

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 23, Sunday.—	Pentecost Sunday.	
„ 24, Monday.—	Pentecost Monday.	
„ 25, Tuesday.—	Pentecost Tuesday.	
„ 26, Wednesday.—	Of the Octave.	Ember Day. Fast.
„ 27, Thursday.—	Of the Octave.	
„ 28, Friday.—	Of the Octave.	Ember Day. Fast.
„ 29, Saturday.—	Of the Octave.	Ember Day. Fast. No Abstinence.

Pentecost Sunday.

On this day, in accordance with the promise of Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity, descended on the Apostles. 'This day,' Butler remarks, 'is the birthday of the Church. Christ had indeed begun to form His Church during His ministry on earth, when He assembled His disciples, selected His Apostles, and placed St. Peter at their head. But by the descent of the Holy Ghost He completed His revelation, and gave to His Apostles a special and extraordinary assistance, by which they were directed and preserved from all error in teaching. He thus, as it were, infused a soul into His mystical body—the Church—and endowed it with a vigorous principle of life and action. From this time its rulers, ministers, and officers, being completely commissioned and qualified by the miraculous effusion of the Holy Ghost, set themselves to exercise their respective functions in governing and propagating the spiritual kingdom of Christ, which was then perfectly settled and established.'

GRAINS OF GOLD.

AGNUS DEI.

O Lamb of God, Who takes away
From the whole world its sin,
Give me the grace, I humbly pray,
My home in heaven to win.

O Lamb of God, Whose blood was spilt
For me on Calvary,
O save my soul from all its guilt,
That I may reign with Thee.

—DULCIE HULME.

Perfect contentment would make a man a sluggard. Those that think it permissible to tell white lies soon grow color-blind.

Learn to live thy religion, and thou shalt have little need or desire to argue and dispute about it.

One foundation of happiness is the ability to know when we have what we want, and then not restlessly seek after something else.

Whether we think of death or whether we forget it, whether we serve God or neglect Him, life, in spite of us, is all the while a minute and detailed preparation for death.

Self-mastery is a great thing. It is not gained all at once, but by little victories at a time. Every near victory gives fresh strength for greater victories in the future. It is important, therefore, that we practice self-control daily in little things.

Habits formed early in life are like letters cut into the bark of a beech tree. They grow and widen with age. This is a thought that ought to be considered by those who are giving their children an education. This is the reason why education should be Christian.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at one time will never accomplish much that will be of merit to him. Let us do the little good we can while we are on the journey through life.

The Storyteller

THE CALL OF DUTY

Doctor Carney put the latch key into his front door and wearily entered his home. It had been a most exacting day, and he was mentally and physically exhausted. The physician was blessed with the frame of a giant and the patience of a Job, but he was only a man, after all, and the strain was beginning to tell on him. He had been working from 5 o'clock in the morning, and it was now almost midnight. He walked into the cosy sitting-room and threw himself into the comfortably padded reclining chair for a few minutes' rest before retiring for the night.

Doctor Carney loved his work, and took an earnest man's enthusiasm in handling difficult cases. Naturally, he had a keen sense of professional pride, and sometimes he carried this to such an extreme as to win the dislike of those with whom he came in contact. One event of the day had disturbed him profoundly. For many years he had been the consulting physician at the Good Samaritan Hospital. The post meant little or nothing in a financial sense, but it gave him a standing with his brothers in medicine which was worth more than gold. He filled the place acceptably, and had won the good-will of all those having anything to do with the institution. But a few weeks before he had had a conflict with John Edward Levering, the president of the Board of Trustees, and he carried his point, much to the discomfiture of that gentleman, who was one of the richest and most important men in the community. He was not accustomed to having his will thwarted in any way, and Doctor Carney felt confident that Levering would strike back at him. He was not mistaken. The blow had fallen that day. The doctor had been informed, courteously enough, that his resignation as the consulting physician of the hospital would be cheerfully accepted by the Board of Trustees.

Doctor Carney loved his work, and nursed a feeling of resentment at the meanness of the wealthy one. He felt that if Levering had happened to be in the room at that moment he would have gladly chastised him with his brawny fist, and any one knowing the doctor's reputation for thoroughness could have felt certain that he would have made a good job of it. He arose finally and started for his bedroom with a hearty sigh at the vanity of life. He had barely taken off his outer garments when the electric bell from the front door began an interminable buzzing. He picked up the receiving tube and gruffly inquired what was the matter.

'Doctor,' pleaded a voice anxiously, 'you are wanted at once. It is a matter of life and death.'

'Who is it?'

'It's the young son of John Edward Levering. He has had a fall, and they are afraid it's meningitis or something of that kind.'

The doctor frowned. He had resolved not to leave the house again under any circumstances, and now a call had come from the man who had done him a rank injustice. Why should he go? He was not even the family physician of John Edward Levering. Besides, there were four or five physicians in the same block who could, no doubt, take care of the case as well as he could. He picked up the receiving tube again.

'Who are you?' he asked.

'I am the nephew of Mr. Levering, and I have a motor car waiting for you.'

'All right,' said the doctor wearily, 'I will be with you in a few minutes.'

He had just finished dressing again when his wife entered the room, anxiety pictured upon her face.

'Why, John,' she cried, 'you are surely not going out again?'

He made a wry face. 'I'm sure I don't want to, Mary,' he said, 'but I've got an urgent call and I don't see how I can refuse.'

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'Who is it from?' she asked.

'John Edward Levering, he replied.

'But you've never waited on any of his people before?'

'No,' he admitted, 'I never have.'

'Well, then,' she said in a determined voice, 'if I were in your place I simply wouldn't go. I'd let him get some other doctor.'

The physician halted for a moment, irresolute. His wife's argument chimed in with his own desires. He was sorely tempted to refuse the call, but the voice of conscience arose and chided him, saying—'The good doctor must be like Caesar's wife—above suspicion.'

When he looked up into his wife's face again his resolution had been reached. He would go at all hazards. She kissed him good-bye with tearful eyes.

'I don't see,' she complained, 'why you should kill yourself just for the sake of keeping other people alive.'

The motor car made good time, and it was but a half-hour after midnight when he was ushered into the handsome home of the Leverings. He was so tired and worn that he had to shake himself to keep from going asleep on his feet. He found the boy in a critical condition. A hasty examination proved that he had not been summoned any too soon. An operation was necessary; that, and that alone, offered the only possible method of saving the life of John Edward Levering's son and heir. Curiously enough, it happened to be one of those strange cases which the doctor had made his specialty. All of his professional pride arose within him, and with it the always present desire to save a human life. He went at his work swiftly, skilfully, and with the steadiness of hand and eye which were winning him a place among the great physicians of his day. The operation completed, it was necessary that he should remain at the bedside of his patient until the result of his work had become manifest. The boy had been unconscious for many hours, and Doctor Carney said:

'The crisis will come at 5 o'clock in the morning. One of two things will happen: he will become conscious and speak, or he will pass into a state of insensibility, which means death.'

The doctor, the father and mother and several relatives clustered about the little cot. The clock ticked its seconds with painful slowness. Time seemed to pass with leaden heels. Two o'clock struck, then three and four, and finally five. The last echo had scarcely died out when the child on the bed tossed restlessly, and then sat upright and looked at the circle of faces around him.

'What's the matter?' he asked, in his boyish voice. 'Why are you all here?'

The crisis was over. The patient was saved. Cries of joy came from all sides. In the midst of it the doctor quietly slipped on his coat and hurried out of the house. It was Sunday morning, and Doctor Carney resolved to hear Mass before returning home. It was only a few weeks after the festival of Christmas, and echoes of the yuletide music seemed to haunt the Sunday morning service. In spite of his fatigue, the doctor followed the Mass with attention and devotion, and when the period of thanksgiving came he offered a double prayer—one for the life that had been saved and the other for the temptation to avoid duty which he had resisted.

It was after 6 o'clock when he finally reached his home. He staggered from weakness and want of rest. He scarcely had time to undress before he collapsed. The room and the furniture danced about him, and then came darkness and oblivion. When he opened his eyes he found his wife bending over him.

'Isn't it time for me to get up?' he asked.

She smiled wanly.

'You have been very sick, John, but it's all right now. Doctor Howard, who left only a short while ago, says that it was a nervous collapse. He says that nature has supplied the remedy—perfect rest.'

'How long have I been in bed, Mary?' he asked.

'Two days,' she replied.

He laughed.

'And the world has been going around for forty-eight hours without my knowing anything about it?'

'Yes,' she replied brightly. 'And good things have been happening, too. You have been made chief consulting surgeon at the Good Samaritan Hospital. Isn't that a promotion?'

'Yes,' he nodded gravely, 'a decided promotion.'

'And, besides that,' she went on, 'everybody is talking about your wonderful triumph in saving the life of Levering's little boy.'

'Oh, that was nothing,' he said absently.

'Yes, it was,' she retorted with wifely devotion; 'it was a wonderful thing—an extraordinary triumph, and you know it.'

He was sitting up by this time, and he put his arm on her shoulder and looked into her eyes, and as he did so he thought of how he had overcome his inclination to avoid that call of duty.

'Yes, Mary,' he said, with infinite tenderness in his tones, 'you are right. It was a great triumph.'—*Derry Journal.*

A PRAYER AT EASTERTIDE

Do you think she will live, doctor?'

The great specialist looked into Gilbert Kenmore's haggard face.

Intimacy with suffering and death had not made him impervious to pity. He had the good fortune, still, to possess the rare gift of sympathy. Then the circumstances were unusual. Mr. Kenmore and his wife were Americans and had been in Naples only a few days. They had gone for a drive in the morning and met with an accident. Mr. Kenmore had escaped injury, but his wife was not so fortunate. His voice trembled as he asked the question, and the physician hesitated.

'Doctor, I want to know—the truth.'

'I can give you no hope, and the time will be short. But I can promise one thing. She will not suffer.'

Mr. Kenmore stood for a moment incapable of speech. Then like a flash came the remembrance of a line he had heard his wife sing only yesterday:

'The light of a whole life dies when love is done.'

Was she going to die—his beloved? Then there would be nothing in life for him, for love would die, too. A wave of anguish seemed to roll over him, and he felt the doctor grasp his hand.

'Try to bear it like a man,' he said, and turned away quickly.

He went down the broad marble steps and through the garden.

Who can describe a Neapolitan garden. Clusters of flowers, bright hued as the rainbow; tropical blooms, so redolent, it seemed, that there must be hidden in the orange grove a magician who presided over a mystical alembic.

And to think in the midst of that beauty and fragrance the angel of death was hovering near. If only the sun would darken and the incessant warbling of the birds would cease, it would have been more in accordance with Gilbert Kenmore's mood, as he listened to the words that threw over his life the pall of sorrow. Always before fortune had favored him. He had accumulated wealth and in the literary world he had won merited recognition. Earth's cup of joy, brimming, he had lifted to his lips. The blow had fallen and he reeled beneath it. He staggered to a chair, sat down, and his head fell forward on his breast. With a groan he muttered aloud, 'This is the end of all, life, love, everything!'

'No, it is the beginning for the one you love,' said a firm yet pitying voice.

He started and looked around. It was the nurse, a Sister of Mercy, who had come softly down the stairs.

'Mrs. Kenmore is asking for you, sir.'

He sprang to his feet and turned to the Sister. 'Thank you for reminding me of my duty, Sister. I will go to my wife.'

As he hurried along; the truth came to his mind.

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She lay in the high carved bed. Pallid and no longer young, she was still very fair. She stretched forth her hand eagerly.

'Gilbert, I have something to tell you.'

'Are you able to talk?' he asked tenderly.

'Yes. I have been talking to the Sister, and I know I am going to die.'

He started.

'I insisted. At first I was wild, rebellious, but she talked to me of God's mercy and forgiveness. She wept and prayed, and, strange as it may seem, I have experienced a change of heart. Before I do anything else, it is necessary to make a confession to you.'

'A confession to me?'

'Yes. You are the one who will have to right the great wrong I have done. Oh, how wicked I have been, but, Gilbert, I have suffered for it.'

'My dear, this is too much. You have never wronged anyone. This excitement has made you imagine things.'

'No, Gilbert, you have never understood me—that is all. I've deceived you. Sit down.'

Something in her face and expression he had never observed before arrested his speech, and he sat down, and waited.

'It is of your sister Alice I wish to speak. Some time ago, nearly six months, I intercepted a letter addressed to you. You were away from home at the time. I was curious and opened the letter. That was not a criminal action, but when I read it I was filled with anger and mortification. Your sister wrote that her husband had committed a crime and received a prison sentence. She said he was innocent and falsely accused of theft. He did not live long after his sentence. She had struggled along for some time and when she wrote was hopelessly ill of an incurable disease. She thought of her children soon to be orphans and asked you to help her. When I read the letter my heart turned adamant. I thought only of your honored name and the disgrace it would bring on us. I knew your kind heart, your noble, generous nature, and that you would love those children of your sister. I think it was jealousy that possessed me, and the thought of humiliation heaped on us when the story became known. On the impulse of the moment I burned the letter. Directly afterward I regretted having done so, and, to make things worse, I could not remember the address given in the letter. I only know that it was somewhere in Kentucky. Then remorse came and I grew ill in mind and body, but tried to keep it from you. I succeeded partly, although it was mostly on my account that you came abroad at this time. If only I could have told you, but I was too cowardly. I have seen those children's faces, gaunt, meagre, even in my dreams. I have listened to their accusing voices until I have almost gone mad. I am tired, Gilbert, more tired than I can tell you, and if I can obtain peace and rest, I shall be thankful. Now, you know my sin; can you forgive me?'

He lifted his head and met her look. What he saw in her face made him forget everything but the fact that even if she had sinned she had suffered, and she was dying.

He knelt beside her and clasped her cold hands in his.

'Think of nothing but your soul, my dear Marian. May the God of Mercy forgive you as freely as I do.'

'But the children—'

'Be comforted. I promise to find the children. God will show me the way.'

* * * * *

It was a beautiful day in early April. In picturesque Bloomington spring had come. Buds were

swelling on the trees and thick verdure carpeted the hillside. Early that bright morning a dreadful accident had happened on the railroad. Heavy rains had flooded the tracks and caused them to spread apart. When the express from the north came thundering through the still sleeping village, the engine had reared like a living thing, left the tracks and plunged down an embankment. Not far from the scene stood an humble cottage, the home of three orphan children. Their names were Leonore, Gilbert, and Irma Ashton. They had lost their mother early in the winter, and since then had had a struggle for existence. They were the children for whom Gilbert Kenmore had searched for nearly three months. He would have been proud of them, although they had been reduced to poverty.

Leonore was 17. She had wonderful golden hair and eyes that reminded one of the 'Fringed Gentian.'

'Blue, blue, as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.'

Gilbert was a bright boy of 14, who grieved daily because he was a cripple and not able to work hard for his two sisters.

Irma, the youngest, was ten years old, and so attractive in face and gentle in manner that several well-to-do families in Bloomington would willingly have adopted her.

Leonore could not bear to relinquish her claim on her loved sister, and she had worked too hard for her tender years. The night before she had gone to rest completely discouraged. Even her cheerful brother's words had not their usual stimulating effect.

'Don't feel so downhearted,' he had said. 'Irma and I have both been praying all during Lent. It's almost Easter now, and I think our prayer will be heard.'

Leonore had smiled faintly. She was proud of her brother's courage and proud of his faith and confidence in God's goodness. Then she sighed as she thought of his affliction. If he could have medical treatment, perhaps he would become cured of the lameness and the severe pain.

It was still quite early, but Gilbert was up and outside the door chopping kindling wood. The birds were singing, and if the boy had been a poet he could not have been more delighted with the beauty of the scene. Wooded emerald hills, stretches of meadowland and blooming orchards, and some distance away the noble Cumberland glistening in the clear morning air. His eyes swept the landscape, and the perfume of the flowers made him drink the sweet air in deep draughts.

As the express whistled, he turned to look at what was always an object of interest. And as he looked he saw the fearful plunge.

'A wreck!' cried he, and called his sisters shrilly. In a short time Leonore had hurried to the scene, followed by the others. Soon after the lame boy found something to do. Leonore offered her humble abode for two of the injured, a fine-looking man of middle age and a child of three whose mother had been killed. The man was unconscious, but the child was suffering from a dislocated shoulder. Leonore did all in her power for both the stricken ones.

Gilbert Kenmore had found the State of Kentucky larger than he anticipated. He had gone from place to place without success and was beginning to be discouraged. When he stepped aboard the express at Louisville he had no particular destination in view. When he opened his eyes he did not observe the humble surroundings, and when a face bent over him he was certain it was the face of an angel. Then he heard a child cry, and remembered.

Leonore turned to soothe the child and whispered something to her brother. The boy brought a cup of water and held it to the man's lips. He drank, and there had been compassion in his glance as the boy limped painfully toward him. Pale and tired from unusual excitement, the poorly nourished lad looked almost ill.

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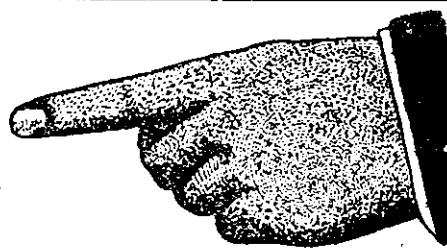
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'What is your name?'

'Gilbert Kenmore Ashton.' A touch of unconscious pride was in the still childish voice.

A deep flush rose to the man's pale face. Then he lifted his hand to his head. His brain seemed scarcely clear—perhaps his mind was wandering. But no—he looked at the boy again intently.

'Is your mother living?'

'No, sir; she died before Christmas.'

'And her name?'

'Her name was Alice Ashton. I am named after her only brother—'

'I am that brother. I've been searching since—'

The effort was too much and he became unconscious. When he awoke again, another day had dawned. He felt better, stronger, and something told him he would get well. Leonore came to him, kissed him, and called him her dear uncle. Her lovely face, her tender touch, brought joy to his longing heart.

'How you must have suffered!' he said, holding her little hands, rough and hard from work.

'Yes, but God has been good.'

'I prayed,' said Gilbert, limping closer, 'every day that we might stay together and be happy. Now I'm going to pray that I may be cured from being a cripple.'

Tears were in Gilbert Kenmore's eyes as he said: 'I feel sure that your prayers will be answered. I, too, have learned to trust in God's goodness.'

FOUR GREAT ENGLISH CARDINALS

A lecture on 'Four English Cardinals' by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, of London, was given recently in the auditorium and halls of St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Iowa Lecture Bureau of the Knights of Columbus.

Mr. Ward was a personal friend of Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Vaughan. Cardinal Wiseman he remembered as a boy.

Cardinal Wiseman, whose promotion to the Sacred College in 1850 was simultaneous with the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England, was a man of broad tastes and learning, a theologian, a musician, a connoisseur of art; he was, too, a man versed in natural science, archaeology, and Oriental studies. In spite of his studies and labors, however, Mr. Ward says, he never lost his boyishness.

But if it could be said of Cardinal Wiseman that he was always a boy, it must be said of Cardinal Manning that he had never been a boy. He was the antithesis of his predecessor, with almost no sense of humor or ear for music, but no less a scholar and orator.

The real Cardinal Vaughan has been known to the world only since his death. During life he had been thought proud and domineering, but his letters and journals have revealed him as a man of genuine piety and sincere humility. He was, in every sense of the word, a priest, a man of unflinching courage and zeal for justice and truth.

Cardinal Newman, whom Mr. Ward esteems the most distinguished convert to Catholicism during the nineteenth century, was, during the years he dominated the life of Oxford, of wonderful cheerfulness and buoyancy. 'He always wore a smile.' Later, when Mr. Ward met him, disappointments and opposition had left in his extremely sensitive soul a touch of sadness. The charm of his conversation lingered in the mind of Mr. Ward's father long after their Oxford days were over. To his wonderful gift of sympathy Mr. Ward attributed in a large measure his great influence. He appealed to the heart as well as to the head. He seemed to live always in the presence of God.

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'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the N.Z. TABLET by GHIMEL.)

A TIME TO WORK.

'I must work the works of Him that sent me, whilst it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work' (St. John ix. 4).

Our Lord's attention having been drawn to the sad spectacle of a man blind from his birth, He was asked to say whether it was the man's own sin or that of his parents' which was the cause of his misfortune. In His reply the Saviour would neither deny the existence of sin nor yet set up any connection between the fact of sin and the fact of the affliction. The presence of suffering such as this, He would say, gives us no right to pass judgment on those who suffer; it only summons us to fulfil a Divine mission towards them by assisting them. 'As truly as evil exists in the world, so truly has God His work on earth; and His work consists in finding matter for good in evil itself. Hence all the acts by which we concur in the accomplishment of this Divine purpose are called "the works of God." But this word is here applied more specially to acts which bear the seal of Divine omnipotence, such as the physical cure of the blind man, and his spiritual illumination. The call to heal this unhappy one has made itself felt in the Lord's heart at the very moment when His eyes beheld him, and it was with this feeling that He fixed them upon him. Jesus seeks to make His disciples share with Him the point of view from which He regards suffering, by applying it to His personal task during His sojourn on earth.'

Christ felt Himself compelled to work. 'I must work.' It was because He was so closely bound to the sons of men by the cords of love that He could not but do something to enlighten their minds, warm their hearts, and even cure their bodily ailments. He could not be clothed in our mortal flesh and remain a careless spectator of evil and misery. He must needs work for men, even sacrifice Himself for them.

His disciples, too, must work the works of God, while it is day. The springs of human misery are perennial and offer countless occasions of Christian duty. It is vain to say that we have no special work to do. Time passes: what is lost to-day cannot be gained to-morrow. Who can honestly stand idle all the day? 'One it must be who can find neither poverty, nor ignorance, nor wickedness at hand; who cannot influence one person by the Christian tone of his own life; who cannot sweeten the daily life of his home with kindness; who never comes near a sinner rushing headlong to his ruin; who cannot even find a child to encourage in struggling with an evil temper, or a stricken heart to be consoled by a word of sympathy.'

Two incidents will serve to illustrate this point. The first is told by Bishop Fenton in the *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*. 'In the summer vacation of 1856 I remained behind for a few days. A message came from Royston that there was a German woman dying there who could not speak English, and was a Catholic. They asked if anybody could go to her from the college. Dr. Vaughan, who spoke German, at once volunteered to go. . . . He found the poor woman alive, heard her confession, and gave her the last Sacraments. I believe she died the next day. Some forty years afterwards, on my recalling this to his memory, he said, "Ah, yes; I remember it well, and I have often quoted it as an instance that we never know how anything we learn may be turned to God's account. He has His own design in prompting us to acquire, say, a language, and I have often cited this example of my visit to that poor German woman as an illustration of this, for it was the only occasion in my whole life that I ever had any practical need of the German language. I have no doubt that God inspired me to study German for the sake of that poor woman's salvation."

The other incident is told by Mandell Creighton, the distinguished historian, in one of his letters: 'I should have said your letter delighted me, but for the

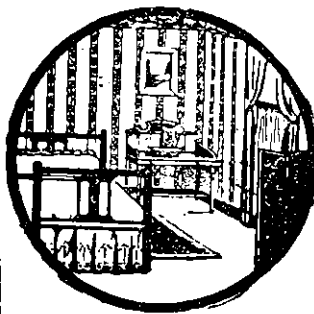


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news you gave me of D—'s death. . . . It is awful; not that death is awful or even to be regretted, but I could have borne with more composure the news of the death of my most intimate friend. Learn from me what I never so fully realised before, the self-reproach that follows upon the omission of duty. I am most deeply grieved when I think that D—'s appearance, manners, peculiarities, stood in my way of doing what I might have done: time after time I have thought of his real merits, of his honesty, integrity, zeal, conscientiousness, and I have thought, "Some day when I have more time, when I am less worried, I will try and see if I cannot make his solitary life happier, make him less eccentric." I have felt that it was hard for him to be condemned to loneliness, to be cheered by scanty sympathy on his course, which was an honest hard-fought one, because his voice was loud, and other little matters. I feel that I have weakly disregarded a noble human soul because it had an unsightly body; and now he has gone, and I cannot ask his pardon or make amends.'

ST. PHILIP NERI

(By THE REV. J. KELLY, Ph.D.)

The sixteenth century began a new era for the Church. But ere the great forces, which brought about the most marvellous revival in her history, became effective, there were yet years of turmoil and confusion before her. Julius II. pulled down St. Peter's in 1505. A new Basilica was to be erected on the hallowed site; and for this end vast revenues must be available. In theory, the method of raising them was unimpeachable: in practice, it was liable to abuse. 'When indulgences were extended, multiplied, and converted into money transactions,' says Pastor, 'it was obvious, taking into account the covetousness of the age, that the greatest abuses should prevail.' In Germany the Church was in a sad condition. Among the lower and middle classes there was, as there always is, a deep religious spirit: on the other hand the high-born prelates were men of the world, usually wealthy, and often dissolute. The religious Orders had ceased to be a power for good. England and France were turbulent, and Rome itself enervated and steeped in political intrigue.

Then, like a bolt from the gathering clouds, came the rebellious voice of the monk, Martin Luther. He burnt Leo X.'s Bull condemning him: he rejected the teaching of the Church, and evolved a religion which was coherent in little beyond that it was a defiance of Rome. In June, 1520, Luther was excommunicated. The same year he launched forth his tracts against Rome: brutal outpourings of German that struck like blows of a sledge-hammer at men's logic and men's reason, firebrands flung in the vulgar tongue among the German people, kindling revolt and rebellion. Into the vernacular, too, he translated the New Testament, 'a rival to the Vulgate,' says Barry, 'and hung out as the national flag of defiance.'

Leo X. died and was succeeded by Adrian VI., who nobly, if not effectively, heralded the coming revival. Julius dei Medici, as Clement VII., succeeded Adrian. His reign was a re-action, and the dawn still lingered. He had to deal with a turbulent English Bluebeard King, and the year of his death marks the loss of England. On October 13 of that year, 1534, Paul III. was elected, and with him came the great Catholic revival. Out of the old Catholic land of Biscay there came to him with the constitutions of his proposed new Order Ignatius of Loyola. The Pope, on reading the draft, exclaimed: 'The finger of God is here!' South, the spirit of reform was already active, owing to the influence of men like Mendoza, Ximenes, and St. Thomas of Villanova. The Spanish clergy were first in the field as well in learning as in sanctity; and, providentially, Spain ruled then not only in Germany and the Netherlands, but also in the new country beyond the Atlantic.

In Ignatius the movement found its leader; and speedily the whole spirit of the Catholic world was

quickened to new-life and vigor. Faith was kindled, Catholic principles and ideals put in the forefront of men's minds, the mystic body of the Church felt its vitality and manhood, and was ready for the combat against evil within and without. War was carried into the enemies' camp when the Jesuits established themselves at Ingolstadt. A young German Jesuit, who was also a saint, Peter Canisius, did marvellous work by his preaching and his zeal among his fellow-countrymen. At his persuasion Archbishop von Wied, of Cologne, was deposed, and every prelate like him saw that reform was imperative.

In Rome Francis Borgia founded the Roman College, which became like a sun radiating light and warmth; there, too, he enlarged and perfected the German College till it grew to be what it is to-day, a cradle of devoted priests trained in strict discipline and, as a body, unrivalled for learning and devotion. Rome was undergoing a wonderful change; it was now 'a meeting place of saints as it had formerly been of poets and men of letters, and, as was fitting, the Vatican was the heart of the movement. Ignatius, Francis, and Charles Borromeo were all captains in the new army of Christ, redoubtable champions flashing along the battle-front. But the man who moved Rome, irresistibly if gently, attracting rather than compelling, and who gave to the new life all its sweetness and graciousness, was Philip Neri. St. Bernard reminds us that God's Providence never calls a man to any great work without endowing him with special characteristics for its fulfilment. And side by side with the soldier-like Loyola and the stern Borromeo, reformers of a harsher and more strenuous type, we have the beautiful Florentine saint, who became the second Apostle of Rome, whose peculiar mission it was to win hearts to Christ by his own winning example, and to reveal in the mirror of his own life the peace and happiness of true followers of the Crucified. Nobody knew better than Philip where the root of the evil lay: silently and imperceptibly and humbly he diffused the love of God amongst all classes of men in the City of the Seven Hills. In the mystery of his own interior life there was a suavity and a beauty transparent in his countenance. Joyousness, ardent love, and a heavenly gentleness were the dominant notes in the harmony of his character.

In 1515, Philip Neri was born in Florence. The same year saw the birth of Theresa in Avila. That year, too, witnessed the triumphal entry of Leo X. into the lovely city by the Arno. In the baptismal register of the oratory of St. John the Baptist, we read the following entry:—*Filippo e Romolo di Ser Francesco di Filippo da Castel Franco, popolo San Pier Gattolini, nato adì 21 luglio, 1515, a ore 6 e idì 12 marzo 1621.* In that incomparable baptistery and under the shadow of Giotto's bellry and Brunelleschi's dome the infant son of Francesco and Lucrezia Neri was baptised on the morning after his birth, receiving the two names, Philip and Romolo. His parents were noble though poor. They had many other children, but Philip, even in his childhood's years, already drew the hearts of all to him and was their favorite child. Love early claimed him, the love of God and of man, which pervaded his whole life. A picture of him in his tenth year by Baroccio shows us a boy in whose young face grace and modesty shine out through candid blue eyes. The home of the Neri family was a sanctuary of quiet and holiness, and its influence was as soft rains and gentle winds in the growing powers of Philip's soul.

No city in the world could offer such opportunities for education as Florence in those years. Philip's great mental powers were developed under the most favorable conditions, and the environment in which he grew up nurtured in him a love of art and poetry which remained a potent factor in his life. To his parents his early religious training was due, but he tells us himself that he owed much to the monks of San Marco; and it was his delight to haunt the cloisters that held St. Antonius and Fra Angelico. In Florence, until his eighteenth year, Philip grew in age and grace, and every year saw the dawn growing into perfection. Then, in sorrow, or he would not have been the Philip

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we know who loved Florence and the Florentines and his own family, he left his native city to return no more.

In San Germano, between Rome and Naples, there dwelt one Romolo Neri, a cousin of Philip's, a rich, childless merchant. He asked to have Philip sent to him, promising to make him his heir. Thither then the Florentine lad wended his way, riding alone by easy stages the three hundred and fifty miles between Florence and San Germano. In this new home Philip was happy. The old man loved the boy as if he were his own son, and found in him a clever helper and an amiable companion. The good parents who watched over his youth, the holy cloisters of San Marco, the beautiful Florence of which Christ was the only King ever acknowledged, were far away now. But in the new setting of his life Philip found equally strong influences to help the development of his soul.

Over against San Germano the walls of Monte Cassino stood out against the blue sky. There daily before his eyes was the greatest and oldest of monasteries, crowning the hill, from the summit of which the incense of prayer had ascended before the White Throne, unbroken for centuries. St. Philip has an altar in Monte Cassino now; and Monte Cassino helped then to make Philip a saint. Farther away, high above the uprisings of the sea beyond Gaeta, was the sanctuary of the Crucified, a hallowed shrine which drew Philip to it like a magnet. The young Florentine was a poet as well as a saint. And anyone who knows the hills and valleys around Monte Cassino can dimly realise how the indescribable charm of the place must have wrought on Philip's imagination, and how near he came to God amid these wild crags and waving woods that stretched away towards the deep blue line of the Midland Sea.

Blessed are the poor in spirit! The words of the Beatitude impressed themselves in his heart at San Germano, and became the keynote of his whole life. Deliberately he made up his mind to follow the light they shed on him and to give himself henceforth to poverty. The entreaties of his cousin, his prayers and promises, were all unavailing. Philip saw the end clear before him, and left all things that he might give himself wholly to Christ. Between him and that other lovable Italian saint, Francis of Assisi, there was much in common. Francis, like Philip, embraced poverty, and made her his bride: for Francis poverty meant exterior, for Philip, interior detachment. Gentleness and courtesy, which as Goethe tells us, are kin to love, characterised both saints. In imaginative language, in keeping with the romantic ideas of his time, Francis pours forth songs in praise of his chosen bride, poverty: the love of Philip's heart flows forth in more polished if less poetical verses. And both were men whose lives were poems, in their ideality, in their raptures, in their exaggerations, in their apparent follies of love. Leaving all then, as did Francis, Philip went to Rome to begin a life wholly given to God.

In 1534, Philip went to Rome. That year, as we have already seen, was memorable in the history of the Church for the loss of England. Paul III. had just been elected. Pagan ideals had long been prevalent in the social, literary, and artistic life of the Eternal City; but the new Pope was determined to bring about a reformation. Fifteen hundred years before St. Peter came up to the gates of Rome, poor, old, and unnoticed, entered and began at once to quicken the city into new life. Poor, too, and unknown, the young Florentine passed in at the gates to begin his career as the second Apostle of Rome in that sixteenth century, when the clarion of revolt had already been sounded among the nations of the North.

Philip found a shelter in the home of a good Florentine named Gallotto Caccia, and straightway devoted himself to a life of prayer and mortification. He intended not to take Holy Orders, yet to acquire deeper knowledge of God and to open up fresh vistas for his love he set himself to gain a solid knowledge of theology

and Sacred Scripture. He is never spoken of as one of the great masters of theology; but his knowledge was profound and clear, and his favorite book was the great *Summa* of St. Thomas—the one book on which a theologian's mind can be thoroughly formed.

Philip put himself absolutely in God's hands, following docilely where the inspirations of grace led him. After three years of assiduous study he suddenly sold his books and gave the money he got for them to the poor. This quick resolution may seem capricious; but it was in Philip a perfect obedience to the interior voice, no sooner heard than obeyed. He now devoted himself to an extraordinary lay-apostolate of charity, visiting the sick, preaching the love of God, converting sinners, and gathering about him a zealous band of fellow-workers who, under his guidance, wrought a marvellous reform amongst the citizens of Rome in the twelve years of this apostolate. During these years his own interior life was a beautiful mystery of the effects of divine love in the soul. Prayer informed all his labors, and prayer in him was the voice of love. His mortifications were great, his struggles with temptations many, and his raptures ineffable. The purity of his life was marvellous, and in it lay at once the secret of his close union with God and of his power of drawing to himself the young and clean of heart.

Such were the effects of his lay-preaching that he was invited to preach in some of the churches of Rome though not in Holy Orders. His latest Italian biographer tells us what his preaching was like: 'To get an idea of his preaching one must not think of the terrible and fascinating eloquence of St. Jerome or St. Chrysostom, but rather go back to Jesus Christ and recall the simplicity, the beauty, and the ease of the Parables, of the Sermon on the Mountain, or of the discourses by the Lake of Genesareth. It was like a little stream, moving quietly, reviving and refreshing.'

The lay-apostolate lasted twelve years, ending when, at the age of thirty-six, Philip, yielding to prayers that were almost commands, received Holy Orders and began his life as a priest. What a lesson these thirty-six years teach all of us! In all the history of the Church there is nothing so beautiful as the life of the young Florentine, which reflects so much of the beauty, the gentleness, the purity, and the love of Christ's own life on which Philip's was modelled. Over all the clouds, clear above the dust and din of these bygone centuries, the figure of Philip stands forth as the loveliest type of Christian manhood the world has ever known; and as a layman, especially, his example remains a permanent beacon for all ages. For all men and women, young and old, this beautiful figure is the archetype of the fulness of Catholic life.

Hence, *in mezzo del cammino*, midway in his life, we shall leave him, to resume later the consideration of his career as a priest and founder of a religious society, as a reformer and a saint.

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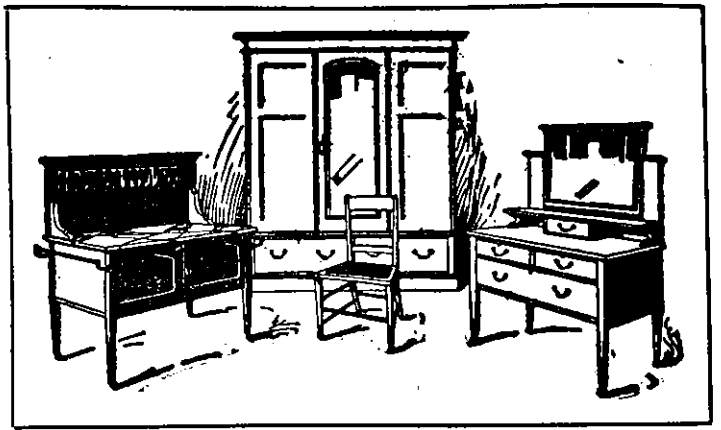
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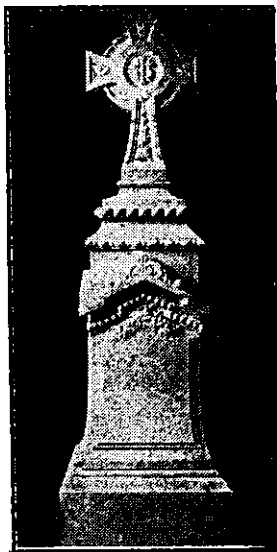
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THE CHURCH AND LABOR IN VICTORIA

MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION IN MELBOURNE.

Never in the history of public meetings in Melbourne had so large and enthusiastic a meeting been witnessed—(with the exception of the Home Rule demonstration in the Exhibition Building)—as that which thronged the Town Hall on Wednesday night, April 28 (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*). It was a thrilling scene, and that outside the civic hall was no less striking, between 6000 and 7000 people clamoring to get in to unite in the protest against the Political Labor Conference's 'eviction resolution.'

Says the *Argus*:—The Catholic demonstration against the recent decision of the Political Labor Conference excluding from the Labor body members of other associations took place in the Town Hall last night. By five o'clock some of those who wished to be present at the meeting began to gather at the Town Hall, and by a quarter past six, when the doors were opened, a large crowd was waiting. Before seven o'clock the hall was crowded in every part, and, the doors being closed, hundreds (indeed, there were thousands) of those who were disappointed at not being able to attend gathered in the street.

When his Grace Archbishop Carr and his Grace Archbishop Mannix stepped on to the platform, the whole of the audience rose and cheered, a demonstration which was repeated when Archbishop Carr rose to address the meeting.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, in the course of his address, said:—Anyone who has come to this meeting expecting to hear a sweeping denunciation of the Labor party, or personal abuse of any member of that party, will return home much disappointed. We are too strong in the strength of our cause to descend to unworthy methods in its defence. Whether education should be purely secular, or secular and religious combined, is a question outside the sphere of the legitimate aims and ideals of the Labor party. With the Labor party as an industrial organisation we have no quarrel—nay, we have much sympathy. Catholics whose parents came to this country in adverse circumstances—the victims of bad land and labor laws—naturally incline towards the Labor party. Neither have we any general cause of complaint with the Labor party as a political power in the land. Amongst other things, it has helped us to keep out of the State schools that emasculated, injurious, sectarian system of religious instruction advocated by Bible Leaguers. I have asked representatives of the Political Labor Conference to tell me what is the connection between Labor and secularism in education. What is the essential difference between the secular instruction given in the State schools and that given in registered schools? How is the claim of registered schools to receive remuneration for the secular instruction given in these schools inconsistent with the fundamental principles of labor democracy, or an obstacle to the amelioration of the conditions of the working man? Does a parent who sends his child to a registered school lose all claim on the State in regard to the education of that child—and, if so, how? Again, how is it that the Political Labor Councils of other lands have either never taken up this plank or have dropped it from their platform? Two things followed from that, either that these Labor Councils have been false to the principles of Labor, or the Political Labor Council has strayed from the obligations which it owes to labor. The three great purposes of this meeting are: First, to protest against this action of the Political Labor Conference in attempting to debar its members or representatives from advocating the remuneration of registered schools on account of the secular work they efficiently do: second, and perhaps more important, to protest solemnly against the decree of excommunication formulated on a recent occasion against every conscientious Catholic from the Political

Labor Council; and, third, to endorse the policy of the Catholic Federation.

His Grace Archbishop Mannix said they had met to let all men know—whether friends or foes—that the Catholics of Victoria had taken for their motto, 'No Surrender!' and that they were prepared, no matter what party crossed their path, to exercise every legitimate means in their power to redress their educational grievances. He trusted that the news would go out from that great meeting that the Catholics of Victoria were not to be cajoled by any political catch cries, and that they were not going to be harrowed or dismayed by any political party. Catholics did not want war either in State politics or in Federal politics, but they had met that night to tell all whom it might concern that if any State party made war upon them, they would leave no stone unturned to defeat that party everywhere it showed itself. The Catholic Church was not a political organisation, nor tied to any political party as long as the politicians did not infringe the rights of conscience, and did not threaten the conscientious convictions of the Catholic Church, but the moments the interests of religion were involved, the Catholic Church claimed, and would exercise, the right to put up and support candidates to defend her children. These people of the Labor Conference could now see that they had raised a quarrel with the Catholic Church, and every loyal Catholic in Victoria with their Archbishop at their head. They did not quarrel with the conference while it confined itself to its own domain. This was not a meeting of the Catholic Federation, or of Liberals, but of men and women who had been identified with Labor for years. It was overwhelmingly Labor in sympathies, but with no sympathy towards the Political Labor Council's educational platform. They only asked what was given in all other parts of the Empire freely. The Catholic body would have peace with no political party as long as these laws disfigured the Statute Book.

Several other speeches were delivered, principally by the proposers and seconders of the following resolutions, which were carried with acclamation:—

That in view of the action taken by the recent Political Labor Conference, we, the Catholics of Victoria, renew our protest against that plank of the Labor platform which attempts to debar members of the party and their representatives in Parliament from advocating payment for secular instruction given in registered schools.

That the Catholics of Victoria protest against the attempt of the Labor Conference to exclude all conscientious Catholics from the Labor Council.

That the Catholics of Victoria endorse the policy of the Australian Catholic Federation, and pledge themselves to promote by every legitimate means the work of that organisation.

Geraldine

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The recent mayoral election, in which Dr. Hislop, a gentleman highly respected by all classes of the citizens, was opposed to the late Mayor (Mr. J. Kennedy), resulted, as was anticipated, in a closely-fought contest, the returning officer being unable to give either candidate a majority. At the draw Dr. Hislop was successful. Mr. Kennedy, who is known to many of your readers, is a Catholic gentleman of broad sympathies and tireless energy in working in the interests of others, and, although the leading spirit in the public life of the district for many years, he has found time to devote his attention to other matters. In volunteering he took a very keen interest, and accepted the Territorial system as being a step in the right direction towards increasing the efficiency of the manhood of the Dominion. He has been rewarded for his energy in this direction by now holding the rank of major. His interest in sport, too, is well known, and, since accepting the presidency of the N.Z. Athletic and Cycling Union, he has done a good deal towards keeping the sport clean.

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Who fought and died for Motherland and King.

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Whose sons have met the foe, thy soldier's grave
A hero's tomb shall be—death, is the price
Of brave men's deeds and noblest sacrifice.

Take courage, ye who mourn, know ye with pride
The sons that ye have borne have nobly died;
Though on a foreign field their blood be shed,
The God of Battles watches o'er thy dead.

Take courage, ye who pray—God's will be done;
He shall thy tears repay, and victory won
Thy sacrifice shall crown, and thou shalt see
Thy nation conquer by thy loyalty.

HAROLD GALLAGHER.

Dunedin.

WITH THE TROOPS IN EGYPT**INTERESTING LETTER FROM A CHAPLAIN.**

We take the following extracts from a letter written by Rev. Father McMenamin, Chaplain to the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces in Egypt, to his mother. It was written at Zeitoun Camp, Cairo, on March 11:—

"I wrote two weeks ago, just after we returned from the Suez Canal, where we had been fighting the Turks. Though the month there was exciting and interesting, I was glad to get back here, for I felt the need of a rest. Nearly all the time while at the Canal I had, like most others, been sleeping in the open air on the sand, and, as I was on my feet all day from about 5.30 a.m., I grew somewhat weary. I think I told you in my last letter that I had grown thin, though feeling very fit all the same. The couple of weeks' rest here has benefited me very much, and I am sure that I have just about recovered whatever weight I had lost. To give you an idea of how fit I am, I will tell you of a long march we had last week. I went out with the troops at a quarter to 8 a.m. and we came home at 7.30 p.m., after walking over 20 miles, mostly over deep sand, which makes very heavy marching. The day was very hot, and quite 200 of the men collapsed in the ranks from the excessive heat and fatigue. Well, at the end of the day I finished up quite fresh, and after a cup of tea I felt good enough for another walk.

"I thank God that I am so well, for sick or weak men are not wanted here. As soon as a man falls sick, he is rushed into a hospital, another man takes his place in the ranks, and that is the end of him as far as anybody seems to care. A large number of our men are being sent home as medically unfit, and the hospitals are always full. Pneumonia is a serious complaint here, and is very common owing to the very hot days being followed usually by freezing nights; and if one has to sleep out, the dew wets the blankets through like rain. Throat troubles and dysentery are very common too, owing to the amount of sand we have to swallow in our food. I have great sympathy for our sick soldiers, and make a special point of visiting them often and trying to cheer them up. It is sad to be laid aside so far from home, and to feel you are an encumbrance to the army. I felt rather flattered the other day when a Protestant chaplain came to our camp, and told me that there was a sick man in a hospital some distance from here, who was asking especially for me to visit him. I asked who the man was, and he told me the name, but that made me no wiser. Then he said: "The man is not a Catholic, but he says he knows you, and would be glad if you would go to him." I, of course, went at once, and was surprised to find a poor fellow whom I had met a month ago. I was passing a tent one day, and I saw this man inside, looking frightfully ill. It was nobody's

business to look after him. It was a very hot day, and I could see the poor fellow was parched with thirst, so I went away and brought him a drink, and I really believe it saved his life. It was a real joy to me to see how he enjoyed it, and how much better the drink made him. That was all I could do for him, as he was sent away next day, and I lost sight of him, but he seemed quite delighted to see me again. He will never be well enough to go on with us, and will be sent home. I don't know why I am telling you this little incident; I suppose it is because it made an impression on me to find the poor man so grateful. As I said before, when a man falls sick here he gets very lonely and downcast, and he is inclined to magnify any little kindness. We have had very few deaths, about ten altogether. The Australians, who are camped in a very different place, have fared much worse, as 170 of their men have died—nearly all from pneumonia. That is an average of about two every day. Only one Catholic of our lot has died—the first in Egypt. I anointed two others who were very ill with pneumonia, but both got well. I am a great believer in the efficacy of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction in effecting cures. The Turks killed one of our boys on the Canal, and that is the only one we have lost so far in actual fighting. We were very lucky not to lose a great many more, as the Turks dropped shells all round us, but did no damage as far as we were concerned. A good number of the Indians, who were fighting alongside of us, were killed or wounded. The Turks lost some thousands of men. The warships in the Canal with their big guns simply blew them to bits. We had an aeroplane flying out and giving the directions for the shots, and the big guns did the rest. Our men did a lot of damage, too, with the rifles. The Turks tried to cross the Canal in big steel boats which they had dragged across the desert. They launched the boats at daylight, and our men waited till the Turks got into the boats, and then opened fire at quite close range—only about 100 yards. We got all the boats, and practically all the Turks in them were killed. Over 700 Turkish prisoners are now in Cairo. One of the reasons why the Turks did us so little damage is that they did most of their fighting in the dark. They would hide a long way out during the day, and as soon as it got dark they would creep up quite close to our trenches and blaze away, usually about 1 a.m. They attacked five points on the Canal at once, and were beaten off everywhere, and have now left for whence they came, only much fewer in numbers.

"We will be leaving Egypt any day now, so this, I believe, will be the last letter I will write you from here. Our destination is uncertain, but the men are being well served with warm clothing, so we must be off to a cold place. You will, I expect, know where we are going long before you get this letter. I would like to go after the Turks to Palestine, but Constantinople is more likely. I really don't bother much, and am content to go anywhere so long as I can keep well and strong. There is much to console one in this work. The dangers of the war are like a mission on the men, and many have returned to their duties after being away for years. I had a strange experience one night on the banks of the Canal. Our men were scattered, and I went to a strange camp. It was pitch dark when I got there, and the colonel in charge gave me a tent and said he would call out the Catholics for me. A long double file of men marched before the tent, and I went out and spoke to them in the dark. I simply told them of the dangers that were likely to come (and did come that week from the Turks), and that as I was the only priest on the Canal they might have no further chance of going to confession as I had to go to another place next day. I said there was no compulsion about it, but that if they refused to go when they had the chance, the sole responsibility would be theirs. I mentioned that, because the sergeant told me when they came up that many of the men had complained of being marched out to confession. To my great surprise and pleasure, every single man stayed till late in the night, and all went to confession. But that is not what I started to tell you: it was about my

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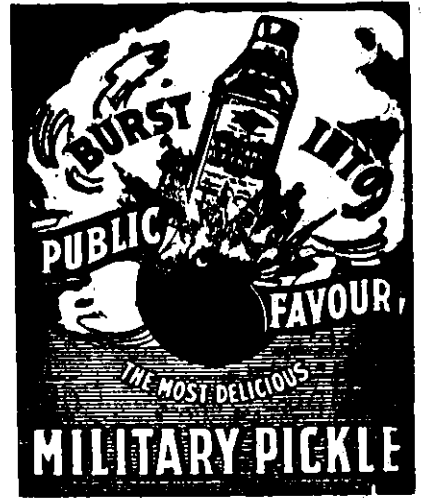
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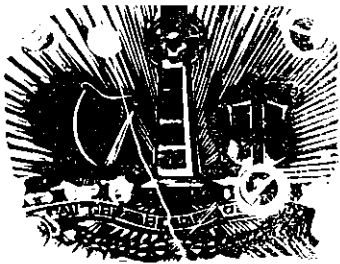
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strange experience. When I was about half way through with these men, a young fellow came in like the rest and knelt down beside me on the sand. Then he said, "I don't know whether I have any right to come in here, Father." I said, "Of course you have as much right as any one else." Then he staggered me by saying, "But I am not a Catholic, but a Protestant." I had to admit that that circumstance complicated matters somewhat, and I asked him what put it into his mind to come in. He said, "I felt that I would like to come in, and I want to be a Catholic." I chatted with him for a little while, and then he went away after I had arranged to instruct him. Unfortunately I had to go away to say Mass elsewhere, and in the war excitement I lost the run of him till we all came back here. In war-time we have to do things quickly, and so he is going through in time to be confirmed by a Greek Catholic Bishop next Sunday. I had fourteen of my men confirmed a few weeks ago, and next Sunday I will have six more. This war will prove a great revival for the Catholic Church all the world over, and especially in France.

During the past three days the heat has been simply awful; the summer appears to have come upon us all at once, and the sooner we are out of Egypt the better. I am writing on my knees, as you will guess from the shaky letters. One of the joys of my life here is to visit as often as I can an orphanage not far away. It is in charge of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and has 60 boys, mostly from six to seven years old. There is one little Irish laddie there named Maurice Dillon. His father was an officer in the English army out here, where I think he was killed. A few of the other children are Italians and French, but the great majority are Egyptians. I have taught them to sing 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' 'The dear little shamrock,' and 'God save the King,' and they sing them all very well. I play games with them, and the poor little waifs are delighted. I get a great reception every time I can go there, and I would rather spend an hour there than tire myself out inspecting the antiquities of Egypt. Before I forget, let me tell you that I saw the mummy of Rameses II. at the Cairo Museum the other day. His body is there with the teeth still in the head, and the hair nicely parted as if it had been done yesterday. You may not remember the gentleman, as he was a bit before your time, so I will tell you who he was. He was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, the very man who gave Moses so much trouble before he would allow him to lead the Israelites out of Egypt. Just think of the age of that mummy! Yet it looks almost life-like.

I hope my letters reach you all right, and there is no reason why they should not, as we are supposed to have a direct mail. I will write again as soon as I can, but do not be anxious if you do not hear very regularly, as there are times when we are not allowed to write. I hope this will find you all well and happy.

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OBITUARY

MR. HUMPHREY C. O'LEARY, BLENHEIM.

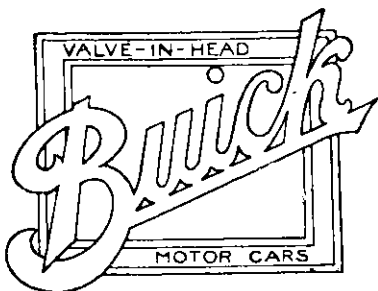
Mr. Humphrey C. O'Leary, who died at his residence in Redwood street, Blenheim (says a local paper), was an old and well-known settler of Marlborough, his arrival in this district dating back nearly half a century. He was a native of County Kerry, and came out to this part of New Zealand when he was barely twenty years old. From that time till his death at the age of 68 years he lived in Marlborough, excepting a recent period of five years spent at Christchurch. In earlier years Mr. O'Leary was associated with contracts for the carting of material for the erection of the Government Buildings at Blenheim and various municipal works. Then he took up a farm on the Old Renwick road and remained there for many years, subsequently settling at Christchurch and returning to Blenheim some six months ago. His first wife, a sister of Mr. George Houldsworth, predeceased him about 23 years ago. His second wife survives him. He leaves seven daughters, the eldest of whom is Mrs. J. Meagher, of Blenheim, and four sons—Messrs. Cornelius, Richard, and George O'Leary, and Corporal-Farrier Michael O'Leary, who is a member of the Expeditionary Force that proceeded to Egypt. A man of kindly heart, the deceased was generally respected. Rev. Father Herring officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MRS. BRIDGET DWYER, CHARLESTON.

There died at Charleston, West Coast, on April 19 a highly-esteemed lady in the person of Mrs. Bridget Dwyer, beloved wife of Mr. Patrick Dwyer. The deceased, who was 74 years of age, was a native of Oola, County Limerick, and was one of the pioneers of the Charleston district, having resided there for over forty years. She leaves a family of seven to mourn their loss. The late Mrs. Dwyer, who had been in failing health for some time, was very bright and cheerful up to the last. She was a very devoted member of the Catholic Church, and was attended in her last illness by Rev. Father Long, who celebrated a Requiem Mass on the day of the funeral. She was buried at Charleston on April 21. The funeral was very largely attended, nearly the whole of the Charleston and the Addison's population being present, and also a large number of mourners from Westport. Rev. Father Long officiated at the interment of the deceased, who was a faithful wife and loving mother. R.I.P.

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Current Topics

'The Priest on the Battlefield'

In this issue we commence the reproduction of a most admirable publication compiled by the Rev. Father Lockington, S.J., under the title of *The Priest on the Battlefield*, and issued by that excellent organisation, the Australian Catholic Truth Society. Its object and value are clearly and succinctly explained in the following characteristically thoughtful and weighty preface by his Grace Archbishop Carr: 'I trust that this pamphlet of the Australian Catholic Truth Society will be very largely circulated and very carefully preserved. It contains a record of deeds which show how, even from war, from the lion's mouth, the Almighty can bring forth honey and the honeycomb. When the present war has passed into history, these deeds will shed on its pages gleams of celestial splendor. In collecting these examples of heroic virtue while they are still fresh in the minds of men, and free from the suspicion of exaggeration, Father Lockington, S.J., has done a truly pious and patriotic work. He has gathered up fragments of the spiritual loaves and fishes multiplied in many a desert place since this war began. In this selection he has exercised a wise discretion in distributing the matter so as to bring out in strong relief the glorious part played by our men, our nuns, our priests, the Mass, and through all, and above all, the Divine Apostolate of the Catholic Church. In time to come this will be a precious record connected with events which may shake empires, but which will certainly prove the sanctity of the Catholic Church as luminously and as forcibly as the most searching of human tests can give testimony of personal and corporate sanctity. I recommend the pamphlet, not only to the ordinary subscribers and readers of A.C.T.S. publications, but to every adult Catholic of the archdiocese.' We heartily endorse this recommendation, and urge our readers to obtain a copy of this extremely interesting work. Those who cannot do so will find it well worth their while to preserve this valuable record as it appears in our columns.

Italy and the War

The intentions of Italy in regard to intervention are still uncertain, but the crisis brought about by the resignation of the Salandra Government will probably have the effect of forcing a final decision, one way or the other. Judging by the cabled reports of popular outbreaks, it would appear as if the majority of the people were in favor of intervention; but as to whether popular feeling is sufficiently strongly represented in Parliament to carry the day and override the waverers, it is impossible at this distance to form any opinion. At present the issue would seem to depend very largely on the relative personal influence of Premier Salandra and ex-Premier Giolitti. Under the circumstances, the following account and estimate of Signor Salandra by the well-informed Rome correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* will be of special interest: 'King Victor Emmanuel's strong desire for neutrality is ascribed to the influence of the German Emperor by some, and by others to a fear of possible disturbances in Italy in case she goes to war. There is one man who is the object of unbounded admiration on the part of his countrymen, because of the firmness with which he has guided Italy's destinies so far—viz., Signor Salandra, President of the Council. It is not usual for this country to praise a Prime Minister in unbounded terms; he has to leave office before his merits are duly recognised by the public. But in this case the old order has changed and given place to a new and a more healthy condition of public sentiment. Even Giolitti, the ex-Premier, could not, according to many Italians, cope with the situation in the statesmanlike manner in which Salandra has done. By way of parenthesis it may be added that Salandra is a fervent Catholic, far different from the type of Catholics who leaves the practices of religion to his wife and children,

a type which is only too often met with in official ranks in this country. It would be difficult to set down in precise terms Salandra's intentions as to Italy's attitude for the next month. "Do not cry *Viva la neutralita*," interjected the Premier at the meeting at Gaeta, when an admirer of his shouted these words. "Rather cry: *Viva l'Italia*."

'What War Makes of Us'

To an incomparably greater degree than has ever been known in the history of warfare before, the present war is affecting the reason of the participants, or at least of those who are the most closely and continuously engaged. At a comparatively early stage in the struggle a cable message intimated that a notable feature in connection with the numbers returned to Germany for medical treatment was the unprecedentedly large proportion of cases of insanity. The statement is confirmed by Major Dickinson of the American State Department, who declares that Europe's war is making raving maniacs of thousands of the fighters. Major Dickinson was permitted some time ago to see fighting in the German trenches near Soissons, and in a statement to an American paper he describes the effect. 'They don't fire at each other,' he said, 'but the din of artillery directed at the covered trenches is positively maddening. Now and then I saw men jump up out of the trenches and go at each other with bayonets or in a mad rush for each other's throats. From my position from trenches a little behind the actual firing line I saw hundreds of men brought back. They did not seem to be wounded. They were screaming, raving maniacs, driven insane by that maddening roar of artillery overhead. I tell you this nation doesn't know anything about war. In fact this isn't a war: it is cold-blooded murder. God deliver me from any further sights like those I have witnessed.'

Even apart from these cases, where reason is entirely dethroned, it goes without saying that this continuous and cold-blooded carnage must have a dehumanising effect on large numbers of men, even on those endowed with quite normal feelings and susceptibilities. This is strikingly but painfully illustrated in the incidents described in a private letter written by a French soldier who serves as an interpreter to his Colonel, without losing the opportunity of having a try at the 'Boches,' as the German soldiers are now commonly called in France. Writing from hospital to an English friend, he gives the following realistic but horrible description of his experiences: 'There in Lorraine, between Nancy and the Vosges, we only fight at night, leaving the artillery to prolong the fight in the day: the troops engaged do not exceed 10,000 men on either side; therefore, nothing compared with the gigantic duel in our plains of the north. For the moment, the semi-solitude and the neighborhood of wounded and sick would rather inspire gloomy thoughts like the weather. Against my will I am thinking of the sadness which weighs on our countries, yours and mine, and the others as well. These are apparently scruples of disease, since Nietzsche has developed at length the theme that the weak and the sick alone are accessible to scruples. Ten years ago, the reading of Nietzsche was held in France as unhealthy recreation; the Germans themselves dared not openly boast of their national philosophy. Now, they openly claim him as theirs, and I have numberless indications of it in the papers we find in the enemy's trenches. "Room for us who are strong, for our nation which is clever: room for German science, German virtue"—that's what their soul expresses with tranquil confidence. To fight them on equal terms, we must for the present leave far behind us all sentiment of humanity. We are coming to it, besides, even the most sensitive among us. Shall I tell you that I have seen my comrades laugh at seeing, 1500 metres away, arms and legs of the enemy flying in the air under the fire of our artillery? And I myself, I laughed also and perpetrated savage jokes on this new kind of "confiture." It has happened to me, as to the others, to stumble against the body of a dead

WANTED AN APPRENTICE—None but a lad who will study need apply, and EVERY assistance will be given to such apprentice to qualify.

H. LOUIS GALLIEN, Dispensing Chemist
By Exam.
NORTH-EAST VALLEY E: DUNEDIN

enemy and to step on it not to wet my feet. We always respect the wounded, and I even think we treat them better than our own. However, it happens that fury renders some of ours like Germans let loose. One day, for instance, some Boches, seeing they were caught in their trench, waved a white shirt on a gun. We approach: they kill some fifteen of ours. Then, without orders from their leaders, ours rush with death howls and broach like bacon all that were there. A wounded "boche," lying on his side, raises his right hand and shows his ring, to indicate that the father of a family ought to be spared. Then a comrade, a "paysan dauphinois" told me, "I reflected a moment, but I was *ensauvagé* (the word is not correct, yet good); I raised the butt end of my gun, and with one blow I smashed his skull." This is what war makes of us! The moral of all of which is the urgent necessity for a united and supreme effort to bring the hellish business to a close.

Facing the Facts

The events of the past two weeks—the sinking of the Lusitania, German activity in Flanders, the deliberate and systematic use of asphyxiating gases, and the Russian reverses in Galicia and on the Carpathians—must serve to bring home to the most thoughtless and thoughtless and featherbrained optimists there are still amongst us—the seriousness of the struggle in which the Allies are engaged, and the magnitude of the task which still confronts them. No one has now the shadow of an excuse for looking lightly on the war crisis, or for failing to realise that it will require the utmost degree of determination and of strenuous effort to bring the great undertaking to a successful issue. It should not have required any such painful and practical demonstration to bring home to us the urgent necessity for making every sacrifice and putting every iron in the fire to bring about final victory and an assured peace. The press, to do them justice, have in season and out of season insisted on this now obvious truth, and the best and most trusted of the British writers have again and again sounded the needed warning. One of the latest and certainly one of the weightiest attempts to induce the British people fairly and squarely to face the facts is that made by Dr. E. J. Dillon, the famous foreign editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. Born in Ireland, County Tipperary, Dr. Dillon lived for years in Russia, was honoured by the Russian Government with the appointment of Professor of Oriental languages in the National University of St. Petersburg, and took to himself a Russian lady for wife. Speaking every European language and many Asiatic dialects, a rare student of ancient tongues, he has moved among all European nationalities as one of themselves, and is certainly the greatest living authority on all questions of European diplomacy, and on the spirit and conditions prevailing in every country on the Continent. Writing in the *Contemporary Review*, he surveys the present situation of the world struggle, and emphasises, in words that cannot be ignored or gainsaid, the unspeakable folly of reckless over-optimism.

Dr. Dillon considers it significant of the extreme optimism in which all the Allies indulge that leading men rely upon impending troubles, followed by disruption in Germany, to end the war. 'Now, of all the delusions that have preceded or accompanied the present war, that, to my thinking, is the wildest and most dangerous. Disintegration could come only as the final consequence of an unbearable strain imposed by reverses in the field, coupled with the dwindling of supplies, and even these trials would probably be borne with patience, so long as the military leaders kept the field.' He explains clearly why the progress of the war is so slow, and why, unless new factors are introduced, it will continue to be slow for a very long time to come. This is a sappers' war. We have had brilliant successes in the West, but have made very little progress. When after a siege of weeks or months a line of trenches is taken, the besiegers find another line of equally well-defended trenches in front of them, while still others are being dug out further back, the prospects of a

speedy and decisive campaign are slender. 'And that is one of the main hindrances to the swift or even reasonably rapid advance of the allied armies in the field. Moreover, the formidable nature of this barrier is likely to be intensified as the weeks and months roll on. German efforts in this direction are strenuous, unceasing, effectual. Belgium is an instance which our people would do well to realise. It was occupied by the Germans in a space of some days. It has not been delivered from them in all these months of victorious attacks carried out by the Allies. Before the war Germany was one vast fortress, defended by more than adequate forces. To-day Belgium and part of Northern France have been incorporated, and now form part of that almost impregnable stronghold, the forcible occupation of which would tax to the utmost the strategic skill of a latter-day Napoleon, and necessitate appalling sacrifices of men, from which even he would recoil.' All this means that unless men, munitions, and heavy armaments are sent forward in the measure in which they are needed and called for, the struggle will be almost indefinitely prolonged. In October, certain generals of the Allies were quite confident that the war would be over by Christmas. Now people whose judgment counts talk of two years at least.

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Dr. Dillon has not much expectation that Germany will starve. Work has been resumed in the fields and the factories of Belgium and of Northern France, and supplies are already flowing to Germany from the conquered territory. Our troops, he says, cannot now take the offensive in France and Belgium without incurring tremendous losses. Somewhat unexpectedly he looks with a large measure of hope to Russia. 'This costly method eliminated, there remains another source of hope. Russia may be able to invade the enemy's territory, and perhaps march to Berlin, and set her seal on the tomb of Teutonism. Happily, this, too, is not impossible. Russia has done far better than I, who knew how unprepared she was for this war, ever dared to hope. And she may be expected to give her Western friends further grounds for optimism in the near future. Throughout her chequered history she has always made her preparations for war during the campaign, and that is precisely what she is doing again to-day. None the less, fate has willed it that the Eastern Allies shall pursue their own course without concerting with their friends in the West. Unlike the Germans, they unavoidably lack unity of action and co-ordination of effort. German strategy is seen at its best in the East. Von Hindenberg deserved the Marshal's baton. And yet Russia has done well. But the offensive there has always been repulsed by whomsoever it was attempted. Russia can but give of the best that she has to the furtherance of our common cause, and it would be as foolish to complain because it has not equalled our expectations as it would be to hope that she will yet work military miracles.' Dr. Dillon concludes his sober and weighty article by repeating and emphasising his warning as to the necessity for preternatural efforts to avert a draw, and to bring about a victorious upshot to the struggle. 'The struggle on which so much depends will have to be conducted—as it was originally planned—with the means actually available. The efforts it necessitates must become much more strenuous and protracted than the bulk of the allied nations yet realise. And as to the issue, only one thing is really certain, that Germany will not, cannot, be victorious. Whether we shall—as theoretically we can—so crush her military and naval power that she will be forced to acquiesce in the only terms that would secure a long peace to Europe, only a prophet could foresee. It is on the cards that when her armies are confined within the boundaries of their Fatherland, exhaustion may assume forms and engender effects which will complete the work of the allied forces, and bring about the desired consummation. But, knowing the enemy as I do, and rating his organising power at what seems to me its real worth, I should not like to base the hopes, which I share with so many of my countrymen, on the occupation of Berlin by the Allies from the West, or from the East, nor on military strategy alone.'

THE PRIEST ON THE BATTLEFIELD

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The following is a reprint of the latest publication of the Australian Catholic Truth Society, *The Priest on the Battlefield*, by the Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J. :—

CHAPTER I.—OUR FAITH.

One of the most striking features of the present stupendous war is the changed attitude of the world towards the Catholic patriot and his practice of his religion. For long years past a powerful propaganda has been carried on against the sacred teachings of Christ by men of narrow vision and downward gaze, whose aims all tend to the mud of the earth. These Mudmen shouted of 'uplift' that meant degradation, of 'liberty' that meant slavery, of 'progress' that meant retrogression. Forgetting that they were but clay vivified by the breath of God, they raised impious hands against sacred things, and boasted of the results of their teachings upon the human race.

Poor Mudmen! how lonely they are to-day! Teachings such as theirs cannot stir the deeps of the human soul, though foolish men, forgetful of their destiny, often listened to and followed their seductive appeal. To check their folly and show the latent grandeur of the human heart, God sent the scourge of war. It broke like a thundercrash in a clear sky, and its lightnings flashed biting among the nations. The cry went forth for men—strong, resolute men. At the call, the flower of our manhood sprang forward, trampling the doctrine of the sensualist underfoot, and turned to the only Teacher whose doctrine makes for fearless and perfect manhood.

Effects of Great Crisis.

In times of great crisis the innate nobility of the human heart shines out, conventions and prejudices shrivel and die, and man takes his stand firmly and unhesitatingly upon the rock of Truth and Honor. In such times Truth stands in the naked light of Life, clear for all to see, and there is no place for those whose gospel, however disguised, means that the highest ideal of man cannot lift him above the mud.

Religion has come into her own again. No longer sneered at, it is recognised as the foundation of the highest form of bravery, enabling men to attain sublime heights of selfless heroism. On every side men have turned in reverence to God—Russian and Austrian, Belgian and German, French and English. All Christians have bowed before their Leader and King, Christ Jesus. Man, when he looks eye to eye at death, stands free from folly, and turns instinctively to his Creator with a heartfelt cry for aid. This is especially true of the children of Holy Mother Church, the guardian of the whole Truth of God and the dispenser of His miraculous sacramental gifts to mankind.

Power of the Church.

When this Truth, of which our Holy Mother is the guardian, is allowed to shine, undimmed and undistorted, upon the world, then it is that we see, as we see to-day, that her miraculous power over the hearts of men is strikingly manifested. As that bright ray strikes into their gloom, those in the darkness of unbelief gaze in wonderment at it, marking, as it does so plainly, the path leading man to the fulfilment of his high destiny, and they are irresistibly moved to admiration of the treasure of which she is the custodian—our Holy Faith.

Times of great crisis such as we are passing through to-day are times of great sacrifice, and sacrifice uplifts and purifies the heart of man. This uplifting causes him to see with clearer vision and look to things eternal. He seeks now the basis of truth, finds it founded firmly on man's relation to his God—made practical in his religion—and there he rests strong and secure. For us Catholics this light is always shining. In time of

danger we turn to it for safety, secure in the knowledge that nothing can ever extinguish it, and that we can follow it through all dangers, through life, through death, until we reach our God, Who sends it.

CHAPTER II.—OUR MEN.

This certitude of belief is the reason why to-day, among so many brave men, the bravery of the Catholic shines conspicuous. Our Catholic soldiers are facing grim death in defence of home and country, and their fearless facing of it is making the whole world gaze with ever-growing respect as well as admiration; and one thing which singles them out, and compels the respect of all beholders, is the glorious way in which their deep love of Christ and their complete reliance on His religion blazes forth.

An Irish Regiment.

Listen to this letter from the front, telling of the 11th Hussars, most of whom are Irish:—

'Nearly every man here is wearing some sort of Catholic medallion, or a Rosary that has been given him, and he would rather part with his day's rations or his last cigarette than part with his medallion or Rosary.'

And this from an English officer, a Protestant:—

'As an officer in his Majesty's service, may I say how impressed I have been by the extraordinary religion of the people among whom we have been campaigning? I have seized every opportunity of attending churches wherever we have been, and of observing the people in their habits. I find everywhere a magnificent piety, a religion that fills out and guides the lives of these people. The French soldiers go into the trenches, each with his little medal of our Lady hung round his neck. They pray aloud in action, not in fear, as we very well know, but with a high courage and a great trust. It is my grief that our poor boys have not the same knowledge to lean on, the same precious comfort in their times of trial and need. On All Souls' Day I saw the village priest come out and bless the graves of our poor lads—the graves, mark you, of rough Protestant soldiers, decorated with chrysanthemums by the villagers. These poor dead were blessed and called the "faithful departed," and wept over, and prayed for so strongly and deeply. I think the women of England—the mothers, sisters, wives of our dead—would be glad. What they have seen here will leave its mark on many of our soldiers. My servant, a Wesleyan, an artillery driver, is craving to know more of what he tells me he thinks must be the true faith.'

Does it not make your heart thrill with pride at the thought of the bond that joins us to those heroes? Pray God to fill that officer's heart with the same craving that moves his Wesleyan servant, and bring him back to the faith of his forefathers.

Here is an account of an Army Mass, by a French officer:—

Near a bridge over a river, in a wood, chaplains and soldier-priests sat to hear confessions, and a long file of soldiers came there throughout the hours of the night. After Mass next morning the Magnificat was sung; after that two officers held the flag of the dead, and the absolutions were given. After the ceremony I heard such words as the following:—'How happy my mother would have been if she had seen me assisting at such a Mass! It is a great comfort to know that one is not forgotten after death. I am not pious, but a Mass like that is priceless.' Never have I assisted at such a moving ceremony.'

Communion at the Front.

On the eve of the Assumption they crowded to confession, and how the following must have gladdened the heart of our Blessed Mother:—

'No one held back from confession. Nearly all wore pious medals openly, which had not been given to them in the ambulances of the Red Cross. Some Belgians said that they had heard that the French soldiers had no religion; but that is false, for we have heard them and seen them, and nearly all were wearing medals and scapulars. All communicated before going to the firing line. The priests had arranged to have

Mass at 3 in the morning, but at 6 on the evening before word was brought that they must leave at 1 in the morning. The soldiers, however, did not want to be deprived of Holy Communion, and matters were quickly arranged. So, profiting by the permission of the Pope, the church bell was rung at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the Cuirassiers went to the church and received Holy Communion under the form of Viaticum. Numbers of soldiers say their night prayers in common, and piety shows itself everywhere.'

Look at that Communion in the immense hangar at the back of the lines.

'It is 5.30 a.m., and in total darkness the men assemble. There is no time for Mass, but the priest had promised them Communion. Rain is sheeting down, wind tears across the water that covers the deep mud in which the men are standing. The candle-lantern of the priest is the only light. The Confiteor is said, and though the men have been told they may remain standing, at the words "Ecce Agnus Dei," down on their knees in the mud and water they fall, before the King of Earth and Heaven. There is no altar—no table—and Christ rests on a clean corporal on a soldier's inverted cap. As each received he left the hangar, and went straight to his duty, making his thanksgiving as he marched or worked. Happiness and fearlessness shone on every face. They are strong now for the fight, and careless of danger, for Christ is with them as He has promised.'

His experiences at the front have drawn these words from an army chaplain:—

'The cannon is indeed a preacher that converts many who are indifferent. There are many who, sceptics while in garrison, are becoming believers in the fighting line. It is the officers who set the example of piety, and it is in their train that the soldiers come to the minister of God. From a spiritual point of view, this war is the most successful mission that ever was preached. The lesson that is being brought home to me is that the spiritual benefit is worth all the temporal calamities of which we are witnesses.'

And a Belgian priest, with his land smoking around him in blood, can write with a heart full of the confidence in God that arises from a knowledge of eternity:—

'Europe will be purged of much evil, of disbelief, of indifference, after this fiery trial. There will be a great revival of religion. In the fulness of time it will be seen that all the wrong that man has done will be repaired, and only the good will remain.'

The True Solution.

This breadth of vision is to be found in all ranks, as the following incident shows. One poor fellow, who had been careless in times of peace, writing from the firing line to his parents, who were anxious about him, says:—

'Don't worry about me. I am resigned, because I have been to confession. My religious question is, therefore, settled, and I see that it is really from faith that one draws courage and resignation.'

He had been to confession, and 'my religious question is therefore settled.' Here, bluntly put by an honest man, we have the solution of many of the so-called 'religious questions' of to-day—namely, the possession of a clear conscience and a soul that can look to its Creator with perfect confidence.

France at the Feet of Christ.

Thus does France, the eldest daughter of the Church, turn to her Mother in time of danger. For the army to-day is France, and the attitude of the army towards religion is the attitude of France itself. With that army there are 25,000 of the clergy of France, patriots all, whose influence is a mighty leaven for good. As the morning sun rolls back the darkness and lights up the earth, so these sons of heaven have brought the Light of the World to countless hearts, once gloomy with the darkness of sin.

From the highest to the lowliest, all have turned in salute to the thorn-crowned King of Calvary. Officers have thronged the churches and laid their swords on the altars, consecrating their lives to God and

country, and in the field have told their men to put themselves under the protection of God. From Marseilles to Calais, the whole nation kneels in supplication at shrine and altar. 'You simply can't get into Notre Dame des Victoires,' says one writer; 'you have to stay on the square outside and pray there. You feel that everyone is obeying the call of duty, and obeying it generously.'

In the centre of Paris, by the side of the curving Seine, towers the mighty Cathedral of Notre Dame. The correspondent of an English newspaper, speaking of the supplicatory devotions held there, says:—

'Three o'clock was the hour appointed, but for more than an hour before the Cathedral became so densely packed in every part that the great iron gateways had to be closed. People flocked to the church from all parts of the compass, until not less than 20,000 filled the great square outside.'

After describing the procession of holy relics, carried by Cardinal Amette, into the open square, the writer continues:—

'The priest mounted the tribune, and in a loud voice, which carried out over the square, read a litany, to each invocation of which the multitude fervently responded. Altogether, the gathering evoked a remarkable demonstration of religious zeal.'

Of another ceremony in the same Cathedral we read:—

'One seemed to be witnessing a splendid scene of other times, when faith was purer. In the hour of danger France found once more her youthful forces, and took up her ancient virtues as she has taken up arms.'

And so through the length and breadth of the land; but when we get near the trenches the light is fairly blazing. One soldier writes:—

'Nearly 9000 men were at Mass, and it was very consoling to see these men, drawn from all classes, turn to God in our hour of trial and ask of Him help, protection, and victory for our army. We prayed for the repose of the poor fellows who had been lost in the bloody battles of this week.'

Many who had listened to the insidious call of the Mudmen now make public acknowledgment of their error. One officer, once a prominent Rationalist, writes thus to his family:—

'I have just been to Mass. This will probably astonish you, but religion is being restored in this war. I am not the only one who has been won over. . . . When one is face to face with death, as Hervo said in his paper last week, in speaking of the Socialists, "we do not want to die like beasts."'

The Ireland of France.

Those who know Brittany—the Ireland of France—with its cross-road Calvaries and sanctuaries and Catholic atmosphere, will understand the splendid faith that the following, from a dying Breton soldier to his mother, shows:—

'Be sure that my last thought was on God, and for you, and that the last beat of my heart was for God, my country, and you, mother dear. Look up till we see each other again.'

'Look up till we see each other again!' The glorious doctrine of the Communion of Saints! Happy son! Happy mother!

'War is a great mission,' exclaims a priest, in amazement at the number of converted souls. 'All the men ask for the Sacraments as if they were the most pious of Seminarists. It is almost incredible. They no longer know what human respect is: they have become fervently religious. They make their confessions in the streets, on the roadside; they attend service, sing hymns, recite the Rosary. All wear medals, not round their necks or in their pockets, but in their caps or on their tunics.'

(To be continued.)

Hay Rakes and Pitch Forks should be light but strong, then good work can be done with much less labor. Smith and Laing's, Invercargill, is the place to get these things....

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 15.

Mr. R. A. Keenan, of the Agricultural Department Head Office staff, has been appointed District Agent of the Department at Napier.

On retiring from the presidency of the Wellington Rugby League, after four years in the position, Mr. M. J. Reardon was elected the first honorary life member of the League.

Reference was made at all the churches on Sunday to the Lusitania disaster and the New Zealand troops fighting in the Dardanelles, and the souls of the victims commended to the faithful for remembrance in their prayers.

Mother Mary Joseph Aubert is still in Rome. Writing to the Sisters at the Home of Compassion in Wellington, she says that she does not see much chance of leaving Italy at present. Mother Aubert, who will be 80 years of age next month, has been busy nursing the victims of the Avezzano earthquake.

There was a very large attendance at St. Patrick's Hall, Boulcott street, on Tuesday evening, when St. Mary's Debating Society held its first meeting of the season. The election of officers resulted in the appointment of Mr. Reichel to the chairmanship, and Mr. Grant as secretary. Messrs. M. Walsh and R. Oakley were appointed to the committee.

At the last Mass at the Sacred Heart Church, Hill street, on Sunday, the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Adm., made particular reference to the recent engagement in which New Zealanders had taken part. In all the countries of the Old Land, he said, the churches had been and still are thronged with parents and relatives and friends of those at the front, praying for their success in arms and for the repose of the souls of those who had fallen in the fight. One had to come to Wellington, the capital of a great Dominion, to find something approaching complete indifference on the subject. These men, the pick of the youth of New Zealand, were fighting for their Empire, for their own country, for their mothers and sisters—for all of us—and the least we could do was to invoke the aid of Almighty God in a war which was being waged against a relentless enemy. At the evening devotions special prayers were offered on behalf of those who had lost their lives in the Lusitania disaster, and for those who had fallen in the Dardanelles operations.

Mr. E. W. Gibbs, a well-known and popular parishioner of Thorndon, has the distinction of having been a travelling representative of one firm for over fifty years, and the directors and staff of this firm, Messrs. E. W. Mills and Co., met at the warehouse in Jervois quay a few evenings ago for the purpose of honoring the veteran employee. The directorate was represented by Messrs. A. Anderson, W. J. Napier, J. F. Mills, and Captain Gray; and the shareholders by Mr. Martin Kennedy. The manager, Mr. C. A. Briggs, presided, and felicitated Mr. Gibbs upon his long and excellent services. The company, as a recognition of the occasion, had, he said, decided to give Mr. Gibbs leave of absence for six months with full pay, and he also presented him with an inscribed gold watch. On behalf of the staff, he handed Mr. Gibbs a substantial leather trunk, a travelling rug, and a deck chair. Then Mr. J. F. Mills, on behalf of the staff, presented the guest with an oak salver, mounted with silver, for Mrs. Gibbs, and a pair of silver photograph frames for Miss Gibbs. Mr. Mills spoke in the warmest terms of the relations which existed between the firm, the staff, and Mr. Gibbs. The guest expressed the gratitude and pleasure the occasion afforded him, and in the course of his remarks gave an interesting sketch of the conditions under which commercial men had to work in the early days. Mr. Gibbs intends to go to England.

On last Sunday evening a new set of Stations of the Cross was solemnly blessed, and erected in St. Joseph's Church, Buckle street, by the Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm. The pictures are of considerable artistic merit, exceedingly devotional, and are handsomely framed in oak. Each Station has been donated by members of the parish as a memorial of deceased relatives, and the following names are inscribed on the tablets: Mary Catherine Carruthers, Grace O'Sullivan, Judith Hugo Burke, Henry Sullivan, Amy McCarthy, Ellen O'Leary and Esther Fitzgerald, Edward and Veronica Murphy, relatives of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Lyons, deceased members of Altar Society, Children of Mary, and Sacred Heart Society; Elizabeth Quinlivan, Margaret Burke, relatives of Mr. and Mrs. L. Wilson; relatives of Mrs. H. Sullivan, William and Mary Attridge, and James Boyce. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea was present in the sanctuary, and the Rev. Father Kimbell, S.M., delivered a very eloquent sermon on the reasons and object of the devotion of the Way of the Cross. After the sermon the choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Bernard Page, sang a portion of the oratorio, 'The Seven Last Words.'

On Ascension Thursday evening the Tasman street school boys' choir gave a sacred concert in St. Joseph's Church. A very large congregation was present, and

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prior to Benediction, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea addressed the choir, and congratulated them and their teachers on the very choice and well rendered programme. The Rev. Brother Fidelis conducted the choir, and Master G. O'Meegan presided at the organ.

On last Wednesday the Ladies' Club, of Wellington South, held a most successful social in St. Anne's Hall. There was a large attendance. Great credit is due to the committee responsible for its success, and especially to the energetic secretary, Miss V. Heavey.

The many friends of Mr. H. W. L. Hawke, of the Commercial Insurance Company, and of St. Anne's parish, Wellington South, will regret to learn of the death of his wife, which occurred on Friday after a long illness, borne with Christian resignation and patience. She died fortified by all the rites of the Church. The interment, which was private, took place this morning, at Karori. The Rev. Father Peoples, S.M., attended the deceased lady in her illness.—R.I.P.

On last Friday evening, at the Burlington tea rooms, the members of the Sacred Heart branch of the Hibernian Society, Thorndon, and members of other city branches, assembled in full force to bid farewell to Bro. Maurice J. McGahey, past president and treasurer of the branch, who has been transferred to Christchurch. Bro. P. D. Hoskins, district deputy, presided, and explained that at very short notice the promoters of the gathering decided not to let Bro. McGahey leave Wellington without expressing their appreciation of the excellent work which he had done for the Hibernian Society and Catholic organisations here. Bro. McGahey, he explained, had been connected with the Thorndon branch since its establishment, and had filled almost every office in it with conspicuous ability, and at the present time occupied the responsible position of treasurer. Bro. McGahey was a staunch Catholic, and any organisation which had for its object the advancement of the Church had his support. He was an energetic member of the Thorndon Catholic School committee, of which he was secretary. He was also a keen Catholic Federationist, being a member of the Thorndon parish committee, and represented the Thorndon branch on the Council of the Wellington District H.A.C.B. Society. He was not only prominent in all Catholic undertakings, but also proved himself an efficient officer of the Customs Department, and that was the reason why the head of his Department had selected him for a far more responsible position in Christchurch. On behalf of his many friends, therefore, he wished both Bro. and Mrs. McGahey every success in their new home, and asked Bro. McGahey to accept, as a slight token of their esteem, a past president's collar suitably inscribed, and also asked Mrs. McGahey, who was present, to accept a silver cake basket, as a memento of her husband's association with the local branch of the Hibernian Society. Bro. Burke and others supplemented the chairman's remarks. Bro. McGahey briefly responded on behalf of himself and his wife. Words failed him, he said, to express his feelings of gratitude to the members of the society for their kindness, and for the eulogistic references made to himself, which were wholly undeserved. He came to Wellington as a stranger, but soon found many friends when he entered the ranks of the Hibernian Society. He took no credit for any work which he had done. Enthusiasm was catching, and he therefore could not but help to emulate the example set by the leaders of Hibernianism in this city. He would always treasure the collar with which he was presented, and his wife the beautiful present they had given her. The toast of 'Bro. and Mrs. McGahey' was then enthusiastically honored. The other toasts proposed were: 'The Pope and King'; 'The Hibernian Society,' Bros. G. J. Sellars and J. P. McGowan; 'Catholic Federation,' Bros. M. Walsh and H. McKeowen; 'Kindred Societies,' Bros. Smyth, F. K. Reeves, and Leo Blake; 'The Sacred Heart Branch,' Bros. J. J. L. Burke and J. A. Humphrey; 'The Ladies,' and 'The Chairman.' Musical items were rendered by Messrs. G. Leydon, Oakley, McKeowen, Whitaker, F. K. Reeves, Laurenson, and T. Murphy.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

May 14.

Rev. Father Moloney, S.M., who had been with the men in camp at Waverley for the past fortnight, returned home on Friday.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in St. Joseph's Hall on last Wednesday evening, Bro. A. J. Fitzgerald presiding. Three candidates were proposed, and two members initiated.

A very enthusiastic meeting of the Aramoho parishioners was held after the 9 o'clock Mass on last Sunday. The object was to devise ways and means for liquidating the debt on that part of the parish. Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M., presided. The proposal to hold a bazaar at Christmas was received with much enthusiasm. In the evening a similar meeting was held in St. Joseph's Hall, when it was unanimously decided to give all the assistance possible to the proposal.

Word was received on Saturday last of the death of Private W. J. Griffiths, of the Wellington Infantry Battalion, who succumbed to wounds received during action at the Dardanelles. Private Griffiths was among the first to enlist, leaving with the main body for Egypt. Prior to joining the Expeditionary Force he was attached to the local clerical staff of Messrs. Levin and Co., of which firm he was a very popular member. He was a good Catholic, and a member of the H.A.C.B. Society. The late Private Griffiths was born at Westport in 1889. His father, Mr. W. J. Griffiths, sen., of Glen Durie, who saw considerable service in the Maori war, survives to mourn the loss of his only son.—R.I.P.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 17.

The Rev. Father Foley, of Gore, returning from Hamner Springs, was a guest of the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., during last week, and left later for the North Island.

The statement of accounts in connection with the national entertainment in celebration of St. Patrick's Day shows the net proceeds to be £74, which sum goes to help the Nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary in the erection of their new hospital wards.

Baron and Baroness de Martin, distinguished visitors from Belgium, were guests of the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., during part of their stay in Christchurch. They were charmed with the Cathedral, and deeply interested in the Mount Magdala Institute, during their visits to which they were accompanied by the Very Rev. Administrator. Altogether, they were greatly delighted with their visit to this city, and the two lectures, delivered by the Baron on the past and present state of poor, afflicted Belgium, attracted overflowing audiences, the proceeds being in aid of the fund to assist the Belgians.

At the usual fortnightly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, held on Monday evening last, one candidate was initiated, and sick pay, amounting to £15, was passed for payment. It was decided to establish an amateur dramatic club under the auspices of the society, and for the purpose of promoting social intercourse between branches of the society, it was arranged to hold smoke socials and card matches during the winter, to which the members of other branches are to be invited. The Corbett benefit entertainment committee reported that arrangements in connection with the concert, to be held on Wednesday night, May 26, in the Hibernian Hall, were complete, the services of some of the best local talent having been secured.

A marble slab, appropriately inscribed, and inserted in the floor of the Chapel of Holy Souls in the Cathedral, marks the resting place of the late Bishop Grimes.

The work in connection with this memorial was recently completed, and, being immediately under the notice of the faithful whilst kneeling at the chapel railings, will be a perpetual reminder of the beloved prelate who, during a long and arduous life, was ever mindful of both the living and the dead.

The contract time has just elapsed for the sculpturing of the magnificent marble high altar for the Cathedral. The work has been done in Florence, Italy, and the altar is probably now ready for shipment. The tiles for the mosaic tessellated pavement, which are being manufactured in Sydney, are expected to be ready for completing the sanctuary floor, preparatory to the erection of the altar. The whole beautiful finish of the sanctuary—a work the late Bishop had keenly at heart—will form a splendid memorial of him, and one no doubt the faithful will greatly desire to assist in by their contributions.

It will be of much interest to many in New Zealand, especially of Canterbury and Christchurch in particular, where the family were best known, to learn of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. Alan John Westby Perceval, third eldest son of Sir Westby Perceval, K.C.M.G., and Lady Perceval, formerly of Avonside, Christchurch. Sir Westby Perceval some years ago represented the Dominion as High Commissioner in London. The Rev. Father Perceval was educated at Stonhurst College, being intended for the Jesuit Order (a resolution which, however, had to be relinquished owing to a breakdown in health), and at Oxford. His concluding course was taken at Collegio Beda, Rome. He received ordination on February 27 in the Lateran Basilica, and celebrated his first Mass on the following day at the Tomb of St. Peter.

To help to meet the expense consequent on replacing and improving the Cathedral organ, a recital was given by Mr. Walter Handel Thorley on last Sunday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock, the usual devotions having taken place in the afternoon. There was a large audience, and at an interval a collection was made. The following programme was given:—'Toccata and fugue in D minor' (J. S. Bach); 'Canzone pastorale' (W. H. Thorley); 'Funeral march and hymn of seraphs' (Guilmant); grand fantasia, 'The storm' (Lemmens); sacred song, 'Nazareth' (Gounod)—arranged for organ by Mr. Thorley; 'gavotte' (Ambroise Thomas); 'Andante' (Bastide); 'Andante and allegro' (F. E. Bache). Interspersed with the organ selections were a song, 'There is a green hill far away' (Gounod), by Mr. Scott, and a cello solo, 'Dreaming' (Schumann), by Miss Hennis.

Methven—Rakaia

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration will be held in the Rakaia portion of the parish on May 23. Rev. J. Ainsworth, S.M., will be the preacher on the occasion. The devotion will be held in Methven on May 30, the preacher being the Very Rev. T. W. Price, of the Cathedral, Christchurch.

Mr. Girling-Butcher, organising secretary of the Catholic Federation, visited Rakaia on May 9, and Methven on May 16, addressing on both occasions representative and enthusiastic gatherings of the parishioners. He explained at some length the objects and aims of the Federation, and exhorted his audiences to help themselves by joining its ranks. He certainly made a very deep impression on his hearers. Many expressed the wish he had spoken of even greater length, and an enthusiastic vote of thanks, moved by Mr. T. Twomey and seconded by Mr. James McKendry, was accorded to

him. A strong parish committee was re-formed, Mr. James Poff being elected secretary.

A farewell social, presided over by Rev. Dr. Kennedy, was tendered on Saturday last by the parishioners of Rakaia, to Mrs. and the Misses Muller, who are about to leave that parish for Patea, where Mr. A. J. Muller has been appointed postmaster. A large and representative gathering assembled in the Catholic schoolroom, which was for the occasion arranged as a drawing-room. Musical items were contributed by some of those present, and Dr. Kennedy, on behalf of the parishioners, made a presentation of a magnificent gold pendant to Mrs. Muller, a handsome dressing-case to Miss Monica Muller, a silver-mounted brush and comb to Miss Cicely Muller, and a manicure set to Miss Margot Muller. After the presentation, Rev. Dr. Kennedy feelingly referred to the many and varied services rendered to the parish by Mrs. and the Misses Muller, also to the valuable assistance they always gave in the choir, from which they will be long missed. Dr. Kennedy went on to say that, whilst all regretted their departure from Rakaia, still they joined with him in congratulating Mr. Muller on his promotion.

Huntly

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

May 17.

A committee is very busy preparing for the social, which is to take place at Taupiri on May 27, in aid of the convent school.

The long-expected electric lighting scheme for the illumination of Huntly is at last to become an accomplished fact, as the Town Board have been successful in obtaining a loan of £6000 with which to carry out the installation.

The bazaar at Ngaruawahia was an unqualified success, and resulted in a net profit of £200. The debt on the new church has been reduced from £1000 to £600 within the past four months. This result is very satisfactory, and reflects much credit on the parishioners for their zeal and devotion.

During the week Mr. George Monaghan, one of the members of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society received news of the tragic death of his father, who was killed by a passing train. At both the Hibernian and St. Vincent de Paul meetings last night, a vote of condolence with Mr. Monaghan was passed.

The young men of the parish are eagerly looking forward to the realisation of their hopes of having a clubroom of their own. Arrangements are being made for the erection of the building, and final negotiations are proceeding with a view of obtaining the deeds of the site. The building, which will be of handsome design, will provide accommodation for a library, gymnasium, billiard and meeting room.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place in St. Anthony's Church, Huntly, on May 5, the contracting parties being Mr. James Harduck, only son of the late Mr. Eric Harduck (mine manager), of Milton, Dunedin, and Miss Mary Agnes Foy, third daughter of the late Mr. John Foy, of Wigan, Lancashire, England, also first cousin of Mrs. George Crosby, late of the Royal Mail Hotel, Paeroa. The bride looked charming in a neat costume of navy blue with picture hat to match. After the ceremony (which was performed by the Rev. Father O'Doherty), the happy couple proceeded to their future home at Huntly East, where the wedding breakfast took place.

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ITEMS OF SPORT

FOOTBALL.

The following were the results of the Rugby matches in Dunedin on Saturday:—University (17) beat Kaikorai (5), Southern (5) beat Union (3), Alhambra (6) beat Dunedin (nil), Zingari-Richmond (33) beat Port Chalmers (nil). In the Association matches Ravensbourne and Southern played a drawn game, scoring 2 goals each, Northern (5 goals) beat Mornington (nil), High School Old Boys (1) beat Christian Brothers (nil). The latter played a very spirited game, and just missed scoring on more than one occasion. In the third grade, Christian Brothers (4) defeated Southern (1).

The results of Saturday's matches in Auckland were as follow:—College Rifles beat University by 28 points to nil, Ponsonby beat Parnell by 9 points to 3, City beat Marist Brothers by 13 points to nil.

On Saturday at Wellington Athletic beat Trentham C by 20 points to 3, Petone beat University by 22 points to 19, Ponoka beat Wellington by 30 points to 3, Oriental beat Trentham B by 8 points to 6, and Selwyn beat Trentham A by 15 points to 12.

The results of Saturday's matches in Christchurch were as follow:—Linwood beat Christchurch by 16 points to nil, Albion beat University by 20 points to nil, Marist Brothers beat Merivale by 3 points to nil, and Old Boys beat Sydenham by 11 points to 10.

Playing in the Rugby Union's various contests on Saturday, May 8 (writes our Christchurch correspondent) the matches in which the Marist Old Boys were engaged resulted as follow:—The seniors met Albion on Lancaster Park, by whom they were defeated by 9 points to nil. For the junior flag Marists on their own ground defeated Christchurch by 13 points to 8. Parker and Khouri scored tries for Marists. Khouri converted both tries and kicked a penalty goal. Playing at Lyttelton for the President's Cup the Marist Old Boys defeated the local team by 11 points to 5. Flood, MacDonald, and Davidson scored tries for the winners, O'Loughlin converting a try. In Association football St. Bede's College played a friendly match with St. Albans. It resulted in a win for St. Bede's, who played two short, by one goal to nil.

On Saturday, May 15, the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' football teams were successful in all their matches (writes our Christchurch correspondent). Playing on the South Ground of Lancaster Park, the seniors won from Merivale by 3 points (a penalty goal) to nil. For the junior flag Marists won from University by default. In the President's Cup contest Marists defeated Linwood on the latter's ground by 11 points to 5. In the fourth grade Marists defeated Boys' High School by 22 points to 3. For Marists Marshall (2), Ellis, O'Reilly, O'Loughlin, and Horgan scored tries. Jenyns and Murfitt converted one try each.

NETBALL.

On Saturday afternoon, May 8 (writes our Christchurch correspondent), a team of the day pupils of the Sacred Heart College played a team representing the ex-pupils of the convent grounds, Lower High street. The match resulted in a win for the former by 14 goals to 4. Miss Madge Allen captained the day pupils, and Miss V. Clarkson the ex-pupils. Afternoon tea was provided for the players.

ST. JOSEPH'S HARRIERS, DUNEDIN.

On Saturday, May 8, the members of St. Joseph's Harriers' Club held their weekly run from St. Clair. Messrs. J. A. McKenzie and C. Moloney were entrusted with the paper, and laid an excellent trail along the beach, through the lupines, past Tahuna Park, and on to Lawyer's Head, returning along the water's edge. In the run home the members showed a great improvement, as compared with previous occasions. After the run the club adjourned to the Greencliff Tea Rooms, where a very pleasant time was spent. During the

evening reference was made to the death of a very respected past member of the club (Lieutenant J. G. Cowan), who has given his life for his country while fighting at the Dardanelles, and a vote of condolence with the relatives of the deceased was passed. On last Saturday the run was from St. Joseph's Hall. Messrs. J. O'Farrell and F. T. Tounell were in charge of the paper, and laid an excellent trail up Rattray street, along the Queen's Drive to Maori Hill, and across the country to the reservoir. Skirting the hills in the vicinity of Flagstaff, the pack returned via the golf links and Roslyn. After the run the members were entertained at tea by the Ladies' Club. The captain (Mr. J. O'Farrell) thanked the ladies for the generous way in which they had catered for the club, and later on an enjoyable evening was spent.

WEDDING BELLS

MORRISON—O'CONNOR.

A very interesting and attractive wedding was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Napier, on April 21, when Miss Margaret Mary O'Connor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Connor, of Napier, was united in the bonds of Matrimony to Mr. Timothy Joseph Morrison, of Wellington, and second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Morrison, of Blenheim. A Nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Sullivan. The church was crowded with friends of the bride and bridegroom, who are exceedingly popular. The bride was attired in ivory satin charmeuse with honiton lace and pearl trimmed, and looked winsome in Juliet cap, and the usual veil and wreath. She was supported by her sister (Miss May O'Connor) and Miss Mary Morrison (sister of the bridegroom), who wore dainty cream serge costumes with picture hats to match. The bride and bridesmaids carried handsome bouquets. The bridegroom was supported by his brother (Mr. W. F. Morrison), while the groomsmen's duties were carried out by Mr. S. J. O'Connor (brother of the bride). The bride was given away by her father. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome peridot and pearl necklace and pendant, to Miss O'Connor he gave a gold curb bangle, and to Miss Morrison a gold wristlet watch. The bride presented the bridegroom with a gold locket. After the ceremony the party sat down to the wedding breakfast daintily laid out in a marquee at the bride's residence, where Rev. Father Goggan proposed the toast of the newly-wedded couple. The presents were numerous and included many handsome silver plate articles, prominent amongst which was a beautiful set of cutlery from C. H. Cranby, Ltd., in whose employ the bride was for many years; a useful dinner service to Mr. Morrison from his fellow-boarders in Wellington, and several substantial cheques. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison left by the afternoon train to spend their honeymoon in the South Island, the bride's going-away dress being a tailor-made navy blue costume with hat to match.

REAL BRUSSELS LACE RAFFLE

The drawing of the raffle of real Brussels Applique Lace (says a Wellington paper) took place on May 15, at 212 Lambton Quay, where Sergeant Wade, in the presence of Mr. J. J. McGrath, Mr. Willis, Mr. U. McCabe, Mr. Brookes, and several others, drew the winning number, 3051. Mrs. P. B. Anderson, Paraparaumu, is the fortunate holder of the ticket. The net amount obtained by tickets sold was £145, which, with a donation of £5 from Mr. Maurice O'Connor, makes a total of £150. This money has been handed over by Mrs. T. J. Bourke (hon. secretary) to be cabled to the refugees for whose benefit the raffle was organised. All expenses in connection with this raffle have been personally defrayed by the organisers. The hon. secretary desires to thank all who have assisted by the sale of tickets to make the movement such a success, particular thanks being due to the *New Zealand Tablet*, which widely advertised the drawing.

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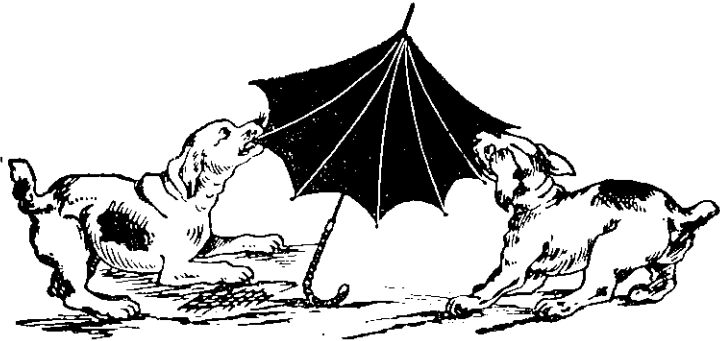
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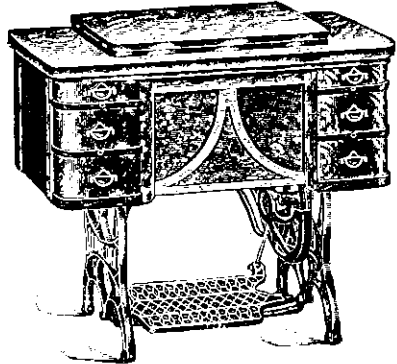
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COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, May 18, 1915, as follows:—Rabbitskins.—Our next sale will be held on Monday, 24th inst. Sheepskins.—We held our fortnightly sale to-day and offered a full catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition was keen, and previous values were fully maintained. Best half-bred, to 11½d; medium, 9½d to 10½d; best coarse crossbred, to 11½d; medium, 9½d to 10d; best fine crossbred, to 11½d; medium, 9½d to 10½d; best merino, 7½d to 8½d; medium, 6½d to 7½d; best pelts, to 9½d; lambskins, 9½d to 10½d per lb. Hides.—Our next sale will be held on Thursday, 20th inst. Oats.—There has been a better inquiry during the last few days for prime quality, more especially for Gartons. Prime milling, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; good to best feed, 3s 6d to 3s 7d; inferior to medium, 3s 3d to 3s 5d per bushel (sacks extra). Wheat.—Millers are still holding good stocks, and the market is quiet. Prime milling velvet, to 6s 10d; Tuscan, 6s 8d to 6s 9d; best whole fowl wheat, 6s 6d to 6s 7d per bushel (sacks extra). Chaff.—There is still a strong demand for prime quality. Medium quality, however, is not so much sought after. Choice black oaten, £6 7s 6d to £6 10s; best white oaten, £6 to £6 5s; medium to good, £5 10s to £6 per ton (sacks extra). Potatoes.—The market is easier owing to consignments coming forward more freely. Best tables, to £4 15s; medium to good, £4 5s to £4 10s per ton (sacks in).

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report:—We held our weekly sale of grain and produce on Monday, when values ruled as under: Oats. During the past week there has been better inquiry for good to prime lines suitable for shipment, and fair sales have been made, both ex store and on trucks at country stations. The demand is chiefly for A and B grade Gartons, but sparrowbills are also saleable, and choice, clean lines of other varieties suitable for seed have more attention. Prime milling, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; good to best feed, 3s 6d to 3s 7d; inferior to medium, 3s 3d to 3s 5d per bushel (sacks extra). Wheat.—The market is still in a quiet state, and no sales of any importance are passing. Millers will probably be in the market again before long, and, as holders are not disposed to sell at a reduction on late values, prices are nominally unchanged. Fowl wheat is in moderate demand at, for best, 6s 6d to 6s 7d; medium, 6s to 6s 4d per bushel (sacks extra). Potatoes.—The improvement in prices lately reported has not been maintained. In view of reduced quotations in other markets it has been impossible to effect sales at last week's values, and to-day best table potatoes are offering more freely at £4 15s per ton, while a few small choice lots may be worth £5; medium to good, £4 to £4 10s per ton (sacks included). Chaff.—The demand for prime quality remains firm, and is, if anything, a shade stronger. Medium and lower grades have not much inquiry. We sold choice black oat at £6 7s 6d to £6 10s; best oaten sheaf, £6 to £6 5s; medium and light is worth, £5 to £5 15s per ton (bags extra).

NAZARETH HOUSE, CHRISTCHURCH

A Christchurch correspondent writes:—'Everybody's Picture' Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. A. Bidgood, and with the kind assistance of Miss Claris Holgate and Messrs. F. Wolegde and L. C. Barnes, gave a delightful little concert on Sunday afternoon to the inmates of Nazareth House. Every item on the programme was greatly enjoyed. At the conclusion of the concert, the performers were entertained by the Sisters at afternoon tea, and afterwards shown over the building. All the performers were non-Catholics. They were delighted at the opportunity of giving pleasure to the young and old, and were also very much impressed with the splendid work being done by the Sisters. The performers deserve much praise for their kind thoughtfulness in providing an entertainment which was so highly appreciated.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

May 17.

The social held recently in St. Benedict's Hall, in aid of the Grey Lynn parish, was a great success, the net proceeds being about £40.

Disappointment was experienced here at the non-arrival of the last number of the *Tablet*, which only arrived to-day instead of, as usual, on Saturday.

Rev. Father Cahill addressed the last meeting of the Holy Family Confraternity, and dealt with the history of the Catholic Church in a most interesting manner. It was the first of a series of addresses which will be given by him on the same subject.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary cabled from Hamilton, Victoria, to Mr. Nerheny, congratulating him on his treble victory in securing seats on the City Council, Harbor Board, and Hospital Board. The official count of the voting for the City Council transfers Councillor Nerheny from fifth to third position, his total being increased from 6614 to 6949.

The Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation met on last Friday evening, the president (Mr. McLaughlin) being in the chair. A quantity of correspondence was dealt with, much of it being from the central executive. The annual meeting of the council was fixed for the third week in July. Votes of congratulation were passed to the Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney and the Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett on the high honor which was recently conferred on them by the Holy Father.

TWO DISTINGUISHED BELGIAN SINGERS

Mdlle Lina Nyberg, coloratura soprano, and Mons Paul Saldaigne from the Theatre Royal, Antwerp, are to appear in a grand operatic concert in the Garrison Hall on Friday, May 28. Both these artists were in Antwerp during the bombardment, and were fortunate enough to make their escape with two hundred of their townfolk, who shared the comforts of a cowshed, one cup, and one towel for a whole week. Although they relate the story of their escape in a quiet, unassuming manner, it is easy to recognise the horror of the situation of all who were making for the neutral borders of Holland. The visiting artists, after many trials and vicissitudes, crossed the border, ultimately securing a passage to London, where they gave some wonderfully successful concerts in aid of their brothers and sisters in Belgium. Mons. Saldaigne has sung in grand opera with such great artists as Caruso, Nordica, Melba, Zenatello, etc. He played the part of Rudolph (Caruso's great part in 'La Boheme') at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, at the time the great tenor had an affection of the throat, and was heralded throughout America as one of the finest exponents of this role. At the forthcoming concert, Mons. Saldaigne will sing 'The poet's song,' 'Your little hands are frozen,' which is recognised as one of the gems of Puccini's great work, and with Mdlle. Nyberg many of the scenes from the grand operas. It behoves one and all to attend this first concert in our city by Belgian artists, and thus show our appreciation of our gallant little allies. The box plan will be open at the Bristol at an early date, and inquiries have set in from everywhere already for reserved accommodation.

The claims of 23 widows, arising out of the loss of the bread-winners in the disaster at Ralph's mine, Huntly, on September 12, have been amicably settled. In the original claim each widow assessed the damages done at £1000. The following are the terms of settlement:—Sixteen widows receive £775 each; in five cases the applicants receive £200 each; in one case, where orphans were left, the children receive £1000; in another, where there was no legal claim on the company, the sufferer was granted £50. The total is £14,500. The company will also pay all legal expenses.

J. M. J.

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- ¶ Students are prepared for N.Z. University Junior Scholarship, Matriculation, Medical and Engineering Preliminary, Solicitors' General Knowledge, Senior and Junior Civil Service Examinations.
- ¶ Students not preparing for the learned professions have the advantage of a Special COMMERCIAL COURSE, comprising Shorthand, Typewriting, and Book-keeping; and those who intend to take up Farming Pursuits may follow a Special Course of AGRICULTURAL and DAIRY SCIENCE.
- ¶ The College has two large Laboratories well equipped with Scientific Apparatus for Experimental Work by the Students in Physics and Chemistry.

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- ¶ The Extra Charges are: Washing, £1 10/- a year, and Medicine and Medical Attendance if required.
- ¶ Students will provide their own wearing apparel, including the Soutane, as well as Surplice for assistance in Choir.
- ¶ The Seminary is under the patronage and direction of the Archbishops and Bishops of New Zealand, and under the immediate personal supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Dunedin.
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MONS. PAUL SALDAIGNE

MONS. PAUL SALDAIGNE

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GRAND OPERA RECITALS

IN THE

GARRISON HALL—ON—FRIDAY, MAY 28.

Both of these artists were in Antwerp during the bombardment of the City, and many are the harrowing scenes which they have been associated with during their stay in the cellars of their homes, which were reduced to dust.

The performance will be given under the patronage of his Worship the Mayor, the Belgian Consul, and leading local citizens.

PRICES—Reserved Seats, 4 - Unreserved, 2/6
Back Seats, 1/-

Musical Director : : Spencer Lorraine.

MARRIAGE

MORRISON-O'CONNOR. On April 21, 1915, at St. Patrick's Church, Napier, by the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, Timothy Joseph, second son of W. Morrison, Blenheim, to Margaret Mary, elder daughter of James O'Connor, Thackeray street, Napier.

DEATHS

DWYER.—At her residence, Charleston, West Coast, on April 19, 1915, Bridget, the beloved wife of Patrick Dwyer; aged 74 years; native of Oola, County Limerick, Ireland. Deeply regretted. R.I.P.

O'LEARY.—At his residence, Redwood street, Blenheim, Humphrey C. O'Leary, a native of County Kerry, Ireland; aged 68 years. R.I.P.

RICHMOND.—On April 13, 1915, at her residence, Portobello, Mary, relict of the late Henry Richmond; aged 76 years.—R.I.P.

TRESTON.—On May 12, 1915, at Dunedin, Mary, third daughter of the late Peter and Mary Treston; deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

REARDON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Reardon, beloved husband of Mary Reardon, who died at his residence, Waikouaiti on May 20, 1914.—R.I.P.

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REAL BRUSSELS LACE RAFFLE

The drawing of the above took place on the 15th inst., at 212 Lambton quay, Wellington, the Winning Number being 3051, held by Mrs. P. B. Anderson, of Paraparaumu.

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

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

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1915.

THE MARTYRDOM OF POLAND



HE needs of Belgium for sympathy and aid were so immediate and pressing, and her heroic sufferings were so intimately related to the safety and well-being of Britain and her ally, France, that that stricken country had naturally and rightly the first claim on the gratitude and practical charity of the British people. Throughout the Empire, and in France also, there has been an honest and hearty attempt to discharge the debt which the Allies owe to King Albert and his gallant people; and nothing that can be done for this little nation of heroes can be too much. But, alas, Belgium is not the only nor even the greatest sufferer by this cruellest of cruel wars. Poland, great and ancient among civilised nations, has been plunged without any fault of her own into the vortex, and the abomination of desolation broods over the land. The scene of operations in Poland is seven times larger than that of Belgium, and she has had to endure, says one of her writers, sevenfold the torture. While in the west the tide of battle has reached a sort of ebb along the trenches about the frontiers of Alsace and Flanders, the great waves roll backward and forward from Germany to Russia, and break always on Poland. Belgium has been truly called the cockpit of Europe; Poland, where operations are being conducted on a positively colossal scale, may now be called the battlefield of the world, if not of civilisation.

Perhaps the most painful aspect of Poland's suffering is the fact that her people are obliged to fight in two opposite camps, and for a cause which is not their own. The Belgian hero who gave his life in the struggle had at least the satisfaction of knowing that he had fought and died for his country; that consolation is denied to the Polish victims. Placed by both sides in the first line of battle, the Polish soldiers have again and again been made to kill each other in a bayonet charge. Many tragic stories are told in connection with this fratricidal slaughter, and of course it is only an infinitesimal fraction of the tragedy that comes to light. An Austrian army doctor, a Pole by birth, was deputed to go over the battlefields and verify identification marks on the dead bodies. He found among the 14,000 dead hardly any but Polish names. He looked

in vain for any others, and in the end went mad with horror at the thought of it. A story with a still more personal poignancy is told and vouched for by Ignace Paderewski. The incident took place during a charge. Both armies had been ordered to attack; and the Poles, as usual, were placed in the front lines. As they met in the shock they recognised. One poor fellow as he was struck through by a bayonet, cried out in his death agony, 'Jesu, Maria! I have five children!' 'Jesu, Maria!'—the words went straight to the brain of his conqueror as a dagger to the heart, and killed his reason. Somewhere among the madhouses of Europe there is a lunatic. He is not violent, but he never laughs. He only wanders about with the words of his dying victim: 'Ah, Jesu, Maria! I have five children! Jesu, Maria!'

*

Stated in cold figures, without any attempt at rhetoric or declamation, the tale of ravage and destruction inflicted upon the unfortunate Poles is sufficiently appalling. The line of battle between the Masurian Lakes and the Carpathian Passes, the two extreme limits of the country inhabited by the Poles, extends to nearly 650 miles. It goes through the whole Kingdom of Poland and Galicia (Austrian Poland), an area of more than 80,000 square miles, with a population of 21 millions. In this territory about three millions of Austro-Germans and four millions of Russians are fighting each other. These seven million soldiers have been, for nearly ten months, treading down and tearing in turn the Polish land, famishing and exterminating its inhabitants, and bringing red ruin in their train. In the Kingdom of Poland proper, the area directly affected by the war, is one of 40,000 square miles, with 10 millions of people. The two largest and richest provinces after that of Warsaw, those of Lublin and Piotrkow, besides those of Kielce, Ransom, Plock, Kalisch, Suwalki and the greater part of those of Warsaw and Lomza, have been devastated from end to end. Two hundred towns and 9000 villages have been destroyed. The material damages amount to £120,000,000. Innumerable country houses and farms have been destroyed; more than a thousand churches have been badly damaged. All the stores of corn and forage were long ago seized or destroyed. One million horses and two million cattle were taken for the armies or perished for want of pasture. By the digging of endless trenches and also by the effect of heavy shells, the fertile soil was swept away, buried under clay and gravel, and, even in the richest districts of Lublin and Ransom, deprived for a long time of its productiveness. Ruin has come alike upon the peasant population and upon the great landowners. The whole of the agricultural production, valued at two and a-half milliards of francs (£100,000,000) a year, has been entirely stopped for a long time, by want of seed and cattle. A rural population of seven millions is therefore reduced to beggary. 'A very large proportion of them,' says an official statement on the subject, 'whose villages in the fire zone have been burnt down, are quite homeless: dying of hunger and cold, feeding on roots, bark, and carrion, they roam through the woods or shelter themselves in the towns.'

*

The towns, also, have suffered severely, financially and otherwise. The means of communication have ceased to exist; upwards of 1000 miles of railways have been torn away, stations and bridges blown up, even the highroads ploughed over. The coal-pits of Dombrowa, supplying the whole country were lost at the very beginning of the war; the mines were blown up or flooded. Instead of getting, as usually it does, 30,000 waggons of coal every month, the country barely receives 100 from the far distant coal-pits of the Donetz. All the factories have stopped working, many are greatly damaged, 100 very important ones are destroyed. The whole of the industrial production, amounting to above £80,000,000 yearly, has been ruined, and 400,000 workmen are now without means of subsistence. To the terrors of famine and destitution are added the horrors of disease. Typhus fever, dysentery—especially among children, from the total want of milk—and

cholera are prevalent. The hospitals are crowded with the wounded; and drugs and proper medical treatment are not available for the suffering poor. Galicia (Austrian Poland) includes an area of 32,000 square miles, with eight millions of inhabitants. This territory has had to support battles and invasion again and again, in some places as many as seven times. The large tract between Lemberg and Bochnia (one million inhabitants) is totally depopulated. Over 100 towns and 6000 villages have been damaged, and the immediate losses amount to £28,000,000. More than 2500 villages were utterly destroyed. Eight hundred thousand horses were taken, one and a-half million cattle, and nearly all the stores of corn and forage. The yearly agricultural production of about £40,000,000 has been ruined for a considerable time. More than 700 churches have been demolished or severely damaged. The war-driven Galician emigration to the interior of the Austrian empire amounts to more than a million; and most of these exiles 'are without any means, and in the deepest misery. Generally speaking, the 300,000 Polish Masurs of the Lake plain of East Prussia, who have twice supported the heaviest disasters of the war, have endured the same calamities, such as destruction, famine, sickness, and death, which have been the portion of the Kingdom of Poland and of Galicia. The bitter cry of distress of the Polish people has been voiced by Mgr. Sapieha, Prince Bishop of Cracow; and regarding his appeal the *Nova Reforma*, a Polish journal published in that city, says: 'A Prince of the Church has now spoken on our behalf and addressed himself to the whole of Europe and the world. May his voice find an echo in the press and make known our misery. If there still exists compassion for the woes of others, they will not let us perish of hunger, but will surely send speedily the aid of which we are in such terrible need when they know that every week which passes without it is a sentence of death to thousands of human beings.'

*

Like the Irish, the Poles have persistently upheld the cause of faith and fatherland; and like Ireland, Poland has long been persecuted and oppressed. Like Ireland also, Poland stands at the dawn of a better day, if only she can survive the present crisis. The Grand Duke Nicholas has promised that, if it shall be in his power to grant, Poland shall be a nation once again; and the hour, we trust, is drawing near when the resurrection of this liberty-loving nation shall be something more than a hope. In view of the numerous and heavy calls that are being made upon the generosity of the public, we make no direct appeal on behalf of the Polish people. But we have told the story of their sufferings and of their great need; and in view of the fact that, so far as we know, no other channel has been opened in New Zealand through which assistance can be rendered, we have thought it only right that those who may feel disposed to make voluntary donations to so deserving a cause should be given an opportunity to do so. Some one has said that charity is not charity until it pinches. If there are those amongst our readers whose charity has not yet reached the pinching point, and who desire to give practical expression to their sympathy with the distressed and destitute Poles, they may send contributions to the office of this paper. All donations will be acknowledged in our columns; and at a suitable time the amount received will be duly forwarded to the proper quarter.

CRUSADE OF RESCUE

We have received 5s from 'A Friend' for Father Bann's Crusade of Rescue, London.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

We have received a Remittance from a Subscriber in Auckland unaccompanied by name or address. Will sender please forward same as soon as possible.

Notes

Carlyle and Prussia

To Thomas Carlyle, then venerated as the Sage of Chelsea, is attributed the oft-quoted dictum that the population of London comprised so many millions, 'mostly fools.' Presumably the Sage did not include himself in the category, but his blind admiration for Germany and all things German led him into making at least one very bad break. He declined to receive a decoration from his own Sovereign, but accepted one from Prussia; and writing immediately after the war of 1870-71, he published an elaborate eulogy of Prussia. To him 'alone of nations Prussia seemed still to understand something of the art of governing, and of fighting enemies to the same art. Germany of old has been the peaceablest, most pious, and in the end most valiant and terriblest of nations. Germany ought to be President of Europe, and will again, it seems, be tried with that office for five centuries or so.' This particular prophecy of the Wise Man has thus far gone rather badly awry.

What's In a Name

The advent of the football season reminds us that, so far as Catholic teams are concerned, the choice of a club name is a matter that calls for some consideration and circumspection. Sometimes there is a good deal in a name, and an otherwise excellent title may prove to have unsuspected drawbacks. The College of the Sacred Heart, Prairie du Chien, Wis., for example, has recently been constrained to change its name to Champion College of the Sacred Heart, because of the somewhat irreverent way in which its name was used at athletic events. 'We leave it to our readers to enter into our feelings,' say the college authorities, 'on the occasions when we listened to visiting teams of a different faith or no faith at all, yelling, with the best of intentions, "What's the matter with Sacred Heart?" and answering themselves with the usual formula "She's all right." So the college will be Champion College hereafter—for athletic purposes.'

The Booksellers and Objectionable Literature

The following is a copy of a letter which has been forwarded by the Napier branch of the Catholic Federation to all the Napier booksellers, and which has been sent to us with the request that we should find space for it in our columns. We gladly accede to the request:

Napier,
May 10, 1915.

Dear Sir,—It has come to the knowledge of the N.Z. Catholic Federation that (a) risky, suggestive, or frankly licentious writings—such as the novels of Elinor Glyn and Victoria Cross, and (b) anti-Catholic books, e.g., the works of Hocking, McCabe, and others, are freely exposed for sale by certain booksellers in Napier. As regards books of the former class, every healthy-minded man, whatever his creed, must admit that they cannot fail to have a most pernicious influence on the young. As regards writings of the latter class, they influence religious animosities, and thus imperil the peace and happiness of the community. That they wound the tenderest feelings and make a mock of the most cherished beliefs of practising Catholics, is in the Federation's opinion a reason for keeping them out of sight, as far as possible: but of course this reason may not carry much weight with the non-Catholic majority. The Federation have no desire to hamper or interfere with the book trade. Looking at the matter from a strictly business point of view, they recognise that it is a bookseller's business to supply the books that his customers demand. All they ask is that immoral writings and anti-Catholic polemics shall not be flaunted in shop windows.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
H. McNAMARA,
Hon. Sec. Napier Branch
N.Z. Catholic Federation.

This is an extremely reasonable and modest request, and if it errs at all, errs on the side of moderation. The principle that it is a bookseller's business to supply the books that his customers demand has, of course, obvious limitations; and no bookseller with a conscience could fairly plead it as an excuse for stocking such productions as those of Victoria Cross. The question as to where precisely the line is to be drawn may occasionally present a little difficulty to a well-disposed bookseller, but at least there can be no possible objection to the course suggested by the Napier Federation—that doubtful books should not be flaunted and their sale pushed by means of conspicuous and tempting display. That is an important first step in the right direction, and doubtless the Napier example will be widely followed where occasion seems to call for some action of the kind. In such cases a friendly visit from one or two specially-appointed and tactful members of the Federation is often productive of good result: and such a deputation is in a position to urge, in a quiet and reasonable way, the absolute withdrawal from sale of really objectionable publications, which represents, of course, the ideal solution of the problem. There are many instances, however, in which there is not the faintest chance of realising such an ideal: and in such cases the request of the Napier Federation, in so far as it is acceded to, stands for an important and substantial gain.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

On the Feast of the Ascension Masses were celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral at 6.30, 7, 8, and 11 o'clock.

The following are the dates for the devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration in the diocese of Dunedin:—North-East Valley, June 11; Milton, September 26; St. Joseph's Cathedral, October 3; South Dunedin, October 10; Oamaru, October 17; Invercargill, October 24; Arrowtown, November 7; Winton, November 14; Queenstown, November 21; Mosgiel, November 28; Lawrence, December 5; Gore, December 12.

The Christian Brothers' Choir, who have at all times been most willing to assist at entertainments, intend giving a concert in St. Joseph's Hall on Wednesday, May 26, in aid of their funds. They will be assisted by some of the leading artists in Dunedin, including Mrs. R. A. Power, Misses Duhig, E. Murphy, and Divers, and Messrs. J. McGrath, D. Fogarty, J. Leech, T. Hughes, and Lawson. An excellent programme has been arranged, and this, coupled with the fact that the boys deserve the most generous support of the congregation, should attract a crowded house.

The usual procession in connection with the month of May took place in the grounds of the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, on Sunday afternoon, under not very favorable weather conditions, the wind being so strong that an altar could not be erected in the open, where it was originally intended that Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament should be given. The ceremony was a most impressive one. The following took part in the procession:—Acolytes, Children of Mary in blue cloaks and veils, the members of the juvenile Eucharistic League with white dresses and red sashes, the members of the sodality of the Infant Jesus with pink sashes. The younger girls carried white flowers, red roses, and violets, typical of the purity, charity, and humility of the Mother of God. The banner of Mary Immaculate was carried by the president (Miss Long), and the statue, tastefully decorated, was borne by Misses Cameron, N. Dunford, M. Chronican, and S. Mullin. The Rosary was recited by Rev. J. Delany (spiritual director) and the sodalists, while the procession wended its way to St. Patrick's Basilica, where Benediction was given to a large congregation.

CATHOLIC SEWING GUILD.

The Catholic Sewing Guild for Belgian relief met on Thursday, when the following donations were received:—A Friend, 5s; goods from Mrs. Cowan, Mrs.

Fogarty, Miss Griffiths, Miss Moss, A Friend, Mrs. Toal, and Anonymous (2). During the week four cases of clothing were sent down to the Early Settlers Hall, ready for shipment to England.

OBITUARY

MR. JAMES BOURKE, KILBIRNIE.

(From our Wellington correspondent.)

The death occurred on Friday evening, May 7, of Mr James Bourke, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Wellington. Mr. Bourke was a staunch Catholic, a prominent Irishman, and one of the Church's most generous benefactors in this city. The late Mr. Bourke arrived in Wellington about 47 years ago, and for about 45 years of that time was a resident of Kilbirnie, where he carried on a wool-scouring business. He was a native of Limerick, and came of an old Irish family remarkable for its adherence to the faith. He took a keen interest in the development of Wellington, and was a member of the first Melrose Borough Council. In the early days, before the erection of churches at Kilbirnie, South Wellington, and Buckle street, Mr. Bourke was a familiar figure at the nearest church in those days—St. Mary of the Angels', Boulcott street, where he and the members of his family attended. As a tribute to his memory, and in accordance with his expressed wish, the burial service was held at that church. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., celebrated a Solemn Requiem Mass, and his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, who was present, made feeling reference to the many good qualities of the deceased. The music was rendered by the Rev. Fathers Venning, S.M., Kimbell, S.M., Peoples, S.M., and Queady. There were also in the sanctuary, Very Rev. Father Roche, C.S.S.R., Rev. Father Kelly, C.S.S.R., Very Rev. Dean Lane, and Rev. Father Walsh (Lower Hutia). Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., officiated at the Mount Street Cemetery, where the interment took place. Rev. Father Peoples attended the deceased in his last illness. Mrs. Bourke predeceased her husband some years ago. His four sons are Messrs. M. P., C. J., T. J., and J. P. Bourke, who are well-known wool buyers of this city. The last-named is at present in England. One of the daughters is Sister Mary Vincent of the Convent of Mercy, Wellington South, and another is Mrs. J. O'Shea, Hawera, wife of Mr. J. O'Shea, brother of his Grace Archbishop O'Shea. The others are Miss Bourke (Kilbirnie), Mrs. A. Vickers (Blenheim), Mrs. T. Quirk (Gisborne), and Mrs. O. Hickman (Marlborough). Mr. Bourke's death was referred to feelingly in all the churches on Sunday. Particular reference was made at St. Patrick's Church, Kilbirnie, by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, to the many good qualities of the deceased, and to the loss his death meant to the Catholic community of Wellington. On Tuesday evening, at the meeting of the confraternity of the Holy Family at St. Gerard's Church, the Rev. Father Kelly, C.S.S.R., referred to the deceased as a benefactor of the Redemptorist Order, and commended his soul to the prayers of the members of the confraternity.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY RICHMOND, PORTOBELLO.

The many friends of Mrs. Richmond will regret to hear of her death, which took place after a very short illness on April 13. The deceased was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, 76 years ago. When quite a young woman she arrived in Victoria. A few years later she came to New Zealand, with her husband, and settled at Portobello, where she resided till the date of her death, a period of 45 years. She was of a loving, quiet, and generous nature, always faithful to her religious duties, and greatly esteemed by old and young. She leaves a brother (Mr. James Doherty, Owaka), and one adopted daughter to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

Christchurch North

May 17.

On Sunday there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from the 11 o'clock Mass until evening devotions, when the usual procession took place.

There was a reception of the Children of Mary on Sunday evening, when seven new members were received. The Rev. Father Hoare, S.M. (spiritual director) officiated.

On Sunday morning after Mass, the Catholics of Hornby presented Mr. D. Roberts, who is leaving on an extended holiday, with a travelling rug. The Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., made the presentation, and expressed the regret of all at parting from such an esteemed member who, by his generosity and hearty co-operation in Church affairs, had earned the esteem of all, and wished him a pleasant holiday and many years of health and prosperity.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

A meeting of St. Mary's parish committee was held in Ozanam Lodge on Sunday, May 9. Very Rev. Dean Hills, S.M., Adm., presided, and there was a fair attendance of members. It was decided to obtain plans and specifications for the continuation of the wall in front of the presbytery. The treasurer reported that a sum of £11 13s 11d had been received at the church doors by means of the penny collection during the last month, and that the amount in hand to date, including balance from picnic, was £29 8s.

Hamilton

(From a correspondent.)

At the inaugural meeting of St. Mary's Ladies' Club, the following officers were elected:—Patron, Very Rev. Dean Darby; president, Miss Doyle; vice-presidents, Mrs. Chainey and Miss K. Fraser; secretary, Miss T. McCarthy; treasurer, Miss B. Stapleton; committee, Misses Chitty, Lena Lafferty, and A. McCarthy. The club starts with a membership of about thirty. The formal opening took place on Tuesday evening, May 11, when a very pleasant time was spent.

A few evenings ago, Mr. J. B. Hooper, who is retiring from business, and is leaving Hamilton, was entertained at a social gathering in St. Mary's Club-rooms, and presented with a handsome case of pipes by St. Mary's Football Club, of which he had been at one time president. An excellent spread was laid for the company which numbered about sixty. Mr. A. J. Hair presided. Several toasts were honored, including 'Our boys at the front,' which was proposed in an able speech by Mr. Hardman. During the evening musical items and recitations were given by Messrs. Jordan, Wright, A. and H. Fort, Cusseus, Parlane, Weir, and McMillan. A very enjoyable evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Te Awamutu

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

May 17.

Mr. Dennehy, the representative of the *Tablet*, visited here last week. He met with much success. Rev. Father Lynch is very anxious that no family in his parish should be without our only Catholic paper.

There was no Catholic candidate for the mayoralty, or among the twelve candidates for the eight vacancies in the council in the recently formed borough of Te Awamutu. The same dearth did not prevail in the contest for the representation of these districts on the Auckland Harbor Board. Of the three candidates, Mr. Frank Quin, Te Awamutu, the only Catholic, was elected with a substantial majority. This result shows that Catholics are needlessly timid in aspiring to public honors in the Dominion. Ohaupo, a newly-formed township, eight miles distant, has a public school committee all of whom are Catholics. It is only a few years since Catholics took much interest in this matter.

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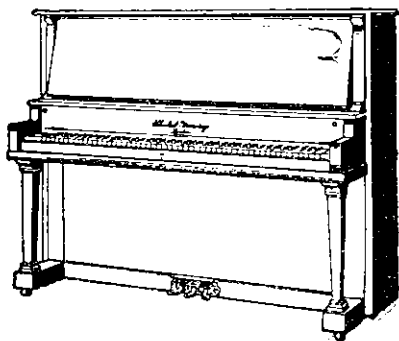
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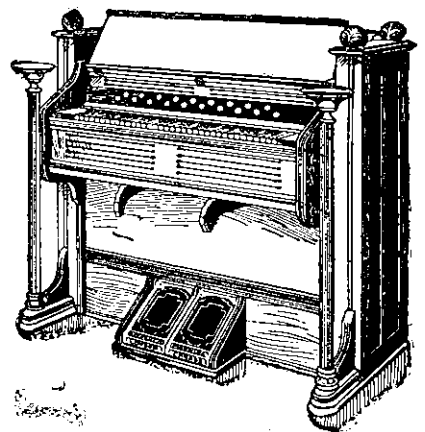
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GREAT IRISH SCIENTIST

One of the most eminent scientists of the last century was the distinguished Irishman, William Parsons, third Earl of Ross, and ancestor of his present-day namesake, whose labors in the development of turbine engines are so well known. He was educated at Dublin and Oxford Universities, where he won high honors in mathematics and the higher sciences. He represented King's County in Parliament from 1821 to 1834, and succeeded his father in the earldom in 1841. In 1845 he was elected a representative peer of Ireland. He filled the distinguished post of Chancellor of the University of Dublin for many years. Although a strong Conservative, he in later life took little part in politics, and his name was unheard in the debates during the whole of the stirring period that embraced the Catholic Emancipation and Reform movements. The charms of science gradually weaned him from all pursuits that interfered with its cultivation. During the discussion of the Reform Bill he was occupied with the construction of his first great telescope, the speculum of which had a diameter of three feet, being larger than that of any previous instrument. Its success was so complete that he was emboldened to construct one with a speculum double the diameter. Every step in the process, necessitating a combination of scientific knowledge and mechanical skill, had to be pioneered by experiments, and success was won at the cost of many and harassing failures. The gigantic speculum was at length turned out without a warp or flaw. It was mounted on a telescope fifty-two feet in length. The machinery required to move such a ponderous instrument taxed all Lord Ross's mechanical genius. The task was completed in 1845, after seventeen years' labor, at an outlay of upwards of £20,000. It was one of the finest instruments in the world until the famous American telescope was constructed at the Lick Observatory in San Francisco. Lord Ross was president of the Royal Society, and served on a number of Royal Commissions relating to literature, education, and science. He died on the 31st of October, 1867, at the age of sixty-seven.

IMPROVED CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

After a twelve months' holiday in Europe Rev. Fathers Lynch, Hayes, and Gilroy returned to Western Australia last month. They were accorded a welcome home on arriving at Fremantle, and in replying to the remarks of the speakers, Father Lynch said:—With regard to Home Rule, it seemed to be doubted by some people that the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) would push on with the matter. They at home realised that Mr. Asquith had had to contend with a good many difficulties in his own Cabinet, but the feeling in Ireland was one of confidence in the Prime Minister. The delay in putting into effect the Home Rule Bill was inevitable under the circumstances, and who could tell but what the delay had not been for the best. The old animosities which had existed were now practically dead. The people were unanimous in supporting the policy of Mr. Redmond in regard to his attitude on the Home Rule question, and also on the war. They had been present at Mr. Redmond's meeting in Dublin, when he was accorded a tremendous reception, but scarcely more enthusiastic than that which was accorded Mr. Asquith just previously in that city. Referring to the war he said that the feeling in Ireland was that it could have but one ending, and that ending must be favorable to the Allies. Belgium had to be restored and Louvain avenged. The recruiting in Ireland was being carried on at a greater rate proportionately than in any other part of the United Kingdom.

'The condition of Ireland to-day,' said the Rev. Father Hayes, during the course of his response, 'is fully 75 per cent. better than it was 12 years ago, outwardly at any rate. The hovels which had brought the blush of shame to the faces of many an Irishman living abroad, are now a thing of the past. Since they

had secured their measure of Home Rule, the County Councils have had these places eradicated, and now everywhere there are to be seen comfortable cottages. The condition of the farmers has improved wonderfully, and they were just as well off in the matter of social comfort as any other farmers in the world.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TRUCE

Perhaps it is well that the announcement of the result of the negotiations on the Welsh Church Bill brought to the surface the discontent felt at the way in which the political truce has been observed—or, to be more correct, has been broken. Everyone who feels that the first interest of the British Empire at the great crisis through which Europe is passing is an enterprising, up-to-date policy, rejoices that the nation's fate is in the hands of statesmen who are highly gifted (says a writer in the *Catholic Times*). They have proved again and again since the war began that their views are clear, that they know how to deal promptly and effectively with difficulties, and that they are always ready to take occasion by the hand. Looked at broadly, their action deserves the highest praise and its merits are generally recognised. In very trying times they have made no serious mistakes, though some of the measures they have taken to grapple with the requirements of the situation have been almost revolutionary. By the vigor, initiative, and care they have shown in using the national resources to the best purpose they have gone far to disarm criticism.

But in the handling of domestic affairs they have not earned the same eulogy. It has been felt by their supporters that they have displayed signs of weakness—in a word, that they have become too pliable in the hands of the Unionists. That it is the desire of the majority of the Unionist party that the truce should be faithfully observed there is no reason to doubt. Nor is there any ground for believing that Mr. Bonar Law has departed in the letter or the spirit from the undertaking into which he entered on behalf of his followers. He does not appear to have been influenced by the desire to promote party interests when all parties should be at one. His acts and his words have all indicated that in his conduct he has been guided by patriotic motives. But other Unionist leaders have not been so scrupulous. They have not hesitated to seek to secure party gains notwithstanding the truce and, to the surprise and regret of Liberals, members of the Labor Party and Nationalists, the Government have yielded to them with a facility difficult to understand.

What could be more astonishing than the manner in which the compromise on the Welsh Church Bill was arranged? The strongest argument in support of the Government's progressive measures has been that they were in accord with the wishes of the people for whose benefit they were intended. It was urged that the Government's legislation embodied the views of those whom they represented; yet the compromise on the Welsh Bill was arrived at without any consultation with the Welsh Party. What other course could the members of the party have pursued but that which they have taken? Who can blame them for concluding that in a weak moment the Government had played into the hands of their Unionist opponents, for sounding the tocsin, marshalling their forces, and calling on Liberals, Labor members, and Nationalists to come to their aid? Mr. Llewelyn Williams has described their feeling in plain terms. They felt that they, and, through them, their people who had been so faithful to the Government had been humiliated by it.

The Welsh have consistently demanded the reform embodied in the Bill. Ninety per cent. of the representatives whom they have sent to the House of Commons have voiced their claim. Yet without their knowledge concessions were promised to opponents of the Act, at the instance of Anglican Bishops and Unionist leaders, which would imperil what the Welsh electors and their members of Parliament have been contending for during so many years. The Welsh cannot be

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charged with a want of patriotism. They have been anxious to maintain the political truce, but it was broken with the object of imposing conditions on their country to which she would not, it was well known, assent in times of peace. A storm broke loose. It was the inevitable result of the success of Unionist Party tactics.

Owing to similar tactics the patience of the people of Ireland is continually tried. So far, indeed, as Ireland is concerned there has scarcely been a pretence of the observance of a truce. It has appeared almost as if the Government abdicated and the Unionists took possession. The idea of a truce was not in General Sir George Richardson's mind when he boasted to Ulster Volunteers that they 'would kick Home Rule to the devil.' Men who were foremost in threatening to defy the decision of the Parliament of the Empire and to take the field against his Majesty's forces have received well-paid appointments. When Sir Henry Bellingham's second son, Captain Roger Bellingham, a Catholic and a Nationalist, who has died bravely on the battlefield, addressed a meeting of Irish National Volunteers as an officer a few months ago, Unionists who had encouraged hostility to the law in Ulster endeavored to get him penalised because he was an A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a semi-apologetic official explanation of the act was offered through the press. The Ulster Volunteers who went as drilled men to the colors are allowed to enjoy ease and dignity at home, whilst countrymen of theirs who joined the army since the commencement of the conflict without having had previous military training are at the front. The Ulster Unionists receive special favors, but proposals to secure their pensions to Irish policemen who are in the firing line meet with opposition from prominent Unionists in the House of Commons.

By giving way to the pressure of the Unionists who are bitter enemies of democratic movements the Government are damaging the popularity which they have otherwise justly acquired. It is not on the Unionists the blame for breaking the political truce is laid by the discontented—their mode of acting is what was expected—but on the Government who, as they have sufficient strength, should also, it is contended, have courage and determination enough to resist their blandishments and intrigues. It is to be hoped they will now become fully alive to the peril of weakness.

THE LATE BISHOP GRIMES

The sad news (says the *New Orleans Morning Star*) has reached this diocese of the death at Sydney, Australia, on March 15, of the Right Rev. John Joseph Grimes, S.M., D.D., Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand. The information was conveyed to his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, who entertained the highest regard for the distinguished and scholarly missionary prelate, a confrere of his in the Marist Order. Bishop Grimes was one of the most noted members of the Marist Congregation. He was widely known throughout Louisiana and the South, having been president of the famous Marist seat of learning, Jefferson College, from 1874 to 1880. He was also spiritual director of St. Michael's Convent of the Sacred Heart, in St. James' parish. During his incumbency as president of Jefferson College Bishop Grimes, by his wisdom and zeal, did much to place it upon the strong and enduring foundation upon which it rests to-day. He made many warm and sincere friends in Louisiana, and his old pupils especially, many of whom have risen to eminence in this State, will hear of his death with profound sorrow.

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People We Hear About

Lord Aberdeen, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is a man of many hobbies and accomplishments (says a Home paper). He is a skilled landscape gardener, quite an expert engine-driver—as a boy he took delight in travelling on the engines of the local railway, often acting as fireman—and plays a good round of golf. He is thoroughly democratic, and is idolised by his tenants in consequence. Two of his younger sons, the late Hon. Archibald Gordon and the Hon. Dudley Gordon, who, like their father, loved all things mechanical, were apprenticed to a big shipbuilding firm, and used to go to work at six every morning, leading the life of ordinary apprentices, and submitting cheerfully to all sorts of rules and regulations.

There is scarcely a page in Scottish history in which the name of Seton does not figure, and students of Shakespeare may recall that the immortal bard described Lord Seton as being in attendance on Macbeth (says an American exchange). The family is represented to this day in the aristocracy of Sweden, and occupied for three centuries a conspicuous place in the aristocracy of Milan. It is indeed because of the lustre of the name of Seton in the history of Europe that Archbishop Robert Seton was admitted as a youth to the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, which is restricted exclusively to theological students of noble birth, and he enjoys the distinction of being the only Catholic prelate of American birth who has ever graduated from that institution. The Archbishop is the last of the Setons of Parbroath, in Scotland. His ancestor came to America a couple of hundred years ago, and married a Miss Curzon, of Baltimore. One of the family—namely, the wife of William Seton, after the death of her husband devoted herself to the foundation in Frederick county, Maryland, of the first house of Sisters of Charity in the United States. She was the grandmother of Archbishop Seton and of his elder brother, the late Col. William Seton, who distinguished himself in the Civil War, especially in the battle of Antietam, where he was badly wounded.

An incident in the life of General French in 1893, when he was forty-one years of age, makes strange reading in view of his brilliant achievements during the South African campaign, and the tremendous responsibility which now rests upon his shoulders in the present great war. In the year mentioned Colonel French (as he then was) was actually retired on half-pay, in spite of his brilliant work in the Soudan and the skill he had displayed, both in England and in India, in regard to the reorganising of cavalry training. This retirement on half-pay was in accordance with the rules of the army, which allows the middle-aged officer to make way for youth. But, as Mr. Cecil Chisholm remarks in his authentic biography of Sir John French, 'the spectacle of a French dispatched into obscurity at the ripe age of forty-one has its tragic as well as its comic side.' For two years Sir John French was actually in despair as to his career. Then his old chief in India, Sir George Luck, one of the most brilliant of cavalry trainers, was brought back from India to institute certain reforms, and the first thing he insisted upon was a revised cavalry drill book; and it was Colonel French who was ultimately called in from his retirement and installed in the Horse Guards for the purpose of writing it. The result was a masterpiece of lucid explanation and terse precision, and no sooner was the book issued than the authorities were asking who was to carry out the drastic alterations recommended. Many suggestions were made, but it was ultimately decided that no man was more fitted for the task of reorganising the British cavalry than Colonel French, who had written the drill book which had attracted so much attention. And thus it came about that General French, the man whom Britain is depending upon at the present time, was finally recalled and ensconced at the War Office as Assistant Adjutant-General of Cavalry.

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ANCIENT IRISH MEDICINE

From very early days the Irish physicians were famous for their skill and devotion to their profession (writes Dr. J. G. Coyle in the *New York Catholic News*). Besides the Druids, in pagan days, who practised medicine as well as their religious spells and ceremonies, there were physicians who made a profession of medicine. One of the old legends tells of the great Dianket, who, it was believed, could cure all diseases. His son, Midac, and his daughter, Airmeda, were as skilled as himself. Dianket became jealous of Midac's great fame and killed him. From the young doctor's grave there grew up 365 herbs, each with great virtue. Each had grown from some joint or sinew of the dead Midac and could cure the diseases of that part of the human body from which it had grown. Airmeda plucked these herbs and carefully sorted them, preserving them in her mantle. But Dianket found them and mixed them all up, so that no one could tell the special herbs. But for this, every physician, says the legend, would be able to cure every disease known to mankind.

The tales of the famous Red Branch Knights bear frequent mention of the physicians and surgeons. The doctors accompanied the armies, each one equipped with a bag, slung from his shoulder, containing herbs, bandages, ointments, and other necessaries. Then followed in the rear of the army, each company of physicians under the commanding physician. At the end of the day's fighting, or during it, if possible, they rendered aid to the wounded.

Not only did the physicians in the service of the chieftains and kings serve the wounded of their own army, but they rendered aid to the wounded of the foe, on the Red Cross principle of to-day. Two thousand years ago, when Kehern, the Ulster hero, was badly wounded, fighting against the Connaughtmen, and, covered with wounds, was forced to retire, he sent for physicians to the Connaughtmen, for none of his own doctors were at hand. And surgical aid was promptly sent to the wounded chieftain from his enemy's camp.

The physician to the king or chieftain was well paid. He had a house and a tract of land for himself, free of all rent and taxes, and received certain allowances. Often he was permitted to practise for fees outside the king's household. Some of these physicians lived in great state. The Brehon laws fixed the fees for all operations and medical attendances. But the laws made the physicians careful. If he failed to heal a wound because of lack of care or want of skill, his patient might bring him before a Brehon. If the judge were satisfied that the doctor gave improper care or treatment, he would fine the physician the same amount as if the doctor himself had caused the original wound, besides making him give up his fee.

Medicine, like law, ran in families in Ireland. Some of the families, such as the O'Shields, O'Cassidy's, O'Hickey's, and O'Lees had generations of doctors, each generation benefiting by the experience of the preceding one. The doctors kept their observations very carefully, writing down every possibly useful treatment and giving minute directions about the successful management of cases, which, as these books were carefully preserved, made an ever-growing medical library of great service. Many such volumes are preserved in the library at Dublin.

One such book contains a preface, written in Irish, which shows the spirit and the professional feeling of the doctors of six hundred years ago in Ireland. The writer says:

'May the good God have mercy on us all. I have here collected practical rules of medicine from several works, for the honor of God, for the benefit of the Irish people, for the instruction of my pupils, and for the love of my friends and my kindred. I have translated many of them into Gaelic from Latin books, containing the lore of the great leeches of Greece and Rome. These are sweet and profitable things which have been often tested by us and by our instructors.

I pray God to bless those doctors who will use this book; and I lay it as an injunction on their souls, that they extract knowledge from it not by any means sparingly, and that they do not neglect the practical rules herein contained. More especially do I charge them that they do their duty devotedly in cases where they receive no payment on account of the poverty of their patients. Let every physician before he begins his treatment, offer up a secret prayer for the sick person, and implore the Heavenly Father, the Physician and Balm-Giver of all mankind, to prosper the work he is entering upon and to save himself and his patients from failure.'

Nothing better illustrates the attitude of the medical profession in Ireland towards the sick than the foregoing quotation. The beautiful Christian spirit of faith and of service shows in the words of the worthy doctor of long ago.

There were hospitals all over the country in ancient Ireland, under Christian times, some managed by lay persons, some managed by monks. Physicians and nurses attended these hospitals. The old Brehon laws cover the question of hospitals as well as the other details of Irish life. The hospital had to have four doors for ventilation. A stream of clear, pure water must run through the middle of the floor. Patients must be placed only in the beds designated for them by the physician. Noisy, talkative persons must be kept away from the sick. Those who could pay for services were expected to do so. Those who were poor were treated free.

The present workmen's compensation law had a counterpart in ancient Ireland. The law provided that if one wounded or made another ill unlawfully, the responsible person had to pay for the care and treatment of the wounded or ill person in the hospital, including the fees of the physician and one or more nurses.

From these brief references to ancient Irish medicine, one sees that the profession of medicine in the Isle of Destiny was an honorable one, that its practitioners were animated with the noble spirit that has ever distinguished the true physician, and that the doctors themselves were worthy men, to whom the present generation of physicians can look back with reverence and respect.

Wakefield

(From a correspondent.)

After the afternoon devotions in St. Joseph's Church on Sunday, April 25, the Rev. Father Tymous, Nelson, said he desired to speak to the congregation about a worthy and esteemed citizen and parishioner. He referred to Mr. McBride, who for 24 years had done good work in the Church, who by his zeal had earned their approbation, and while he himself was in Wellington he had there heard of Mr. and Mrs. McBride, of Wakefield. They were now to give him a tangible proof of their respect and appreciation. He called upon Mr. Arnold, who in a few words, presented Mr. McBride with a purse of sovereigns. Mr. Hagan spoke of the willingness with which Mr. McBride at all times undertook Church work, of the good will and kindly feeling existing between Mr. McBride and his fellow Catholics, and assured him of the good wishes they all had for his future career. Mr. Peart endorsed what had been said. Mr. McBride thanked them for their valuable present. He had only done his duty, and he had derived much pleasure while doing it. Others would take up his work in the Church, and do it perhaps better than he had done it. He had lived in Wakefield 24 years, and his wife and children belonged to it, so he could justly regard it as his home. He would never forget it, nor them, for he had received nothing but kindness from every Catholic family and others, in the district. He was deeply grateful to them all for the token of their good wishes to him and Mrs. McBride. Mr. and Mrs. McBride were married in St. Joseph's Church, and their six children were baptised there.

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To see ourselves as others see us!'



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WEDDING BELLS

O'CONNOR—O'NEIL.

On Wednesday, April 28, the Catholic Church, Fairlie, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, was the scene of a pretty and interesting wedding. The contracting parties were Miss Mary O'Neil, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Neil, and Mr. Patrick O'Connor, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Connor, two well-known and highly respected Catholic families of the district. The Rev. Father Le Petit celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of ivory satin, trimmed with real lace, the usual veil and wreath, and carried a tastefully arranged shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss K. O'Neil and Miss O'Connor, the former wearing ivory crepe-de-chine, and hat of champagne velvet, trimmed with pink, and the latter, ivory crepe-de-chine, and hat of saxe blue velvet, with pink trimmings. They carried pretty bouquets of pink roses and clematis. After the ceremony many guests sat down to the breakfast, when eulogistic references were made to the sterling qualities of the bride and bridegroom. The number and value of the presents displayed showed the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor are held.

MILES—MACKLE.

There was a large number present at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Kaikoura, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Mary Josephine Philomina Mackle, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Mackle, and Mr. Reginald George Miles, only son of Mr. F. G. Miles. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of satin charmeuse with court train, the dress being trimmed with shadow lace and pearls. She wore a mob cap and veil, and carried a sheaf of white flowers and autumn leaves. The bride was attended as bridesmaid by her sister, Miss Eva Mackle, who wore a dress of cream ninon with cream hat. Mr. J. Lovett attended the bridegroom as best man. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a turquoise and pearl drop pendant and to the bridesmaid a pearl initial brooch, and the present of the bride to the bridegroom was a gold albert and locket. Miss M. Hailes presided at the organ during the ceremony, playing the Wedding March as the party entered and left the church. At the conclusion of the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Father Kelly, the bridal party and a number of relatives and friends adjourned to the residence of Mr. Mackle, where breakfast was partaken of. In a happy speech the Rev. Father Kelly proposed the toast of the 'Bride and bridegroom,' referring to the popularity of the young people and the esteem in which their parents were held by residents. Other toasts were also honored. The happy couple left by motor car on a honeymoon trip in the south. The numerous presents received, and which included several cheques for handsome amounts, were evidence of the popularity of the young people.

A number of friends and well-wishers of Misses M. Mackle and Miles met in the Catholic schoolroom recently, when presentations were made to the young ladies on behalf of the choirs of the church of the Sacred Heart and Star of the Sea. In presenting Miss Mackle with a handsome tea set Mr. J. Peoples referred to the good work done by the recipient in the church and asked her acceptance of the gift in token of the esteem in which she was held by members of the choir and as a gift on the occasion of her approaching marriage. Mr. A. Blake, on behalf of the congregation of the Star of the Sea Church, presented Miss Miles with a travelling bag in recognition of her services in connection with the church.

RYAN—O'MEARA.

St. Mary's Church, Rangiora, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on April 28, when Mr. Stephen J. Ryan and Miss Annie Cicely O'Meara, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Meara, of Rangiora,

were united in the bonds of Matrimony. The Very Rev. Dean Hyland, assisted by Rev. Father O'Boyle, performed the ceremony and celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of a Wedding March, played by Mrs. H. R. Dix, who presided at the organ, and who also contributed appropriate music during the Mass and as the party left the church. The bride wore a beautiful gown of cream palletta de soie trimmed with real lace, which was a gift and the work of the Good Shepherd Nuns, Mount Magdala. She wore the usual wreath and veil, arranged in mob cap style, and carried a sheaf of white chrysanthemums and asparagus fern. The bridesmaids (Misses K. O'Meara and M. Ryan) wore white crepe-de-chine frocks, draped with ninon and shadow lace, black velvet hats with white ostrich ruffles, and carried bouquets of white daisies and pink sweet peas. Mr. C. Ryan was best man. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold bangle, and to the bridesmaids a gold crescent brooch set with tourmalines, and gold wristlet watch. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a set of military brushes in ebony, and mounted in silver. Mr. and Mrs. O'Meara afterwards entertained about forty guests at breakfast at their residence. Very Rev. Dean Hyland presided, and proposed the toast of the 'Bride and bridegroom,' the other customary toasts being also duly honored. A large and beautiful array of presents gave evidence of the popularity of the newly-wedded couple, amongst which were a number of cheques. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan left by car for Christchurch *en route* to the North Island.

Karangahake

(From an occasional correspondent.)

May 12.

A very successful social was held under the auspices of the Catholic Club on the evening of the 7th inst. Montgomery's Hall was well filled, and a most enjoyable time was spent. Part of the evening was devoted to a euchre tournament, for which valuable prizes were presented, the lady's prize falling to Mrs. P. Crosby, and the gentleman's to Mr. Jury. The president (Mr. John Patton), in the course of the evening, presented our esteemed pastor, Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett, with a purse of sovereigns, contributed by the residents of Karangahake, as a mark of their appreciation of his worth, and as an expression of their pleasure at the high dignity recently conferred upon him. The Monsignor, in his usual witty style, thanked the donors, and expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing such a large gathering of all denominations enjoying themselves so heartily. Vocal items were contributed during the evening by Mrs. Lawry, Miss Geary (Waihi), and Miss Griffin. Mr. M. Farrell (club secretary), assisted by an energetic committee, deserves much praise for the excellent arrangements he had made in connection with the social, as it was most successful in every way.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

A very enjoyable euchre party was held recently at the Empire Hall in aid of the funds of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to assist local distress. The arrangements, which were in the capable hands of Mrs. Leydon and Miss Low, joint secretaries, were carried out without a hitch. Thirty-three tables were in use and some very good games were played. No less than four gentlemen and three ladies tied, with eleven games each. The winners were—Lady's prize, Mrs. Hickey; gentleman's prize (donated by Mr. C. P. Nash), Mr. J. Lynch; consolation prizes, Miss Malcairns and Mr. Setter. During the evening Mr. E. L. Broad presented the prizes, and in doing so thanked the company for their presence and for helping such a good cause. He also reminded them that the function was only the fore-runner of a series to be held during the winter months. Supper was handed round by a band of willing helpers.

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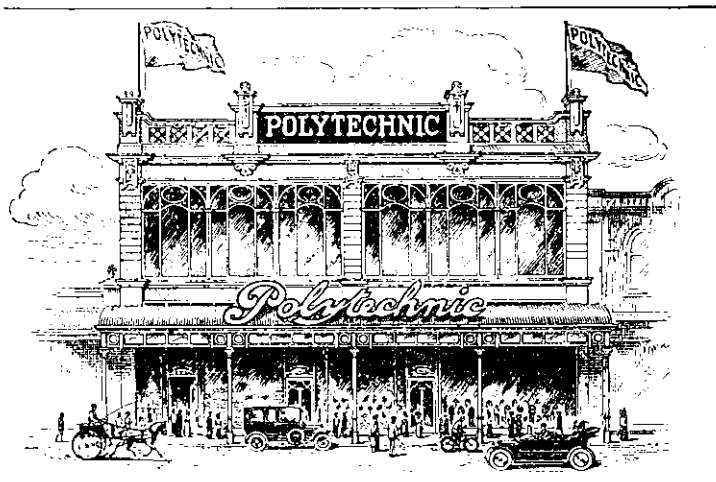
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Strength of a Fly.

A scientist has made many experiments with various insects, such as caterpillars, fleas, butterflies, and flies, which show how extraordinarily strong these insects are. A bluebottle fly weighing 1-28th of an ounce was hitched by a thread to a tiny waggon and drew a total weight of a little over six ounces, or practically 170 times its own weight. A caterpillar harnessed in a similar manner pulled twenty-five times its own weight. A strong man with a like equipment of large size can at most move but ten times his own weight.

Source of Radium.

For some years after the discovery of radium by the Curies in 1898, the chief source of the mysterious element was pitch-blende, a mineral principally mined at Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, for the uranium that it contains. It is found also in Gilpin County, Colorado. There is, however, another substance that is a much more generous source of radium. It is carnotite, a lemon-yellow mineral that occurs in pockets in the sandstone formations of Western Colorado and Utah. Very little of it has been treated for radium in America, but many tons of it have been shipped to Europe to be treated by French and German chemists. The United States Bureau of Mines now propose, however, that they should treat the carnotite themselves. The Colorado deposits are now the largest known source of radium.

Wonders of the World's Cables.

The various Governments of the world own together 880 cables, having a total length of 14,480 miles and containing 21,560 miles of conductors. The French Government, which takes the lead as to length of cables, has 3460 miles in fifty-four cables. As to number, the Norwegian Government comes first, with 255 cables, having a total length of 248 miles. Finally, as to the length of conductors, the English Government comes first, with 5468 miles of conductors, divided among 115 cables, having a total length of 1588 miles. Private companies to the number of twenty-eight own 288 cables, having a length of 126,864 miles and containing 127,632 miles of conductors. The French companies, only two in number—the Compagnie Française de Télégraphie de Paris et New York and the Société Française des Télégraphes Sous-Marins—have eighteen cables with a total length of 7249 nautical miles. The most important of the private companies is the Eastern Telegraph Company, which operates seventy-five cables, with a total length of 25,347 miles. The total number of cables in the world is 1168, with a total length of 141,344 miles and 149,193 miles of conductors. This is not sufficient to reach to the moon, but would extend more than half-way there.

A Huge Magnet.

To pick up needles and pins with tiny magnets has for ages been a source of boyish amusement. But a great electric magnet carrying a ton and a half at a load is something at once new and intensely interesting. A magnet of this sort has just been installed in a large motor manufacturing plant in Detroit. It is probably the largest in the world, and is the consequence of a boy's play being observed by his father, who is an efficient engineer in the plant. By the way, it has long been a problem in the factory to get rid of the large quantities of scrap iron and steel which is constantly accumulating in the forge and stamping room. One day the efficiency engineer saw his boy playing with a new magnet which he had just purchased at a hardware store. The idea flashed on him that if the boy could lift pins with a small magnet, machinery could lift bigger things with a bigger magnet. The longer he thought of it the more convinced he became that he had hit upon the solution of the stamping-room problem, and the firm thought the idea worth working out. The

size of the magnet was carefully calculated, and from the time it was put to work, it has been performing quickly and accurately tasks which it would take many men twice the time to accomplish.

Intercolonial

General regret (says the Adelaide *Southern Cross*) will be felt at the news that his Grace the Archbishop is again in a serious condition.

From Perth is reported the death of Mrs. B. G. Quinlan, wife of Dr. Quinlan, of that city. The deceased lady, who was only 29 years of age, was the only daughter of Mr. Henry Campbell, town clerk of Dublin, Ireland.

A further amount of £1000 for the Belgian fund has been despatched by his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney to Bishop De Wachter, the Auxiliary Bishop to Cardinal Mercier, who is at present residing at the Bishop's House, Southwark, England, making a total of £1500 sent to date.

At the quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Melbourne, it was reported that there were 201 active and 71 honorary members in the twenty conferences of the society. These had attended during the quarter to 285 cases, embracing 1368 persons, to whom the number of visits made was 1717. Literature to the extent of 15,628 good books had been distributed. The amount of money expended on the work during the quarter was £503 19s 10½d.

'Now that the Apostolic Delegate is amongst us,' said the Archbishop of Sydney at the Hibernian conference, 'what will he do?' Would they get him to make speeches? It was a royal rule in diplomacy that one was never sorry to be silent. The Hibernians and others would have their Communion breakfast, and, if convenient, his Excellency would no doubt celebrate the Mass and give Communion, and perhaps attend religious meetings, but he had nothing to do with politics.

The Archbishop of Sydney, speaking at the opening of the new school of St. Joseph's, Rozelle, on Sunday, May 2, referred to the war, and in the course of his remarks, said: 'Our Australian soldiers are now face to face with the enemies of our country. They are now in the thick of the battle. It depends very much upon the generals how many will fall. Our prayers must be with them. Have no misgivings as to their courage, and after a little while I shall have none as to their military training. Have we any reason to have misgivings regarding their numbers? I think so. Why? Because in the present crisis every man capable of bearing arms is called upon to do so unless he would allow the fallen to have fallen in vain. If those who are fighting and falling are not to fight and fall in vain every man capable must stand by their side. Without good leadership numbers will not count. But we want the numbers. In the name of the fighting and the fallen, let all join the colors and hasten to what we believe will be victory for the cause of justice.'

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THE HARP OF ERIN

The harp and the shamrock—how closely they are associated in our minds! What fond memories they awaken in our hearts—memories of faith and home, and the dear green land of which they are the emblems! But of the tiny plant so beloved of Erin's children, wherever their paths in life may lead them, so much has been written that it would, in truth, be superfluous to add another word (writes Marian Nesbitt in the *Catholic Times*). The harp, however, seems an appropriate subject for consideration about the time of the feast of the glorious Apostle St. Patrick, seeing that it was an instrument intimately connected with the services of the Church at a very early period in Irish ecclesiastical history, for reliable authorities tell us that from the first ages of Christianity the priests not only 'took great delight in playing the harp,' but were really skilled performers.

The Music of Ancient Ireland.

Nor must it be forgotten that, though the music of ancient Ireland was extremely simple, consisting wholly of short airs, and possessing none of those complexities to which modern ears are accustomed, yet, for the most part, these melodies give evidence of a genius and exquisite taste in their construction which many latter-day composers might well envy. It is interesting to find that the Irish missionaries often carried with them on their journeys a small portable harp, which was used as an accompaniment to the voice as early as the fifth or sixth century. What a poetic and charming picture must these wandering evangelists have made, as they climbed the steep mountain paths or walked through darksome woods or by silver streams, harping with their harps, and drawing men's minds heavenwards, almost as much by the 'concert of sweet sounds' as by their impassioned words.

Music and the Irish Temperament.

Old legends speak of the magic spell, the enchantment wrought by music on the Irish temperament. They represent it as one of the chief delights of Heaven, where the white-winged, white-robed angels sing ever before the Throne songs of ineffable sweetness; and stories tell of human beings, still exiles in this vale of tears, being rapt in ecstasy on hearing the trilling of a bird, like the monk Felix, who remained entranced for years, and coming to himself, returned to his monastery, believing he had been absent only a few hours. It is a fact beyond question that the singing of birds held a special charm for, and made a strong appeal to, the Irish people in olden days. Who does not recall St. Columkill's tender remembrance of his native country recorded in a poem he wrote when far away on the desolate island of Iona? After describing his longing to be once again in the land of his birth, he exclaims with heart-rending pathos: 'A grey eye looks back towards Erin; a grey eye full of tears: beloved Erin of many waterfalls. Many are her kings and princes, sweet-voiced her clerics; her birds warble joyously in the woods.' Again, in another old poem, we read: 'Sweet is the cuckoo's note from the bending bough.' And once more: 'Sweet was the voice of the wood of blackbirds.'

Holy Men and the Harp.

To return, however, to the harp, which is mentioned (says Dr. Joyce), 'in the earliest Irish literature, and constantly mixed up with our oldest legends and historical romances.' We have already seen that very small harps were often used as an accompaniment to the voice, a statement which can be proved by referring to the lives of some of the Irish Saints, where this fact is mentioned. Such harps were probably about sixteen inches in height, and would have had only a small number of strings. We read of a certain monk poet in the ninth century, who possessed one of these little instruments, and sang his compositions to the thrilling sound of its throbbing chords. 'On a certain day, in the season of autumn,' runs the tale, so full of Celtic charm, 'as Felim MacCriffan, monarch of Erin, was in

Cashel of the Kings, there came to him the abbot of a church, who took his little eight-stringed harp from his girdle, and played sweet music, and sang a poem to it.'

Small harps, the largest not more than thirty-six inches in height, continued to be used so for several centuries. These usually had thirty strings, like that noted example familiar to us under the title of 'Brian Boru's Harp'; though Dr. Petrie and other learned and reliable authorities tell us that careful research has led to the conclusion that it was not made till many years after the time of that famous monarch, probably not before quite the latter part of the fourteenth century. Despite this fact, however, it is nevertheless the oldest harp still extant in Ireland, possibly in the world; whilst the romance that surrounds it, as well as the richness of its ornamentation and the delicacy and skill of its workmanship, render it beyond question the most interesting instrument of its kind in existence. The strings of this harp were thirty in number, and were of brass; whilst the tuning key was made with a wooden handle, tipped with steel, like the modern piano key.'

Regulations Regarding the Harp.

As the harp without a key must ever remain silent, very strict regulations were made concerning it, and penalties exacted from those who did not return it, if it had been lent. Harps when not in use, were kept in cases, usually made of otter-skins. The professional harper, it need scarcely be remarked, was a very important personage; indeed, he was honored above all other musicians. And that he was thorough master of his art is proved by the records of Giraldus Cambrensis, who, after listening to the Irish harpers in 1135, thus writes: 'They were incomparably more skillful than any other nation I have ever seen. For their manner of playing on these instruments . . . is not slow and harsh, but lively and rapid, while the melody is both sweet and sprightly.' The intensely spiritual temper of the Irish people shows itself in their music, sometimes joyous, but often tenderly sad, with an undercurrent of melancholy, which is one of the special characteristics of the Celt. This melancholy shows itself even in those exquisite 'slumber songs' wherewith, in days gone by, old as well as young were sung to sleep. Of course there are many airs fascinating on account of their joyousness, yet it must be admitted that in these also the gaiety has much of the heart-stirring wistfulness of the caged blackbird, mingled with the thrilling ecstasy of the soaring lark; and

Who can tell, ah! who can tell
How sweet it is in spring,
Above the bogs in Ireland
To hear the skylarks sing?

Truly the melodies of Erin possess a wondrous charm, and the harp, most graceful of all instruments, is a perfect medium for expressing that charm. As its soul-stirring music falls upon our ears, we seem to see once more the radiant sunshine and silver showers of the land we love the best. Violet shadows are creeping down the mountain sides; from the thatched roofs of peaceful homesteads the peat smoke rises high and blue in the clear air, and recalling these things, we echo the words of the poet:

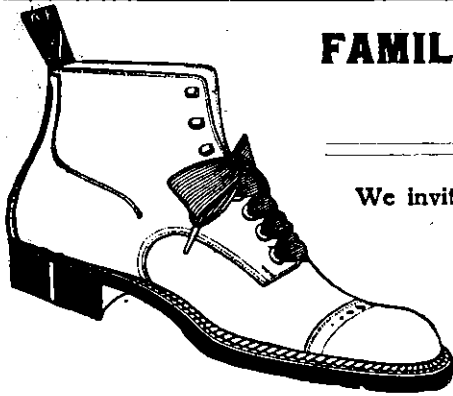
O Erin, thou broad spreading valley, thou well watered
land of fresh streams,
When I gaze on thy hills greenly sloping, where the
light of such loveliness beams,
When I rest on the rim of thy fountains, or stray where
thy streams disembogue,
Then I think that the fairies have brought me to dwell
in the bright Tirnanogue.

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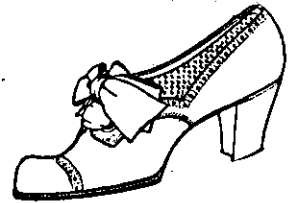
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GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

TREES AND SHRUBS: WHERE AND WHEN TO PLANT.

The following notes are taken from a paper read by me many years ago before the Christchurch Horticultural Society:—

As the time is now at hand for the laying out of gardens and plantations, the subject which I have chosen is very appropriate. The information given here will be of use to anyone who is not well up in the names and habits of the different trees and shrubs suitable for gardens, lawns, etc. It is most important that the proper class of trees and shrubs should be selected for planting, as trees suitable for large grounds are altogether out of place in a small garden. Judicious planting at first is a very great saving of time and money. When each tree and shrub is planted in its proper place, there is no need in after years to remove unsuitable ones, as is very often the case in some old gardens. We have very often seen *pinus insignis*, *macrocarpa*, blue gum, and wattle occupying positions which should be given up to nice ornamental trees or shrubs. The outcome of this injudicious planting is that many specimens have to be removed when they have out-grown their position, and have destroyed a considerable number of other trees and shrubs, which are usually planted to fill up spaces under them.

I will now give a list of the trees and shrubs which deserve a place in the garden and plantations, with a description of their habits and manner of growth. I shall begin with the class of evergreens called conifers or cone-bearing trees. These trees usually grow very tall, and are therefore suitable for large gardens, and should be planted a good distance from the house. They make excellent shelter belts, but if planted too closely they very often keep out the sun. These trees are very suitable for planting out as single specimens on the lawn, or in clumps away in the paddocks fronting on the house. Large clumps of these trees planted in situations have a very good effect on the landscape. They are also suitable for avenues and carriage drives on a large estate. When allowed plenty of room to grow they make beautiful specimens. They should be always properly thinned out, as they expand, and should not be allowed to encroach on one another. When treated in this manner they grow into pyramids, with branches spreading from the ground, and when well grown form noble trees. Commencing with the redwood trees, there are only two varieties of this species that I have any knowledge of. These trees are natives of California, and grow to be the largest trees that we know of. There is a large piece of bark taken from a trunk of one of these in the British Museum, and a carriage and pair of horses can be driven through it. This will give an idea of their size. They go under the botanical name of *sequoia*. One is called *sequoia gigantea*, but is better known as *Wellingtonia gigantea*. The other is named *sequoia sempervirens*. Both grow in their native habitat to the height of 300 feet, and 20 feet in diameter, so that undoubtedly they are the giants of the forest. From this description the amateur planter will be a judge of where to place a specimen in his garden.

Another class of large growing trees are the cedars. They also make grand specimens on a large lawn, and an avenue of them makes a fine sight. The cedar of Lebanon is a noble tree which grows to a height of 100 feet, with large spreading branches. Another variety is the cedar *deodara* (the sacred tree of the Hindus), or the Himalayan cedar. This tree has a fine drooping habit, and makes a beautiful specimen on a large lawn. It also grows to a height of about 100 feet. There is another, called the Mount Atlas or African cedar. It has more of an upright growth, and resembles the other two in habit and appearance. It also deserves a conspicuous place on the lawn or plantation. The foliage of the cedars resembles the English larch. There is another tree called the Virginian cedar, which re-

sembles a juniper in foliage. It has a very strong scent, and deserves a place in the plantation. The wood is of a reddish color, and is used a good deal for making lead pencils. There is another variety of trees called *cryptomeria*, natives of Japan. There are only two varieties to be found in our gardens—one is *cryptomeria elegans*, and the other is *cryptomeria japonica*. *Elegans* has a dense foliage, and very red, especially in the winter. *Japonica* has a horizontal habit, and looks quite different in appearance to *elegans*. They are worthy of a prominent place in the garden. The foliage of *Japonica* resembles the *Wellingtonia*. They grow to a height of about 30 feet. Another pretty class of Japanese trees are the *retinosporas*. They are very suitable for planting in a small garden, and will also grace a larger one, as they make very pretty specimens. *Retinospora plumosa* has a very fine plume-like foliage. Another compact upright-growing tree is *retinospora leptoclada*. Its foliage is different and lighter than the former. *Ericoides* is a much dwarfer tree, with foliage like the heath. There are several other varieties which grow from 10 to 30 feet high. There is another tree, a native of Japan, called *thujopsis dolabrata*, which makes a very nice specimen, and has very green and singular foliage, quite different from any other tree. It grows to a height of 60 feet, and deserves a conspicuous place on the lawn. The *cupressus lawsoniana*, or *Lawson's cyprus*, is a native of America, and a most useful tree for gardens, drives, or plantations. They make grand shelter trees, and no one would go wrong in planting them largely. They have a most graceful habit, and make beautiful specimens when grown where they have plenty of room. There are a few varieties, one being a variegated one, named *Armstrongi*, after a Mr. Armstrong, a late curator of the Christchurch Public Gardens. There are also an upright growing variety, and one with golden foliage. They grow to about 50 feet high. Another tree like the *Lawsoniana* is called *libocedrus decurrens*, which grows to a height of 100 feet. It is more robust in habit than *Lawsoniana*, more erect, and makes a fine ornamental tree for a lawn. The *thuja lobbii*, another Californian tree, grows to about 60 feet. It is somewhat like the *Lawsoniana* in habit and appearance, but the foliage is of a brown color. It makes a beautiful specimen tree, and deserves to be largely planted. When full grown it has a very graceful appearance on a lawn. Its foliage has a very sweet scent. A tree which resembles it, but has a lighter foliage, is *cupressus nootkaensis*, a native of North America. This also looks well on a lawn. The *cupressus torulosa*, a native of India, is also a very fine tree; it grows to a height of 80 feet, and forms a compact pyramid, being suitable for a large place. Then there is the upright and horizontal *cyprus*, a native of the South of Europe, which grows to about 50 feet. *Cupressus frenella*, a native of Australia, also deserves a place in the garden. It has a dark drooping foliage, and grows to about 30 feet. The Chinese funeral *cyprus* (*cupressus funebris*) is another tree suitable for the lawn or shrubbery. *Cupressus macrocarpa*, *goveniana*, *knighti*, and *lusitanica* are all very large growing trees, which resemble one another in foliage and habit. They must be planted for shelter belts, for which they are most suitable, as they grow from 80 to 100 feet. The dwarf *arbovitae* is a nice subject to plant in a conspicuous place. It does not grow tall, and its golden foliage looks very pretty when planted out singly on the lawn or borders. The yews are very old favorites, the English grow horizontally and the Irish close and upright, to a height of about 30 feet. On account of its close upright habit the Irish yew is very much planted in cemeteries. Another very fine class of trees are the *picea* (spruce firs) and the *abies*. The *piceas* are very fine species of trees, which attain a height of about 100 feet. *Picea nordmaniana* is a beautiful tree with very dark spreading foliage, and has a fine appearance when well grown. It is a native of the Caucasus. *Picea pinsapo* is another of the same species. It is a native of Spain. All the *piceas*, of which there are several varieties, deserve to be largely planted. They

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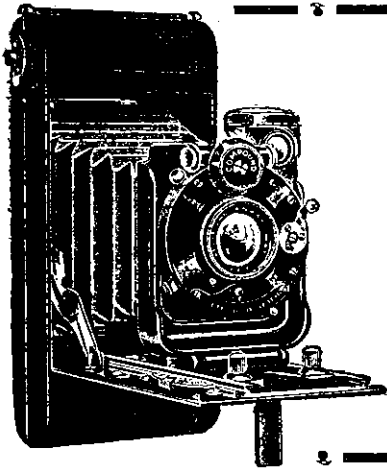
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make fine timber trees, and so do all the abies, such as douglasi and menziesi. Those two trees are natives of California, and grow to a height of a hundred feet. They are most suitable for large plantations and shelter belts. The menziesi is subject to a disease, and on that account it is not planted so much as it was. It may do well in a colder locality than Christchurch, but here it will not succeed on account of the attacks of a kind of red spider, which completely destroys the foliage. The abies alba and abies excelsa (the Norway spruce) are also subject to the ravages of the red spider, but the douglasi is immune from it. The wood of the Norway spruce is known as the Baltic, and the menziesi and douglasi are what we call Oregon timber.

The next article will be on deciduous flowering trees and shrubs suitable for the garden, which will be followed by one on evergreen trees and shrubs.

ST. COLUMBA CLUB, GREYMOUTH

At the usual weekly meeting of the St. Columba Club, Mr. H. F. Doogan presided over a fair attendance. The social committee reported having the arrangements for the coming season well in hand. A special committee has been appointed to carry out these functions, and patrons can rely on nights of agreeable enjoyment. Farewell was taken of one of the most diligent members of the club, in the person of Mr. W. Minehan, who leaves for Christchurch to take up a position in the Defence Department. Mr. H. F. Doogan in an appropriate speech referred to the many sterling qualities of the departing member, both as a club member and a competitor in the elocution and debating circle. On behalf of the club members he asked Mr. Minehan to accept as a token of the good feelings and the esteem in which he was held, a travelling bag. He trusted it would always remind the recipient of the many pleasant and profitable hours he had spent in the St. Columba rooms.

Rev. Father Lacroix, Messrs. F. Hargreaves and H. Millard endorsed the remarks of the chairman.

Mr. Minehan thanked the members for the kind sentiments expressed and the very useful present. He assured them that it needed little to remind him of the many happy times he had spent while a member of the club. He had been a member for six years, and was proud to admit that the influence of the club had been the turning point of his life. He concluded by wishing the club every success in the future and bidding the members au revoir.

What fate is in the word 'farewell'!

It tells of parting, pain, and sad regret.

It sometime sobs the sound of friendship's knell.

Fare well, if spelt this way means otherwise.

Fare well with health, make strength secure,

Rose cheeks, red lips, and dancing eyes

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TO THE HOLY GHOST, GOD OVER ALL, BLESSED FOR EVER.

O Paraclete, Whom Jesus sent to me,
Who, one with Him, didst give Thyself to me,
Thou Love of God Most High, Who lovest me,
Thou King and Lord, Who sweetly drawest me,
For life and light and love I come to Thee.

From Father and from Son proceedest Thou;
Of Father and of Son the Love art Thou;
Their kiss of everlasting peace art Thou;
The Bond unbroken of their rest art Thou;
One God with Father and with Son art Thou.

My soul is dark and hopeless without Thee;
My heart is weak and withered without Thee;
My life is burnt like stubble, without Thee;
I cannot say 'My Jesus' without Thee;
O, Loved One, pour Thy living light on me.

I come to Thee, Almighty Living One,
In poverty of soul, O Living One;
In sinfulness and death, O Living One;
O make my spirit Thine, Thou Living One;
And be Thou mine, Thou Ever Living One.

For sorrow for my sins, I come to Thee;
For confidence in God, I come to Thee;
For faithfulness to grace, I come to Thee;
To keep, O Love, my promises to Thee,
And walk in white with Jesus and with Thee.

A Wind rain-laden from the south art Thou;
The Dew that falleth in the night art Thou;
A Fountain in a desert land art Thou;
A flame-girt Citadel of strength art Thou;
The fiery Furnace of God's love art Thou.

O Spirit of my Lord, Who lightest me,
Thou, Who didst come at Pentecost for me,
Thou Love, Who seekest thirstingly for me,
Burn up all evil and all death in me,
And make my heart a holiness to Thee.

O Gift of Jesus Crucified; O Love;
Send down Thy showers upon Thy fields, O Love;
Fill all the valleys with Thy corn, O Love;
And girdle all the hills with joy, O Love;
O First and Last; O uncreated Love.

Thou stoapest in Thy deathless love to me,
Thou fillest all the house of God for me,
Thou crownest all the years with grace for me;
Long-suffering Spirit, how I cling to Thee,
And love and bless and praise and worship Thee.

My Jesus gave Himself in death by Thee,
A spotless Sacrifice to God by Thee;
O perfect all Thy gifts and fruits in me,
That, crowned and sceptred, I may dwell in Thee,
White-robed, palm-bearing, in the light with Thee.

—H. A. RAWES.

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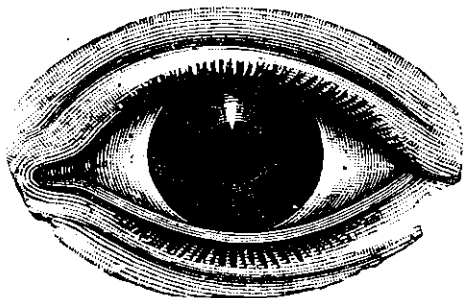
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CANADA

QUEBEC'S CATHEDRAL.

The first Mass in Quebec Cathedral, one of the most famous Catholic edifices in North America, was celebrated 264 years ago on Christmas Eve, 1650. Since then the church has been practically rebuilt, although the foundation and part of the walls are still in existence. Since Christmas Eve of 1650 the doors of the Cathedral have never been closed, with the exception of a brief period in 1759, when the building was partly wrecked by bombs and flames. The work of rearing the celebrated religious edifice was begun in 1645, the wealthy people of Quebec having contributed for that purpose 1250 beaver skins, which were sold to start the building fund. The corner stone was laid by Governor Montmagny and Father Lallement, S.J., the Superior of the Jesuits and a brother of the famous missionary who was killed by the Indians. A part of the building was completed in time for the Christmas Eve Mass in 1650, but it was not until nearly seven years later that the edifice was formally opened. The Cathedral is one of the finest architecturally in North America, and can accommodate 4000 people.

ENGLAND

FOREIGN CATHOLICS IN LONDON.

From the English *Catholic Directory* we learn, among other interesting things, that in London there are two churches or chapels where confessions are heard in Chinese, five where they are heard in Dutch, forty where one may confess in Flemish, eight in French, three in Gaelic, twenty-four in German, one in Greek, one in Hungarian, one in Lithuanian, one in Russian, two in Maltese, two in Polish, two in Portuguese, sixteen in Spanish, and thirty-eight in Italian.

ROME

THE BELGIAN MINISTER.

Rome loses one of her oldest foreign residents in Baron d'Erp, late Belgian Minister to the Holy See, whose age prompted him to retire in favor of a younger man (says a Rome correspondent). The friend of Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV., the aged diplomat, who came to Rome for the first time in 1869, leaves the Eternal City with the kindest memories. It is his intention to return as soon as Europe resumes its normal condition. 'I shall return to Rome,' said Baron d'Erp to an old friend. 'I have here many friends, and I have an affection for the city. I know it since 1869, when I was counsellor to the Legation. I shall return in a year or two when things are put in order in Belgium after this terrible war.' In an autograph letter to the retiring Minister, which is accompanied by a princely gift, the Holy Father pays a well-merited compliment to him for his work, and through him sends the Apostolic Blessing to King Albert, the Queen, and the Royal Family.

SCOTLAND

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF EDINBURGH.

The Rev. Thomas Miley, the Diocesan Senior Inspector of Religious Instruction in the schools of the archdiocese of Edinburgh, has just issued his report, which states that continued progress is being made. There was a notable increase in the number of Baptisms, and the roll of pupils at school showed a big increase. He estimated the Catholic population of the

archdiocese at 70,267, and, the number of pupils on the school rolls in 1914 was 13,897, as against 12,788 in 1913. The children examined in 1914 numbered 11,502, as compared with 12,478 in 1913.

UNITED STATES

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The Catholic University of America celebrated on April 15 the 25th anniversary of the opening of its doors to students. The exact date of the opening was November 13, 1889, when four professors and thirty-seven theological students began the academic career of the new University. To-day, the teaching staff numbers about eighty, and in all the branches of its activities the University gives instruction to over thirteen hundred students. Twenty-five years ago it began with Divinity Hall; at present the University edifices are seven in number. The newer ones: McMahon Hall, Gibbons Memorial Hall, Graduate Hall, and the Martin Maloney Chemical Laboratory, are among the finest in the country. The University site in Washington covers 89 acres. The novitiates of seven religious communities—the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Paulists, the Marists, the Sulpicians, the Holy Cross Fathers, and the Apostolic Mission House—have been built around the University. The original edifice of Divinity Hall has developed into fifteen stately buildings that scarcely suffice to shelter the ever-growing activities of the University.

GENERAL

A CONTRAST.

The *Catholic Times*, replying to the uncalled-for remarks of a Protestant publication that the Vatican would not give up its wealth in order to assist the sufferers in the recent earthquake in Italy, says:—This style of controversy is a very common one with Protestants. They make reckless and baseless charges against Catholics, accusing them of the sins of which they are guilty themselves. The average income of a Bishop in the Protestant Church of England is £5100, of an Anglican Canon, £1440; and of an Anglican rector, £408. Of a Catholic Bishop in the United Kingdom the average income is £400, and of a Catholic priest, £80. Out of an income of over two and a half million pounds derived from confiscated ecclesiastical property the Italian Government pays an average of about thirteen pounds each to the monks and nuns, and the stipends of the Italian parochial clergy are, as a rule, small. Over two thousand of them receive less than £30 a year. As for the Pope, he does not touch the allowance offered by the Italian Government. There are treasures at the Vatican, but they are precious relics and monuments which may be said to be the property of the whole world. No man lives more sparingly than the Pope, and he has not only generously given to the sufferers by the earthquake, but is collecting funds for their relief.

SYMPATHY.

If there is one person who deserves sympathy it is surely he who suffers from chronic colds. A sudden change in the weather or going out into the night air from a heated room, is quite enough to bring on the trouble. Usually the tendency to catch cold is due to a generally run-down condition, and the treatment should take the form of a tonic like BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER. It is pleasant to take, gives sure results, and is quite harmless; for children and adults you cannot find a better cough or cold remedy. 1/10 a bottle from all chemists and stores, or by post direct.

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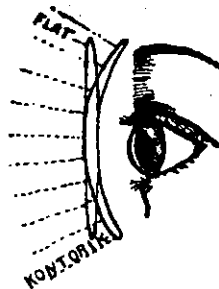
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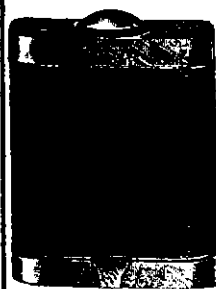
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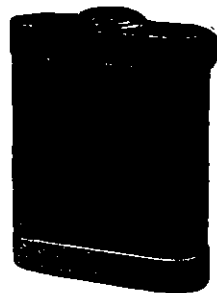
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Domestic

(BY MAUREEN.)

Rice Croquettes.

One beaten egg and a small lump of butter to each cupful boiled rice. Stir in well. Roll into oval balls, with well-floured hands, dip into beaten egg, then roll in sifted bread or biscuit crumbs, and fry in hot lard. They may be served as a vegetable, or as a dessert with syrup or cream and sugar.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.

Season one pint of boiled potatoes cut in dice. Melt one tablespoonful of butter and brown one tablespoonful of mixed onion. Add the potatoes well seasoned and brown. Sprinkle with one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one tablespoonful of vinegar, just before serving.

Veal Souffle (French Style).

Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter and milk in two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring until smooth; add a cupful of milk, and let it boil up. Then put in minced veal, parsley, salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste. Then stir in the yolks of two eggs. Remove from fire and let cool. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and put them with the meat. Then put the mixture in a buttered dish, and bake twenty minutes. Serve piping hot.

Vegetable Marrow and Ginger Jam.

Peel and core two medium-sized marrows, cut them into pieces about 2in long, and weigh them, and for each pound of marrow allow 1lb of granulated sugar. Break into pieces 1lb of whole ginger, and mix it amongst the marrow. Put the marrow and the ginger into a deep basin, and spread sugar over the top. Allow this to remain for 24 hours, and then boil it slowly till the marrow is clear and tender when tried with a silver

fork. Empty the preserve into pots, dividing the ginger equally. If the jam is kept for a few months it tastes much better than when newly made.

Cake Pudding.

Partly fill a pudding dish with slices of stale cake, moisten with sweetened lemon, pour over it juice and water. Make a boiled custard with a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of cornflour, one egg, butter size of walnut, and a pinch of salt. Wet the cornflour in a little cold milk or water, heat the milk to boiling, then add the cornflour, egg (well beaten), two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and vanilla or lemon flavoring. After pouring this over the cake place in hot oven until browned, and then eat either cold or hot. Stale bread can be treated in the same way.

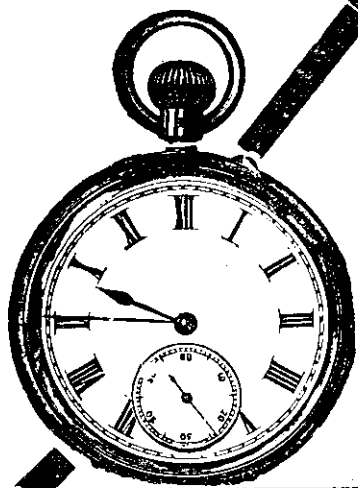
Baked Milk Toast.

Trim the crust from slices of bread cut about half an inch thick and toast to a delicate brown. Don't scorch it, whatever you do; and if this accident should happen, cut off the charred portion and throw it away. Spread each slice lightly with butter, sprinkle with salt, and arrange the slices in a deep dish. Pour over them enough milk to cover the toast, putting it on slowly, that it may soak into the toast. If you wish to expedite the work of preparation, heat the milk; but if you have plenty of time, you can put it on cold. When the dish is full, cover it and set it in the oven and leave it there for twenty minutes. At the end of that time the contents of the dish should be soft and steaming hot. Remove the cover and leave the dish in the oven long enough to crisp the top layer—about ten minutes—and serve from the dish in which it was cooked.

Household Hints.

Handkerchiefs which have become yellow can be made snow white by soaking them in pipeclay and water for 24 hours.

To make linen easier to write on when marking it, dip the piece to be marked in cold starch, and the pen will write without scratching.



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On the Land

GENERAL.

Good prices were realised at the Shorthorn sales in Scotland recently. One bull made 1050 guineas, another 620 guineas, whilst over forty others made three-figure prices. The cows and heifers also sold well, one yearling heifer fetching 160 guineas, and another 165 guineas.

A farmer at a recent meeting held in Waiuku to consider the rabbit pest stated that he knew of an instance of one man who fattened ten bullocks a year less than formerly owing to the depredations of rabbits, and he considered it was a question of exterminating the rabbits or being exterminated by them.

The *Lyttelton Times* says that the scarcity of feed consequent on the long period of dry weather is sorely exercising the minds of the Banks Peninsula farmers. Those fortunate in possessing plenty of feed are asking and getting as high as 3s per head per week. At present cattle and sheep are looking well, but a hard winter will, it is feared, cause many losses.

We are only beginning, says an expert, to realise the improvement, especially in yield, that may be realised by proper methods of breeding, and great progress is being made in working out these methods. Their general application by practical plant growers will effect most substantial increase in the value of crops. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the general application of our present knowledge of breeding would result in an increase of 20 per cent. in the value of its crops.

Raising plants from bulbs, roots, etc., is now known to be only an extension of the same individual, which will cease to grow when it arrives at its stated limits (says an American authority). For this reason grafts from a kind of tree, long known, and often transferred from tree to tree, sooner die of old age than those taken from a kind later derived from the seed. It is for this reason also that any kind of potato, however excellent, ceases to produce good crops, after being for twenty or thirty years extended by planting tubers. It must be renewed from the seed from time to time, or become extinct. All other modes of propagation (excepting by seed) are but the extension of an individual, and sooner or later terminate in its total extinction.

At Addington last week the yardings of stock were again moderate, and there was a good attendance. Fat cattle sold rather better, as did fat lambs and fat sheep. Store sheep were in a little better demand, and fat pigs showed an improvement. Fat Lambs.—Best, 17s to 19s 9d; others, 11s to 16s 6d. Fat Sheep.—Prime wethers, 20s to 23s 6d; others, 15s 9d to 19s 6d; extra prime ewes, to 24s 6d; prime, 17s 6d to 21s 9d; medium, 13s 6d to 17s; inferior, 7s to 13s; merino, 9s 4d. Fat Cattle.—Extra steers, £15 17s 6d; ordinary, £7 2s 6d to £11 10s; extra heifers, to £12 12s 6d; ordinary, £5 to £8; extra cows, to £10 15s; ordinary, £4 17s 6d to £7 10s. Price of beef per 100lb, 26s to 40s. Pigs.—Choppers, £3 to £4 12s 6d; extra heavy baconers, to £3 18s; heavy baconers, £3 2s 6d to £3 10s; light, £2 12s 6d to £3 (price per lb, 5½d to 6d); heavy porkers, £1 10s to £1 17s; light, £1 5s to £1 8s (price per lb, 5½d to 5¾d); medium stores, 9s to 17s; smaller, 5s to 8s; weaners, 1s 6d to 4s.

At Burnside last week there was a large yarding of fat sheep (4730), consisting principally of medium to good ewes, with a few pens of prime wethers. The number forward, being far in excess of butchers' requirements, prices showed a drop of 2s 6d per head on previous week's value. Medium and light wethers and ewes, in particular, were difficult to dispose of, although prime, heavy wethers did not suffer in value to the same extent. Best wethers, 23s 6d to 27s; medium to good, 20s to 22s 6d; inferior, 17s to 19s; best ewes, 20s to 23s; medium to good, 14s to 18s. Fat Cattle.—190 head were yarded, consisting chiefly of medium weight bullocks and heifers, with a few pens of good bullocks. Prices for good quality were, if anything, a shade better than at previous sale, medium and inferior quality being

about the same. Prime bullocks, £13 10s to £15; extra prime, to £17 17s 6d; medium, £10 10s to £12; best cows and heifers, £10 10s to £12; medium to good, £7 to £8; inferior, £6 to £7. Fat Lambs.—600 lambs were penned, and prices were a shade better than have been ruling lately. Best lambs, 17s to 18s 6d; extra prime, 22s; medium to good, 14s 6d to 16s; inferior, 10s to 11s 6d. Pigs.—61 fats and 20 stores were yarded. Prices for fats were a good deal easier than at last sale. Suckers, 5s to 8s; slips, 9s 6d to 12s; stores, 14s to 21s; porkers, 30s to 41s; baconers, 49s to 60s.

THE PROFITABLE USES OF ARTIFICIALS.

The question of profitable manuring is one of the greatest interest to all farmers. Every crop extracts a greater or less amount of fertilising substances from the soil; milk, meat, and wool also help to deplete, and unless the fertilising material is replaced by means of natural or artificial manures the quality of the soil must deteriorate. Of all the elements in ordinary cultivated soils only four are likely to run short—i.e., nitrogen, phosphates, potash, and lime, and it is these we aim at supplying in the several manures (says *Farm and Field*).

Abundance of any one ingredient in a soil will not make up for the deficiency of another. Some soil may only require one fertilising substance to be added before it can produce a full crop. Poor soils would naturally require a complete manure, which supplies all that is likely to be wanted, but it must be remembered that every manure is not complete. Some supply only one or maybe two or three fertilising elements, and in consequence we have nitrogenous, phosphatic, and potassic manures.

A knowledge of each group and simple trials on the farm, leaving unmanured parts for comparison, will often be the means of forming a paying investment to the farmer. Vendors of manures are bound to supply the purchaser with a guarantee stipulating the percentage of nitrogen, phosphates (soluble or insoluble), and potash they contain, as the case may be.

The condition of a manure, as well as the kind and quality of the plant food it contains, has also to be taken into account when putting a value on it. Good cultivation is essential if the full effect of manure is desired. Not only does it help to make the dormant plant food in the soil soluble, but also gives more vigorous and robust plants. As to lime in the general average of soils this must be present in sufficient quantity.

It has a many-sided action. Not only is it a plant food, but it has also a physical effect, helping to open heavy soils, it binds together loose soils, helps to liberate other plant foods, combines with the acid in a sour soil and sweetens it, besides being one of the best curative agents to employ in combating club root in turnips. A usual dressing would be about two tons per acre.

WHEAT-GROWING.

Wheat is a deep-rooting plant, and needs a long period to establish a satisfactory root-system (writes Dr. F. W. Hilgendorf in the *Journal of Agriculture*). In Canterbury, May is, as a rule, the ideal month for sowing, but if one cannot sow then, June will do equally well. Most farmers try to avoid sowing in July and prefer to wait till August, but often the July-sown crops are quite successful. It all depends on the weather of the succeeding spring. Wheat sown in August and September often does well, if the varieties used are either of the Tuscans or Bobs, and this has been notably the case in the past season, when the December rains were beneficial to the late-sown crops, but useless to those that were more nearly mature. Still, it is a very good rule to sow your spring wheats in autumn and to sow in spring only when forced by circumstances to do so. In Otago spring sowing is almost universal, and is much the most successful.

Lampware is going to be very dear buying. Hadn't you better make a selection from Smith and Laing's stock, Invercargill, before they go up in price?

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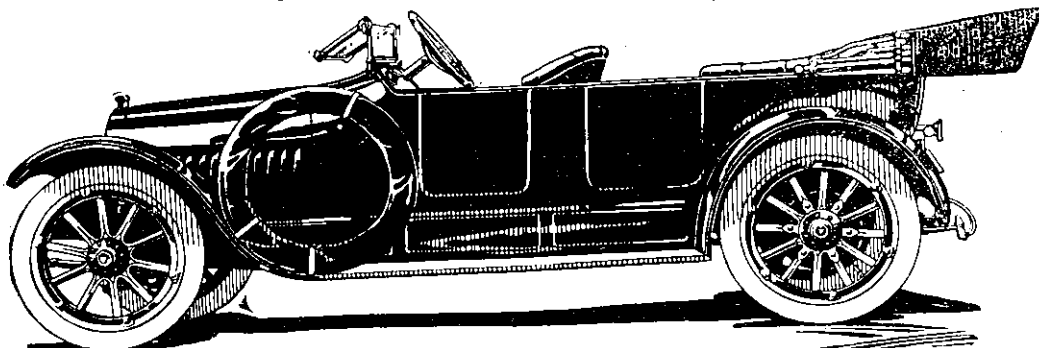
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The Family Circle

KINDNESS.

I cannot build an obelisk,
With beauty sculptured o'er.
Ah me, 'tis I haven't much
Of this world's gilded store!

Yet I can help a needy one
Who may come to my door.
I would give half my food and drink,
I've done that oft before.

What are these forms, these monuments,
These pillars great of stone?
Do they give cheer when life is drear
To those weary and alone?

Ah, no! They cannot shed kindness,
Stay burning, rushing tears.
Their forms are most indifferent
To cruel, crushing fears.

I can give smiles to warm the heart,
E'en though dark clouds hang low.
No greater gift hath any one
Than kindness to bestow.

I can speak with a softened voice
Or sing a song of glee.
These are my gifts to freely spend -
Mercy and sympathy.

THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

Charlemagne, Emperor of Germany, was out riding one day, when he arrived at St. Gall's Abbey and saw the Abbot quietly walking in his garden. This Abbot was fresh, rosy, and portly; for he liked good cheer, didn't work much, and slept soundly every night. The Emperor looked at the stout monk for a moment, and said to himself: 'I feel sure that this good man has too easy a life. I must give him something to do.'

Charlemagne accordingly rode up to the monastery, called the Abbot, greeted him cordially, put a few questions to him, and finally said:

'Father Abbot, I have three questions to ask you, and within three months you must give me the exact answers. If you succeed, you may remain Abbot of St. Gall's; if you fail, you will have to make the tour of the city, seated on a donkey, your head facing his tail, which you will hold in your hand as a bridle.'

The poor monk grew pale and trembled, for he knew he wasn't very quick-witted; and, naturally, the idea of going through the city on a jackass in the style mentioned didn't please him.

The Emperor smiled at his embarrassment, and proceeded:

'Here are the questions. Pay strict attention, for I shall exact the answers in three months at the latest. The first is: How long a time, within a minute of the precise period, would it take me to ride around the world? The second is: How much am I worth, within a cent of the exact value, when I have my crown on my head, my sceptre in my hand, and all my kingly dress on? The third question is: What is my thought? And you'll be obliged to prove that the thought is not true.'

The monk grew still paler on hearing the nature of the questions; and the Emperor rode off, laughing, with a warning to find the right answers under penalty of the donkey-ride he had threatened.

The Abbot thought day and night of these three terrible questions. He was no longer happy, his appetite left him, he couldn't sleep. After consulting, without avail, the Prior, who was noted throughout the whole country as a man of sound scholarship and excellent judgment; and then Brother Bernard, who

had charge of the monastery library, and was thought to know from cover to cover every book it contained, wrote to a number of universities and to all the famous scholars with whose names he was acquainted, entreating them to help him out of his quandary. In the meantime he himself became an indefatigable student, spending long hours in the library trying to solve the problem—or, rather, to guess the riddle. All in vain: neither he nor those whom he consulted could find the required answers.

The first month passed with frightful rapidity; the second went just as swiftly; and the third was almost finished without a single answer being ready. One day, in despair, the Abbot went out for a walk through his fields. He was lamenting to himself the disgrace that awaited him, and grew so absorbed that he started in surprise when one of his shepherds suddenly addressed him:

'Good-day, Father Abbot! Are you sick? You look pale and thin; you appear very sad. What is the matter, may I ask?'

Touched by the shepherd's sympathy, the poor monk replied:

'Ah, my good friend, you are well off to be only a shepherd! Just imagine! The Emperor has asked me how long, within a minute, it would take him to ride around the world; how much he's worth with his royal dress and crown on and his sceptre in his hand; and, then, what his thought is; obliging me, moreover, to prove that his thought isn't true. If I don't answer correctly, I will lose my office and be forced to sit on a jackass, facing his tail and holding it as a bridle, while I make the round of the city.'

Tears came to the Abbot's eyes as he mentioned the penalty threatened, and he was proceeding sadly on his way when the shepherd stopped him.

'Your reverence,' said he, 'I'm only a simple shepherd, but I'm convinced I can answer those three questions. If you'll lend me your habit, I'll go to the Emperor's court in your place. We are not unlike in height and appearance.'

The Abbot reflected a moment; then, thinking that the shepherd would be obliged to replace him on the jackass' back in case the questions were incorrectly answered, he joyfully consented to the proposal.

Several days later, when the three months had quite passed, the Emperor was told that a monk had arrived and wished an audience. Charlemagne began to laugh, and said to his servant:

'Show him in.'

A moment afterward the pretended Abbot appeared. The Emperor regarded him mischievously for a while, then addressed him:

'Father Abbot, you are not so stout and ruddy, it appears to me, as you were three months ago. Now, remember that your position depends on the correctness of your answers, and that if they are not perfectly accurate you are doomed to take that donkey-ride I promised you.'

The Abbot bowed and gravely replied:

'Yes, Sire, I understand the conditions perfectly, and I'm prepared to answer your questions.'

Astonished at the monk's apparent coolness and unconcern, the Emperor went on:

'Very well. How long, within a minute, would it take me to ride on horseback around the world? Take your time and answer exactly.'

The shepherd looked the Emperor in the face, and, with perfect assurance, replied:

'If your Majesty gets on your horse at the very instant the sun appears above the horizon, and travels just as fast as that daystar, your Majesty will ride around the earth in just twenty-four hours,—not a second more or less.'

Charlemagne was nonplussed at this answer. Having nothing to say against its correctness, he put the second question:

'How much, within a cent, am I worth when I have all my royal habits and my crown on, and my sceptre in my hand?'

The supposed Abbot, without manifesting the

slightest difficulty, and facing the Emperor squarely, rejoined:

'The Saviour of the whole world was sold for thirty pieces of silver. Your Majesty can not, of course, pretend to be worth as much as the Redeemer, so I estimate your value at twenty-nine pieces of silver.'

This answer was so good that, although it didn't please the Emperor any too well, he could say nothing against it; so he returned:

'You have found answers to the first two questions; but if you don't guess the third one correctly, you'll have to take that humiliating ride all the same. Tell me, then, what is my thought?'

'Your thought is that I'm the Abbot of St. Gall's.'

'Certainly,' said the Emperor; 'and I'd like to know how you are going to prove that my thought is not true.'

'I am *not* the Abbot of St. Gall's, because I'm only one of his shepherds.'

And the pretended monk, taking off his habit, presented himself in his ordinary garments.

Charlemagne was so delighted with the shepherd's wit that he promised him any reward he should ask.

The shepherd was as humble and good as he was clever; he refused the honor, and answered:

'Since your Majesty has promised me any reward I wish, I ask that my master, who is one of the best of men, be allowed to remain in his place till he dies.'

Moved by the devotion of the shrewd servant, Charlemagne left the Abbot in peace; but he obliged him to pay extra wages to the shepherd, who grew in consequence so rich that he could afford to wear good clothes and have meat for dinner every day. — *Die Maria.*

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

A light-hearted shepherd boy was tending sheep one bright spring morning in a flowery valley between wooded hills, and singing and skipping about for very joy. The prince of the territory, who happened to be hunting in the district, saw him, called him up, and said:

'Why are you so merry, my dear little fellow?'

The boy did not know the prince, and replied: 'Why should I not be merry? Our most gracious prince himself is not richer than I am.'

'Indeed!' said the prince; 'let me hear all that you have!'

'Why!' replied the boy, 'the sun in the bright blue sky shines as pleasantly for me as for the prince, and hill and valley are as green and blooming for me as for him. I would not give my hands for a hundred thousand crowns, and I would not sell my eyes for all the jewels in the prince's treasure chambers. In addition to this, I have all I desire; because I never wish for anything more than I require. I eat my fill every day; I have clothes sufficient to dress neatly; and every year I receive as much money for my labor as supplies all my necessities. And, now, can you say that the prince has more?'

The good prince laughed, made himself known to the lad, and said:

'You are quite right, my good boy: and you can now say that the prince himself perfectly agrees with you. Only continue to maintain the same cheerful spirit.'

SERPENT OF THE NILE.

Dean Smith, of the College of Engineering in the University of Cincinnati, when he lived in Maryland engaged a colored man and his wife to help in the upkeep of the house and premises. This part of the preliminary conversation Dean Smith tells with gusto:

'What is your name?'

'Tom Burgee, sah.'

'Married?'

'Oh, yes, sah.'

'What's your wife's name?'

'My wife's name Clara-Peters.'

'How can that be, if your name is Burgee?'

'Oh, that's her first name; just her first name. All of her name Clara-Peters Burgee.'

'What do you call her?'

'Clara-Peters.'

'How did she get that name?'

'Well, sah, her old father, he was educated; he could read, and he terrible fond of readin' the Bible and Shakespeare, and sich books, and namin' his children a'ter folks he read about. So, when Clara-Peters was born, he just nachally name her Clara-Peters, a'ter that old queen of Egypt.'

ORIGINAL ETYMOLOGY.

In her language, Nancy Allison was inclined to be what her brother called 'gushing.' One summer she took an automobile trip through the country. On her return she was giving an enthusiastic description of one fine old town to her family.

'It was perfectly charming? Such wonderful old doorways and the quaintest old inn!' She paused, searching for a word. 'It was—unique!'

Brother Ned had been listening gravely to the rhapsody.

'Unique,' he said, quietly. 'That's a fine word. Let's see. "Unus," one; "Equus," horse. "One-horse" town. Good!' and without waiting for anyone to criticise his interpretation of the word, he promptly took his departure.

NOT LIKELY TO BE TAKEN.

An old British admiral built some villa residences on a high point of the coast somewhat difficult of access. One day he said to his servant:

'Now, William, what shall I call them?'

'Well, you know,' replied Bill, 'if I were you I should call them "Gibraltar Buildings."'

'Why?' asked the admiral.

'Because,' replied the other, 'they say Gibraltar will never be taken, and I'm blest if these houses up here will ever be taken.'

A VERY SERIOUS MATTER.

'Why, my dear, what is the matter? What can it mean? You look so depressed. It cannot be—and yet—! Oh, relieve this killing suspense. Alexander, have you failed?' said his wife, with clasped hands.

'No, my dear, my credit is, as yet, unimpaired, and business is looking up.'

'You can't mean to say, dear, that your old pain in the head has come back?'

'No.'

'You haven't had to pay the bill for your brother Joseph?'

'No.'

'Have you—now tell me, Alexander Bidlack—have you had another attack of lumbago?'

'No.'

'Has your cashier decamped?'

'No.'

'Now. I know—I expected it—I knew it all the time—I felt sure it would be so. Mr. Debonair has asked for Seraphina.'

'No, nothing of the kind.'

'Then tell me, without waiting another minute, what has happened? I can bear it; let me know the worst.'

'Well, that button I told you about has got tired of hanging on by one thread, and here it is!'

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