, J. Armstrong; sports championship (medal), A. McKinnon; most faithful altar boy, R. Cuddon-Large; good conduct and politeness (gold medal donated by Mrs J. J. Bourke, of Wellington), H. Loughnan; good conduct and general excellence, R. Cuddon-Large.

Dux of School (gold medal donated by Mr P. J. McCarthy, of Hawea Flat), R. Cuddon-Large.

Theory of Music certificates.—Preparatory division, A. McKinnon, R. Cuddon-Large, S. Shaw, T. Roach, L. Nathan, L. Mangos, B. McLaughlin, J. Kean, D. Kelly, A. Hill, P. Dunn, J. Dunn, J. Charles.

Proficiency certificates.—R. Cuddon-Large, A. McKinnon, T. Fitzsimmons.

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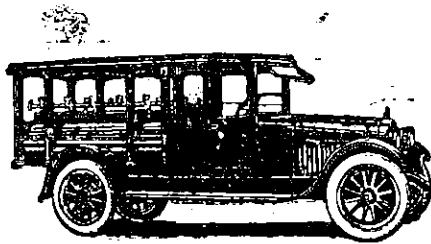
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The Holy Year of Jubilee

THE MAKING OF SAINTS.

The coming Holy Year of Jubilee will witness a number of beatifications and canonisations in Rome. The Sacred Congregation of Rites has been more than usually active at this time in examining the causes of many servants of God proposed for beatification and canonisation. This has aroused great interest among Catholics, and created not a little confusion among non-Catholics regarding the process by which chosen servants of God are accorded by the Church the titles of Venerable, Blessed, and Saint.

An instance of this was given recently in an article in which the writer went out of his way to impugn the motives of the English martyrs, and to cast doubt and uncertainty into the minds of his readers about a process that is perfectly simple and intelligible to anyone who will take the trouble to do what this writer evidently did not do—examine the law of the Church.

This legislation is to be found in the *Codex Juris Canonici*, in the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and in the Letters Apostolic of the Popes. The process to determine whether special recognition be given to certain candidates for the honors of sanctity begins in its preliminary stage in the place in which the candidate passed his or her life. Here certain evidence is submitted, and many of the proposed saint's writings are carefully examined.

The examination aims at determining two points: first, that the candidate practiced the cardinal and theological virtues in an extraordinary degree, and second, that God has intervened to prove the sanctity of the candidate by miracles wrought through the prospective saint's intercession.

The evidence thus collected in regard to the heroism of virtue and certainty of miracles is submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which carefully examines it. Then if the Cardinals approve, a commission is appointed to introduce the cause of the servant of God, and a decree to that effect is promulgated signed by the Holy Father. The publication of this decree entitles the servant of God to be called Venerable.

All this is not accomplished without much sifting of evidence and many discussions and examinations, consuming usually a long time. Similar meetings and examinations to establish all over again the heroism of virtue and the reality of miracles must be gone through in the process of beatification, and again in the process of canonisation.

Beatification, by which the title Blessed is conferred upon the venerable servant of God means that the Pope, after a judicial examination of virtues and miracles, permits public worship limited in nature and extent to be offered to him. Canonisation is the final step. It is an act by which the Church after a further examination of the virtues and miracles of the beatified servant of God, solemnly declares, in a definite decision, to the whole Church, that he is numbered among the saints, and is to be venerated as such throughout the entire Church.

Thus there is a threefold distinction between beatification and canonisation. Beatification is a preparatory act, a step along the way; canonisation is a definitive act, the attainment of the goal. Beatification is a permission to accord worship because of sanctity and consequent beatitude which is morally certain; canonisation as a precept to accord worship because of sanctity and beatitude which have been proclaimed by an authentic and definitive, and probably infallible act. Beatification permits a limited cult of dulia, limited in its nature and extent;

canonisation commands the full cult of dulia, without limitation, and throughout the universal Church.

Catholics honor the saints because of their Divine supernatural gifts which have earned them eternal life, and because they are the chosen friends of God and the distributors of His graces. But they worship God alone. In the theological language of the Church, the worship of latria, or strict adoration, is given to God alone; the reverence of dulia, or honor and humble reverence, is paid to the saints; and the honor of hyperdulia, a higher form of dulia, is given on account of her greater excellence to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Church erects her altars to God alone, though in memory and in honor of the saints.—Exchange.

Foxton Convent School Concert

PLEASING ENTERTAINMENT.

The annual concert by the pupils of St. Mary's Convent School attracted a large and appreciative audience in the Town Hall the other night. The stage was converted into a bower of roses, with a festooned background, and when the curtain was raised, the scene presented drew forth a hearty round of applause and appreciation. Another delightful scene, which called forth instinted admiration was the Fairy Dale, in which the fairy queen was centred beneath an artistic canopy surrounded by her charmingly costumed company of fairies, whose singing and graceful dancing round the maypole delighted the audience. The programme was opened with a pianoforte trio on two pianos, three at each instrument, who rendered the "Polish Dance" in splendid time. The instrumentalists were Masters J. Gower, R. Ball, E. Cowley, Misses M. Wright, A. Roore, and K. Desmond. The song and chorus, "The Tinker," by J. Barrett and his companions in character, was well received. The singing of "The Swallows," by six senior girls was one of the star items. The enunciation was splendid and the rendering excellent. The action song, "Father Christmas," by the infants, caused much merriment. The action song, "Chinee Boy," in character, by the boys, was also a laugh-provoking item, not forgetting the "jogtrot" action. The pianoforte duet, "Zampa," by Misses M. Delany, E. Patterson, M. Hynes, and R. Algar, was a finished performance and the audience marked its keen appreciation by an undeniable encore. The action song, "How'd You Like to be a Baby Girl?" by the infants was a scream. The natural and unconscious attitudes of the wee mites—particularly one flaxed-haired baby girl—sent the audience into fits of laughter. Misses Edwards and K. Desmond rendered a violin duet very acceptably. The "Kerry Dance," by the senior girls, in costume, was another delightful item. Miss M. Hynes, A.T.C.L., gave a finished pianoforte interpretation of Rosenbloom's "Scherzo," in a manner which demonstrated this young lady's wonderful mastery of the pianoforte. Nancy and Ngaire Dunn gave a character sketch of "Spring Cleaning," and its domestic confusion, which kept the aud-

ience in a simmer of laughter. Misses K. Roore, D. Sorenson, M. McColl, and M. Hunt rendered a pianoforte duet, "Valse Brilliant," which reflected credit upon the performers and their teacher. A sketch with a good moral was well sung and acted by the senior boys, "Who Stole the Rabbit?" The delightful performance concluded with a cantata entitled "In Fairy Dale." Miss M. Dunn made a charming fairy queen and U. Barrett excelled in the role of "Fairy Kindness."

The accompaniments were played by Misses M. Hynes and Delany.

Special praise is due to the Sisters and the pupils for the excellence of the performance and to those who assisted.

The Power of Music

St. Philip Neri, the wonder-working Roman saint of the 16th century, contended that there is in music and in song a mysterious and a mighty power to stir the heart with a high and noble emotion, and an especial fitness to raise it above sense to the love of heavenly things.

Cardinal Newman, who was the spiritual son of the holy Philip, wrote of music in education: To my mind, music is an important part of education where boys have a turn for it; it is a great resource when they are thrown on the world; it is a social amusement, perfectly innocent, and, what is so great a point, employs their thoughts.

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Rev. Father Westropp desires to thank all who have so generously supported him during the past year. He is very grateful for all donations of money, stamps, books, etc., and assures the donors that they will be remembered by him in the Christmas Masses.

Father Westropp, in thanking all who have remembered him in the past year, hopes his generous supporters will not, during the coming year, forget one who is urgently in need of help.

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Wellington

Sunday Afternoon Readings

(By RIGHT REV. MGR. POWER for the N.Z. Tablet.)

VII—ORIGINAL SIN.

Satan, as we have seen, is radically opposed to divine grace, and wages incessant war upon it. He takes no delight in sin except in so far as it means the casting out of grace. It is an error to think that he and his hosts are confined to hell; some of them are there, attending to the lost souls, but the multitude pervade this air, tempting us. This is necessary for our trial and greater reward, it is through many tribulations that we are to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Let us see how he tempted our first parents, how he overcame them, and what were the consequences of Adam's fall to the race of which he is head.

God created the earth, filled it with every flower and fruit and fragrant healing plant that could charm the sight and ravish every sense. He decked it with leafy arches, shady groves, and majestic forests; He filled its fields with animals and fowls of every kind that could serve the use of man; He made its seas and rivers team with fish, and above the verdant fields He sent flying through the air birds of every entrancing color and form. This theatre of beauty now needed only a lord to govern it; and the three persons of the Blessed Trinity, taking counsel, said: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness"! And so the lord of this creation came, partly of the earth, but chiefly of the spirit; his body not essentially different from the earth on which he trod, but his soul spiritual and immortal. He is more, however, than the union of body and soul, for God has given divine grace as a dower to this new being, as He had given it to the angels. Adam was not created in a state of mere nature, but in what we call the state of Original Justice.

And God loved Adam, the new creature of His hands, and had consideration for him, and He said: "It is not good for man to be alone; let us make him a help like unto himself. . . Then the Lord cast a deep sleep upon Adam, and when he was fast asleep, He took one of his ribs, and filled up flesh for it. And the Lord God built the rib which He took from Adam into a woman, and brought her to Adam."

O, Eve, Mother Eve! The earth has hitherto seen none so fair as thee. Remember thy beauty and thy grace, remember Whose gift they are and their purpose, stand true to our father, and to us, his children yet unborn; keep safe and pure our heritage, and hand it down secure and unstained to us! Ah, no. The grace-hating serpent sneaks into Eden and makes an idle hour for Eve. "What lovely trees are these in your garden of delights!" Turn away, turn away, O Mother! from the uncanny thing; he is only a devil, the foulest of them all, and can bring you no good. She listens on. "Why do you not eat the fruits?" "But we do eat, and of every tree except this one, which it is death for us to touch since the Lord has forbidden it." "Not death," says Satan, "but glorious life; eat it and you shall

know all that God knows, you shall be no longer dependent upon Him, but shall be as gods yourselves." She eats and gives to Adam who also eats; he knows it is wrong, but he will not disoblige his beautiful partner. They are cast out, exiles from Paradise, rebels like Satan, naked and ashamed, the curse of their disobedience clinging to their bones, and trailing, like the trail of the serpent to every generation of Adam's race.

Well might we put to them the question put by St. Paul to the Romans: "What fruit therefore had you then in those things of which you are now ashamed? For the end of them is death." The sin of Adam came down prolific to his race, darkening man's understanding through the Fall and weakening his will, making him less a man and more a beast. "Man when he was in honor," says the Psalmist, "did not understand: he was matched with senseless beasts and became like unto them." Many amongst the learned think it not unlikely that the savage state of what Anthropologists and Geologists know as "primitive man" was part of the punishment of Adam's sin. Do the words of Cardinal Newman in the *Dream of Gerontius* indicate this.

"He dreed his penance day by day,
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb
And be again a man."

O sin, sin, terrible degrading, murderous sin, it has killed the beauty in our first parents' souls, robbed them of their dower of divine grace, opened beneath their feet the yawning gates of hell, into which they must inevitably fall if some one who is more than man come not to atone to God's majesty for their disobedience. But repentance is possible to man, for he is not an angel whose act is irretrievable, and our first parents retrieved their personal sin by a long course of continuous penance.

Their personal sin, yes. But Adam's sin was more than personal: it was the sin of the race summed up in Adam, and its consequences still flow upon the race. Adam was not merely an individual man; he was the human race, and as such received the gift of Original Justice for himself and for the race, with the promises and penalties attached thereto. By this stupendous gift, the human will was made perfect, so perfect that there was nothing in it that was not for God: it was subordinate to the will of God and in harmony with Him. Because the soul is what the Scholastic Philosophers call the *Forma Corporis*, or form of the body, its activities are so taken up with animating the body, that without this gift it would be ever sinking towards matter; but with this gift it would feel itself directly, totally, and easily rising up to God. And because God wished the soul to have this gift, because it was contained within the order established by Him for human life, its rejection became a mortal offence to Him. Therefore the

soul without it is in opposition to Him and must now begin its career without His grace. That is, simply as I can put it, what original sin is: we are born without God's grace, without original justice.

How is this sin or state of disinheritance transmitted to us? By the fact that we are all children of Adam, it comes to us from him by way of origin. We are members of the one body of Adam, naturally sprung from him, so that as St. Paul writes to the Ephesians, we are by nature children of wrath. Although the sin has not been actually committed by ourselves, we nevertheless share in its guilt because, says St. Thomas, guilt is transmitted by way of origin from father to son. In a word, we inherit Adam's nature which is a sinful nature. The gift of original justice has not been given to us, solely because it had been lost to the race through the act of the father of the race. The universality of this privation and its restoration to the baptised are expressly taught by St. Paul in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans:

"For if by one man's offence death reigned through one; much more they who receive abundance of grace, and of the gift, and of justice, shall reign in life through One, Jesus Christ. Therefore as by the offence of one, unto all men to condemnation; so also by the justice of One, unto all men to justification of life. For as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners: so also by the obedience of One, many shall be made just."

Learn from this what a terrible thing sin is, what an outrage against the Divine Majesty, what an upsetting of the harmonious order designed by Him. We should not easily forget this, for in addition to original sin itself, there are consequences which it had and which also have come down to us. Original sin, by the mercy of God, has been washed from us in Baptism, but the infirmities, the wounds of human nature, have not been taken away. We are still members of a fallen race, and are prone to the things that are not of the spirit; our intellects are darkened and our wills weakened.

One thought more to keep us on our guard against sin is this, that wherever there is an absence of God's grace, whether it be wilful, as in the case of actual mortal sin, or inborn, as in the case of the unbaptised, there the devil has power, there he wields his principality over the earth. When at the end of Mass we ask God to thrust Satan and his wicked spirits down to hell, we are only asking God's grace against Satan and his wiles. God will not yet thrust Satan down to hell, for evil spirits will remain around while God's children remain on earth to be tried and to be tested.

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On the Land

Grass-Seed Saving by Hand-Labor

(Contributed.)

Here and there in the corner of orchards or in other small paddocks where creeks or drains make it inconvenient for cultivation, it not infrequently happens that patches of grass, notably rye, prairie-grass, or cocksfoot are allowed to run to seed.

At prices at present obtainable for seed these neglected patches may often be turned to account and made to render a return that will compare favorably with the majority of other crops.

The writer has experience of grass-seeders saving an average of 30 bushels of rye-grass-seed per week for each man—a convincing proof of the practicability of the harvesting of patches inaccessible to machinery.

A SIMPLE OUTFIT.

Very little in the way of outfit is necessary for harvesting the seed. A reaping-hook, a home-made flail, a calico sheet, and a couple of carrying-in sheets are all that are absolutely necessary. The seed may be sent to be machine dressed to the seed-cleaning plant if one be near at hand, and the quantity is sufficient to warrant it.

CUTTING THE SEED.

Reaping should not begin before the crop begins to put on a yellow ripening appearance, some little time before it begins to fall.

There is no occasion when reaping to tie in sheaves—indeed, the seed will dry more quickly if the reaped straw or stalk be laid down in handfuls as soon as cut, and allowed to flatten out and open somewhat. These handfuls should not be laid down too close to one on top of the other. When reaping care should be taken, too, when bringing the hook backwards to refill it, to swish the stalks sideways in order to prepare a good surface on which to dry the seed-heads.

More straw than is practically convenient should not be cut off with the seed—superfluity in this case meaning more stuff to carry in, and more labor involved in threshing.

One advantage possessed by reaping, is that undesirable grasses may be left standing and excluded from harvesting.

THRESHING.

The use of the flail may be looked upon as a retrogressive step in face of the modern, effective and up-to-date methods of saving seed by the machinery of to-day, but it must be borne in mind that working on the old plan is only advocated for small areas, or patches grown in the backblocks, where it is impracticable to employ machinery.

Seed-saving by hand was common in the bush districts among the logs and stumps, some 30 years ago, and hundreds of acres were reaped in a single district.

Frequently nowadays one sees small isolated patches of really useful seed allowed to go to waste, which might be profitably saved by reverting to the use of the reaping-hook and the flail.

For the flail, two straight sticks about 1½ in or 1¾ in in diameter will suffice, one for the handle and one for the beater. These sticks should be tough and springy. Score a circular groove around the head of the handle and attach the beater to it by means of a piece of green-hide, which should be so tied as to allow the beater to revolve round the handle when being used; while the notch prevents its flying off. Twisted wire is sometimes fashioned to serve as a beater.

THE CARRYING-IN SHEET.

An ordinary grain sack will make a good carrying-in sheet.

Split open one end, and a side of the sack, then by the aid of the packing-needle and some twine stitch a couple of straight sticks or rods about 1 in in thickness, to the longer sides of the sacking, and finish by attaching a piece of cord to the centres of the sticks which serve to keep the edges of the sheet taut. The cords serve to draw the sheet together when filled for carrying in.

The seed-heads should be placed in the centre when filling the sheet.

THE THRESHING-SHEET.

A common calico sheet about 12ft x 12ft is all that is needed for this purpose. When laying down the sheet to commence operations it may be secured in position by tying it to the stalks from which the seed-heads have been cut.

A small quantity of the threshed straw, spread under the sheet on the spot chosen for the threshing floor will prevent it from being cut or worn through by the blows of the flail.

Where there are two mates to thresh together, each takes his stand on opposite sides of the sheet and flailing is carried on by striking alternately, with due regard to a rhythmic timing of the blows, each striving to catch the seed-heads "on the jump" following the last stroke of his mate's flail.

When necessary the straw is turned; particular attention being paid to the corners.

As soon as the straw appears to be sufficiently threshed it is shaken up and thrown off the sheet.

To prevent portion of the seed jumping off the sheet when using the flail or being blown off by the wind, distribute an armful or forkful of threshed straw or hay under the outer edges in order to raise them a little.

Threshing should be done on hot sunny days. The sunny part of the day should be reserved for this part of the work and the evenings and mornings devoted to reaping, when economy of time renders it imperative to commence threshing before the whole crop has been cut.

Prairie-grass is especially easy to thresh, cocksfoot being more difficult, while rye-grass occupies a midway position between the two in that respect.

CARE OF THE SEED.

Unless the seed is thoroughly dry when threshed it should be exposed to the sun in

the open sheet before being finally cleaned and bagged for the market. It is usual to defer seed-cleaning till threshing operations have been completed. It is first bagged up in the rough, and the short straw which has been chaffed by the flail, remaining in it, prevents it from becoming heated for the time being, but care should be exercised to thoroughly dry it, if it shows any disposition to heat before the final cleaning.

Where the seed is required for sowing by hand on the owner's farm seed-cleaning may be dispensed with if care has been taken to leave out all undesirable grasses when reaping.

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PRIZE LIST.

The following is the prize list of the St. Joseph's School:—

Preparatory, Standard 1.—Catechism: Maurice Barry; class prize, J. Ford; arithmetic, P. Butts; reading, J. Smith; writing, L. Harney; drawing, F. Dougherty.

Standard I.—Catechism, D. Shannon; class prize, S. Easton; second class prize, D. Butts; reading and arithmetic, J. O'Brien; sentence building, P. Shanahan; reading and recitation, Phyllis White and E. Connell; needlework, P. Mitchell; diligence, S. McGrath; good conduct, E. Smith.

Standard II.—Catechism, M. Griffin; class prize, M. Easton; second class prize, M. Barry; recitation, G. Berry; reading, J. Berry; arithmetic, A. Fodie and Willie Higgins; drawing and writing, J. McGrath; writing, H. McElhenney; composition, M. Pilling; needlework, K. McGrath; general improvement, M. McEvoy.

Standard III.—Catechism, M. Cooney; class prize, T. Cahill; second class prize, M. Luxon; reading and recitation, F. Harney; writing, P. Flett, E. Shanahan, and Y. Young; arithmetic, J. Nash; composition, M. Pilling; spelling, K. Simons; diligence, E. Price.

Standard IV.—Catechism, A. McPherson; class prize, A. Firth; second class prize, H. Rowe; arithmetic, reading, and comprehension, W. Berry; reading and recitation, S. Young; spelling, I. Pickworth; needlework, R. Clare; neatness and spelling, G. Smith; application, J. Fodie.

Standard V.—Catechism, I. Berry; class prize (equal in merit), H. Illingworth and N. Dexter; grammar, composition, and writing, P. Mollison; reading and comprehension, F. Gallagher; reading and recitation, L. Butts; geography, P. Bracken; history, S. Harney; arithmetic, T. Bracken; diligence, B. Brosnan; Needlework, P. Firth; general improvement, V. Corkin and T. Flaherty.

Standard VI.—Catechism, M. Carrington; class prize, M. Dwyer; drawing and needlework, D. Rowe; history, M. Purton; writing and diligence, L. White.

General Prizes.—Christian Doctrine (gold medal), M. Carrington; good conduct (gold medal presented by Mr Rowe), J. Doyle; dux of the school (gold medal), M. Dwyer; good conduct (boys), J. Kearns; most faithful altar boy, W. Foss; Irish history (*Tablet* prize), N. Dexter; music, H. Illingworth and K. McGrath; harmony, N. Dexter; class singing: boys, L. Butts; girls, N. Dexter.

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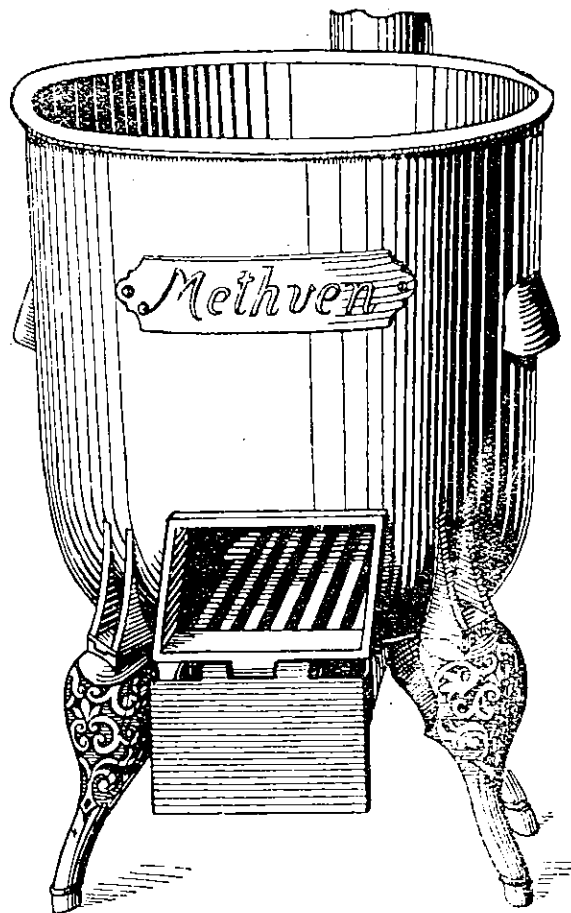


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Catholic World

BURIAL OF LEO XIII.

The funeral obsequies of Pope Leo XIII took place in the Lateran on the third day after the translation of the body from St. Peter's (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for November 3). The removal of the body from the Vatican Basilica was carried out with the strictest privacy, and there was a general opinion that the obsequies would not be performed until about the beginning of November.

The casket lay at first in the Leonine Chapel of the Lateran, and during that time it was visited by vast numbers of persons. Societies of Catholic students, organisations of youths and adults, the colleges, members of the Patricianate and the Roman Nobility visited the chapel in groups, to pray for the eternal repose of the great Pope.

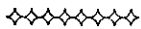
At one of the Masses the Roman groups of the Popular Party assisted in a body, afterwards placing a wreath at the foot of the catafalque. At other Masses groups of the faithful recited the *De Profundis* as a choir.

This was on the 26th, and during the late evening the Basilica was closed to the public, and the casket was removed to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and close to the tomb which Leo XIII had chosen in his life time.

On the 27th the casket was placed in the tomb, only those being present who had received special invitations. The rite began at ten in the morning. All the Cardinals present took part in the blessing of the tomb, and the Schola Cantorum of the Lateran Seminary chanted the *Miserere* the *Libera me Domine*, and other chants. Count Richard Pecci, nephew of the deceased Pope, assisted at the ceremony.

Later on the casket was placed in its niche, and before the aperture was sealed there were placed therein a copy of the deed in Latin and certain medals. The opening was then closed with a marble slab, on which was inscribed the name of the deceased Pontiff.

Nine Cardinals were present at the ceremony, as well as a number of bishops and many prelates of the Pontifical Palace. Among the other ecclesiastics were the Chapters of the greater Basilicas and the parish priests of Rome. The family of Leo XIII was represented by Count Pecci, the Countesses Moronil, Blunk, and Pecci, with the Marchioness de Canali and the Marchioness Pecci. The widow of the sculptor Tadolini, who carved the monument, was also present.



SOLEMN REQUIEM FOR LEO XIII.

The solemn public requiem for Pope Leo XIII was not celebrated until two or three days after the burial of his body in the Lateran, this last ceremony being of a private nature to which only those receiving invitations came.

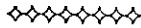
For the public requiem a catafalque was erected in the nave of the Lateran covered by a black velvet pall embroidered with the arms of Leo XIII and surmounted by a tiara. The attending Cardinals sat at the Gospel side, and on the Epistle side were the archbishops and bishops, the Chapters of the

other Basilicas, and the clergy and students of the Lateran Seminary.

In the reserved seats were members of the Pontifical Antechamber, the Orders of Malta and the Holy Sepulchre, the Pecci family, and also the Roman nobles and patricians. There were present representatives of the City and Province of Rome, clergy and municipal councillors from Perusa, Carpineto, and Anagni, with the parish priests of Rome and representatives of the religious Orders and the seminaries.

Cardinal Pompili, Vicar of his Holiness, officiated and gave the Absolution. Then the twenty Cardinals present, with the assistants and the clergy, went in solemn procession to the tomb where the *De Profundis* was chanted and the Absolutions again pronounced.

A humble and loyal message has been addressed by the Chapter of the Lateran to the Holy Father, thanking him for giving the necessary facilities for the burial to have taken place, after it had been in abeyance for so many years.



NOTES FROM ROME.

The informative process as to the life and virtue of Pius X, which was opened by the Roman Curia of Treviso, has finished its proceedings for the moment.

Mgr. Mattacones, who is Vice-Postulator of the Process, has sent out a final invitation to all persons possessing writings of Pius X or who have information bearing directly on the Cause, to communicate at once with the Ecclesiastical Tribunal of the Curia of Treviso.

At the same time petitions from all parts of the world continue to pour in on the Holy See, begging that the cause for the beatification of Pius X may be hastened.

The *Motu Proprio* of Pius XI, establishing a special school of Latin at the Gregorian University, has aroused the widest interest, and those who, like Cardinal Bourne, hope to see a revival of Latin as a language for international intercourse, believe that the Pope's plan will greatly further the revival.

The Pope dwells on the part which, during the course of centuries, the Church has taken in keeping alive the Latin tongue. He emphasises the need for sound Latinists in the every day work of the Church, and founds herewith a school of Latin at the Gregoriana which will be of two years' duration; successful students will receive a gold medal.

What is of special interest is that the Pope desires the Latin school to be open to lay students, and not to be restricted to ecclesiastics.

The learned Jesuit, Cardinal Ehrle, received a pleasant surprise on his 80th birthday, when in the Braccia Nuova of the Vatican Museum, the Holy Father presented him with five volumes of *Miscellanea Francesco Ehrle*, a collection to which 80 distinguished scholars in all parts of the world have contributed. His Holiness congratulated Cardinal Ehrle on his accomplishments as Vatican Librarian.

The Cardinals in Curia, together with the

diplomats accredited to the Holy See, were present at the little function, and the colleges and learned bodies of Rome also sent their representatives.



SIXTH CENTENARY OF BOURGES CATHEDRAL.

Bourges' ancient Cathedral of St. Stephen has just celebrated the sixth hundredth anniversary of its consecration by Archbishop William de Brosse in 1324. Old as is this vast and magnificent cathedral, the history of the bishopric is much older, for it dates back to the third century, taking its name from the Roman settlement of Biturix, the official ecclesiastical title of the archbishopric being *Bituricensis*.

The Pontifical Mass of the centenary was celebrated by Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, who went to that See from Bourges. In the sanctuary was the Archbishop of Bourges, Mgr. Izart, and the Bishops of Limoges, Clermont, Chalons, Puy, Saint-Claude, and Saint-Flour.

The whole countryside flocked into the city to take part in the celebration, and vast as is the Cathedral, it could accommodate only a fraction of those who desired to assist at the Mass.

A still greater crowd assembled in the afternoon, when pontifical Vespers was chanted and an eloquent sermon preached by the Bishop of Chalons, who surpassed himself in the brilliance of his oration. Bourges, declared his Lordship, takes rank amongst the splendid basilicas of France, along with Chartres, Paris, Rheims, and Amiens; it symbolises in the majesty of its architecture both beauty and doctrine and sanctity.

After the sermon the Cardinal and prelates grouped before the high altar for the solemn *Te Deum*, which was followed by Benediction. Then the bishops, followed by Cardinal Dubois, walked in stately procession from the Cathedral to the episcopal residence, their progress being very difficult on account of the vast crowds that thronged the streets through which the procession had to go.

The *Schola Cantorum* of the Cathedral, under the direction of Canon Signargout, rendered the music at both the morning and afternoon services. The more florid school of French ecclesiastical music was displaced by Palestrina's Mass of Pope Marcellus, rendered by six voices. The settings of César Franck were used for the afternoon services.



REMARKABLE INCREASE OF BERLIN CATHOLICS.

The number of Catholics in Greater Berlin is four times what it was before the war, according to some religious statistics that have been taken recently.

Before the war the Catholic population in the capital, all told, amounted to no more than a fraction over 3 per cent. of the whole. To-day, according to the most reliable figures, the Catholics number 12 per cent.

Nor is it around Berlin alone that this growth in numbers is to be seen. In the Mark of Brandenburg the Catholics before the war were a bare 2 per cent. of the population; they are now 7½ per cent., and almost four times their strength in 1914.

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A Story of the Rosary

It was on the 10th of March when a Religious of the Society of Jesus ascended the scaffold in Glasgow. John Ogilvy was his name, and his great crime consisted in saying that the spiritual power belonged to the Pope and not to the King, who at the time was James I. When he was being led to the scaffold a Protestant minister came up to him, and, protesting great affection and concern, spoke thus:

"My dear Ogilvy, I feel sorry for you, and extremely regret your obstinate resolution to endure such a disgraceful death."

Father Ogilvy, feigning fear of the gallows, answered: "What can I do? I am powerless to prevent it. They declared me guilty of high treason, and therefore I must die."

"High treason! Nothing of the kind," replied the Protestant. "Swear off your papism, and you will be at once pardoned; furthermore, you will be overwhelmed with favors."

"You are joking!"

"No, I am in earnest, and have a right to speak thus, since the Protestant Archbishop sent me to offer his daughter in marriage, and for a dowry a rich prebend, if you decide to pass into our ranks." With these words, they arrived at the scaffold.

The Protestant insisted that the Jesuit should consent to live. Father Ogilvy replied that he was willing to do so, if his honor would not be contaminated.

"I told you already," answered the minis-

ter, "that you will be loaded with favors and honors."

"Well, then," answered Father Ogilvy, "repeat your promise before the crowd."

"With the greatest of pleasure."

"Hear me!" shouted Father Ogilvy, turning to the people "Listen to the proposition made to me."

And the Protestant minister spoke in a loud voice: "I promise to Mr. Ogilvy life, and the daughter of the Archbishop in marriage, with a rich prebend, provided he is willing to pass over into our ranks."

"Are you inclined," asked Father Ogilvy of the crowd, "to bear witness, if it is necessary, to this proposition that you heard just now?"

"Yes," roared the crowd, and Father Ogilvy made ready to descend from the scaffold.

The Catholics who were present and witnessed the scene endured indescribable agony at the thought of the great scandal which such an apostasy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case, then," continued Father Ogilvy, "I will not be prosecuted for high treason?"

"No!" roared the crowd.

"My crime is, therefore, solely and alone, my religion."

"So it is, only your religion."

Father Ogilvy's eyes sparkled with delight, a bright smile played upon his lips. After a momentary silence he said:

"Very well, that is more than I asked for. I am sentenced to death only on account of my religion. For my religion I would give a hundred lives if I had them. I have only one; take it; my religion you shall never tear away from me!"

The Catholics, on hearing these words, rejoiced exultingly, while the Protestants were frantic with rage. They were caught in their meshes. Order was given to the executioner to complete his task. The executioner, with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of the martyr, who in return embraced him.

Before his hands were tied, Father Ogilvy loosened his rosary, and flung it into the crowd. It happened to fall upon the breast of a young Calvinist, who was at that time travelling through Scotland, Baron John Eickersdorff, afterwards Governor of Treves, and an intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years passed by, the Governor of Treves, already a decrepit old man, remarked: "When the rosary of Father Ogilvy struck my breast, and the eager Catholics snatched it before I could take hold of it, I certainly had no mind to change my religion; but those beads struck my heart, and from that moment my interior peace was gone, my conscience was even troubled, and frequently I asked myself: "Why did those beads strike me, and no other person?" That thought haunted me for many years, and left me no rest till I became a Catholic. I ascribe my conversion to that blessed rosary, which today I would buy at any price, and which, once in my possession, I would not part with for anything on earth.—*The Garland*.

Marist Brothers' School, Tasman Street, Wellington

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The usual "breaking up" ceremony of the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, took place at the school on Wednesday, December 17. During the entertainment provided by the pupils the report of the year was read by the headmaster, the Rev. Brother Louis. The parents have every reason to be satisfied, as the report shows that the school is still upholding its past traditions. In the recent examinations success was very pronounced. Fifty-seven boys were presented for the proficiency examination and all were successful, whilst a number gained day scholarships, tenable at St. Patrick's College. In the arena of sport the school is also well to the fore. In the schools' Soccer competition the senior and junior championship trophies were gained, whilst in athletic events the school carried off the Blundell and Preston Cups.

Special Prize List.

Good conduct (gold medal presented by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea), L. Greig. Christian doctrine (gold medal presented by Rev. Father Cullen), D. Burke. Dux (gold medal presented by his Grace Archbishop Redwood), S. Ellis. Diligence (gold medal presented by

Dr. Mackin), E. Taylor. Progress (gold medal presented by Mrs. McCarthy-Reid), N. Rafter. Application (prize donated by Mr. W. Wolland), K. Swenson. Regular attendance gold medal presented by Mr. C. Smith), G. Hassett. Soccer football (medal presented by the headmaster), M. Wickliffe. Rugby football (medal presented by Mr. J. Ward), T. Dennehy.

Proficiency Certificates.

Barnard Baillie, Albert Bray, William Buslby, Denis Condon, Merville Davis, Stead Ellis, Kevin Fitzgerald, Frank Hepburn, G. Gill, Lester Greig, William Headifen, John J. Hogan, John B. Hogan, Brian Hurley, Thomas Kilkelly, John Leech, James McAdam, Wm. McMillan, Leo O'Gorman, Arthur O'Sullivan, Albert O'Sullivan, Paul Phillips, Ngaio Rafter, Desmond Scanlon, M. Smith, Kenneth Sparke, James Sparke, William Wylie, James Barry, Donald Burke, Anthony Chorlton, John Darroch, Urban Devlin, Bernard Fitzgibbon, Gerald Fitzgerald, Basil Foley, Maurice Gill, Claude Gibbs, F. Hepburn, Percy Joyce, Edward Kershaw, Joseph Lynch, James McHardy, Ernest Miller, George Penfold, John Philpott, Kenneth Reece, Donald Scott, Keith Swenson, George

Wakem, Frederick Whitaker, Edward Whiteford, James Warren, Edward Taylor, Mervin Wickliffe, Harold Humphrey, Thomas Marshall.

Sacred Heart College Scholarship: M. Smith.

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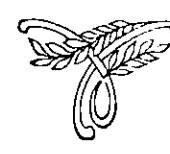
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Domestic

By Maureen

SOME PUFF PASTE RECIPES.

Puff Paste with Butter.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter, water, 1 lemon, a pinch of salt.

Have the flour thoroughly dry and sift it through a wire sieve. Make it up into a dough with the juice of half a lemon, the salt and water. Form it into a ball, and roll it out evenly, having the edges quite straight. Squeeze the salt out of the butter, and lay it on the paste in small pieces and fold it three times, that is, bring each end to the centre and then fold it over. Now roll it out carefully and fold it again as you would a sheet of notepaper, that is, bring each end over the other; repeat this a second time, and let it rest for half an hour. At the expiration of that time repeat the rolling as before, and again leave it for half an hour, then roll it again twice. It is then ready to use.

Puff Paste with Lard.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter, one lemon, a little salt, and as much water as required.

Dry and sift the flour as in previous recipe, and rub the lard and butter into it before mixing with the water. Then proceed as for puff paste No. 1 until the fifth turn, when before folding squeeze the other half of the lemon over the paste, and then fold and finish as directed in previous recipe.

Three-quarter Paste.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb butter or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb lard, enough water to mix it.

Rub the flour and butter lightly together and mix with the water to a firm dough. Roll out twice as directed for puff paste and use as required.

Short Paste.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb butter, dripping or lard. Water to mix it.

Rub the butter into the flour and mix with the water until of proper consistency.

Suet Paste.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour, salt, water enough to mix.

Chop the suet or use the desiccated variety; mix with the flour; add the salt and mix with water; roll and steam quickly. Suet paste may also be baked.

Tasty Spinach.

Take a good pailful (for a dish) of young, freshly-gathered spinach, and after washing allow a minute or two for the grit to settle at the bottom of the pail, drain, and put the spinach in a saucepan, with no other moisture than that which clings about it; add a sprinkling of salt, and boil until tender, from ten to fifteen minutes; then drain, and press well in a colander, chop it up, and put it in a clean, dry saucepan, with an ounce of butter and a little salt and pepper; stir for a few minutes, then press it in a hot dish, and garnish with toast and hard-boiled egg.

A Good Plain Cake.

$\frac{1}{2}$ heaped teaspoonsful of baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar, one egg, half a pint of milk.

Mix the baking-powder and flour together, beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar

and egg, stir the flour into this, and mix with the milk. Bake in a moderate oven.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Half-pound butter, 1 cupful sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cupful milk, 4 cupsful flour, 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoonsful cream of tartar. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, break in the eggs, and beat well. Add the flour, then the milk with the soda dissolved in it, and finally the rest of the flour, sifted with the cream of tartar. Divide in half, roll out one half fairly thin, cover quickly with strawberries, sprinkle castor sugar over the strawberries, roll out the second half of the pastry, lay it over the top and pinch the edges of the pastry together. Bake in a slow oven. If preferred, short-cake may be made on a tart plate.

Household Hints.

To make pickles crisp, a piece of alum should be added to the vinegar used for pickling.

A good knitting-silk holder is made by wedging two clothes-pegs into each other, and winding the silk crosswise over them.

To remove dust from the crevices of carved furniture use a bicycle pump.

A new potato is a good remedy for a slight burn. Scrape or grate the potato and apply it like a poultice to the injured part.

Methylated spirit and blacklead mixed into a paste and rubbed on with flannel is excellent for cleaning greasy stoves and grates.

Open canned fruit an hour or two before serving and pour the contents of the tin into a dish. The contact of the air with the fruit will greatly improve the taste.

Saucepans, baking tins, and similar utensils should be filled with clean, cold water as soon as their contents have been removed. This makes the cleaning easier.

When folding trousers, to have the crease running, back and front, in the dead centre, begin thus: Catch the trouser bottoms in front, letting the side-seam advance about one inch in front of that in the leg-seam, bringing the two top front buttons together. This gives the correct place to fold them. Laid carefully in this fold, they will keep their shape properly.

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Just like a storm-tossed sea,
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My heart is oh! so restless,
Wherever I may be,
Oh, Jesus, gentle Saviour,
Because I seek not Thee.

My heart is sad and restless,
But still I will not see
Thy will divine is hidden
Beneath this cross for me.

My heart is, oh! so restless,
Come, let me rest in Thee.
Alone beside Thee kneeling,
There let me ever be.

Oh, let me breathe my sorrow
In Thy kind ears alone;
No other voice can soothe me;
None other than Thine own.

My heart is sad and lonely,
Because my faith is dim;
Sees not beyond the surface
Of crosses sent by Him.

Hid 'neath these darksome shadows
A Figure stands alone
Beck'ning with blood-stained finger
To see if He be known.

And if, perchance, she knows Him,
With joy He fills her heart,
And where she found but sadness
She feels love's thrilling dart.

And then in love she seeing
The form of Him so fair,
He clasps her to His bosom
And wipes away the tear.

So Thou alone, oh! Jesus,
Canst fill my heart with peace;
And Thou alone, my Jesus,
Canst make my wav'ring cease.

Ah, then like music pealing
Let heav'nly love burst forth,
For lo! I feel Thy blessing
That frees me from Thy wrath.

Thy heart is ever pleading,
Child, do not restless be.
O cast aside thy yearning
And come and rest in Me.
—Florence Imelda.

THE THREEPENNY BIT.

For the staggering price of a penny or possible threepenny bit people to-day expect a beautiful church, a fine choir, and a rattling good sermon. If any coin deserves

to reach heaven, surely it must be the religious threepenny bit. They do not stop to think that the threepenny bit which they leisurely drop into the plate was the fashionable coin in their grandfather's day. It is necessary to remind them that everything has soared up in price, and the old gift is lamentably inadequate to-day. If every church-goer would increase his collection offering there would be no limit to the advancement of religious interests.—Exchange.

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YOU'LL BE OLD YOURSELF.

Not enough respect is paid to old age. We are not kind enough nor tolerant enough with the weak and infirm. We are annoyed at the slow-moving person who checks our speed when we get on or off a car or train.

We are exasperated when an elderly person holds us up at the ticket office window because failing eyesight makes counting change a slow process. We are displeased when a middle-aged or older person sitting in a seat with us moves about frequently because one position soon tires him.

The discourteous treatment given elderly people by the majority of persons is surprising and distressing.

We are all going toward that age when younger generations will have as much cause to be annoyed by our actions as we have to be annoyed by the actions of old people to-day.

Perhaps they have but a few more years to live, and why should not those who are of younger years make the time as happy and comfortable as possible?

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NATURE'S FIRST LAW.

What an excellent thing order is, the essence of accomplishment, the foundation of life. Plan your going and coming, plan your expenses, plan your clothing, plan your thoughts; on such a basis you will go a long way.

And some seem to be born with the instinct for it; when they are children their toys are in their places, their clothes are neat and tidy, their ideas are neat and tidy, with a spruceness that gratifies parents and teachers and that need not offend friends if it is accompanied by other amiable qualities. And some are born without it and could not acquire it if they lived a thousand years. Their lives drift; their souls drift. They are always a little late, always a little unmended, always a little in debt, and as a general thing they are frightfully unconcerned about the matter. It is their friends that have the concern—and endure the consequences. And some, again, achieve the sense of order by painful effort, their own or their parents'; and, though the instinct is never quite so perfect as when intuitive, it is all the more valued for the pains of acquisition, and is even more likely to lead to fruitful accomplishment in the end.

Oh, yes, order is a splendid thing; but there may be too much of it, and those whose lives are fully subjected to it are too quick

to make it a burden to others. They not only come and go themselves with admirable regularity and precision, but they demand that others shall do the same. Their lives are guided by the clock, and they are not satisfied unless they can inject that steadfast, terrible, remorseless ticking into your life. What is the use of having a house tidy and meals prompt, and clothes well pressed and mended, if careless fingers soil the paint, and forgetful appetites neglect the meals, and hasty tardiness gets the clothes on awry and spots and stains them before they are two days worn? So order tyrannises over others. And it tyrannises over itself. For when life is all planned you hate to break the plan. And, after all, healthy life is nothing but a succession of breaks and interruptions, to which you must adapt yourself with dreadful detriment to all preconceived system. So that the slaves of order are likely to have but an unhappy time of it, and they look pale and thin and anxious in a world that has endless possibilities of diversion if only you do not try to force it into your one rigid mould.

Order may be Nature's first law; very likely it is. But there are a lot of other laws.

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RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL.

Religion gives an entirely different atmosphere to a school. The horizon of the school, in which religion receives recognition as its due, is larger, vaster and touched with celestial fire. The various topics are invested with a new interest and an added charm.

The teacher, even of the secular subjects, assumes a more spiritual character. Study and research take on the nature of a sublime duty and partake of the distinction of worship, for God is the truth. Every advance of our knowledge helps us toward some new glimpse of the divine beauty. Religion infuses into the soul an enthusiasm for the truth and a zeal for study.

It is a mistake to think that the teaching of religion makes for indifference toward secular branches of learning. Quite the contrary is true, and can be readily observed. That is one of the reasons why the Catholic parochial school is nowise inferior to the best equipped public school. The teaching of religion brings upon it God's own blessing.

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THE LITTLE THINGS.

“Ever so little means so much
In the little world of workaday;
The lips that smile and the hands that touch,
The easier things. Not many such,
Easy or hard, in the common way
Ever so little means so much
In the little world of workaday!

Ever so little, but how they aid,
The kindly glance and the friendly word!
The flash of an eye, and a debt is paid;
A syllable uttered—a friendship made
Or ever the syllable's clearly heard,
Ever so little, but how they aid;
The kindly glance and the friendly word.”

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WON HIS BET.

A farmer entered a grocer's shop and exhibited an enormous egg, about six inches long, which he declared had been laid by one of his own hens. He had it packed in cotton-wool, and would not allow anybody to handle it, for fear of breaking the phenomenon.

The grocer examined it with the rest, and, intending to chaff the countryman, said: "Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

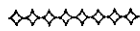
"I'll bet you a sovereign you haven't," said the countryman.

"Right!" replied the grocer; and, going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg-beater. "There's something that will beat it, I think," he said.

"Hold on there," said the farmer. "Let's see you beat it." And he handed it to the grocer.

The latter held out his hand, but dropped the egg in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup-plates.

It was of solid iron, painted white!



SMILE RAISERS.

Highbrow Youth: "What books have helped you most?"

Practical Maiden: "Mother's cookery-book and father's cheque-book."



Bride (at the 'phone): "Hello, Madge! Will you ask Helen to ask her husband to ring up Harry and ask him what he'd like for lunch—then Helen can tell you and you can tell me. Harry and I have quarrelled."



It was a dark night and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post.

With great difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match, and read, "Wet Paint."



Irene was being shown off by her mother. "We are very proud of our little girl," said her mother to the visitor. "We are going to send her to school in the autumn, where she will learn, oh, such a lot, and be a bright and intelligent child."

"But I don't want to be bright and intelligent," said Irene. "I want to be just like mummy!"



Tommy was the dunce of the class, and was continually caned for inattention. One day the teacher was taking the class in history. After reading out the principal monarchs of the world, he said:

"Now, Tommy, which ruler inspires the most respect and fear?"

Tommy: "Please, sir, the one on your desk."

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Science Siftings

By "Volt"

Chemistry of Emotions.

Even saints and martyrs are dependent on carbohydrates and proteids for their excellence. "King Lear" itself was made by means of beer and beef (says the *London Daily Telegraph*). But the man of science who has just told the world that the cause of anger is a superfluity of sugar in the blood goes far beyond the fact. Orthodox physiology disowns him. That in moments of rage we have in our blood rather more sugar than in our hours of ease is quite true. But to suggest that the sugar produces the rage is as reasonable as to suggest that a cold day sets the fire alight. The sugar is in the blood on account of the rage. We have in us a gland which when we feel angry is influenced by the emotion and sends more sugar into the blood. The sugar is provided in order that if our anger demands action the body shall not lack the necessary energy. The sequence is therefore not that a change in the chemical constitution of the blood produces emotion, but that emotion affects the blood's composition. It is the spiritual which rules the material.

A stubborn materialist may reply that there is no lack of cases in which the chemistry of the vile body is plainly the dictator of emotions. If we consume too much sugar we are very likely to suffer from anger. If we never have a square meal we shall probably be children of sorrow. But this does not weaken the evidence that we are so made as to be subject to appeals to the spirit. Since men are such that the chemical processes by which their bodies are made and maintained are affected by the injustice and the misery which others suffer, it is plain that they are not merely the creatures of physical laws.

Toll of the Fogs: What They Cost in Human Life.

An eminent authority has stated that a single fog may cost more in lives than a pitched battle (states a physician in the *London Daily Mail*). In support of this statement our experience in London may be advanced; a day or two of fog will double the number of deaths from bronchitis during the succeeding month.

A fog is nothing more than a cloud which has settled on the earth—it is the condensation of vapor upon minute particles of soot and dust floating in the air. In London we have what are called "dry" fogs, those in which the particles on which the moisture is deposited are large, and the amount of water small. The "wet" fogs of the seaside and country are composed of droplets of water—suspended near the earth. Under this wet blanket, those affected with lung disease are indeed in parlous condition. With their respiratory apparatus performing its function with difficulty under ordinary conditions they are called upon to breathe air which is saturated with moisture. England's greatest prevalence of fog is in December, with the two preceding and the

succeeding months a little behind, and it is worthy of note that it is during this period that the death rate from lung diseases is at its height.

But fog exacts a toll from others than those who suffer from respiratory trouble. Part of its deleterious effect comes from the depression of vitality due to the deprivation of sunlight. For a "place in the sun" is being more and more emphasised as being necessary to the maintenance of physical efficiency. Similarly still further depression of the body's forces results from the chilling of the skin by constant contact with moisture. The greatest effect of all is that on the mentality. Shut out from the usual sights, a prey to anxiety concerning delays and missed appointments, the fog-invested traveller accents the bodily effects of fog by his fall in spirits.

Experts tell us that fogs are preventable. They say, and every scientist must admit that there is truth in their statements, that a smokeless city means practically a fogless city. Public opinion will some day drive this home into the comprehension of those who sit about to govern us.

Who Made the First Paper.

The credit for making the first paper is due to a Chinese named Ts'ai-lun.

In A.D. 75 he made the first hand sheet of paper from the bark of a mulberry tree.

Before this leaves of trees and various barks used in crude form, had been good enough for the Egyptians, Romans, and other nations. The Chinese, however, did not use the crude inner bark of the tree as the final material on which to make his records. He used the bark merely as a raw material from which he produced a finished sheet of paper by a series of processes which, primitive as they may seem to us now, were the forbears of paper manufacture to-day.

China monopolised the art of paper-making for about 800 years, until the secret was learned from her by the Arabs, who improved upon the Chinese process by using linen or cotton rags instead of mulberry bark.

Soon after 1800 the first paper to be made with wood pulp came into the market.

Nowadays, to meet the enormous demands of the press and commerce generally, over 400 varieties of wood and grasses have been called into requisition. Linen and cotton rags are used only in the making of the finest note-paper.

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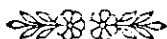
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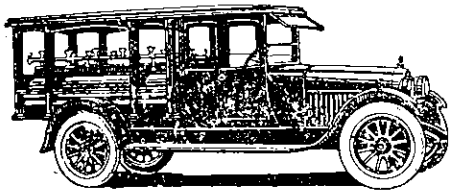
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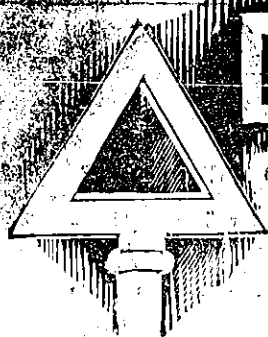
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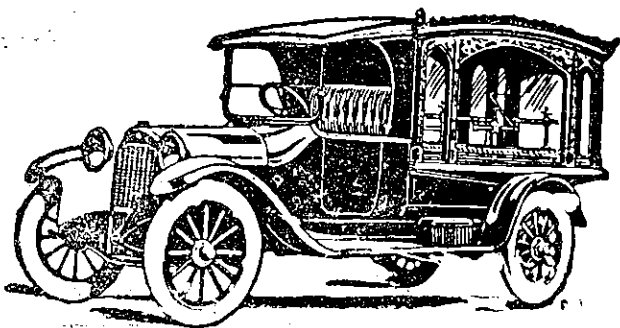
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