

"THE MOTHER OF JESUS."

THE NEW WORK

By REV. FATHER PLACID HUAULT, S.M.

With the Imprimatur of his Eminence Cardinal Moran and the approbation of the Superior-General of the Society of Mary.

"I have read with much pleasure your manuscript. It is in treatment exhaustive, learned, and most devotional. It will do much to intensify devotion to our Holy Mother."—Right Rev. Mgr. O'BRIEN, D.D., Rector of St. John's College, Sydney.

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CHURCH OF THE IRISH MARTYRS, CROMWELL

AN APPEAL

For a Church to be dedicated to the Immaculate Mother of God and the Irish Martyrs at Cromwell, Central Otago.

To the Irish Catholics of New Zealand

The Catholics of Cromwell appeal to you, their fellow-countrymen in New Zealand, to assist them to erect a suitable church in honor of the Immaculate Mother of God and the Irish Martyrs, those illustrious sons and daughters of Erin who, during three hundred years of the most bitter persecution the world has ever seen, fought the good fight and laid down their lives for their faith. It is especially fitting that such a church should be first erected here, since we are in a manner challenged to undertake the work by the evil name which the place unhappily bears. This is a matter which concerns not only the Catholics of Cromwell, but also every true-hearted Irishman in New Zealand. Are we not called upon to take part in so glorious a work by the most evident principles of honor and gratitude? The true glory of a nation is not its material prosperity or power—for after all these things the heathens seek—but the virtues of its people. The Irish Martyrs poured out their blood in torrents amidst sufferings untold to hand to their children entire the priceless heritage of the faith which St. Patrick preached. Who can measure, therefore, the debt of gratitude which we owe to these great and noble men and women, God's own army of saints and martyrs? Were not these the purest of all patriots, the truest of the true, and the bravest of the brave? Will you Irishmen of New Zealand allow the name of the most bitter enemy of your country and religion to be perpetuated in the name of this place, while you suffer the memory of your own most illustrious dead to perish, or to remain without some tangible monument of your love and gratitude? We do not believe that such a thing is possible, and we have the greatest confidence that our appeal will be generously responded to. So far the matter has only been mentioned to a very few, and some very generous donations have already been promised. We ask, therefore, help of all Irishmen for the love of God and His Most Blessed Mother, St. Patrick, and all the glorious Saints and Martyrs of the Irish race.

All subscriptions will be acknowledged in full in the 'New Zealand Tablet.' All donations to be sent to the Rev. G. M. Hunt, Cromwell.

(Signed) G. M. HUNT
(On behalf of the Cromwell Catholics).

HENRY HUGHES

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PATENTS

DEATH

O'BRIEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael O'Brien, father of the late Rev. Morgan O'Brien, S.J., Charles O'Brien (Whitianga), and Daniel O'Brien (Taranaki).—R.I.P.

O Immaculate Heart of Mary,
Thy prayers for him extol!
O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Have mercy on his soul!

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

M.B.—No. But practically the whole of Christendom was Catholic.



To promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

LEO. XIII, to the N.Z. TABLET

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1906

DUST TO DUST



O-DAY the mortal remains of the late Premier of New Zealand pass into 'the house with the green door'—into the place that (as Washington Irving says) buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. 'He spake well,' quoth Longfellow in his 'Hyperion,' 'who said that graves are the footprints of angels.' Around the open grave of Richard John Seddon the political differences of yesterday are forgotten, and men bow their heads in a mellowed peace and good-will which figures that which the angels long ago proclaimed to our distracted earth. The grave is a great preacher and peacemaker

Some statistician—we cannot at this moment label him with a name—has fixed at three score and eleven the average age of politicians. Gladstone's massive mind was in the possession of all its virile vigor for ten years past that age; and, we think, he boasted that he could wield an axe and fell an oak as sturdily at eighty-one as at two score and ten. The late Mr. Seddon's day closed suddenly at sixty-one. His heart stopped and his soul flitted ten years short of his normal expectations of life as a legislator. Even in our days of hygiene, there are few who scale the white summit of four-score. At sixty (according to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes) we get within range of the rifle-pits. And about sixty-three begins the grand climacteric, and nature begins to administer her kindly anodyne. That was the age at which Emerson felt that his active literary power had left him. But statesmen are made of a toughened steel that wears better than the life-stuff of your poet or critic. At seventy years of age our late Premier might, humanly speaking, have been still in a mental prime. But he lived and wrought at too high pressure during his long career as the virtual ruler of New Zealand. He wrought at a steady pressure of a hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch. And all too often he treated the safety-valve in a perilous way. His life was what Mantalini calls a horrid grind. Like Brougham, he took upon his too willing shoulders the work of many men. And his method was to take it by storm—to fly at it like the