

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- January 23, Sunday.—Third Sunday after the Epiphany.
- „ 24, Monday.—St. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 25, Tuesday.—Conversion of St. Paul, Apostle.
- „ 26, Wednesday.—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 27, Thursday.—St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 28, Friday.—St. Agnes the Second, Virgin and Martyr.
- „ 29, Saturday.—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

The Conversion of St. Paul, Apostle.

St. Paul was at first a violent persecutor of the Church. In fact, at the very moment when the grace of God touched his heart he was on his way to Damascus, with authority to seize any persons whom he might find professing the new faith, and send them in chains to Jerusalem. After his conversion, St. Paul devoted all his energies to the propagation of the Christian religion, and spent his life in carrying the glad tidings of redemption to the nations that till then had sat 'in darkness and in the shadow of death.'

St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Polycarp, a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, governed the important See of Smyrna for seventy years. He is believed to have been the Angel or Bishop of Smyrna commended by our Blessed Lord in the Apocalypse (chap. ii.). He was martyred in 169, being then about one hundred years of age.

St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. John, surnamed Chrysostom, or the golden-mouthed, on account of his eloquence, was born in Syria, A.D. 344. At first a lawyer, he afterwards became a priest, and was subsequently elected Archbishop of Constantinople. Undeterred by human respect, he boldly denounced the vices of the imperial court, thus making for himself many powerful enemies, at whose instance he was banished to a remote district situated to the east of the Black Sea. The saint never reached his destination. Worn out by the exhausting journey, he died in Armenia, A.D. 407.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE GLEANING.

This truth the heart can glean from vanished years:
Beyond our darkest nights the fairest mornings are found;

No deed endures save that which love has crowned;
Faith brings content as life's calm closing years.

—Ave Maria.

These marvellous achievements of man, as the ship, the steam engine, the lightning telegraph, are no triumphs of mind over matter; as a storm at sea, the explosion of a boiler, a flash of lightning from a cloud, might very soon convince one. In this varied machinery, man simply avails himself of the great forces of nature by adapting his machine to them. The triumphs of mind over matter are when a man resists the solicitations of the flesh, curbs his temper, and maintains his equanimity in the midst of temptations and the varied vicissitudes of life. —Brownson.

A little clock in a jeweller's window stopped one day for half an hour at fifteen minutes to nine. School children noticing the time, stopped to play; people hurrying to the train, after a look at the clock, stopped to chat a minute with one another. And all were half an hour late, because one small clock stopped. Never had these people known how much they depended on that clock until it had led them astray. You may think you have no influence, but you can not go wrong in one little act without leading others astray.

The Storyteller

THE WINNING OF 'DOCTOR PAT'

I.

The golden sun of a late summer was flooding the picturesque gardens of Mrs. Moore, of Castle Moore. The breeze crooned drowsily among the trees; the bees hummed about the bending flowers; and overhead the birds carolled recklessly. For the winter would come—and then farewell to the happy summer skies and the leafy trees. The terraces and grounds of Castle Moore swept gracefully to the river's brim. And there beyond the river, rising in undulating waves, rich harvest fields seemed to flash back the sun from their golden corn—the flaming proofs of a summer that had been prodigal in her gifts.

In a shady corner of the garden, all honeycombed with the sunlight as it forced its way between the interlacing branches of the trees, a group of three enjoyed the luxury of tea in the open.

Mrs. Moore, the widowed mistress of Castle Moore, sat cool and elegant in her soft grey silk, trimmed with priceless old Brussels lace. Mrs. Moore was the envied possessor of broad lands and fabulous wealth and (what was far more to the mother's thinking) a young and beautiful daughter. And as the latter lay back gracefully in her cushioned chair, a delicate vision in soft white muslin, with an aureole of rich gold hair and a pair of eyes, soft as velvet and blue as the skies, one must needs have admitted that Mrs. Moore's pride in her third possession was more than justified.

And Patricia Moore, the idolised daughter, was just bidding fair to be as nearly 'spoiled' as it was in any girl's power to be. And why not? For here was she, but seventeen summers in the sunny world, and newly home from the calm, quiet—and it must be confessed, restraining atmosphere of her Belgian Convent school—an heiress, a beauty, and now plunged headlong into the gaieties of Society—for the moment its idol and its pet.

The third figure in the group lay on the soft grass, in a careless easy attitude, at the white-shod feet of its latest goddess, leaning on his elbow, presumably sipping his tea sedately, but more truly ravenously drinking in with his eyes the beauty of the girl's every action.

A couple of tennis racquets lay on the grass beside him.

Frank Traynor was a dashing young cavalry officer, and to him had fallen the honor for this evening of escorting Patricia Moore from the club.

'And now that I have time to ask you,' said Mrs. Moore, with an indulgent smile between her sips of tea, 'how did your games go off?'

'Ripping,' said Traynor enthusiastically, 'only it was rather hot, and young Crane kept distracting us flying over us, quite upsetting our game, because we were forced to look at him "looping the loop" and trying generally to smash himself. I am quite sure Miss Patricia was put off her game through nervousness as to his fate. N'est ce pas, mademoiselle?' he concluded, raising his laughing eyes to the girl, and shrugging his shoulders in the French fashion.

Mademoiselle laughed lightly, and she, too, shrugged her dainty shoulders in an exquisite little action, for which she was already famous—an action she had acquired from her Continental school-mates—and answered in the sweetest accents that ever borrowed beauty from a foreign education, 'No, Mr. Traynor, I really was not a bit afraid,' with a ravishing smile that set the heart of Traynor palpitating. 'Yet for all that, why does he risk himself so uselessly and unnecessarily? Flying seems to me of all things the most daring and useless.'

'Not nearly so useless as the game you were playing at,' smiled Mrs. Moore. 'I cannot see any use at all in tennis, especially in this hot weather, when it heats one beyond endurance.' And Mrs. Moore

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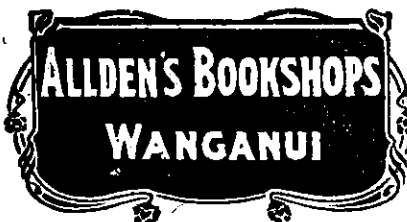
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sighed tranquilly at the comfort she enjoyed in contrast with the uncomfortable plight of tennis players.

'Certainly,' acquiesced Traynor, taking up the thread of the argument, 'we were at a pretty useless game; while Crane there was, to say the least of it, improving his mind, and doing daring and brave deeds in the interests of science. Besides,' he continued, 'again turning eloquent eyes towards the girl's face, and seeking to impress her with the nobility of his sentiments, 'even if Crane had come to grief, he had the honor of risking his life in the great cause of the world's advancement. He has done much solid work in the flying line. Even if he had lost his life, I say'—Frank Traynor continued dramatically warming to his subject with so appreciative an audience—'Had he lost his life he would have lost it in a great work. He would have justified his existence even though ending in seeming disaster, because he had done something above the ordinary, something worth while. And we, well we were simply wasting our time, that's all. Such soliloquies make me quite anxious to be back with my regiment. Even there, he put in laughing, 'there's nothing doing, and it seems a pretty useless game these peaceful times. Eh bien' he concluded with a resigned sigh, 'who knows what may happen next?'

Expecting commendation, if not enthusiasm, at the conclusion of his eloquent harangue, Frank Traynor was disappointed. Mrs. Moore seemed just on the point of giving herself up to peaceful slumbers, and Patricia Moore was silent. She even frowned slightly.

'One must justify one's existence,' she said slowly, 'by doing something above the ordinary, something worth while.' (Traynor's hopes revived. She had certainly paid great attention to his words. She was impressed sufficiently to quote them accurately.)

For all that, though quoting his words, Patricia Moore's thoughts seemed far from him, and Traynor would have himself and his words in this case inseparable. The depths in the girl's blue eyes grew deeper. The man's words seemed to have gone sharply home to the heart of the gay young butterfly so lately set free on the world's sunny ways. Visions of her convent school came back to her, and of its high ideals. The good nuns had everlastingly instilled into the minds of their pupils a similar precept. Life was not given to anyone to fritter away, and life was given to each for some specific purpose, which should be embraced and not neglected. From the dreams of her new-found shallow satisfaction in her incessant round of enjoyments and social popularity, Patricia Moore was rudely and suddenly awakened.

'You are right,' she said, in an alarmingly serious tone. 'And the sooner I start to justify my hitherto useless existence the better. It is about time I did "something worth while," Mr. Traynor.' And the girl rose from her chair like some queen in a tragedy. So deeply tragic in intensity, quite unbecoming the merry occasion, that Mrs. Moore started suddenly from her slumbers, and Frank Traynor sprang to his feet.

'Miss Moore,' he expostulated, 'your life has been, and is, all that it should be. I am sorry my cant has made you so serious; take no notice of it, for it savors too much of a nunnery.'

'That is just why I respect what you have said,' she replied simply, smiling oddly as she spoke. 'The good Sisters always told us as much.'

'The good Sisters!' scoffed Traynor. 'No doubt they would gladly have welcomed you into their midst as a demure little nun with a tight little dowry.' And he laughed at the joke of it.

'Please,' remonstrated the girl, in rather a haughty tone, for she was not in a humor for banter, 'never speak of the nuns again in my presence in such a manner. You don't know them. I at least could never be one of them, as I am not good enough.' And she

ended with the characteristic shrug of her dainty young shoulders.

'My dear Pat, you are very serious this evening,' said her mother, who had now fully awakened to the situation, and she spoke almost sternly, for it seemed that Patricia was virtually quarrelling with this much-sought-after young officer. Then, 'Ah,' she said, and there was evident disappointment in her voice. 'Here is our friend, Mr. O'Connell. Whatever brings him here at this time?'

The sharp gallop of a horse had sounded up the drive, and a shrewd-faced, handsome young man came into view, drawing his steed up smartly as he caught sight of the group. His face was white and strained.

Frank Traynor frowned at this unwelcome interruption to his conversation with Patricia Moore. He had glanced quickly at the girl as Jack O'Connell's name had been mentioned, and he could have sworn her color deepened.

Without dismounting, O'Connell soon made known the cause of his visit.

'I suppose you have heard of young Crane's accident,' he said, after the usual civilities of meeting were exchanged.

The faces of the three turned white at the ominous words. Patricia was the first to speak.

'N-o, Mr. O'Connell,' she said, almost in a frightened whisper, for O'Connell's face was very serious. And now she was beside his panting horse, with her hand on his stirrup, her great blue eyes asking the question her lips could not frame. For, like a chill on the summer evening, the suspicion of a tragedy had fallen on her mind.

'He's done for, poor chap,' O'Connell answered abruptly. 'Smashed up. He was on his way home from his manoeuvres this afternoon, so I hear, when something went wrong, and his machine fell. Those who saw him coming down couldn't believe there was an accident. He was quite near the ground when he appeared to get into difficulties. The machine is scarcely more than scratched, but poor Crane is dead. The speaker paused and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. He had ridden hard, and was hot.

'How did you hear of it?' asked Traynor sharply.

'Met the doctor's motor coming from Crane's place just now. Crane's people are all abroad, but some of the country people carried the injured man home. And you should have seen Dr. Flynn's face! It was livid as he drew up his car to tell me what had happened. "Great heavens, man!" he said, "the fools have simply let him die. There was no need for such a tragedy at all. The hopeless idiots simply let the poor chap bleed to death before their very eyes, while they waited for me. Think of it, O'Connell—a cut artery! And the infernal fools couldn't tie him up tight enough to keep life in him! No. They could only go on mopping up the blood that was pouring out a brave young life!" I never saw anyone so mad. The doctor shook his fist and almost ground his teeth. "The ignorance of the present generation is criminal," he said. I tried to argue that it was not altogether the people's fault. They knew no better. "They should know!" he stormed; and then he started off again—to wire to Crane's unhappy family.'

'A sad home-coming it will be for them, said Mrs. Moore, with tears in her eyes. 'Poor boy! Poor boy!' she sighed.

'Dreadful!' was all that Patricia had power to say and to repeat. She had liked Crane well. And why not? His daring feats and reckless bravery, and above all, his genial breezy manner, had made him a general favorite. And he had met his tragic end while Patricia and his other many friends were finishing a game of tennis.

'Poor chap!' ejaculated Traynor. 'And all for thankless science. Is it worth it?'

'Every bit of it!' flashed O'Connell, enthusiastically. 'Crane lost his life risking what most of us are

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too cowardly to risk. And all for the benefit of future generations he has left a fund of invaluable information in aerial science. He has earned an undying name, and has justified his existence. I should be happy if I died having accomplished half as much.'

Patricia Moore looked earnestly at the speaker.

'Surely,' she said, 'it was not necessary for him to suffer all he did to justify his existence?'

'I do not say that it was necessary for him to suffer all he did, but he had to risk all to satisfy his own promptings to that end.'

'And to think that it could have been prevented!' sighed Mrs. Moore. 'That is the most terrible part of it all.' And she shuddered.

* * * * *

The news of the young aviator's tragic death spread quickly, and cast a gloom over the whole place. But, of all people, it perhaps affected Patricia Moore most outside Crane's immediate relations.

The two visitors had taken their leave; the racquets and the tea had disappeared from the shady nook; and Mrs. Moore had retired to her luxurious drawing-room, whose open windows poured out a stream of rosy light on the terraces and lawns immediately in front.

Patricia, still a delicate vision of loveliness in her summer muslin, paced the beautiful garden thoughtfully from path to path.

The red-gold glare of the sun had faded into the haze of twilight, and the deep violet of a summer night had crept up over the sky. And serenely, too, the harvest moon, as golden as the ripened corn, swept into its place and illumined the sky. A great peace, a palpable stillness brooded over the night, undisturbed only by the ripple of the flowing river as it ran sparkling beneath the moon.

As she paced thoughtfully up and down, Patricia's face looked strangely white and tense in the moonlight.

'And to think he might have been saved!' she kept repeating to herself. And yet it was no right of hers to blame the unfortunate people who, in their ignorance, had let a life slip through their fingers. Would she herself have known any better if she had been at the scene of the accident? No—a thousand times no! She knew far more about such things as tennis, and there was a scornful curl on her pretty red lips. Games appealed more to her than so trying a thing as saving a life. And she questioned herself—Was it always to be so? Yes, indeed, if she was to continue in the present empty life she was leading—a life harmless and innocent enough, it is true, but void and empty of the great principles of existence. And she strove again and again against her better self. Why should she be worried over so senseless a thought as a vocation in life? She had a magnificent home, a surfeit of money. It was her lot to be placed in such circumstances, to enjoy life and make the most of her wealth in enjoyment. Why meddle, then, with things that could only mean disagreeableness and worry? And so backward and forward the stream of Patricia Moore's thoughts ran unchecked, her love of luxury and enjoyment vainly trying to beat down the deeper, nobler self that had been fostered tenderly for seven long years in her Belgium convent, and that now tried to reassert itself.

Then at last Patricia decided, her decision being finally influenced by the memory of Jack O'Connell's appreciation of and enthusiasm on the unfortunate young aviator's achievements, even in the almost inconsolable dark tragedy of his death. O'Connell's enthusiasm had been good to witness, and his faith in the correctness of things was illuminating.

Patricia Moore's decision was no easy one for her. 't is true that dozens of girls were daily making similar decisions; but they were girls who, almost from their raddles, were brought up with the idea that they must make a place for themselves in the great world, not, as a rule, girls like herself, who need have had no other thought in life but that of self-gratification. It would

be a terrible wrench for her, she knew, with all her wealth and luxury and ease, to give up her luxury and enjoyment for at least five or six solid years, and to settle back to books, and to days of hard study and toiling research, and to work which, with all its lofty sentiment, would often be bitterly unpleasant and difficult.

But her decision was made, and with the opening of the autumn term at the University Patricia Moore's name would be found on the list for the Faculty of Medicine. That would, of course, necessitate her settling down in Dublin until she had her degree. Then she would return and settle down at Castle Moore, having done something worth while, being of some use to suffering mankind. And visions rose before her there in the fairy moonlight of the cottages that lay scattered over the broad estates that were virtually hers, amongst which she moved, a ministering angel, healing and assuaging pain, but, above all, instructing for their greater benefit and happiness such helpless country folk as those whose unblamable ignorance had really been the cause of the untimely death of the young aviator, Crane.

With flushed face and sparkling eyes, Patricia Moore turned from the moonlit river on which she had been unconsciously gazing, and made her way along the paths between the scented flower-beds, up the terrace steps, to the open drawing-room window.

'Mother, dear,' she cried, as she leant in over the tiny balcony, an exquisite, eager figure in snowy white, 'put on your wrap and come out into the moonlight. It is simply delicious out in the garden, and I want to tell you all I have been thinking of.'

Ever eager to meet her daughter's slightest wish, Mrs. Moore was soon beside the girl, and together they walked the garden paths. But as Patricia unfolded her plans it was not easy for her mother to keep her smiling expression. This was a strange, wild scheme for so easy-going and pleasure-loving a girl as hers. The mother, too, was only just beginning to realise how much she needed her daughter's sunny presence, now that she had her safe at home after the years of comparative separation while the girl was abroad at school. It seemed too bad now to lose her again so soon; to let her shut herself up with her books and study (for that was what the scheme entailed); to have her bright butterfly of a daughter transformed into what Mrs. Moore considered inevitable, a formidable and severe 'blue-stocking.'

She brought every argument to bear against her daughter's plans, but Patricia was determined, for she had caught a glimpse of the dawn, and at length Mrs. Moore gave her consent. After all, if Patricia chose to spend her money and her time in this strange fashion she might as well. Perhaps it was even better than spending both on useless gaieties.

Then and there it was conclusively agreed that Castle Moore should be closed up for at least one winter, and that Mrs. Moore and her daughter should take up their residence in Dublin. At the end of the year Mrs. Moore was quite sure that Patricia would have had quite enough of her 'profession.'

In the latter opinion Mrs. Moore was proved sadly at fault, for the first year passed off well and extraordinarily happily, and even Mrs. Moore had to admit that a year in the city had proved wonderfully enlivening, although she had been deprived of much of her daughter's company. And what comforted the mother most was that Patricia seemed unchanged. Lovely and bright as ever, she had only added to her charm by one highly successful year in her course. And, strange to say, as Mrs. Moore gradually lost sight of the inevitable 'femme savante' she found herself decidedly more anxious over the examination results than even Patricia herself.

As for Patricia, at last she felt what it was to be really happy and satisfied. Her hours of study were hours of undreamt-of delight. And now in her short vacation time she found she could honestly and unreservedly enjoy every pleasure that came in her way.

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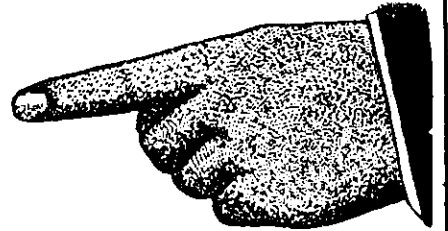
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Here again in the gay city she met the young cavalry officer, Frank Traynor, who was stationed there. He, it is true, laughed outright at Miss Patricia's 'turn of mind,' and was then sorry for having done so. For people with ideals never like to be laughed at. And Patricia was no exception, and at the outset Frank Traynor had ruined the cause he hoped might prosper. The one advantage that he saw in Patricia's presence in Dublin was that she would be near him; for, begun in 'useless tennis matches,' Mr. Traynor's infatuation increased through the weeks, and he had conceived a great plan for the capturing of this pretty young heiress all for himself. If in the meantime his chosen one was pleased to play at sentimentality and learning, so much the better, as long as she did not waste too much of her beauty and money in the game.

Frank Traynor's meditations did not run so smoothly, however, when, from time to time, he heard that among the country visitors who besieged the city residence of the Moore's Jack O'Connell was not an infrequent one, and the knowledge that, for some unaccountable reason or other, ever since the days when O'Connell's name conjured up Patricia's schoolgirl blushes, this man had found favor in the girl's eyes, rankled bitterly in Frank Traynor's heart; and as the days went on, and his suit prospered no better, his desire for the girl grew to a jealous passion and his feeling for O'Connell grew to one of hatred.

II.

Five years later the blazing sun of a glorious harvest time again flooded the grounds of Castle Moore and the whole place was en fete, for the Moores had returned again 'for good' to Castle Moore.

Patricia Moore, the once shallow butterfly, had accomplished marvellous things. After her first year at the University the girl had wakened up to a great yearning that was in her and a craving for knowledge, and she had striven with all her fresh young might to satisfy the yearning. She had won success after success, and ended a brilliant course with an honors degree in medicine. And yet her course was not ended if the girl would do what the University authorities desired. The Vice-Chancellor and her professors advised her to return for another year at least to further specialise and go deeper into research. There was fame awaiting her. No wonder, then, that there was a flush of honest pride on her fresh young cheeks as she received the congratulations of all those who were gathered together to do her honor. She, Patricia Moore, a woman, and barely twenty-three years of age, had taken her place in the great scheme of the knowledge of the universe, and had been praised and commended above the ordinary by Dublin's greatest medical men, who might be safely said to be also some among the world's greatest men in medicine. Surely, she had done something worth while, and her success was more than ample recompense for what she had given up—the life of frittering nonsense she had thought to lead when she shook off the restraint of her convent school days. Yet deep down in Patricia's heart there was a desire to do much more. Up to the present she had been content to gather into herself all this store of knowledge as a rich harvest into a barn. But after the harvest the winter must come, when the garnered corn must become the support of man. Oh, yes! now it remained for Patricia to apply all that had been given to her to know.

Most prominent amongst her congratulators was Frank Traynor, who had now established himself as a recognised suitor of hers. Jack O'Connell was there too, and there was no concealing his satisfaction at the success of his fair young friend. The appreciation gleamed from his handsome face and keen grey eyes.

'I am proud of having ever known you,' he said, simply.

Patricia could not guess why she had been so strangely thrilled at this admission of his that he was proud of her. It seemed to make her triumph greater.

It was growing late in the evening of this festive day when Traynor, by much manoeuvring, managed to carry the girl away from the laughing throng of guests. He had something important to tell her, he said.

And there in the quiet and seclusion Frank Traynor told how passionately he loved her. And that now his one desire in life was to have her known to all the world as his promised wife.

Patricia was not surprised at his open avowal of love. But she blamed herself now for having so stupidly allowed herself to be carried away from the crowd, and so made such an avowal possible. She did not like Frank Traynor, and could never accept him as a husband. And now, too, she saw the folly of not having sent him about his business long ago. Regrets were useless. But Traynor must be told once and for all that this must be the end.

Calmly and determinedly the girl gave him his answer. She told him straight that she did not love him, and did not give him hope that she some time might. Besides, this was no time for her to think of marriage at all. Her profession had become a passion for her. She must do something before she settled down.

In vain Frank Traynor argued his own case. In vain he pleaded that he was going away; that his regiment had been called up to Aldershot; and that there were grave rumors of trouble ahead. All he longed for then was to bear away with him her promise to be his wife.

But Patricia stood firm. And would promise nothing.

Then over the golden harvest fields the storm-cloud burst. And the world trembled at the bursting of the red war-cloud. Action, swift and deliberate, had followed the murmurings and threats of years. And Germany, in the midst of peace and security, had madly and suddenly declared war on France, and had violated neutral territory, dragging the little country of Belgium into the fray. The world stood aghast. And then began to move. The tramp of warring nations sounded across the universe, and all roads led to the seething frontiers of Germany and France. The battle smoke lay thick along the land, and out of the sickening struggle came the pitiful record of dying and dead. And swift on the heels of the fight galloped the fame of the heroic Belgian Army, that stood to a man to defend the sacred honor of a free country against a fierce and remorseless invader.

So for the second time tragedy broke in upon the peaceful tenor of life at Castle Moore. And for a second time Patricia Moore found herself called upon to make a great decision. Here within her grasp lay that for which her soul with all its young enthusiasm craved. The seething battlefield with its pain and anguish to be eased and soothed.

With a pang in her heart that no one could realise save one who had lived for years upon the very ground, she read of the devastation of that little land that had practically been the home of her childhood. Every inch of it was familiar to her, and called to her with eloquent tongue. How well she knew the great citadels of Namur and Liege; the sweeping country, golden in the harvest sun, and the sparkling stretches of the widening Meuse. She knew every inch of it as well as her own little Irish county. For her it had always stood for the climax of peace and plenty.

Now everything was changed. The summer air was violated by the din of battle; the ripe harvest fields were devastated by invading armies—the whole land made piteous with the groans of the wounded and the agonies of the dying.

Already the cry for help had sounded across the sea, and Patricia Moore felt that to her, above all women else in the world, the call had come. And she would answer it. For this end surely her life had been planned. She could speak French or Flemish like a native, and now, with her medical honors thick upon her, she was ready.

It was a more difficult task for Patricia now to persuade her mother to her way of thinking. But

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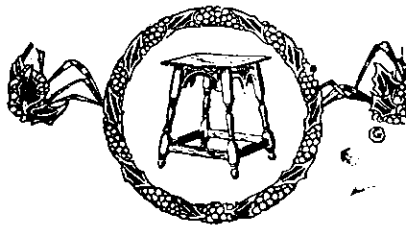
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at last she succeeded, and preparations were started for her approaching departure.

Now Patricia understood why Frank Traynor's regiment had been called up. Traynor was now probably at the front with his detachment. Then the girl muttered a fervent hope that of all the things she might be called upon to face in Belgium, a meeting with Traynor might not be one of them. She had not seen Jack O'Connell either since the commencement of the war. She had heard he was going away. And she felt sorry now that she had not told him of her plans when they last met. She would have more than half liked to bear him say again with that strange light in his keen grey eyes that he was proud to have known her. She thought he would be proud of her present action, and that made her feel satisfied.

Of course the parting with her mother was the hardest part of Patricia's task. 'For goodness sake, mother, dear,' she had said, 'don't be so miserable,' then laughingly (albeit striving to keep back her own tears) she added, 'I'll come back sure enough, another—and dead or alive—a real heroine.'

And with a great show of bravery the two parted. Mrs. Moore was left at home to do the waiting, watching, and praying, while her brave and brilliant child had gone off to do and dare in the interests of suffering nations.

Patricia never could forget that journey as long as she lived. Troops journeyed along with her, light-hearted and reckless; nurses, doctors, ambulance, horses, ammunition, guns, and all the stern paraphernalia of war. At times on the way an aeroplane hummed overhead and darted swiftly into the distance and out of sight. At Boulogne, when they landed, the wildest enthusiasm reigned. Shouts and cheers and great waving of hats greeted them everywhere. Indeed, Patricia Moore felt that at last she was living, and it was good to be alive and to be doing. All along the route the enthusiasm was the same. And the troops—they might have been marching to a gallant review instead of to possible death. Their unquenchable good spirits carried them straight to their destination—the fighting line.

Greatly to her disgust, after pitching their camp Patricia met, amongst the officers, none other than the undesirable Traynor. Astonishment was plainly visible on his face. This was the last place on the face of the earth he had expected to meet Patricia Moore. He greeted her warmly, in spite of the nature of their last meeting, and inwardly resolved, like the spider, to 'try, try, try again.' He told her that they were not getting a fair chance at the enemy yet, but it was all in good time.

Patricia soon set to work in earnest with the duties assigned to her, and it was not long until she was ordering the nurses about, even the doctors; and they were quick to recognise that this girl-doctor did not fall one bit short of the reputation that she had brought with her. Amongst the wounded she was always the favorite—tender, skilful, and untiring in her efforts to do good. Amongst the Irish soldiers she was, naturally, the prime favorite, and it was not long before she became generally and affectionately known as 'our Doctor Pat' amongst the men. It was 'Doctor Pat' here, there, and everywhere, and probably had she ordered an attack on the enemy herself the regiment would have followed her to a man!

And so a few weeks passed by, with their battle-toll of wounded and dead, and fresh batches of troops came out to fill the gaps.

And even in the midst of all the turmoil, when men's hearts were filled with nothing but war, Frank Traynor saw fit to try again the fortress of his suit with Patricia Moore. But here he failed worse than ever, for 'Dr. Pat' had gained great strength and courage from the ordeals she had faced amongst the shot and shell. She told Traynor plainly what she thought of him for pursuing her in this ungentlemanly way when she had already given her final answer.

Humiliated by the girl's scorn, Traynor's one-time professed love turned to bitter dislike, and 'Dr. Pat' felt a grave fear of him kindle in her heart. She

avoided him on every possible occasion, and Traynor was not backward in noticing the fact.

It was after this that the work of Traynor's cavalry really commenced, and so great was the havoc wrought that all the reinforcements were gladly welcomed, even what the regular soldiers were pleased to call 'the raw recruits.' Of these 'Dr. Pat' saw little and knew less; her place was with the wounded, where she had already grown accustomed to the dull roar of distant cannon and the rattle of musketry. Amongst the 'raw recruits,' however, just fresh from England was a young soldier who had joined because he had seen an urgent appeal in the paper for good horsemen to join the Irish Horse. His name was John O'Connell, and he was the finest horseman, perhaps, in his county. With a wild notion all his own, Jack O'Connell had enlisted in the hope that the fortunes of war might give him not only the chance of fighting for the defence of his country, but perhaps an opportunity of doing something above the ordinary that might make him worthy of offering his name and fame to the girl he loved, but into whose ear he had never dared to whisper his love as yet.

It was greatly to his disappointment that he found himself quartered with Frank Traynor's detachment and under his command. However, he had to make the best of it. As for Patricia's presence here in the fighting line, he was supremely unconscious. He heard of 'Dr. Pat,' it is true, on the very day of his arrival, but never for a moment thought it was Patricia Moore.

Frank Traynor, however, was absolutely sure that O'Connell knew all about Patricia's movements. He told himself, moreover, that O'Connell had come to the front with no patriotic motives, but purely from the desire to be near the girl, and Traynor's jealousy grew apace.

And in one of the engagements circumstances played into Traynor's hands and worked his jealousy to a dangerous pitch. In the morning Traynor's detachment had ridden out to meet the enemy—as fine a body of cavalry as ever galloped into hostile lines. All day they had fought, with crack of muskets and slash of bayonets. Backward and forward the tide of victory rolled until, with a final gallant effort, Traynor's surviving men routed the enemy. Hot-foot in pursuit, the men galloped after the retreating enemy in the gathering dusk until the call sounded for the return. One alone was too well occupied to answer the call at once. He was grappling with one of the enemy's standard-bearers. Fearing the possible result, Traynor, who, peering through the dusk, saw what was happening, dashed to the rescue. He was just in time to see the enemy fall to the ground, pierced by his pursuer's bayonet. Traynor's man had caught the German standard ere it fluttered to the ground.

As the man turned swiftly to gallop back to the lines with his trophy Traynor recognised him. He was O'Connell, the 'raw recruit.'

Quicker than it can be told, mad rage and jealousy surged through Traynor's breast. For this man Patricia Moore spurned his love. He was, then, to be his rival, not only in love, but in war. With a look of fiendish hatred, Traynor fell on his rival, and, with one fierce blow, levelled him to the ground. So quickly was it all done that before the main body had noticed his absence Frank Traynor had swung round and dashed back to his men, bearing the captured standard in his hand. White-faced and determined, he regained his detachment, leaving his rival murdered in cold blood on the field.

Traynor was greeted with a rousing cheer from his men. And his was a gratifying triumph when he bore his trophy of the fight into camp. But as he lay that night in his tent he tossed and moaned in feverish agony. He knew himself to be a murderer. The regiment would never guess, could never guess, the baseness of one of its esteemed officers. Jack O'Connell would be found on the battlefield dead, and he would be given a soldier's burial. Like hundreds of other brave men, he had fallen in fair fight—that was

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all. And, somewhat reassured by his reasoning, towards morning Traynor fell into a troubled sleep.

Meanwhile the untiring Red Cross nurses and men, doctors and priests, searched the field for the wounded. The moon shining down on the scene of carnage made a ghastly picture for the silent workers to gaze upon.

Suddenly 'Dr. Pat,' as used as she was now to these terrible sights, gave way to a sharp cry of amazement and alarm as she fell on her knees beside a prostrate figure.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

A GALLANT IRISH REGIMENT.

Like the Dublin Fusiliers, the Connaught Rangers have had a brilliant history, which has lost nothing by their exploits in the present war.

The traditions of two famous regiments—the 88th and 94th—are carried on by the 1st and 2nd Battalions Connaught Rangers to-day. The 88th was raised originally by Colonel de Burgh, who later became Earl of Clanricarde, and from its inception, 120 years ago, was popularly known as the Connaught Rangers, by reason of the fact that nearly all its recruits were Connaught men. The joint honors of the two battalions make a glorious roll—Seringapatam, Egypt, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, the Peninsula, Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Central India, South Africa. The names are, if Waterloo had been included, an epitome of the later military history of the British Empire.

The Connaught Rangers saw their first war service on the very ground now so hotly contested by the Allies, for they first smelt powder at Alost in 1794. The rigors of that awful winter on the Continent played terrible havoc with the regiment, as most of those who escaped injuries in battle were found frozen to death in the trenches. The Rangers were reorganised and despatched to the West Indies, but their transport ships were blown through the Straits of Gibraltar on the voyage out and wrecked. Only a few of the men were saved.

In the long and arduous campaign of Wellington in the Peninsula the two regiments fought side by side, and perhaps did more than any others to add a glorious chapter to the history of the fighting Irish. At Busaco their charge, memorable in itself, was made even more so by the address of their colonel, Wallace. The Rangers were ordered forward. Wallace rode up to them, and in a very few words told them what he expected them to do: 'Now, mind what I tell you. When you arrive at the spot I shall charge, and I have only to add that the rest must be done by yourselves. Press on them to the muzzle, I say, Connaught Rangers; press on the rascals!' And the Connaughts pressed. Before their headlong slaughter the French columns were hurled back in wild disorder. The official record says: 'Twenty minutes sufficed to decide the question, and to teach the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz that, with every advantage of position on their side, they must yield to the Rangers of Connaught.' When Wellington rode up, later in the day, and grasped the hand of Wallace, he exclaimed: 'Wallace, I never saw a more gallant charge than that just made by your Connaught Rangers.'

The storming of Badajos by Picton and his famous 'Fighting Third' on April 16, 1812, forms one of the most thrilling chapters in the whole Peninsula Campaign. The Third Division was largely composed of Irish soldiers, picked men from the Royal Irish Rifles, the Connaught Rangers, and other battalions. Wellington held Lisbon, but was unable to move his troops through Portugal because of the strong French garrison that still held the fortified town of Badajos on the Spanish-Portuguese frontier. He decided thereupon to pour a strong force forward and lay siege to the fortress. It was a peculiarly situated stronghold.

Nature had done her share to render it invulnerable. A Moorish castle towered 300 feet above the level of the plain. Bastions and fortresses enwrapped the town, and for weeks the British artillery battered at these without any apparent effect. The beleaguered garrison poured an incessant fire down upon the troops below, and the loss of life was terrible.

To Picton, and his fiery battalions, Wellington turned at length. The order ran along the lines that the Connaught Rangers were to rush the stronghold. Placing ladders against the walls, they swarmed up them in the teeth of a fusillade of bullets and of every form of missile that the frantic garrison above could lay hands upon. But the Connaughts still kept scrambling on. The foremost to scale the wall were hurled on the point of the bayonet back into the trenches below. Then the Frenchmen caught the uppermost rungs of the ladders and, with their loads of frantic men, pitched them to the plain as well. When every ladder was thrown back the survivors retired to cover. With a wild yell to his men to come on again, a young officer, a minute later, rushed out and, seizing a fallen ladder, planted it against the wall, and darted up it. The Connaughts rallied after him. A British success at another point of the fortress weakened the French resistance, and in a few seconds the Connaughts had scrambled over the parapet and were driving the French pell-mell through the streets of Badajos at the point of the bayonet.

From the end of the Peninsula War till the Crimea the Connaughts were on foreign service doing garrison duty in the colonies. At Alma, Inkerman, and the long siege of Sebastopol the regiment earned for the Connaught Rangers a lasting name for cheerful devotion to duty under intense hardships and privations. They received thanks in a general order for their gallant conduct during the Indian Mutiny. In the late South African War the regiment continued the old dash and gallantry for which their forbears were so long famous. 'Rangers of Connaught,' said the Colonel in Command at the front, as soon as the Allies came into touch with the German lines, 'Rangers, the eyes of all Ireland are on you this day. On, then, boys, and at them, and if you do not give them the soundest thrashing they have ever got you need never look me in the face again in this world—or in the next.' We must bide our time a while longer before the sequel to that spirited little speech is known, but if the fact that 60 officers and almost the entire regiment went under during the first five months of the war counts for anything, the Connaught Rangers have certainly not been sparing themselves.

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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MR. REDMOND AT THE FRONT

A MEMORABLE VISIT DESCRIBED.

I have been asked to publish in some detail a narrative of my experience and my first impressions during my recent visit to the front (writes Mr. John Redmond, M.P.). This is an extremely difficult thing to do with any completeness, and especially in view of the fact that I must be careful not to say anything which the Censor might consider it injurious to publish.

I spent a week in the British, French, and Belgian lines. I inspected, in considerable detail, one of the British great military bases, and saw the elaborate arrangements for transport of troops, munitions, and provisions. I marvelled at the enormous hangars which had been built, and at the stupendous supply of all sorts of munitions which they contained, and at the arrangements made for their daily arrival at the port and their daily convoy to the various railheads, whence they are taken on by motor lorry to the troops.

I visited the great base hospitals, with accommodation for thousands of wounded soldiers, and with the beautiful and almost luxurious convalescent hospitals attached. When I proceeded from the base to Headquarters, I had unique opportunities of investigating the extraordinary work of the Administrative Staff. I met the heads of all the various departments, including the Protestant and the Catholic Director-Generals of Chaplains with the troops, Rev. Major-General Simms and Monsignor Keating. I saw one of the flying stations with its hundreds of hangars and aircraft of all descriptions. I visited every Irish regiment at the Front. I saw John Ward's Navy Battalions doing the most magnificent work in making and repairing of roads. I saw the Indian troops and the Canadian troops. To describe all these things with anything like detail would be quite impossible in the space at my disposal. My best course, I think, will be to give something in the nature of a diary.

One of my most interesting experiences was a visit to St. Patrick's Club for Soldiers, which has been conducted by the Hon. Miss Florence Colburn, assisted by Miss Grace O'Malley, of London.

Irishmen Everywhere.

From the time I arrived until I left the shores of France again I met Irishmen everywhere and in every capacity, not merely in the Irish regiments, but in every regiment and high up in every single branch of the service—Irishmen from north and south and east and west. In fact, it is true to say that from the Irish Commander-in-Chief himself right down through the Army one meets Irishmen everywhere one goes.

On arrival at the Headquarters of the First Army, we met General Sir Douglas Haig, the Commanding Officer, and had an opportunity of examining the extraordinary methods of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff of the First Army, under the control of Lieut.-Colonel Charteris. By the aid of aeroplane photography, our Army is in possession from day to day of elaborate photographs of German trenches, and I was shown the daily map which is issued on which is plainly marked every portion of the whole intricate system of German trenches, and on which is also marked the position of every German battery behind their lines.

With the Munsters.

In company with General Crampton, we proceeded to — where we met Lieut.-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, Bart., commanding the 4th Army Corps, and Major-General Holland, commanding the 1st Division. Here the Munster Fusiliers were paraded and drawn up in a hollow square, and Major-General Rawlinson introduced me to the troops, and asked me to address them. They had marched on to the ground playing the 'Wearin' of the green' on their band of Irish war-pipes and carrying a green Irish flag. There was a battery of British anti-aircraft guns on my left, about forty yards away, and a battery of 75 mm. French guns about forty yards on my right. After I had

spoken a few sentences, the battery on my left rang out with startling suddenness; and we then became aware that there was a hostile German Taube aeroplane right over our heads. From that on until the end of my speech the British guns on the one side and the French guns on the other fired shrapnel shells at the Taube at regular intervals. It was a strange experience for me to have my speech punctuated, not by applause, but by the roar of guns situated only a few yards from where I was standing. It was a marvellous exhibition of the discipline and steadiness of the men that, while this firing was taking place, not one of them even lifted his head to look in the sky at the aeroplane, but remained absolutely passive at attention. When I finished my speech, the men cheered lustily and marched away playing 'O'Donnell Aboo.' At the commencement of the war, the men had five green flags, now they have only one; and I promised to supply the deficiency.

Aircraft and Guns.

We remained upon the field for some twenty minutes after, watching the battle between the guns and the Taube. Four British aircraft were sent up to aid in the attack. Shrapnel shells were bursting all round the Taube in such a way that it seemed absolutely impossible for it to escape being hit, and I am quite certain that it was hit, but not vitally; and after wheeling over our heads more than once, as if in defiance, the Taube slowly disappeared towards the German lines. During lunch at Divisional Headquarters, the band played Irish national airs, and at intervals the house was shaken by guns from a battery quite close, and a large French window in the room where we were lunching was blown in by the concussion.

The following day—that is, the 19th November—making an early start, and under the guidance of Major Heywood, we went to the Headquarters of the Second Army, where we were received by General Plummer, the Army Commander, and where again were exhibited the war maps, aeroplane photographs, etc.

The Leinsters.

We proceeded then to the Headquarters of the 24th Division (General Capper). Here the 2nd Battalion of the Leinster Regiment, with General Jelf commanding the 73rd Infantry Brigade, were paraded to meet us.

They first gave us a display of bombing, and fired volleys of various kinds of bombs and explained to us this mode of trench warfare. The bombs are of all shapes and sizes, some of them resembling cricket balls in appearance, some of them the shape of a hairbrush with a handle, and some of them in the nature of slings with canvas ribbons attached to them. After this display I was given the privilege of addressing the Leinsters, and received from them a most enthusiastic reception. Their band of Irish war pipes played the 'Wearin' o' the green' and 'Garryowen.'

I had the pleasure here of meeting the two Catholic chaplains—Father Higgins, a Sligo man, and Father Brown, a Cork man. Like all the other chaplains whom I met at the front, they spoke in the highest praise of the extraordinary spirit of the men, their good behaviour, and their devotion to their religious duties. All the time we were in this camp shelling and big gun firing from both the British and German lines was continuous.

We proceeded then through Armentieres, which had been heavily shelled the day before, to the 25th Divisional Headquarters. Here we were met by General Doran, an Irishman and a Wexford man, from whom we received a hearty welcome.

We walked for about a mile and a-half through the three lines of defence until we arrived at the firing line, along which we walked, and saw the soldiers in their huts and dugouts and walking about in the trenches. Most of the trenches were supplied with periscopes, and we were within about 80 yards of the firing line of the Germans, which we saw distinctly.

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Enormous improvements have been made in the trenches since last winter. Most of them have boarded floors, others of them have brick floors, and although in really wet weather it is impossible to prevent them turning into a morass of mud and water, at the same time it is comparatively easy in fairly fine weather to clear them. They have got a system of trench pumps which are used to get rid of the water, and I was greatly impressed by the pipes which I saw running a mile and a-half back from the front of the trench, supplying drinking water to the men. The dugouts which I saw were comparatively comfortable. The men had rough beds to lie on, many containing tables. One dugout I saw had four panes of glass in it, making a little window. Many of them also had small braziers with fires.

Question of Clothing.

This year the men have been served out with long indiarubber boots, which go right up over their thighs like fishing waders. The organisation in connection with these boots is perfect. When a battalion of men is coming to the trenches it finds in the supporting lines, that is to say in the second line of trench, these boots waiting for them. They remove their own boots, get an extra pair of thick stockings, and put on the rubber boots. When they are coming away after their four days in the trenches they leave these boots at the same station, and receive their own boots and socks, which have been dried for them in the meantime. And to see the extraordinary care that is taken of the men! When they get back to their camp the men are taken to an enormous wash-house, where they strip naked, and their mud-coated uniforms and their underclothes are taken from them into another department, where they are washed, brushed, and thoroughly disinfected. The men go through a door into an enormous wash-house, where there are great circular vats of warm water waiting for them, and, twelve at a time, each with a piece of soap, jump in. When they have had their bath they go into another room, where they find a complete fresh suit of underclothes, and also find clean and dry tunics, pants, and puttees, socks, and boots. The Prince of Wales bathes in one of these wash-houses with the men, the only distinction being that he has a separate bath to himself. They have also a barber's shop. They are supplied with leather waistcoats and with sheepskin or goatskin coats, and with the best of gloves and mufflers; and it would be impossible for me to convey an adequate idea of the care that is taken of these brave fellows in every possible respect.

Royal Irish Rifles.

Just outside we visited the camp of the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles. The men, who were paraded, were just about to start for the trenches: they had all their equipment on, and, indeed, seemed heavily laden. I had a warm welcome from them, and when I reminded them that their regiment was composed of men from the North of Ireland and from the South combined, they heartily cheered, and I was told that the Belfast men, and the Southern and Western men in the regiment were the best of comrades and of friends.

Three Great Regiments.

The following day—Saturday, the 20th November—we left Headquarters again at a very early hour, again under the guidance of Major Elles, in order to visit the old 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers (the Faugh-a-ballaghs) and the Dublin Fusiliers. Brigadier-General Hull met us here, and I was invited to address the combined battalions of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Dublin Fusiliers, and received from them a thoroughly hearty greeting.

After my speech, the battalions left the ground playing 'O'Donnell Aboo,' followed by 'God save Ireland,' their cheers echoing away through the woods. From this we went on to meet the old 18th Royal Irish Regiment, the senior of all the Irish regiments. Though they had only just come from the trenches, they had cleaned and smartened themselves up, and presented a magnificent spectacle of trained men.

They gave me an enthusiastic reception. The night before, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, had asked me to convey a message of congratulation to this regiment for their gallantry in the field, and to assure them how proud he was to be their Colonel. Many of the men were from Wexford, and I need not say I was glad to meet my fellow Wexford men, and also many of my own constituents from Waterford.

While we were at lunch subsequently at Headquarters, two batteries of British guns in our immediate vicinity commenced a hot fire on the German lines, so much so that the little house in which we were sitting was shaking the whole time, the panes of glass were rattling, and the noise was so great that it was practically impossible to converse.

On Dangerous Ground.

After lunch, General Hull conducted us to what I regard as the most dangerous part of the firing line that I have visited. The day was foggy, and General Hull considered that it would be safe for us to proceed in a motor a portion of the way. He would, however, allow only one motor and a limited number of people to go. Leaving the motor by the side of a road, we entered a long communication trench, and passed on through the supporting trenches for a couple of miles. The whole time guns were booming without cessation, and the ground on each side showed great craters which had been made by shells. When we reached the actual firing trench, we were within a very short distance of the German trenches, which we saw with the utmost distinctness. Here I met the Ulster Fusiliers and the men of a battalion of the Dublin Division (the Royal Irish Rifles) side by side in the trenches. The next day, Sunday, 21st November, we paid a visit to the newly-formed Guards Division, commanded by Lord Cavan. Lord Cavan is one of the heroes of this war, and I heard everywhere I went enthusiastic praise of his qualities as a soldier and a man, and from my own observation I am certain that his men would follow him anywhere to the death. At the Headquarters we met Lord Claud Hamilton and the Prince of Wales. The latter seemed in first-rate health and spirits, and he leads exactly the same life as any other young subaltern in the Army. I could not help thinking what a magnificent training it is for him. He seems perfectly happy.

The Irish Guards.

The first and second battalions of the Irish Guards were paraded and inspected by us, in company with Lord Cavan. I met many men in the regiment, both amongst the officers and the rank and file, whom I knew. One, a Sergeant Murphy, from Enniscorthy, and another, Private McVeagh, from County Antrim, had just obtained the D.S.O. for gallantry at Loos. The 1st Battalion is commanded by Colonel McCalmont, M.P., who was exceedingly cordial in his welcome, and the 2nd Battalion by Colonel Butler. The men are all giants, and what struck me was the uniformity of the height of the men. It is not to be found in any other regiment which I saw. They were all in the best of spirits, and seemed delighted by my visit. I was told by the Catholic chaplain that all of the men had been at Communion on the Friday before. The deepest grief is felt by them all at the tragic death of their chaplain, Father Gwynn. Lord Cavan and the officers described him to me as a splendid fellow, who had been a tower of strength and a continual tonic to the regiment.

After the parade we proceeded to some batteries of 4.5 howitzers, 18-pounders, and 9.2 howitzers, which were about to open fire upon certain houses behind the German lines, which had been suspected of harboring enemy guns. As soon as we arrived the bombardment commenced, and was exceedingly exciting work. After each shot a telephone message instantly came back as to the result. The first few shots were misses, and the correction in the range was made in accordance with the telephonic message. Finally, the word came of a hit. Then they knew the range to absolute accuracy, and all the guns were turned on, and in a

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few moments the buildings on which they were firing were completely demolished.

'Arrested' in Belgium.

On Monday, 22nd November, we went to Belgium, driving along by the Belgian canals; and were deeply impressed with the spectacle of women pulling enormous canal barges twice the size of those we are accustomed to in this country. Everywhere the women were doing agricultural works in the fields. No men were to be seen at all except the troops who crowded the roads. On reaching the Belgian frontier I had a strange experience. I had left the British Headquarters without the necessary permit to cross the Belgian lines, and we were held up by the Belgian sentries. We showed our papers, we explained we were going as guests to visit King Albert, we said we came from Sir John French. All in vain, we could not proceed. At last a Belgian officer arrived, and we suggested to him to send an armed guard with us to the Belgian Headquarters, and to this he agreed, and a soldier, with rifle and fixed bayonet, was put next our chauffeur; and thus we drove to Le Panne, where the King resides. On our arrival we found the British Minister at King Albert's Court and two Belgian aides-de-camp waiting for us; and our guard was relieved of his duty.

Scenes of Desolation.

We passed through villages and towns lying in absolute ruins, some of the most beautiful buildings in Europe, going back for many hundreds of years, and which were regarded as models of architecture, were riddled or completely demolished. In these towns the churches in every case suffered most. In many towns we passed through there was not a living human being except a few Belgian guards who were living in cellars. In Pervyse, in a half-ruined two-storey house, in the middle of universal ruin, we found two English ladies were living. One of them is a Miss Chisholme, and they have remained there all through the war, tending the wounded, and succouring the starving children of the remnant population by the same kind of extraordinary coincidence as that whereby the crucifixes and statues have escaped destruction in Belgium, so the portion of the little house which these ladies have inhabited to this time has remained untouched.

The King of the Belgians.

I had been informed before leaving the British Headquarters that King Albert had graciously expressed a desire to see me, and I therefore proceeded to his residence.

A small, unpretending detached seaside villa, without garden or grounds of any sort or kind, standing literally on a sand hill, looking out to the sea, and only about 30 or 40 feet from the edge of the water, is the Royal Palace—I shall never forget my visit to the King, his kindness, his courtesy, and his sympathy, and how warmly and generously he spoke of the little that Ireland had been able to do to help him. I confess that my emotions were stirred, by this interview more perhaps than ever before.

After the interview we started to pay a visit to Ypres, but were overtaken by a dense fog, and were unable, to our great regret, to get to the most shelled town in Belgium; indeed, it took us five hours crawling slowly and cautiously along the road, in and out between marching troops and transport waggons which loomed up out of the mist constantly all round us, wherever we went, to reach at last General Headquarters, late at night.

Throughout my visit I received the greatest courtesy and kindness from everyone, and I am especially indebted to Sir John French and those officers who so kindly escorted me on my tour. I had the pleasure of meeting at General Headquarters Major Winston Churchill, who has been attached to the Guards Division, and who had gone to the trenches for the first time on the day I visited the Irish Guards.

I found, as I have already stated in public, universal confidence in the power of the Allies to smash the Germans on the Western line; universal indignation at the slanders which have been current in Lon-

don with reference to the Headquarters of the Administrative Staff; and I would like to say universal confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

January 10.

The Rev. Father McCarthy, Marist Missioner, is now in Wanganui preaching a retreat for the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent. On last Sunday at St. Mary's he preached an impressive sermon, the subject being the 'Sacrifice of the Mass.'

The following is a summary of the work done by St. Lawrence's Conference (ladies) of the St. Vincent de Paul Society during the period from September 1 to December 31:—The conference has done a considerable amount of sewing for the Military Hospital Guild and the Red Cross Society—for the former some 50 garments were completed, and for the latter about 40. On October 20, the members of the conference took part in a street collection, organised in aid of funds of the British Red Cross Society, and on this occasion they were instrumental in handing over £33. In November the members arranged a home-made cake stall in aid of the Military Guild, when about £17 were added to the fund. But the greatest work done was the organising and furnishing of a variety stall in Paddy's Market in connection with the 'Battle of the Bullion' to raise £50,000 for the Sick and Wounded Fund. The stall was presided over by Mrs. Meehan, and was in every way an unqualified success. The market opened on November 25, and continued for ten days. The members were generally complimented on the manner in which they conducted the stall. The whole parish put their best endeavors into the undertaking. Their best thanks are gratefully extended to all who assisted them in any way, while special thanks are due to the capable secretary (Mr. J. McGonigle) and the assistant secretary (Miss Cullinane). The total receipts of the variety stall amounted to £547—a splendid return.

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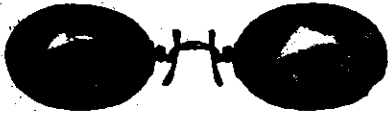
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Current Topics

The Government of the Church

The Pope sitting in the Chair of Peter from generation to generation is no recluse or dreamy student: he has to keep a watchful eye on the signs of the times, on the ever-changing thoughts, feelings, and customs of men, as well as on the faith, practice, and discipline of the Church. In the performance of his burdensome duties he trusts largely to his fellow-bishops scattered throughout the world, for they, too, like the successor of Peter, have been directly set up by our Lord to rule the Church. Their work in close collaboration with his, and always under his supreme authority, provides daily for the ordinary well-being of Christ's flock. But in the ever-pressing interests of Faith and ecclesiastical discipline it is often desirable that the Head of the Church should be more directly represented in various parts of the world by one who, invested with more than ordinary powers and privileges, will speak the mind of his master and carry out his wishes. According to Pope Pius VI (14 November, 1789) one of the rights attached to Peter's primacy is that 'by virtue of his apostolic prerogative, while providing for the care of all the lambs and the sheep committed to him, the Roman Pontiff discharges his apostolic duty also by delegating ecclesiastics for a time or permanently, as may seem best, to go into distant places, and exercise such jurisdiction as he himself, if present, would exercise.' These Papal representatives are known as Legates, Nuncios, Internuncios, Apostolic Delegates and Envoys Extraordinary, Apostolic Vicars, according to the nature of the functions they perform.

Origin of Papal Representatives

Even as our Lord clothed His Apostles with His own authority, and then sent them to continue His work in His name, so from the earliest days the supreme rulers of the Church have delegated their powers to others. Thus in the days of the Church's infancy the question was raised as to the conditions under which pagans were to be admitted into the Church. St. Peter presided over a meeting of his fellow-bishops—the meeting is known to history as the Council of Jerusalem—and here it was decided that the pagan converts were of equal standing with their Jewish brethren and could become Christians without having to observe the legal prescriptions of the Mosaic Law. This decision was communicated to the Church at Antioch, where discussion had been hottest, by four delegates of the Council—Paul, Barnabas, Judas, and Silas. During the centuries of persecution that followed the Popes could take no part in the public life of the Roman Empire; but even so, we read of Victor I. commissioning Theophilus, the Bishop of Caesarea (end of 2nd century) to convoke a council of the bishops of Palestine in order to deal with the question of the Easter celebration. Later on Pope Sylvester I. sent two priests and two deacons of the Roman Church to settle some trouble with the Quartodecimans and Donatists. Hosius, the Bishop of Cordova, in Spain, acted as the representative of the same Pope on several matters of importance in Egypt and the East, and along with two priests of the Roman Church, Victor and Vincent, convoked and presided over the first General Council, that of Nicaea, in 325. From that time on we find frequent mention of the Pope's Legates. The great Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., did much to raise their status and define their powers. His ministers were to be found in every Christian country, forming, as an old writer puts it, the links in that unseen but massive chain which bound each nation and each church to its head, and which was the means in Gregory's experienced and strong hands of ruling the world.

Pole and Rinuccini

The most famous instances of Papal Legates in our domestic history are those of Pole and Rinuccini.

When Edward VI. died in 1553 and was succeeded by Mary, Pope Julius III. at once appointed Cardinal Pole Legate in England. On his arrival in London, November 20, 1554, he received a tremendous reception, and on November 30, Pole, though not as yet a priest, formally absolved the two Houses of Parliament from the guilt of schism. In the following year the Legate, who by reason of his royal descent and his friendship with the Queen, exercised great influence in England, presided over a Synod which passed many useful decrees of reform. Pole was ordained priest on March 20, 1557, consecrated archbishop two days after, and received the pallium on March 25. His extempore address on that occasion is still preserved, and one passage may be quoted here as explaining the significance of the pallium with which an archbishop is always invested. 'So long ago as in the time of the early Church, when any one was consecrated an archbishop, by which consecration a power was conferred of such a nature as to be supreme after Christ's Vicar on earth, yet it was not lawful to exercise such power until after having received the pallium; which being taken from the body of St. Peter and placed on the archbishop-elect, merely signified that, as his power and authority proceeded from that body, so likewise in all his actions he was bound to render a corresponding obedience like that of members to their head. Thus, this ceremony; lest the archbishops, having such great authority, detaching themselves from their head, might cause much turmoil and disorder in the Church, instead of acknowledging it as held neither of themselves nor of others, but solely of Christ's Vicar, who is the Roman Pontiff, so that by this regulation the unity of the Church might be preserved for ever. Thus, then, an archbishop cannot exercise this power given to him by the act of consecration until he receives authority to do so by means of this pallium, taken, as I have said, from the body of St. Peter and transmitted to him by Christ's Vicar' (*Venician State Papers*).

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The other memorable legation is that of Rinuccini. Rinuccini, who was born at Rome in 1592 and who became Archbishop of Florence in 1625, was sent as Papal Nuncio to Ireland in 1645. The times were dark even in the sad, though not inglorious history of Ireland. 'Maddened by oppression,' writes Dr. D'Alton, 'the Irish Catholics had taken up arms, had set up a legislative assembly with an executive government, and had bound themselves by oath not to cease fighting until they had secured undisturbed possession of their lands and religious liberty. But the difficulties were great. The Anglo-Irish and old Irish disagreed, their generals were incompetent or quarrelled with each other, supplies were hard to get, and the Marquis of Ormond managed to sow dissension among the members of the Supreme Council at Kilkenny. In these circumstances the Catholics sought for foreign aid from Spain and the Pope; and the latter sent them Rinuccini with a good supply of arms, ammunition, and money. He arrived in Ireland at the end of 1645, after having narrowly escaped capture at sea by an English vessel. Acting on his instructions from the Pope, he encouraged the Irish Catholics not to strive for national independence, but rather to aid the King against the revolted Puritans, provided there was a repeal of the penal laws in existence. Finding, however, that Ormond, acting for the King, would grant no toleration to the Catholics, Rinuccini wished to fight both the Royalists and the Puritans. The Anglo-Irish, satisfied with even the barest toleration, desired negotiations with Ormond and peace at any price, while the old Irish were for continuing the war until the Plantation of Ulster was undone, and complete toleration secured. Failing to effect a union between such discordant elements, Rinuccini lost courage; and when Ormond surrendered Dublin to the Puritans, and the Catholics became utterly helpless from dissension, he left Ireland, in 1649, and retired to his diocese, where he died.'

Classification of Papal Representatives

Special Envoys.—The troubled conditions of life in the tenth and eleventh centuries made it necessary for the Holy See to send *legati missi*, or special envoys, into various countries of Europe. The same title is nowadays given to those whom the Supreme Pontiff sends on any special mission, for example, to officiate at some royal baptism or marriage.

Legates a Latere.—The name would seem to be derived from the fact that the official, who must always be a Cardinal, comes from the very side of the Pope and enjoys his intimate confidence. Legates of this character are sent on missions of grave importance and are invested with the fullest powers. At the present day Cardinals are often sent on special missions, for example, to represent the Holy Father at the Eucharistic Congress or at the consecration of Armagh Cathedral, without, however, receiving the title and powers of Legates a latere. A Legate a latere well known to historical students is Cardinal Caprara. At the request of Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul, Pope Pius VII. (1800-23) appointed Caprara Legate for France in August, 1801. The Concordat regulating the relations between the Church in France and the French Republic had just been concluded, and the Legate had to see that it was carried out with due regard to the rights of the Church. Whilst at times displaying too conciliatory a spirit, he did not hesitate to protest very energetically when Napoleon deceitfully added to the original agreement certain clauses, known as the Organic Articles, which seriously invaded the sovereign rights of the Church.

Nuncios are sent to various countries by the Pope both on ecclesiastical and diplomatic missions. Over and above the ordinary jurisdiction which they possess as archbishops, they generally receive special faculties to meet the peculiar circumstances of the country or time. Their chief work, however, at the present day is diplomatic; they are the accredited representatives of the Holy See to the courts or governments of the world. Their position is like that of an ambassador, say, of King George V. to the President of the French Republic, and the Congress of Vienna in 1815 decided that the diplomatic representative of the Pope should always take precedence among the diplomatic representatives to foreign countries. Custom had since recognised the same right of precedence as belonging to Internuncios and Apostolic Delegates. Nuncios are divided into two classes. Those of the first class (Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, and, until 1907, Paris) are as a rule rewarded with the cardinalate for their services. Nuncios of the second class are to be found in Belgium, Bavaria, and Brazil. Pope Leo XIII. was once Nuncio to Belgium, and it is noteworthy that more than seventy Nuncios or Internuncios have ascended the Papal Chair.

Internuncios.—The work of these officials, who are generally archbishops, is exactly similar to that of the Nuncios, so far as diplomatic affairs are concerned. Practically the only difference between them is that the Internuncios are sent to governments of less importance, such as Argentine, Chile, and, until 1899, Holland.

Apostolic Delegates and Envoys Extraordinary.—Apostolic Delegates are sent on missions of an ecclesiastical character to missionary countries either by the Pope's Secretary of State, or by the Congregation of Propaganda. When their mission is to countries which keep up diplomatic relations with the Holy See, they are known as Apostolic Delegates and Envoys Extraordinary; such is the position in Peru, Bolivia, Columbia, etc. If, however, diplomatic relations do not exist between the Holy See and the countries to which the Papal representatives are sent, they are simply called Apostolic Delegates and their mission is purely ecclesiastical in character. Such are the Delegates to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, the United States of America, Canada, the Philippine Islands, and most recent of all, Australasia. The appointment of a Delegate may be always taken as a tribute to the growing

importance of a country in the life of the Church. So much we may gather from the Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States on the establishment of the Apostolic Delegation there in 1893:—'When the Council of Baltimore had concluded its labors, the duty still remained of putting, so to speak, a proper and becoming crown upon the work. This we perceived could scarcely be done in a more fitting manner than through the due establishment by the Apostolic See of an American Delegation. Accordingly, as you are well aware, we have done this. By this action, as we have elsewhere intimated, we wished, first of all, to certify that in our judgment and affection America occupied the same place and rights as other States, however powerful and imperial.' What the Pope here said of the American Delegation holds in due proportion of the Australasian.

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It may be added that the main idea in the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate is to knit more closely the bonds that unite us to Rome, the centre of Christendom. For that purpose the Delegate receives the most ample powers. It is his duty to see that the light of faith does not grow dim, to insist on the observance of the Church's laws. He has the right to visit the dioceses under his charge, to examine the status of candidates nominated for bishoprics, to grant various dispensations, to interpret laws, to settle disputes—and his decision is definitive: and generally speaking to transact without delay all the business that formerly went on to Rome.

THE LAKE OF GENNESARETH

(For the *N.Z. Tablet* by the VERY REV. DEAN POWER, Hawera.)

During the next five or six weeks the minds of Catholics will be directed to the lovely lake of Gennesareth, for round its borders were spoken the various parables that are read in the Mass of the Sundays after the Epiphany. There are lakes more picturesque and attractive to the eye than the lake of Gennesareth, but none more sacred and none that can move the heart more profoundly. Lugano and Como and Maggiore delight the tourist, and become the inspiration of many an artist's brush and the glowing theme of many a poet's song. The clusters of cypress trees that send their rich roots into the refreshing waters and seem to lift their aspiring heads into the sky, the chestnut forests that garland the glittering spires of so many churches, the laurel and bay and myrtle and wild-fig trees and flowery shrubs from whose midst the flashing caskets fall, make the lakes of Italy lovely beyond description. But the waters of the Sacred Lake that kissed the feet of Him Whose steps were beautiful along its borders, and that still so sweetly throw back their tremulous light in the evening hour, reflected in olden days the eyes of Divine Love, and in their divine solitude still stir such depths of feeling in the human heart as could not be awakened by all the scenic beauty of which the home of nature's beauty boasts.

The luxuriant flowering groves of Killarney that island the lawny dells made sacred by centuries of Franciscan song, and the islands of scarlet arbutus that shed the radiance of their own loveliness upon the waters make the lakes of Killarney inexpressibly delightful; but the tender memories of Him Who was the loveliest among the sons of men, and Who wrought there His greatest wonders, make the lake of Gennesareth inexpressibly holy. The light foretold by Isaias, that would enlighten the tribes of Zabulon and Nephtali dwelling by the lake, still radiates from its waters upon all the Christian generations. 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen.'

Nor is Gennesareth bereft of scenic beauty. The brilliant cities that once rose so gracefully along its sides are there no more; there is scarce a ruin to mark their place, so utter has been their destruction; there is not one of those lovely vine-clad villas where wealth and beauty dwelt; yet every patch of its level, pebbly beach has its own sweet loveliness, every mile of its graceful hills is fragrant, its gently sloping sides are rich with purest green, gift of copious springs that counteract the influence of the burning sun; blushing pyramids of rosy-red and pink oleanders flash upon you from every nook and inlet, and faithful Hermon, that lifts his snowy head above the far-distant ranges of Lebanon, beholds at rosy morn and fading eve gleams and shades of light playing upon the bosom of the Sacred Lake as delicate and exquisite as the most exacting artist could desire.

Memory recalls one fragrant March evening when we gazed upon its pure and delicate tints and thought upon the wonders that had been wrought around it and upon it. Perhaps it is at sunset and after it the lake is most beautiful and inspiring. Then at least a mysteriousness beyond expression steals over the souls of those who gaze upon it. The hills that guard from the west the nestling lake are now stretching lengthening shadows across it, as if mother nature were drawing soft curtains around the couch whereon the Lord of All had often slept, while ever-faithful Hermon, his white head sparkling in the now ascending rays, gazes, like the Almighty Father, upon the resting place of the Eternal Son.

Twilight quickly comes, and as quickly gives place to the solemnity of night, and then the silent stars come twinkling one by one—those same stars that so often gazed upon Jesus as He sailed at night over those same waters. Now every inequality in its outlines is toned down, and we can well understand why the Hebrews called the lake Chinnereth, or harp, for it has now the outlines of a great harp, and the shimmering waves beneath the starlight are like so many quivering strings.

When in the first days of Israel's kingdom dark clouds threatened to overwhelm the spirit of Saul, young David would take down his harp and, sweeping its strings, sing of the great days of Judah, and the trust reposed of old in Jehovah, and the fidelity shown towards His altar; and while he sang, the peace of Heaven would descend upon the king, and brood, dove-like, upon his afflicted spirit and chase away every cloud of the evil one. So, too, every wind that plays upon the waters of this Chinnereth, that lashes it to fury or makes it gently ripple, recalls great and tender and consoling thoughts to every pilgrim who wanders along its shores. There is no feeling that does not find expression in the music that flows from that mystic harp, and there is no void or ache in the heart that it cannot satisfy and solace.

Oh, what songs of tender remembrance and holy resolves it sings! Now for its theme it has the parables of the kingdom, first spoken from the barque pulled a little from the shore down there where we can see in the soft twilight. The recital has charmed the world in every age, as it charmed us that lovely evening; the unity of its sweet and simple images expressing the secret workings of divine grace in the soul. We hear the happy sower sing his morning song as he covers the ground with buoyant stride; and we mark the different vibrations of the good seed and the tares. We hear the growing movements of the little mustard seed that breaks the sod, and the music of the leaven is not silent. The bidding for the pearl of great price is heard, and the draw net along the sand, and the labor of the workers in the vineyard. Now the waves suddenly rise and sweep in their fury and we hear the cry: 'Lord, save us, we perish.' But above the storm, we catch the voice of Jesus: 'Peace, be still,' and in the midst of a great calm the only music the harp gives forth is the lapping of the sleeping waves around the keel of Peter's barque. Listen to that unearthly wail of the mourners weeping for the daughter of Jairus dead in Capharnaum; but a

steady, commanding strain seizes the instrument, and we hear the words of authority bidding the tumult cease, and then a whisper, soft and sweet as ever ravished the heart of mourner: '*Talitha cumi*' (Little maid, arise) and the heart of the mystic harp gives forth a burst of joyous song, as friends and parents take into their arms the little maid alive and well. A flash of alabaster, a wave of precious ointment, the drip, drip of falling tears, and the soft rustling of silken hair, and there within a stone's throw, beneath those bold and picturesque cliffs, we see the village of Magdala, the birthplace and happy home of her innocence, who, in her days of repentant sorrow, washed and wiped and perfumed the feet of Jesus. But listen once again, the harp is sounding, and you hear the bleating of timid lambs and sheep. Oh, why are they so startled? Do they fear being scattered without a shepherd in the distant years to come? But clear above the bleating is heard a strain of unshakable trust sustaining the voice of Jesus: 'Because thou lovest Me, Peter, feed My lambs, feed My sheep, be thou the shepherd over them.' And the harp sings out the joy of lambs and sheep, and with it the joy of all who know that by these words the ever-living Peter was invested with the supreme pastoral office in the Church.

O Chinnereth, sounding harp of the Hebrews, how many bless thee for thy heavenly memories that harmonize so sweetly with their own fond hopes, and how many fall down captivated by the strains, renewed age after age, that flow from thee!

The lakes of Italy are lovely to the eye; the lakes of Killarney are beauty's home and a reflex of Eden, but the Lake of Gennesareth stirs the fountains of grace in the soul and bestows the gift of pious inspiration.

'Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea!
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.'

We blessed it from our heart of hearts that evening as we watched the changing colors of the after-glow upon its own waters and then upon its lovely hills. That night we retired to rest in the Franciscan monastery, and while all else was dark, we could see through our window the red light in St. Peter's Church, watching the mysterious Bread, foreshadowed by that which Jesus gave the people on the hill-side a few hundred yards away, and wooing us to gentle sleep, we could hear the lapping of the waves beneath our window, as they lapped there long ago, when the miraculous draught of fishes was caught at the bidding of Jesus, and as they lapped in that same spot when Peter was given there the Supremacy over the Church of Christ.

Early next morning we said Mass at the altar of St. Peter, and immediately after breakfast we set out to climb the steep, winding road that led to Cana and Nazareth. It was a beautiful morning that enveloped the enchanted lake, as we got a full and perfect view of it from the hill above Tiberias. The whole surface was rippling and breaking, as it were, into smiles to thank us for our pious pilgrimage.

Coming to the top of the Mount of Beatitudes, we turned to take our last look at the Sacred Lake. Only the northern end was visible, basking there in its own sparkling blue, set off all round with the green and gold and purple of the sloping hills, with snowy Hermon still gazing upon all. We recognised at once that it was from this spot Lady Butler made her fine sketch of her first view of the lake. We wonder was it here, too, that Jesus stood when He spoke His sad and terrible farewell to those cities on whose thirst for greed and for pleasure His miracles and His teaching had had little effect. 'Woe to thee, Corazin; woe to thee, Bethsaida, for if in Tyre and Sidon the mighty works had been done that have been done in you, they would long since have done penance in sackcloth and ashes. And thou, Capharnaum, shalt thou be exalted up to Heaven? Thou shalt go down even to

hell. For if the mighty works had been done in Sodom that have been done in Thee, perhaps it would have remained till this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee.' Has that curse fallen upon the cities of the much-loved and privileged lake; have these terrible words of farewell been fulfilled? Rise up, Bethsaida, and speak; Come hither, Corazin, and make reply! But only wild reeds tremble, and dirty Arab tents are pitched where fair Bethsaida and proud Corazin stood. But wilt not thou, Capharnaum, speak out, thou the favored home of Jesus? Ah, no, for thou too wert faithless; and so utter is thy destruction, thy mouldering fragments are but a puzzle to the learned, while thou thyself art gone down to hell.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

January 15.

Advice has been received that the annual district meeting of the Hibernian Society will take place at Auckland on April 25.

The Rev. Father McGrath, S.J., who conducted the retreat at the Sacred Heart Convent, Island Bay, preached at St. Anne's last Sunday evening.

The Mayoress of Wellington (Mrs. J. P. Luke) will open, on January 22, the annual parish festival, organised by the Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M.

The sale of work which Mrs. Sullivan, of Roxburgh street, organised and held at her residence, in aid of the Home of Compassion, was a great success, and realised the sum of £74.

Mr. W. F. Johnson, secretary of the Wellington Diocesan Council, has received advice that his son, Gunner F. W. Johnson, who went to the front with the 2nd Battery Field Artillery, Main Body, has been admitted into the Pont de Konbah Hospital, Cairo, suffering from chronic cough. Mr. Johnson has three sons on active service.

The body of the late Private Geoffrey Coupland, who died in Wellington Hospital on Friday last, was interred at Karori with military honors. The cortege, which was headed by the Trentham Band and a firing party, left St. Joseph's Church, Buckle street, where a service was conducted by the Rev. Father Stewart, who assisted Chaplain-Captain Segrief at the graveside.—R.I.P.

The Rev. Father Patrick Dore, Chaplain to the Forces, who was mentioned in Friday's cables as having been awarded the Military Cross, was one of the two Catholic chaplains who left New Zealand in October, 1914, with the Main Expeditionary Force, the Rev. Father McMennamin being the other. He was attached to the Auckland Mounted Rifles, and landed with them when they arrived at Gallipoli. He was hit while aiding a wounded man under fire on August 21, and was taken to the military hospital at Devonport, England, where he was lying at the last advices.

The retirement of Mr. W. F. Healy, one of Wellington's prominent Catholics, from the service of the Wellington Harbor Board, on superannuation, as from 31st December last, recalls not only the memory of one of Wellington's most prominent, familiar, and capable officials, but recollections of days when Wellington was only a very small 'fishing village' (as it was once contemptuously described), and the Wellington Harbor Board did not exist. And yet it is only forty years ago that Mr. Healy arrived from the Old Country and entered the service of Mr. James O'Shea, who carried on business as a merchant in what is now known as Harbour street. In 1876 he commenced his acquaintance with the wharves, which he has seen grow from a puny little pier to the magnificent stretches of berth-

ing and loading and unloading accommodation that now exist. Mr. Healy leaves the service of the board with the respect and regret of all who have been associated with him. It may be added that Mr. Healy has two sons in the New Zealand Army in Egypt, and another one is a sergeant in the 10th Reinforcements, whilst Sister Mary, of the Convent of Mercy, Christchurch, is a daughter.

I very much regret to report the death of Mrs. Agnes Fagan, an esteemed member of St. Anne's parish, which took place last Monday at Khandallah, where the deceased lady was recuperating after a short illness. Mrs. Fagan, who was born in Scotland, spent her early years in Otago, having arrived at Waikouaiti in the year 1863. Shortly after her arrival in New Zealand, she was married to Mr. Michael Fagan, settling down successively in Dunedin, Palmerston South, and Oamaru, where the late Mr. Fagan, who predeceased his wife some 20 years ago, carried on business as a carrier. Mrs. Fagan came to Wellington in the year 1901. She endeared herself to all who came in contact with her by her kindly and charitable disposition. She was a staunch Catholic, and took a keen interest right up to her death in all matters connected with the Church. She was attended in her last illness by the Rev. Father Peoples, and she died fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. The deceased leaves a large grown-up family of six daughters and two sons, and twelve grandchildren. The interment took place last Tuesday morning. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy celebrated the Requiem Mass, and the Rev. Father O'Connor, assisted by the Rev. Father Walsh, officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Aloysius' branch of the Hibernian Society was held at St. Anne's last week. Bro. T. Murphy, B.P., presided over an attendance of 150, and the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy was also present. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Bro. T. Murphy; vice-president, Bro. J. Redican; secretary, Bro. W. H. Giles; treasurer, Bro. J. Stratford; warden, Bro. J. Heavy; guardian, Bro. T. H. Forster; auditors, Bros. J. L. Murphy and J. Redican; sick visitors, Bros. T. Murphy and J. Fagan; delegate to the Friendly Societies' Dispensary Board, Bro. T. H. Forster. Advantage was taken of the occasion to present Bro. W. H. Giles, who has been the energetic and popular secretary of the branch for the past seven years, with a beautiful writing desk, suitably inscribed. Bro. T. Murphy (president) made the presentation, and, in doing so, voiced the feelings of appreciation which the members had for their secretary, and the esteem with which they regarded him. Bro. Giles had been secretary of the St. Aloysius' branch for the past seven years, and had carried out his duties with conspicuous ability and success, which accounted for the prosperous condition in which the branch was to-day. He paid a tribute to the great assistance rendered by Mrs. Giles, who took as keen an interest in the branch as Bro. Giles himself, and who rendered valuable assistance to the branch especially in arranging social functions. Archdeacon Devoy supported Bro. Murphy in his remarks, and congratulated Bro. Giles on the good work he had done and was doing for the Hibernian Society in St. Anne's parish, and he, on his own behalf, wished to present Bro. Giles with an inkstand so as to complete the outfit. Bro. Giles suitably and feelingly responded. He had, he said, only performed his duty, and his reward was, he considered, the pardonable pride with which he viewed the progress of the branch. This progress was not wholly the result of his efforts, but of the splendid work of those able officers with whom he had been associated during his term of office. He reviewed the work of the past seven years, and said that the receipts for that period totalled £1538, whilst the expenditure came to £1378. Of this expenditure a sum of £455 was paid to the doctors, and £130 to the dispensary, whilst a sum of £405 was paid in sick benefits. During the same period 120 members were initiated. He thanked the branch for their handsome recognition of his services, and, on behalf of Mrs. Giles, thanked

Bro. Murphy for the nice things he had said about her. The remainder of the evening was spent socially, and was most enjoyable. The following contributed items—Master Beveridge, Messrs. J. Carmody, Geo. Foote, and Kevin Dillon. Miss Vera Scanlon acted as accompanist.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

January 17.

The Rev. Father Barry, C.S.S.R., preached in the Cathedral on Sunday evening last to a large congregation.

The annual retreat for the secular clergy of the diocese commences at the Cathedral to-day (Monday), and is being conducted by the Rev. Father Barry, C.S.S.R.

It is understood that the personal bequest made to his successor by the late Bishop Grimes will be used to aid in liquidating the existing liabilities on the Cathedral.

In recognition of her long service as treasurer of the Cathedral confraternity of Diocesan Ladies of Charity, the members presented Miss M. Nelson with a beautiful statue of St. Anthony of Padua as a New Year's gift.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Murray, of Avonside, Christchurch, have been advised that their elder son, Mr. H. St. A. Murray, who recently offered himself in Australia for active service, has been gazetted as a lieutenant in the Queensland Field Engineers.

The following letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburgh, U.S.A., has been received at the episcopal residence, and its insertion in the *N.Z. Tablet* may be the means of discovering the relative who is sought:—“A James McCarthy, who died in this city some time ago, bequeathed “Five hundred dollars to my sister in New Zealand.” This is all the information that can be obtained. There is a report that he once said his sister was in a convent in New Zealand. If any community in New Zealand has a member named McCarthy, who had a brother James in Pittsburgh, let her write to me and I shall present her claim to the executors of James McCarthy's will.”

A very pleasurable event was the garden party on last Saturday afternoon and evening in the spacious and beautifully laid out grounds attached to the Cathedral and episcopal residence. The people gathered in considerable numbers, and in perfect weather spent a most enjoyable time. Every credit is due to the Cath-

edral school committee, headed by the energetic secretary (Mr. P. A. O'Connell), for the excellent arrangements made, and as a result of their efforts the handsome sum of over £90 was realised. Derry's Band performed during the afternoon and evening, and effective electric lighting arrangements were in charge of Mr. Wedderspoon. Excellent displays were given by the Marist Brothers' school boys, and by a squad of little boys from the Addington Catholic School, in charge of Brother Anastasius and Lieutenant Amos respectively. A large refreshment tent was in charge of Mrs. F. Green, a produce stall in charge of Mrs. J. O'Brien, Mrs. Neilson, and Mr. George Nee; sweets and cigarettes stall, Mrs. J. S. Foley; ice cream stall, Miss Fanning; flower stall, Miss K. Cronin; side-shows, Mr. W. Rodgers. All did good business. The gates were in charge of Messrs. Pearce, J. Cummings, F. O'Connell, and L. Corbett, whilst a large number of young ladies were busily engaged pushing business among the gathering. The proceeds are intended to aid the fund being raised for the renovation and improvement of the Marist Brothers' residence.

A largely attended meeting of the committee appointed to arrange for the reception of his Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cerretti, Apostolic Delegate, and for a welcome to the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop-elect of Christchurch, was held on last Monday evening in the Hibernian Hall. The Very Rev. Dean Hills, S.M., presided, the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., being also present. The Very Rev. Chairman explained that at the present stage the principal business to be undertaken was the formation of sectional committees whose duties it would be to arrange and carry out the details of the event. The following sub-committees were then elected:—Address committee—Very Rev. Dean Hills, Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., Sir George Clifford, Bart., Messrs. E. D. Hoben, and J. J. Wilson (secretary); executive committee—To consist of the above, also Dr. A. B. O'Brien, Dr. Morkane, Messrs. H. H. Loughnan, T. Cotter, T. Cahill, J. R. Hayward, P. J. Young, E. J. P. Wall, and P. A. O'Connell; reception committee—members of the executive, Dr. Ardagh, Messrs. W. Hayward, jun., Brown, T. B. Gaffney, W. Cassin, R. P. O'Shaughnessy, R. Beveridge, P. Amodeo, A. J. O'Malley, McLaren, G. C. Hayward, and Superintendent Dwyer; entertainment committee—Messrs. H. H. Loughnan, M. Garty, T. Cahill, P. J. Augarde, Eric Harper, E. L. McKeon, J. E. Doolan, L. Blake, J. Curry, M. Grimes, W. T. Ward, G. C. Hayward, J. J. O'Gorman, E. J. P. Wall, F. J. Doolan, Mesdames J. C. Palmer, F. Green, P. Herbert, McLaren, J. S. Barrett, T. Cahill, M. Garty, J. O'Brien, Misses M. G. O'Connor, N. Hayward, Conder, Geaney, J. Cronin.

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CATHOLIC FEDERATION—Continued

(Continued from page 43.)

pupils attending other than private, secondary, and high schools.

Now, this system is designed to make the conditions of acquiring education open to all. But, as a matter of fact, it is rarely that a person in poor circumstances can afford to keep his children so long without earning. After the primary course, a boy's needs are greater in the matter of clothing and general maintenance, and, even when a poor parent can allow him to avail himself of the advantages offered by the State, it is only after a very severe and prolonged struggle. Hence it is that in the majority of instances only those who are in fairly easy circumstances can benefit by these liberal provisions. But, if this is the case in regard to those who can conscientiously avail themselves of the State's bounty, how much harder is the lot of the poor Catholic who has not only to pay for the primary education of his children, but is debarred by unjust and iniquitous legislation from availing himself of the advantages offered to others, out of public funds, and has again to put his hand in his pocket and find every penny of money necessary for his children's education right up to the end. With a struggle he might manage to keep his children longer at their studies, if the fees were remitted, but in many cases he cannot at the same time pay fees, clothe, and provide for his children during their student years, and allow them the necessary time away from work, in order to equip themselves as educationally equal to their fellow companions of other denominations. Surely, here is gross and glaring injustice: for, bear in mind, that all the money that is spent by the State in education is provided out of public funds derived from taxes and other public sources of revenue to which Catholics as citizens of New Zealand contribute equally with others. And how, we ask, can our legislators claim that they have succeeded in attaining their aim of giving equal opportunities of education to all, if by the very instrument of foundation they debar such a large body as the Catholics, from profiting by the advantages they offer? As a matter of fact, Dr. Kennedy, the Rector of St. Patrick's College, stated in his evidence before the Education Commission in 1912 that 90 per cent of the boys entering St. Patrick's come there with their proficiency certificates. All these boys are thus debarred from enjoying the rewards and privileges that they have lawfully won and are legally entitled to.

Not Asking a Favor.

We are not asking the Government for any favor. We are asking simple justice. We demand that, as we share the burdens, we should not be debarred from reaping the advantages. We do not object to the right of Government inspection. We do not deny the right of the Government to see that the secular education of all its children is carried out effectively. But we do demand that, if we do the Government's work in the matter of secular education to the Government's satisfaction, that we should receive the Government's money out of the funds to which we contribute equally with others from which it pays for similar work in the schools it has established. We pay in taxes for education. We cannot on grounds of conscience and religion accept the article the Government offers us in return for our money. Therefore, we demand, that the Government returns our money or gives us an article we can accept by allowing us our own schools on an equal footing in every way with its own. These are our demands, our just rights. We alone of all the Christian bodies cannot accept the secular system and, therefore, must, while contributing to this system for the benefit of others, establish, equip, and support our schools at considerable and additional expense. Surely, we should have some voice in the disposal of our own money.

Failure of Secular System.

And the reason for all this injustice and persecution is because the State, some 38 years ago, committed itself to the principle of free, secular, and compulsory

education—to the establishment and promotion of unity amongst a community of mixed religious opinions, by setting up a so-called neutral system calculated to be offensive to none and acceptable to all. Though professedly neutral as regards religion, our present system, as Dr. Cleary pointed out in his evidence before the Education Commission in 1912, is founded on at least two dogmatic principles: 1st—that religion has no necessary or useful place in the schoolroom; 2nd—that a political majority has a right to exclude religion from a place it has occupied from immemorial ages. Hence, far from being a neutral system, it is founded on very positive religious dogmas that are, I venture to say, unacceptable to a very large number of citizens other than Catholics. That the system is a failure is evidenced by the fact that at least it is not acceptable to a very large section of the community—viz., the Catholics—who have shown their disapproval by the refusal to accept it and by the consequent expenditure of thousands of pounds annually for the provision of a system that they consider suitable. They cannot thus be said to have acted merely on sentimental grounds, when they have dipped their hands so deeply into their pockets. Moreover, the secular system has proved itself unacceptable to a large number of people of other religious beliefs, as was shown by the serious agitation recently in New Zealand in favor of the introduction of some form of religious training known as the Bible-in-schools movement. In face of this vigorous and open opposition, it would seem high time for some of our politicians to come out courageously and openly from the inane and unjust conservatism under which they have sheltered themselves in the past, and more for the abolition of these odious laws to set up in their place some fair and just system that would be acceptable to all and unjust to none.

I repeat that we are asking no favors. We are demanding our just rights. No majority, no matter how great, has the right to impose its opinions in religious matters upon a minority. We pay taxes with others. We cannot on grounds of conscience and religious belief accept the form of education that is offered us in return for our money. Hence in strict justice we demand a system that our conscience will allow us to accept. We are no shirkers. We do not wish to side-step our responsibilities. We are ready to bear the burdens of the State equally with others. Our sons have responded to the call of King and Empire in the present struggle and have poured out their blood freely on the battlefields of Europe. And so with all the burdens of citizenship. But, then, if we share the burdens, if we help in the labors, surely it is but right that we should demand a portion of the privileges, our share of the rewards.

Necessary to Make Known Our Views.

I would be the last to think that the New Zealander is a bigot. I am sure that he is keen and ready to remedy injustice, when he has the injustice pointed out to him. And, I feel certain, that we suffer injustice because the majority of citizens of this country have not seriously considered our claims, are but imperfectly seized of our position. It devolves upon us, then, as Catholics, to educate public opinion in this respect. We have in the Catholic Federation an organisation wherein we can ventilate and discuss our grievances, an organisation through which we can speak with a united voice of our aims and aspirations as Catholic citizens. It is on questions such as this that the influence of the Federation can be exercised, and should be exercised, and I congratulate the diocesan council upon the very opportune protest that they are making, and, at the same time, I thank them for the opportunity and privilege they have given me of setting out in brief outline the questions at issue.

In the few remarks I have made I have endeavored to confine myself to the main issues. I have not touched on the many anomalies that exist in the State system, as at present administered. My object has been not to promote controversy, but merely to outline our case as clearly and briefly as possible. If I have succeeded in enlightening any members here present

and given them a clearer insight into the general position of Catholics I am amply rewarded.

We have a just cause to fight, and we should fight it by every means in our power and keep on fighting till justice is done. No doubt it will be a hard fight, a bitter fight, a long, long fight. But, I feel sure, that in the end justice will triumph. Perhaps it is too much to expect a speedy amelioration of all our grievances. But there is no reason to despair of the removal of at least some of them. We have so far, in some places at least, enjoyed the privilege of taking out in our own secondary schools the scholarships our children have won. This privilege is now threatened by the adverse resolution of the present Council of Education. Let our efforts at the present moment be concentrated against this purpose. Let us not be satisfied with a mere verbal assurance. But let us fight till we see on the Statute Book in plain unmistakable language a law recognising and consolidating our claims under this head. We have enjoyed the benefit of the leaving certificate: to preserve and solidify this concession let our energies at the present time be directed. Then, when we have gained these demands and established them by a clear and unambiguous wording of the law, it will be time to fight for what must logically and inevitably follow the right of holding free places in our secondary schools. The scholarship and the leaving certificate are but very small concessions. Still, we have had the principle of our right thereto recognised, and it would be disastrous for us to allow these small gains to slip from our grasp. These are our present aims, and but the stepping-stones to our real demands—viz., an equal right with others to our lawful share of public moneys for the support of our education.

The only weapons we have with which to fight our battle are agitation and fearless proclamation of our views. Let us demand our rights as a body. Let us use our influence as individuals. We should avail ourselves of every opportunity of educating public opinion to the justice of our claims. We can do this in our public utterances. We can do it in private conversation with our fellows. If thus one and all we do our share, I feel sure that we will exercise a great influence over our fellow citizens, and that at length we shall see the happy day when our disabilities are removed and all our claims granted.

(To be concluded next week.)

A NEW ZEALAND VISITOR IN MELBOURNE.

Mr. John Duggan, a prominent member of the executive of the New Zealand Catholic Federation, who is spending a holiday in Melbourne, was present at the last meeting of the State Council, on Wednesday, December 22, and was most cordially welcomed (says the Melbourne *Advocate*). Mr. F. E. O'Connell, the president, said that Mr. Duggan took the deepest interest in the work of the Federation, as he had shown since his arrival in Melbourne. Though the New Zealand Federation had taken the Victorian Federation as its model, he did not think we could give them any points in Federation work, assisted as they were by that fine prelate, Dr. Cleary. Mr. Duggan had brought a letter of introduction from the president of the New Zealand Federation, and the secretary (Mr. Girling-Butcher), and he asked the meeting to welcome him cordially.

Mr. Duggan was received with hearty cheering. In the course of an interesting speech, he said he was keenly appreciative of the kind words of the president, and the warm welcome given to him by the members, and of the attention he had received since his arrival from the general secretary. Mr. Duggan then reviewed the work of the Federation in New Zealand, and in conclusion said:—'I shall have great pleasure, when I return to New Zealand, in conveying to the Dominion Council and Executive an expression of the very kind sentiments I have heard this evening. It will be a source of great satisfaction to them to know that you here take such an interest in our proceedings, but I

can assure you that it is only a reflex of the interest which we have always taken in your Federation, as the founder and model of all the Federations. Once more I thank you for your splendid welcome.'

ST. MARY'S PARISH, CHRISTCHURCH.

The following is the report of St. Mary's parish committee, Christchurch, for the year ended December 31:—Your committee held five meetings during the past six months with an average attendance of twelve members. Four members representing sodalities and one parish representative vacated their seats on the committee, and steps have been taken to fill these vacancies. A parochial library has now been established. The library committee has selected the best books obtainable by leading Catholic authors, and made arrangements for a continuous supply of such literature. A speciality has been made of providing suitable books for juveniles, and it is expected that Catholic parents will take full advantage of this fact, and encourage the young people to become subscribers at the nominal fee of 5s per annum. The committee will be grateful for suggestions concerning the library from the clergy and members of the Federation. Members visited outlying churches in the parish, and enrolments from these sources were satisfactory. The total enrolment for the year numbers 715, which shows a substantial increase on previous years. Acting on instructions from the diocesan executive, the committee took steps to inquire into the class of books distributed as prizes in the State schools within the parish, and also made inquiries regarding text-books in use in these institutions. Reports to hand so far reveal nothing inimical to Catholic interests. The question of furthering the establishment of Catholic schools in the outlying parts of the parish has received the attention of your committee, and, on receipt of reliable figures concerning Catholic children attending State schools in these districts, this important question will receive further consideration. In the opinion of your committee, Catholic primary education and the equipment and upkeep of our Catholic schools should be matters of first importance in the work of the Federation.

Temuka

(From our own correspondent.)

The local clergy leave for Christchurch this week for the annual retreat. During their absence the work of the parish will be attended to by Rev. Fathers Schaefer and Gondringer.

The Catholic Red Cross Guild, which has done a large amount of useful work, will meet on Wednesday next after a temporary cessation, due to the Christmas and New Year holidays.

The half-yearly meeting of the local branch of the Hibernian Society was held on Monday last, the vice-president (Bro. A. Scott) presiding in the absence of the president through illness. The balance sheet for the past quarter, which showed the branch to be in a very satisfactory position, was adopted. The election of officers for the ensuing term resulted as follows:—President, Bro. A. Scott; vice-president, Bro. W. D. Fitzgerald; secretary, Bro. T. Knight; treasurer, Bro. W. Hally; warden, Bro. J. Simpson; guardian, Bro. J. W. Connell; sick visitors, Bros. John Dwyer and J. O'Neill. The newly-elected officers were installed by Past President Bro. J. Scott. Complimentary remarks were made regarding the work of the outgoing officers.

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RECEPTION IN THE TOWN HALL

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

January 18.

His Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cerretti, Apostolic Delegate, arrived by the Ulimaroa from Sydney about 9 o'clock on Monday morning. On the wharf to receive his Excellency were his Grace Archbishop Redwood, his Grace Coadjutor-Archbishop O'Shea, his Lordship Bishop Verdon (Dunedin), his Lordship Bishop Cleary (Auckland), Right Rev. Dr. Brodie (Bishop-elect of Christchurch), the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, the Very Rev. Dean Smyth, S.M. (Provincial), the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (Adm., Thorndon), Very Rev. Father Roche, C.S.S.R., Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., and a representative gathering of the Catholic laity. There was no ceremony in connection with the arrival of the distinguished visitor, who, after a few introductions, was driven to the residence of his Grace Archbishop Redwood.

At the official reception at the Sacred Heart Basilica at 7.30 p.m. every seat in the great church was filled long before the time set for the commencement of the ceremony, and when the procession of clergy set out from his Grace Archbishop Redwood's residence for the church a great crowd had assembled to see it pass by. Among the clergy present in the procession, in addition to the distinguished visitor himself, were his Grace Archbishop Redwood, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, his Lordship Bishop Verdon (Dunedin), his Lordship Bishop Cleary (Auckland), Right Rev. Dr. Brodie (Bishop-elect of Christchurch), Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna, V.G., Rev. Dr. Ormoud (secretary to his Excellency), Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, Very Rev. Dean Power (Hawera), Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Very Rev. Dean Smyth, S.M. (Provincial), Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., and the Hon. T. Dalton, K.S.G. Some fifty priests, practically the whole of the clergy of the archdiocese, were also present, and the members of the Hibernian Society in regalia formed a guard of honor. On his arrival at the Basilica his Excellency, who was greeted with the hymn of welcome, 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus' (Stadler) by the combined choirs of the Wellington Catholic churches, imparted the Papal Blessing to the congregation, and the official reception of his Excellency by his Grace Archbishop Redwood in the name of the hierarchy and priests of New Zealand then took place. His Excellency then proceeded up the aisle to the Archbishop's throne at the Gospel side of the altar, and was vested in his episcopal robes, after which the 'Benedictus' duet from Glover's Third Mass was sung. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by his Excellency, Very Rev. T. Roche, C.S.S.R., being deacon, and the Very Rev. Father O'Connell sub-deacon.

In addition to the items already mentioned the musical part of the service, rendered by the combined city choirs, under the conductorship of Mr. E. J. Healey (conductor of the Basilica Choir), also included the 'O Salutaris' (Elgæ), 'Tantum Ergo' (Verdussen), and 'Adoremus' (Mendelssohn). Mr. Bernard Page (city organist) very ably presided at the organ, and played an appropriate march as the procession reformed at the close of the service, and left the sacred edifice to return to the residence of his Grace Archbishop Redwood.

RECEPTION AT THE TOWN HALL.

Long before the appointed time for the reception in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening every seat was occupied, and the aisles and passages were thronged. The Hibernian Society, in strong numbers, acted as a guard of honor and lined the entrance from the street to the hall. The arrival of his Excellency, attended by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, his Lordship Bishop Verdon, his Lord-

ship Bishop Cleary, the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, and Monsignor McKenna, and the clergy, was the signal for prolonged cheers. His Excellency robed in the Mayor's room, which was very kindly placed at his disposal by the Mayor of Wellington. The committee, headed by the chairman (Mr. Burke) conducted his Excellency and the other distinguished prelates to the places assigned for them, when they were most heartily cheered and enthusiastically received, and the large audience stood up, and sang with great enthusiasm 'God save the King.'

The first part of the proceedings opened with the rendition by the five combined city choirs, under the conductorship of Mr. E. J. Healey, of the chorus, 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus,' with organ accompaniment by Mr. Bernard F. Page (city organist). Miss Teresa McEnroe gave a fine rendering of the song, 'I will extol Thee,' for which she received a vociferous encore, and responded with 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.' Mr. Bernard F. Page played an organ solo, which was greatly appreciated by the large audience. Miss Morrison very sweetly sang the 'Three fishers,' and she, too, had to respond to a well-deserved encore.

The chairman (Mr. J. J. L. Burke) then delivered an eloquent address, which was marked by frequent outbursts of applause.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood, who was most enthusiastically received, welcomed, on his own behalf, as Metropolitan of the Province, and on behalf of his colleagues in the hierarchy, his devoted clergy and laity, his Excellency to New Zealand. His illustrious presence in their midst marked a new era in the history of the Church in this Dominion, as it was the first reception to the first Apostolic Delegate for Australasia in New Zealand. He welcomed his Excellency to New Zealand, the favored land, and already the mother of heroes, for had she not sent her sons, and had they not sacrificed themselves in the fight for justice, truth, and civilisation, which had won for her the admiration of the whole world. This fairest gem in the British Crown welcomed the illustrious representative of our Most Holy Father, Benedict XV., successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ, who could not come himself, but sent his Excellency. He (his Grace) wished to express his gratitude to his Holiness for the great privilege and blessing they enjoyed by the presence of his illustrious representative that evening.

THE ADDRESSES.

His Grace then read the following address from the Hierarchy, Clergy, and Laity of New Zealand:—

'May it please your Excellency,—In our own name and on behalf of the Catholic clergy and laity of the Dominion of New Zealand, we bid your Excellency a cordial welcome to our shores. We welcome you for your own established work and worth. With a most particular affection we welcome you as the representative in these southern lands of the Supreme Pontiff who through you wishes to come into closer touch with our religious life, with our spiritual labors, trials, dangers, hopes, and fears.

Your Excellency's personal gifts and qualities have already won for you in other lands a high place in the esteem of men.

'We pray that in the higher and more responsible position to which you have been called, God's fruitful and abiding blessing will make these endowments the instruments of a fresh impetus to religion, and bring our hearts nearer to the pulsing centre of our faith on earth, and thereby nearer to the Heavenly centre in the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord.

'With much respect and affection we subscribe ourselves your Excellency's faithful servants in Christ—

FRANCIS REDWOOD,
'Archbishop of Wellington.

MICHAEL VERDON,
'Bishop of Dunedin.

HENRY W. CLEARY,
'Bishop of Auckland.

MATTHEW W. BRODIE,
'Bishop-elect of Christchurch.

THOMAS O'SHEA,
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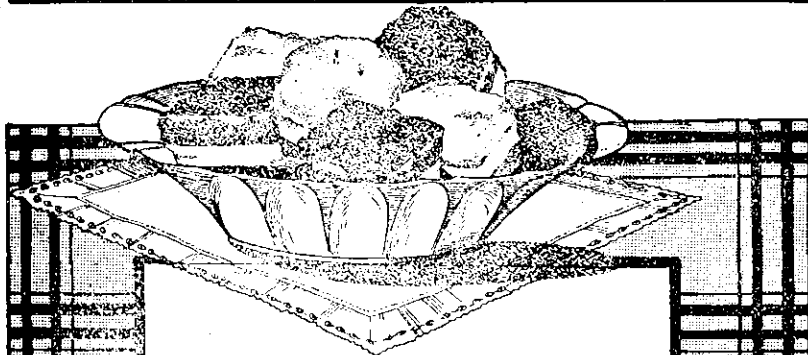
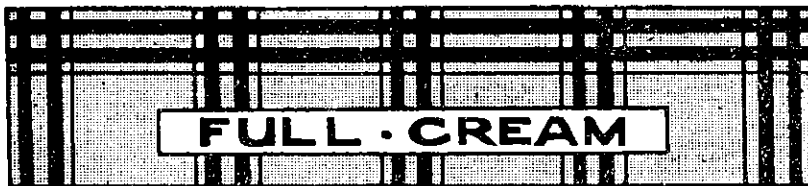
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METHOD:—Boil sugar and milk about 8 minutes to soft ball stage, add cocoanut, remove from the fire and beat a few minutes until mixture becomes fairly thick. Pour half on to a buttered dish, add a little cochineal to the remainder, stir and pour over the white. Mark into squares before it is cold.

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GODBERS.

The chairman (Mr. Burke) read the address from the Catholic laity of the archdiocese of Wellington, which was as follows:—

'May it please your Excellency,—On this your first visit to the Dominion of New Zealand, the Catholic laity of the archdiocese of Wellington desire to extend to you a sincere welcome, and to give expression to our feelings of loyalty and devotion to our Most Holy Father Pope Benedict XV., whom you so worthily represent in this distant portion of the Master's vineyard. Your Excellency will be pleased to learn that the grain of mustard seed sown by the early missionaries in this Dominion has been fruitful in results, and we are full of gratitude to the Most High, that He has, through our beloved Sovereign Pontiff and His predecessors, provided us with prelates and pastors, who, by their holy lives and shining example, have shed lustre on our Holy Mother the Church. We trust that this visit will be the first of many, and we beg to assure your Excellency of a loyal and hearty welcome from the Catholics of the Metropolitan See of New Zealand on each occasion.

'Wishing your Excellency the choicest of God's blessings in your exalted office, we remain, on behalf of the laity of the archdiocese of Wellington, your Excellency's most humble and obedient children,

'J. J. L. BURKE
'MARTIN KENNEDY
'MAURICE O'CONNOR
'P. D. HOSKINS
'J. E. GAMBLE
'T. P. HALPIN
'W. F. JOHNSON.'

Mr. P. D. Hoskins, district deputy, read the following address on behalf of the district executive of the Hibernian Society:—

'May it please your Excellency,—The members of the New Zealand District of the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society eagerly avail themselves of your presence amongst us to extend to you a cordial welcome to the Dominion; to respectfully offer our warmest congratulations on your appointment to your exalted office; and to convey to you, and through you to our beloved Pontiff, Benedict XV., our unswerving loyalty and devotion to our Holy Mother the Church, of which he is the Supreme Pastor, and your Excellency a trusted and worthy representative.

'Your Excellency will be interested to know that the driving force of our society is the union of the two sacred principles of Faith and Fatherland; that our membership is composed exclusively of practical Catholics; and that while we deeply love this beautiful land of our birth or adoption, we also affectionately cherish the memory of that "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea"—dear Ireland, through which so many of us have inherited the priceless jewel of the faith.

'We earnestly pray that your visit to the Dominion may redound to the greater glory of God; that it may be productive of lasting spiritual benefits to our people; and that vigorous health may be yours to labor in the sacred cause of religion.—*Ad multos annos.*'

'Your Excellency's most humble servants—

'JAMES SMITH,
'District President.
'H. F. HOLBROOK,
'District Vice-President.
'D. FLYNN,
'District Past President.
'M. J. SHEAHAN,
'District Treasurer.
'WILLIAM KANE,
'District Secretary.

'Auckland, New Zealand,
'14th January, 1916.'

His Lordship Bishop Verdon, on behalf of himself, the priests, and the laity of the diocese of Dunedin, tendered his grateful homage to his Excellency as representative of our Holy Father Benedict XV. He assured his Excellency that the people of Dunedin would not allow themselves to be outdone in welcoming his Excellency, when he visited that diocese. It was with feelings of great joy that they had heard of the creation of an Apostolic Delegation, and of the appointment of his Excellency as first occupant of that position. He trusted that when his Excellency left these shores, he would take away with him happy memories of his visit to New Zealand. (Applause.)

His Lordship Bishop Cleary was the next speaker; and as it was his first appearance after his recent serious illness he was accorded a most flattering reception. His Lordship said he deemed it a high privilege to welcome his Excellency on behalf of the priests and people of the diocese of Auckland. They hailed with great delight the arrival of his Excellency. His presence amongst us would expedite dealing with ecclesiastical affairs. He offered him a thousand welcomes on the occasion of his first visit to New Zealand, and trusted that he would have a pleasant time here. He referred in humorous terms to the behaviour of Wellington weather and gave his Excellency the Maori welcome, and also the Italian welcome, which would be more familiar to the ears of his Excellency—*cead milc failte*. (Laughter and prolonged applause.)

The Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, who was cordially received, expressed on his own behalf and on behalf of the people of Christchurch, their unswerving loyalty. The gathering that night was a happy coincidence, as it was the day set apart for the feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome. To that chair to-day close on 300,000,000 loving people owed obedience. He dwelt on the solicitude of the Holy Father for each and every member of his vast flock, as evidenced by the creation of the Apostolic Delegation, and the appointment of his Excellency as the illustrious occupant of that exalted office. Well might the eyes of the Catholics of New Zealand be on Wellington that evening. The diocese of Christchurch was to be specially favored, as his Excellency would, before he departed, have raised to the episcopate the second occupant of that See.

Sir Joseph Ward, who was most enthusiastically received, on behalf of the National Government of New Zealand, and as representative of the Prime Minister, who was unable to be present that evening, offered a hearty welcome to his Excellency, and trusted his stay would be a most pleasant one. The expansion of the population in these southern lands necessitated changes in the Civil administration, and it was only a natural sequence that the Church should also find that the expansion necessitated the creation of an Apostolic Delegation and the appointment of an Ambassador. Not only was the visit of his Excellency as a representative of our Holy Father the Pope, beneficial in the religious term, but equally so for secular reasons, as it may be that, when the war is over, the Holy Father will be one of the factors to bring about peace, and draw up the terms and conditions. In conclusion, he trusted that his Excellency would have a very pleasant time here.

HIIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY.

His Excellency then rose amidst tumultuous applause and deafening cheers, and it was some time before he could speak, so prolonged and enthusiastic was the greeting he received. His Excellency thanked them most heartily for the magnificent reception given him that evening. For some time past he was anxious to visit New Zealand, and now he was happy to be here and his desire realised. Other motives for his visit were to study the social and political legislation of the country. This and the beautiful climate and wonderful scenery of the country caused him to visit New Zealand as soon as his duties permitted. He had come to Wellington first in order to pay his respects

(Continued on page 36.)

J. M. J.

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IN MEMORIAM

RIELLY.—In sad but loving memory of Thomas Rielly, who was accidentally killed at Big Hill, Lawrence, on January 18, 1912.

O, Most Merciful Jesus, lover of souls, have mercy on him. Have mercy, O Lord, and let Thy perpetual light shine upon him.

—Inserted by his loving wife.

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HELPING THE PAPER ALONG

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, JANUARY 20, 1916.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE



It is now more than a hundred years since the long-drawn-out sufferings of Ireland allowed, according to the plans of Divine Providence, poor trembling bands of Irish exiles to creep from their cells and their hard taskmasters in order to carry the light of faith to these Southern lands. Their companions in exile were three priests. But if these first Catholic missionaries came to teach and console their poor flock, it was not owing to the wise and humane provision of the English Government, for they were branded as convicts for a supposed share in the so-called Irish Rebellion. One of these priests was almost immediately on arrival pardoned, and returned to Ireland; the second was sent to Norfolk Island, while the third remained in Sydney. That 'poor, gentle, priestly convict' then represented the Church which to-day finds its representatives in a Hierarchy of thirty-six archbishops and bishops and an Apostolic Delegate. His place is now occupied by seven Ecclesiastical Provinces—Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Tasmania, Perth, Brisbane, New Zealand; by 12 Apostolic Vicariates and Prefectures. The public worship of the Church is celebrated in 2054 churches by 1256 priests, and there are 579 Brothers of Religious Orders and 7083 nuns. There are five ecclesiastical seminaries for the training of priests, 40 colleges for boys and 218 for girls, 189 superior day schools, 1029 primary schools, and charitable institutions to the number of 116 for the orphans, the fallen, the aged, the sick and the dying. Over 150,000 children receive a Christian education in Catholic schools, and there is a Catholic population of 1,043,027. A century ago life stirred in the acorn, and the sapling pushed its slender head above the ground; now the great oak dominates the forest. Many a scar does the giant bear: fire has burned it and storms have twisted it; but year by year the sap stirs beneath its healthy bark, the buds swell, the leaves unfold, the branches multiply, and the birds of the air find shelter in its boughs.

To care for this rich inheritance and triumph of Christian civilisation an Apostolic Delegate in the person of his Excellency Most Rev. Bonaventure Cerretti, Archbishop of Corinth, has been sent by the Supreme Pontiff, with that gift of sagacity which in every age characterises the occupants of the Holy See. The Catholics of New Zealand with their fellow-Catholics of Australia accept with full hearts this signal mark of the favor of the Holy Father, and find in it a source of encouragement, strength, and gladness. They lay at the feet of his Excellency their devoted homage. They will always deem it an honored duty to defer to his wishes and to second his undertakings,

and their earnest prayer is that he may be long preserved in health and strength to carry out every noble purpose of his for the advancement of religion and the greater glory of God.

*

The Apostolic Delegate comes to us invested with a purely ecclesiastical dignity; he has no secular or temporal delegation; his aim and purpose will be to quicken the life of the Church in these countries and to foster feelings of good-will and friendly intercommunion between Catholics and their fellow-countrymen in these lands of religious freedom. Time will show that many advantages will result from taking the Catholics of Australasia out of that singular and necessarily temporary state of government in which they have hitherto been placed, and extending to them the ordinary and more definite forms which are normal to the Church.

*

The possession of the Hierarchy gives our beloved country a place in the fair churches which form the splendid aggregate of the Catholic Communion; the presence of the Holy Father's Delegate will link the Church of these southern shores with the Church of Christ and knit our hearts and souls in bonds of steel to Rome, the only centre of living unity, the only source of light, the only sure foundation and guardian of the Christian faith. In ancient times, the unity of the Church was vividly impressed on the mind by the fact that only one church was allowed in each town. In large cities, in Rome, for example, it was necessary to build a number of churches; but Mass was said in all of them at the same time, and after the Pater Noster a portion of the broken Host was carried from the Pope's altar to every other altar in the city and there mingled with the chalice—another way of showing the unity of the sacrifice and the unity of the Church. For a similar reason we welcome the Apostolic Delegate. He represents the centre about which we all revolve,—a divinely chosen centre, the indestructible rock, Peter and his successors. Around Christ's Vicar are ranged the bishops of the Catholic world. Around them stand their clergy and their faithful flocks.

*

What a wonderful spectacle, this unity of government in the Catholic Church—all races, all nations, all tongues, welded into one mighty organism for the service of Almighty God. 'Lift up thy eyes round about and see; all these are gathered together, they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee' (Isaias lx., 4, 5). What a testimony to the wisdom of her Divine Founder that the Church after nineteen centuries of chequered history has never loomed larger in the world, ruled over such vast multitudes, and, despite the stress and strain of war, exercised a greater moral power than at the present day. How true is it, to quote the words of Cardinal Newman, that 'all who take part with the Apostle [Peter and his successors] are on the winning side. He has long since given warrants for the confidence which he claims. From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden, and according to the need of the day, and the inspiration of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain. . . . What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of hart's, and underneath the Everlasting Arms?'

The invitation extended by his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane to the Jesuit Fathers to extend their labors to Brisbane has been definitely accepted.

Notes

The Need of Preparing for the Future

Some time ago his Lordship Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, delivered a speech at a public meeting in Cork, in the course of which he warned the Irish people of the economic difficulties which were likely to prevail at the close of the war. Bishop Kelly has the reputation of being a capable student of economical problems, and his views on such subjects are invariably practical and sound. The part of his speech, dealing with the necessity for making provision for the rainy day, which is sure to come, has been printed in pamphlet form and distributed among the people by the Irish War Savings Committee. His Lordship's remarks, although primarily intended for the people of Ireland, apply, in a lesser degree perhaps, to those of this Dominion, and are well worthy of their consideration.

*

In the course of the address referred to, Dr. Kelly reminded his hearers that 'Great Britain is commonly regarded as a very wealthy country, but nothing could be further from the truth. Great Britain contains a small number of very wealthy individuals, but taken as a whole it is a nation of wage earners, and never was there in the history of the world any nation that was so completely dependent upon the hourly and daily wages of the people as that wealthy Great Britain. Before the outbreak of the war there were in England and Wales 12 million persons earning daily or hourly wages, and these wages fed a population of 28 millions, while the rest of the population was only 8 millions. When employment is good and wages high the purchasing power of this huge mass of 28 million persons is great, and their consuming power unbounded. They eat up beef, mutton, bacon, butter, and eggs. The demand in Ireland to supply these commodities to the English workers becomes daily more urgent, prices rise, and our agricultural population is prosperous. When trade is good in England our few industries in Ireland will also have a share in the good trade. When Irish farmers and workers are doing well, the Irish towns and cities will also flourish. But I wish to emphasise the fact that the source of our good times in Ireland is the prosperity and purchasing power of the 28 millions of working people in England, and not the condition of the small remnant of the population.'

Salaries and Pensions

Just contrast with the sharpness of treatment offered to the poor the liberality of generosity shown to the rich. The other day, a correspondent wrote to the *Times* as follows: 'The judicial section of the House of Lords contains a galaxy of legal talent. One Lord Chancellor (salary £10,000 per annum), three ex-Lord Chancellors (total pensions £15,000 per annum), six Law Lords (total salaries £36,000 per annum), in addition to several ex-Judges.' That is how public money, drawn from the pockets of the taxpayer, is poured out on the well-to-do (remarks the *Catholic Times*). And the pensions are simply indefensible. Instead of cutting down the interest of the poor investor, the Government ought to cut down the salaries and pensions of the big wigs and great men of all kinds and classes. Talk of economy among the poor while the public money is being spent in the above fashion is something like gratuitous offensiveness. The people at the top must practise economy before they undertake to preach it to the poor. We shall all be compelled to economise before the war is finished, and after peace comes too, but if the nation is to do so voluntarily, the governing circles should set the example. Our Government is not noted for saving. Since the war began, the great spending departments have poured out money wastefully. Where is there any evidence among us to-day that the wealthy people are living poorly as a good example to be followed by the poor?

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

The half-yearly meeting of the diocesan council of the Catholic Federation takes place on Tuesday, January 25.

His Lordship Bishop Verdon left for Wellington on Friday for the purpose of taking part in the welcome tendered to his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate by the Hierarchy of New Zealand.

The following changes have been made among the clergy of the diocese of Dunedin:—Rev. Father Farthing is to take the place at Gore of the Rev. Father Foley, who has been transferred to Oamaru. Rev. Father Graham, lately in charge of Darfield, Canterbury, has been adopted into the diocese of Dunedin, and has been appointed assistant to Rev. Father O'Donnell, Queenstown.

VISIT OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

Another meeting, representative of the Cathedral and South Dunedin parishes, for the purpose of making arrangements for the reception of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate on his arrival in Dunedin, was held in St. Joseph's Hall on Sunday evening after Vespers. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided, and there were also present Rev. Father Delany (South Dunedin), and Rev. Father Corcoran. His Excellency will arrive by the first express from the north on Saturday. The following will be the order of the procession:—Band, school boys, members of the H.A.C.B. Society, men of the congregation, carriage containing his Excellency, to be followed by private carriages and motor cars. At the Cathedral the members of the Hibernian Society will act as a guard of honor from Smith street to the sanctuary. The services of the Kaitorai Band have been secured for the occasion. Mr. T. J. Hussey will act as marshal of the procession. A draft of the address, from the laity, drawn up by a committee, consisting of Messrs. J. B. Callan, J. J. Marlow, T. J. Hussey, and J. Hally, was read and approved of. The address is to be signed by these gentlemen, and will be read by Mr. Callan.

As Mrs. Todd will be absent from Dunedin for some time, she cannot act as secretary of the ladies' committee, and her place has been taken by Mrs. Duffy.

On Sunday his Excellency will preside at Solemn High Mass at 11 o'clock, and also at Vespers. On Monday evening his Excellency will be tendered a public reception in the Art Gallery, when addresses will be presented by his Lordship the Bishop and clergy, and the laity. On Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock his Excellency will bless the new chapel at the Sacred Heart Home, Anderson's Bay.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, accompanied by their Lordships Bishop Verdon and Bishop Cleary and three priests, will leave Wellington for Dunedin on Thursday evening. They will break the journey at Oamaru, staying there on Friday night, and will reach Dunedin by the first express on Saturday afternoon. They will leave for Queenstown on Wednesday morning, and return to Dunedin on Friday night. His Excellency leaves for the north by the first express on Saturday morning, January 29.

OUR SUPPLEMENT

With this number of the *N.Z. Tablet* we issue as a supplement a reproduction of the latest photograph of his Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cerretti, Apostolic Delegate.

The disturbing influence of the war upon prices of all materials was illustrated at the meeting of the Wanganui County Council on Friday (says the *Herald*), when tenders were considered for construction of a bridge over the Wangaehu River. The engineer reported that, owing to rises in the price of ironwork, he had to increase his estimate made a few weeks ago by about £400.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

January 17.

Rev. Father Murphy assumed control of the Cathedral parish on Sunday, and was the recipient of many hearty welcomes, congratulations, promises of hearty support, and co-operation by the parishioners.

At the Sacred Heart parish Rev. Father Carran, who took over control on Sunday, was also similarly welcomed and promised the whole-hearted support and assistance of the people.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary, accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop-elect of Christchurch, and the Rev. Dr. Ormond, left for Wellington on Saturday. Bishop Cleary will accompany his Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cerretti through the Dominion, and will return with him to Auckland on February 19.

Rev. Father Doyle, who has been in charge of the Remuera parish since February, 1911, was on last Wednesday evening entertained in St. Mark's Hall, Remuera, by a large number of friends and parishioners on the occasion of his departure for the front as Captain-Chaplain of the Forces. The Hon. J. A. Tole, on behalf of the parishioners, presented Father Doyle with a purse of sovereigns, and expressed the best wishes of those present for his speedy and safe return. A further presentation of a chalice and vestments was made by Mr. J. J. O'Brien, on behalf of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Children of Mary, and the ladies of the parish. Father Doyle expressed his appreciation of the gifts. A number of musical items were rendered during the evening. Father Doyle was an invaluable member of the Newman Society, from whose ranks he will be much missed.

Very Rev. Father Cahill assumed charge of the Parnell parish as successor of the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie on Sunday last. After the evening devotions the parishioners met in St. Bonaventure's Hall. Mr. J. O'Sullivan presided and, on behalf of the confraternities and parishioners, bade their new rector a hearty welcome. While regretting the great loss sustained by them owing to the departure of the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, they were pleased to have as his successor one who was eminently worthy to fill the position. Messrs. Patrick Gleeson, James Smith, Patrick Carr, and Andrew Markey, on behalf of the parishioners, also welcomed their new pastor. Very Rev. Father Cahill, on rising to respond, received a very enthusiastic reception. In earnest and sympathetic language he conveyed to his new parishioners the great pleasure and gratification he felt at the warm welcome given to him. It augured well for the future. Where priests and people were united nothing could withstand them. He assured them of his hearty support in all matters pertaining to the honor and glory of God, to their spiritual welfare, and, wherever possible, to their temporal welfare. A very pleasant evening was subsequently spent.

A large and representative gathering took place at St. Benedict's Club rooms on Tuesday evening to bid farewell to the Rev. Father Forde, who is leaving to take charge of the parish of Taumarunui. The president of the club (Mr. F. G. J. Temm) presided, and amongst those present were the Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., Rev. Fathers Kelly and Flynn, the diocesan executive of the Catholic Federation, members of St. Benedict's Catholic School Committee, Marist Brothers' Club, and representatives of the parish. The president on behalf of the club, expressed the general regret of the members at Father Forde's departure, and thanked him for the many services he had rendered to the club as chaplain. Monsignor Gillan, on behalf of the club, presented the guest of the evening with a gold watch suitably inscribed as a mark of the esteem in which he was held by members. Father Forde suitably responded. A lengthy toast list was honored, and the gathering concluded with the singing of 'Auld lang syne' and the National Anthem. Father Forde has been stationed in St. Benedict's parish since his arrival

in the diocese, and has there worked with energy and zeal, many of the undertakings in this widely spread parish being due to his efforts. Father Forde left for his new parish by the express train on Friday night. Many friends from the various city parishes assembled to bid him farewell.

Rev. Father McMenamin, who left the Dominion as chaplain with the First contingent for Europe, and who returned in broken health, delivered at the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, on Sunday evening a highly interesting discourse on matters particularly connected with the Catholic soldiers and his duties towards them. He said that one of the results of the war was the knowledge acquired of the universality of our Holy Church by colonial soldiers. In every country they visited Catholic churches existed. To attend church at all was to go to a Catholic church. A characteristic displayed by our Catholic soldiers was their utter disregard of what the world thought of them. In most public places they would kneel and go through their confessions. It was dangerous for two or more to assemble, because they would instantly be targets for Turkish gunners. This made it difficult to say Mass and attend Mass. He often thought of the Roman Catacombs and the penal days in Ireland, when he found himself saying Mass under many and strange circumstances. Many a time he said Mass with a doctor's medicine case for an altar. War was an awful reality, and he hoped and trusted that all would emerge from it, as from a crucible, cleansed and purified. Father McMenamin, being unable to stand, was seated in the sanctuary during the delivery of his interesting discourse, which was listened to throughout with the closest attention by a crowded congregation.

Christchurch North

January 17.

The retreat for the priests of the Society of Mary will be held at St. Mary's, Manchester street, beginning on Friday. In consequence, no Masses will be celebrated at Hornby, Papanui, and New Brighton on next Sunday.

A benefit concert, under the auspices of the H.A.C.B. Society, in aid of the wife and family of a deceased member, will take place on Wednesday, the 26th inst., in the Choral Hall. The object is a very deserving one, and the members have every confidence that their appeal will be liberally responded to.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on Monday evening last, Bro. Kaveney presiding. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, Bro. J. V. Kaveney; vice-president, Bro. F. A. Roche; secretary, Bro. J. H. Johnston; treasurer, Bro. P. J. Cosgrove; warden, Bro. P. Gunn; guardian, Bro. L. J. Dobbs; sick visitors, Bros. J. A. Olin and P. Gunn; auditors, Bros. T. Y. Wagstaff and F. A. Roche. The installation of officers was performed by the district deputy (Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy). The late secretary (Bro. F. J. Wilson), who is at present in camp at Palmerston North, was, prior to leaving, presented by the members with a wristlet watch in appreciation of the good services rendered by him to the branch during his term of office. Bro. Wilson was also the recipient of a presentation from the employees of Messrs. A. G. Healing and Co., where he was employed.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

(Continued from page 31.)

to the illustrious Metropolitan of the Province, his Grace Archbishop Redwood, and his Grace Archbishop O'Shea. He had long ago heard of the reputation of Archbishop Redwood when he was in America, and of his mental gifts, his great works, and early pioneer missionary efforts, now so apparent in the country. He paid a glowing tribute to the Society of Mary, which had not only produced two illustrious Archbishops to rule over the Province, but had implanted in this young land the seeds of faith through the efforts of early missionary Fathers. The Society of Mary was full of vigor and life, and he appreciated very much the work of both the Marist and the secular clergy. The faith sown by them had taken deep root, as evidenced by the progress of the Church in this land, and the cordial welcome extended to him that evening recalled the splendid receptions accorded to him by the Australian dioceses. His Excellency then outlined the Holy Father's policy in connection with the present war and his efforts on behalf of the prisoners and wounded. He thanked Providence that there had been raised to the Chair of Peter in these troublous times such a man as Benedict XV., who was eminently fitted to deal with the present situation. He would be pleased to convey to the Holy Father their manifestations of faith, which would be most consoling to him. He was pleased to see the Suffragan Bishops gathered around their Metropolitan. In conclusion, his Excellency thanked all who had helped to make his sojourn a pleasant one—the Government, the Harbor Board, the civic authorities, the performers, and the local committee. (Applause.)

One of the most successful functions in connection with the Church in this city concluded with the singing of 'Faith of our Fathers' by the whole audience, to the accompaniment of the large organ.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

D. M'c.—(1) Presbyterianism traces its origin to Calvin (Geneva). John Knox is the father of Scotch Presbyterianism. He drew up his Confession of Faith in 1560. The Presbyterian claim to historical continuity from the Apostles has been refuted by their own historians. (2) 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost,' in the twentieth chapter of St. John, means that Christ was giving the Apostles (who had already received the Holy Ghost by sanctifying grace) a new special grace and spiritual power, viz., as Christ explained, the power of forgiving sin, 'Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven.' (3) The Catholic Church does not admit of any priestly power in non-Catholic ministers, and therefore does not recognise any Sacrament conferred by them, except Baptism, which may be administered by any layman. Hence a person going through a ceremony of Confirmation outside the Catholic Church would be bound on becoming a Catholic, and having the opportunity, to be confirmed in the Catholic Church. (4) A Catholic may receive the Sacrament of Matrimony before the Sacrament of Confirmation.

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CATHOLIC FEDERATION

CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

(From our own correspondent.)

The fifth half-yearly meeting of the Christchurch Diocesan Council opened at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, January 12, in the Federation rooms, Wiltshire Buildings. The president (Very Rev. Dean Hyland) presided. Representatives of the diocesan clergy present were—Rev. Dr. Kennedy (Methven), Rev. Father Kerley, S.M. (Temuka), and Rev. Father O'Connor (Hawarden). An apology was received from the Very Rev. Dean Hills, S.M., for unavoidable absence. The following delegates represented branches:—The Cathedral, Messrs. W. Hayward, jun. (vice-president) and J. R. Hayward; St. Mary's (Christchurch North), Messrs. E. J. P. Wall and J. J. O'Gorman; Timaru, Dr. Loughnan and Mr. P. J. Leigh; Temuka, Rev. Father Kerley, S.M.; Pleasant Point, Mr. M. J. Friel; Rakaia, Mr. J. J. Duncan; Rangiora, Messrs. S. J. Ryan and M. Fitzgibbon; Darfield, Messrs. F. Narbey and P. Morrison; Lincoln, Messrs. J. A. Henley and P. F. Ryan; Hawarden, Rev. Father O'Connor and Mrs. P. Burke; Little River, Miss M. C. Cassidy. Members of the executive present were the secretary and Mr. T. H. Williamson.

The president, in his address, spoke in part as follows: It affords me much pleasure to welcome the many delegates present at this half-yearly meeting of the diocesan council of the Catholic Federation. In coming here this morning many of you have made great sacrifices, and I sincerely trust that the volume of business transacted at this gathering may amply repay you. The date fixed for this meeting is by no means a very opportune one for many, more especially for those who have come from districts where harvesting operations have commenced. We had no alternative, however, in selecting this date as the clergy retreats and other impending events will from now on be occupying all our available time and attention. The president went on to speak of much important business transacted at the last meeting of the Dominion Executive, and the excellent results accruing therefrom. Our interview with the Minister of Internal Affairs on the necessity of stricter censorship of cinematograph films was productive of much good, and we have every reason to feel confident that in the very near future legislation will be passed considerably minimising, or completely removing from our midst the menace of an insidious form of evil. When we assembled here six months ago we had to mourn the loss which the diocese had sustained by the death of Bishop Grimes. On this occasion it will be our pleasing duty to offer our sincere congratulations to the Bishop-elect, Monsignor Brodie, on his appointment by the Holy See to this diocese, and to assure him that in the Catholic Federation he will always find a valuable ally to assist him in conserving, in strengthening, and in extending the interests of our holy faith. We must not allow this meeting to terminate without drafting, and forwarding through the Dominion Executive to the Minister of Education, a strongly worded resolution of protest against the recent recommendation of the Council of Education, which suggests the withdrawal of privileges already granted to our Catholic secondary schools, and its apparent opposition to just treatment in other directions.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were adopted, and the following resolution was telegraphed to the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop-elect of Christchurch:—'The delegates to this diocesan council of the New Zealand Catholic Federation assembled at their half-yearly meeting respectfully and heartily congratulate your Lordship upon your elevation to the episcopacy, and fervently pray God to grant health and strength for many years to discharge your onerous duties in the best interests of religion, and moreover assure you of all the co-operation within our sphere.'

The Report.

Your executive have much pleasure in reporting as follows on its work during the past five months:—In that period five meetings have been held, with invariably almost a full attendance, much of the business transacted being purely of an administrative nature. In fulfilment of a promise made at the last annual meeting of the diocesan council, our president (the Very Rev. Dean Hyland) visited Darfield in the interests of the Federation, and succeeded in reorganising the branch there and doing work generally satisfactory to the branch and to the advantage of this council. During the term just elapsed your executive discharged the liability it undertook in regard to the Catholic Church and social hall fund at Trentham, by remitting the balance of the amount (£40) promised. To do this it had to pay out of its own funds £21 4s 3d, having only received from branches £18 15s 9d. This result, although creditable to the 14 branches that subscribed, Waimate especially so with its handsome contribution of £5 4s 3d, exclusive of a contribution from Morven in the same parochial district, and also Fairlie which likewise exceeded the stipulated amount, reflects unfavorably on the defaulting branches. So far as Westland is concerned matters generally have reached a state of comparative deadlock, few of the branches having exhibited any signs of activity and until reconstruction takes place on the lines of establishing a sub-diocesan council the granting of local initiative and administrative action no better results may apparently be looked for. Your executive cannot dismiss this subject without placing on record the excellent services to the cause of Catholic Federation rendered by the Rev. Father Cronin, pastor of Ross, who has consistently and prominently kept the matter in the fore-front, educating his parishioners on its advantages, and establishing no less than four branches in widely separated settlements in the extensive district under his spiritual control. A vigilant eye has been kept, and with some measure of success, on unwholesome literature, so as to prevent it being exposed for sale. The receipts and expenditure for the half-year ending December 31, 1915, were given as £82 18s 3d and £71 9s 2d respectively, the balance in hand being £20 13s 4d. About £15 was paid in at the meeting.

Report of Catholic Girls' Club and Hostel.

The hostel opened on March 19, with one permanent boarder. Altogether 14 boarders have resided permanently in the hostel. Visitors to the number of 105 have stayed from a few days to two months, coming from Auckland, Wellington, Gisborne, Hawke's Bay, Invercargill, Dunedin, Cromwell, Oamaru, Timaru, Temuka, Geraldine, Ashburton, Akaroa, North Canterbury, Hokitika, Greymouth, Melbourne, Sydney, and one from Kent, England. The West Coast visitors patronised the hostel very largely, and remarks in the visitors' book show much appreciation. We are occasionally called upon to extend assistance to unfinancial callers, and recognising this as one of the objects of the hostel have met all cases of this nature. In connection with the club there are 54 members and 44 honorary members. Four social evenings have been held, one social evening being given by the Catholic Young Men's Club to the members of the Girls' Club. One book afternoon was given at which 150 books were generously donated. Mrs. Behan subscribes to a magazine for the club. Lady Clifford sends papers and magazines regularly, which are very much appreciated. The club is indebted to the *Tablet* Company for supplying the *N.Z. Tablet*. Two large Christmas hampers were despatched from the club to the Rev. Father Richards, chaplain to the Forces, for Catholic soldiers at the front. The club was also instrumental in starting the Red Cross Unit for Catholic ladies desirous of helping in that good work, and which is proving a great success. The receipts from all sources were £420 5s 5d, made up as follow:—Household, £336 8s 11d; honorary members, £24 9s; members' fees, £15 10s; donations, £43 17s 6d. The expenditure was £370 4s 8d, leaving a credit balance in bank of £50 0s 9d.

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CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The Very Rev. Charles Graham, S.M., M.A., Rector of St. Bede's College, addressed the assembly as follows:—

The question of the position of Catholics in regard to education in New Zealand is one of the most vital importance, and, unfortunately their position is one that is not at all understood by the great majority of citizens of New Zealand, and but imperfectly grasped by Catholics themselves. We, as Catholics, have been so long suffering from disabilities and injustices in this respect, and have become so used to them that we vaguely realise their nature and extent. To put the case in general terms, let us consider a practical example. Take two boys—one the son of non-Catholic parents and the other the son of Catholic parents. In the case of the non-Catholic child education costs nothing. As soon as he is of age to go to school, there is ready for him one of those well-built schools which the State has established throughout the land, equipped with all the latest and best, staffed by teachers paid by the State, and provided with every requirement that is considered necessary or useful in the work of education. He has to pay no fees, even his books, to a large extent, are provided for him. When his primary education is completed, he can go on to the secondary school by passing with proficiency the sixth standard of the primary school. At the end of two years, by gaining a senior free place, he gains the right to remain for a further two years at the secondary school. By obtaining a leaving certificate he is entitled to free tuition at the University and thus he has the means of entering the learned professions, of making himself a well-educated man without a penny of expense to his parents. All the expense is borne by the State out of public moneys. Now, consider the case of the Catholic child. When he is of an age to go to school, he is sent by his parents to the Catholic school, which has been built by money subscribed by his parents and the parents of other Catholic boys. All the expenses of the maintenance, teaching, and equipment of this school are borne by the Catholics of the district. He has to provide his own books. Any of the little luxuries that his school enjoys are provided not out of public moneys but by contributions for that purpose from the Catholic body. All during his primary course his parents are paying directly or indirectly for his education. When his primary education is complete, he passes the sixth standard with proficiency, and has lawfully gained a right to two years' free education in a secondary school. But he is deprived of this, his just right and reward, because he cannot conscientiously attend the schools the State has set up for this purpose, and is not allowed by the State to go to a Catholic secondary school where he can get a training in secular matters as good, at least, as he would get at the State establishment. Here, again, if he wishes to proceed in his studies, his parents have to find the necessary fees and bear all expenses. If he wishes to proceed to the University, he finds that his right to the leaving certificate is not recognised and thus again his parents have to bear the burden. His education is paid for by his parents right from the beginning to the end. And all this time his parents are contributing to the public taxation, which goes to the support of the educational system which provides gratis all the above-mentioned advantages to the boy of non-Catholic parents. The reason for this difference of treatment is because Catholics cannot in conscience avail themselves of the facilities the State offers, and the State refuses to recognise their claims for the establishment and support of schools at which they can, without violation of their religious principles, attend.

Religion and Education.

The fundamental principle underlying the Catholic attitude on the education question is that education and religion cannot be separated. We believe that there is a divine obligation placed upon parents not only to provide for the corporal and physical needs of their children, but also to provide for and safeguard

the higher life of their souls by instructing them in their duties to their Maker, and teaching them their religion. Hence, when parents delegate to others their rights and their duty of educating their children, it is a bounden duty on them to see that the teachers they choose to take their own place, and the schools to which they entrust their children are fit and suitable to carry out this great and important duty on their behalf. And, if they neglect any precaution, or expose their little ones to any danger, Catholic parents believe that they will one day have to account for their sins of commission and omission in this respect before the tribunal of their Maker. Education is a vital and continuous process, proceeding on the same principles in the school and in the home. Every instant of a child's life is one of educational importance. It is during these tender years of childhood that the child receives and assimilates those principles of conduct and religion that are to determine his life and actions during his whole career. The atmosphere and surroundings of the classroom, the daily influences to which the child is subject, the life and example of his companions and those around him have as potent and lasting effects in moulding his religious and moral life as the positive lessons that he receives from teachers and others. Catholic parents, then, believe that they cannot consider the religious and moral principles and faculties of their children as so many commodities that can be locked up and, as it were, kept apart from other influences and only be brought out for use and development in the Sunday school or at the family fireside. Hence, no school, which lacks positive teaching on religion or the influence of Catholic example, is considered suitable by Catholic parents for the education of their children.

The State and Education.

As the obligation of bringing up their children falls upon their parents, Catholics hold that it is by no means the duty of the State to say to them that they must send their children to schools that the State considers suitable, but which they, Catholics, know are not in accordance with their conscience. We do not deny the State the right to establish and maintain schools; on the contrary, we deem it the duty of the State to do so; but we do deny that the State has the right to establish and support, out of public moneys, schools which are suitable to the religious convictions of some of the community, and utterly unsuitable to others—even though they are a minority—who have conscientious objections to schools so constituted. Hence, when in 1877 the Act of Parliament, which established the present much-vaunted free, secular, and compulsory system of education in New Zealand, we, as Catholics, were, on religious grounds alone, driven out and excluded from our rightful share of the taxation to which we are bound to contribute. Since that year we have been forced to build, maintain, and equip our own schools to which we can conscientiously send our children, and by so doing, though contributing our quota to the general taxation, we have been saving the State in education expenses about £62,000 a year.

Injustices Increased.

Though we have, at times, raised our voices in loud protest against the injustice that is being done to us, as yet we have experienced no amelioration of these hard conditions under which we labor, no remedy of the gross injustice that we suffer. On the contrary, injustices have been increased in the introduction of regulations regarding the holding of scholarships and free places in secondary schools and colleges.

Scholarships.

Prior to 1910 pupils of Catholic schools were not allowed even to compete for scholarships. By the Education Amendment Act of that year State scholarships (not free places) were thrown open for competition among pupils attending private as well as public schools. But by some strange oversight no provision was inserted allowing scholarships so gained to be taken out at approved Catholic secondary schools. At least, the amendment was so interpreted. And yet,

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the amendment was introduced at our instance, in order to benefit Catholic secondary schools. The amended Act read as follows: 'The holder of a Board scholarship shall receive the annual amount of his scholarship only so long as he prosecutes his studies to the satisfaction of the Board at a secondary school or its equivalent approved by the Board.' This seemed to cover the case of private schools, because our leading secondary schools are at least educationally equivalent to the State establishments. But in the midst of our rejoicing at the gaining of this small concession, we received information that the educational authorities had taken legal advice on the interpretation of the amendment, and had discovered that the word 'equivalent' was to be taken not as educationally equivalent—which the legislators intended it to be—but as constitutionally equivalent. The consequence was that, as Catholic colleges were not endowed or constitutionally equivalent to the State secondary schools, we could not hope for much from the law as amended. Here we were in the same position as before, though it was through our representations that the law was amended. However, after much controversy on the subject, we were informed that the interpretation of the Act rested solely with the Education Board of each district. The Education Boards of North Canterbury and Westland approved of the applications of the Sisters of the Missions and the Sisters of Mercy respectively. The Wellington Board at first refused the application of St. Patrick's College for recognition under this Act, but after much agitation and many refusals, one boy, at least, was allowed to take out in St. Patrick's College the scholarship he had won. The law was again amended in the last Education Amendment Act to read that the scholarships could be taken out in schools approved by the Minister. But even so, our position is a very unstable one, depending, as it does, on the interpretation of an ambiguously worded law which at any moment may be interpreted against us. At a meeting of the newly established Council of Education, which is composed entirely of members connected with the State system, whose interests must necessarily be bound up in the welfare of that system, a unanimous resolution was passed to the effect that no scholarship shall be tenable at private schools. If the resolutions of this council are to have any effect, and it would seem useless that such a council should be set up, unless their deliberations were to be acted on, even this modicum of justice is to be taken away from us.

Such is the present position of Catholic secondary schools. We are being tantalised by the pretence of offering with one hand and the withdrawing it by the other of this small concession. That it is a very slight concession is seen from the fact that in the whole district of North Canterbury, as established prior to the new arrangement of districts, only about a score of scholarships are open for competition, to be divided amongst the pupils of all the schools of both town and country in the whole of this large district. Hence, Catholic children could benefit only to an infinitesimal extent even if this concession were assured. However, the privilege has been dearly won, and we do not feel that we should relinquish our just rights without a vigorous and sustained struggle and protest.

Leaving Certificates.

Again, we enjoyed for a time the right of gaining in our Catholic schools what is known as a leaving certificate. To gain this certificate it is necessary that a student spend four years at an approved secondary school, one year of which must be after passing the matriculation examination, prosecuting his studies according to a prescribed course. By so doing he gains free University education at any of our university colleges. Some of our Catholic students have benefited by this certificate, but quite suddenly it was discovered that in some subtle and secret way this privilege has also been withdrawn. Surely, this is penalising the Catholic religion with a vengeance. There is no Catholic university college at present in New Zealand to act as a rival to the university Colleges as established. And why a Catholic student, who has otherwise fulfilled

the conditions prescribed by the regulations, should be penalised, simply because his studies have been prosecuted at a Catholic college, is, to say the least, certainly hard to understand. And this in the free, enlightened land of New Zealand—the country of advancement and progress, the model country that we like to consider it!

Free Places.

Now comes the question of free places. The underlying principle which actuated our legislators in establishing the free-place system is certainly one to be commended, viz., to make it as easy for all, for the poor as well as for the rich, to receive the advantages of higher education to the end that the State may profit by the undoubted benefits of an intellectual and highly cultured citizenship. A free place for two years in a district high school, technical college, or other such institution is gained by every pupil who passes, under a certain age, the Sixth Standard of the primary school with proficiency—for an ordinary student not a serious obstacle. After the two years at a secondary school the student can then gain a senior free place, which entitles him to two more years' free education, by passing an examination of about the same standard as the public service examination. Again, not a hard task. By gaining a leaving certificate such a student obtains free tuition at the University. Thus, it is made possible for a student to obtain all his education—primary, secondary, and University—at the expense of the State, and qualify himself for one of the learned professions without the personal expenditure of one shilling in his education. There would certainly be reason to feel very proud of our country because of its liberality in this respect, were it not for the fact that it is unfair in its distribution of favors, and penalises a large number of its citizens because of their religious convictions. By means of these liberal regulations the vast majority of students are now prosecuting their studies at the various high schools that the State has founded all over the country. A glance at the statements published annually will show that at these schools by far the overwhelming majority of students are holders of free places and scholarships. The following figures are taken from the report of the Education Department for the year 1914:—The following are some of the figures for 1913 and 1914 in regard to free places in secondary schools:—

	1913	1914
Number of secondary schools giving free tuition	30	30
Total roll number, excluding lower departments	5803	6056
Number of free-place holders	4952	5061
Free-place holders as a percentage of roll number	79 %	84 %
Total annual payment by Government for free places	£51,917	£56,186
Cost to Government per free pupil	£10/15/11	£11/2/-

The report goes on to say:—It will thus be seen that there are now very few pupils—only 16 in every 100—who pay fees for admission into secondary schools. That the free place system has undoubtedly been fully taken advantage of by the people of New Zealand is evidenced by the enormous increase in free places in the last few years. In 1903 there were 1600 free pupils at secondary schools; now the number is more than three times as great.

This is exclusive of 171 holders of scholarships or exhibitions carrying free instruction, 2100 pupils in attendance at district high schools, almost all of whom are free-place holders, 107 Maori pupils, and 1674 holders of free places in day technical schools. Consequently (the report adds), there are 8,942 pupils receiving free secondary education in the Dominion.

The total number of pupils attending secondary schools (exclusive of private secondary schools) district high schools, day technical schools, Maori secondary schools is given as 10,430. It will thus be seen that the State is paying for about 86 per cent. of the

(Continued on page 26.)

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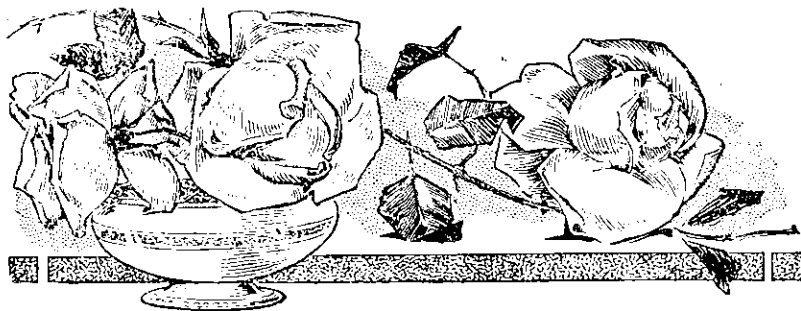
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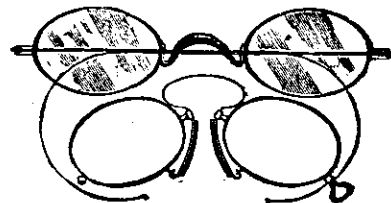
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Irish News

GENERAL.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Mr. Daniel McCartan to be Clerk of the Crown and Peace for County Down, in succession to the late Mr. G. N. Maclaine. This appointment was hailed with welcome as a concession of fairness towards the Catholics and Nationalists of Ulster.

Ireland's criminal statistics for 1914 show that the number of indictable offences was 8504, equal to an annual rate of 1.94 per thousand, as compared with a rate of 2.11 per thousand in 1913, and 2.27 in 1912, and 2.24 in 1911. The number of persons tried was 163,041, a decrease of 15,099. There was a decrease of 4804 in the number of persons tried for drunkenness in 1914, as compared with the preceding year, and compared with the average for ten years there was a decrease of 16,201 persons.

On November 27 University College Chapel, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, was crowded by a large congregation, when a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of the souls of past and present students who have fallen in the war. There are 237 students of University College serving with the colors. Seven have been killed; over a dozen are known to have been wounded; one received the D.S.O., and one the C.H.G. distinction; six have been mentioned in despatches, and over twenty have been promoted to various commissioned ranks up to Lieut. Colonel.

Antimony, a mineral used in the manufacture of highly explosive shells, has been discovered in County Monaghan. The new mine is said to be a very rich one, and is situated in the townland of Crossbane, four miles from Keady and five miles from Castleblayney. Samples of the find have been submitted to experts, who state that it contains 80 per cent. of antimony, 10 per cent. of sulphate of ammonia, and 10 per cent. peritis and other combustibles. The mine has been tested in three places for about one hundred yards, and in each place showed signs of the true lode.

The English *Church Times*, which opposed the Home Rule movement up to the commencement of hostilities, takes occasion to intimate that it has been converted. Referring to the Nationalists and the Ulstermen fighting at the front, it says:—'Is it possible to suppose that when they return home they will renew their former quarrel, as though the war were a mere interlude? We doubt it; and we feel sure that the proof of their loyalty to the Empire that the Nationalists are giving us now will greatly modify the opinion of those who have strenuously opposed Home Rule in the past as contrary to any real union of spirit between a self-governing Ireland and our own country.'

The *Daily Graphic* recently published a graphic description of the heroic part taken by the London Irish in the Battles of Loos. They led the attack, were the first in the town, and captured five guns. After the battle the general in command addressed the survivors of the regiment, and said: 'Not only am I proud to have had the honor of being in command of such a regiment, but the whole Empire will be prouder whenever, in after years, the Battle of Loos comes to be written, for I can tell you it was the London Irish who helped to save a whole British Army Corps. You have done one of the greatest actions in the war.' And this was the regiment whose very name was not hinted at in the official despatch from the front!

District Inspector Sheridan, R.I.C., Banbridge, has given three sons to the Army since the outbreak of the war. Mr. William N. Sheridan, who held an appointment in the Bank of Ireland, Dublin, resigned his position in June last and proceeded to London, where he joined the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps, and has now been given a commission in the 17th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, stationed at Ballykinlar. His second son, Mr. Robert Sheridan, who occupied a position in the Hong Kong and Shanghai

Bank in London, threw up his post in June and joined the Artists' Rifles. He has received a commission in the London Irish Rifles. His third son, Mr. George H. Sheridan, having also relinquished his position in the Bank of Ireland, has joined the Officers' Training Corp at Newcastle, under the command of Colonel Wallace.

RECRUITING IN IRELAND.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has sent out a second circular in support of Irish recruiting, in which he says:—

The year that has passed has seen 100,000 Irishmen forsake civil life to take up arms overseas in defence of the lives and livelihood and lands of those they have left behind. Since my first letter enough men to form six complete battalions have rallied to the support of those Irishmen who have already joined. This is an answer to those who understood Irishmen so little as to think they could be misled into questioning the high motives or the intelligence of the men who first answered the call.

'PROUD OF IRISH DIVISION.'

General Sir Bryan Mahon has telegraphed to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant the following testimony and appeal:—

The 10th Irish Division wish you all success in your recruiting undertaking. Tell Ireland she may well be proud of the Irish Division; no men could have fought more gallantly or achieved better results. More of our countrymen are required to beat the Germans; I am certain that Ireland will respond as enthusiastically now, as she has always done throughout her past history. Erin go Bragh.—Mahon.

IRISH VALOR AND LOYALTY.

Speaking at the opening of a sale of work in support of the Hospice for the Dying under the care of the Irish Sisters of Charity at Hackney, London, Father Bernard Vaughan referred to the rally of Irishmen to the colors. At the very outbreak of the scientific massacre scheme and started by Prussian war lords, Father Vaughan said, Mr. Redmond told the House of Commons that the Empire could rely on the loyal and whole-hearted support of the Nationalist Catholics of Ireland. For fifteen months Catholic Ireland had been responding, under many difficulties, nobly and generously to its great Leader's appeal for recruits. Altogether at the present moment there were 150,000 sons of Erin serving with the colors, a large majority of them being Catholics. On the dauntless spirit of the Irish troops in the field there was no need to speak. Perhaps one reason why the magnificent regiments made up of Irishmen had not been given a more conspicuous place in despatches was that it would be so difficult a task to know where to stop praising men who, together with their chaplains, had deported themselves with self-forgetting bravery and heroism wherever the fire had been the fiercest in Flanders, France, and Gallipoli. No troops had suffered more than those brave Irish, and the Empire wanted to see their thinned ranks closed up with more men of the same mettle and spirit. Twice within two years had the all-highest been disappointed and disillusioned by Ireland. At the outset of the campaign he had relied on a civil war, and later he had been led to believe that Prussian money and Prussian pledges might have seduced Irish prisoners of war from their allegiance to their own flag. Ireland and England, however, had been drawn closer together instead of further apart by the crusade for civilisation, freedom, and Christianity in which they were engaged and for which they were prepared to sacrifice their lives. Besides supplying brave men, Ireland was furnishing munitions and other implements and provisions for the prosecution of that life-and-death struggle for Empire. There was no room in the sun for two empires with such divergent ideas as the Teutonic and the British. The

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superman with the super-state and the super-race must be defeated and crushed or else the world would be dominated by brute force with the worship of 'Frightfulness' and the ethics of the jungle. As an Englishman, he was proud to proclaim that the very best stuff for hunting down the wild beast that had been let loose upon them was to be found in the Irish troops who, with his belief in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting was proud to fling away life for the triumph of freedom over slavery, of right over might, and of Christ over Thor and Odin.

HOW A GUARDSMAN WON THE D.C.M.

In an unpretentious cottage about half a mile from Ballina—at the Quay—there is at present home on furlough a soldier of which any army in the world would be proud (writes a *Freeman's Journal* representative). Patrick Hennegan, of the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, is the embodiment of all that constitutes the ideal fighting man. He stands 6ft 3½ in high in his stockings, is perfectly built, strong as a lion, and at the same time swift as a deer. He had arrived the previous day from the trenches in France, bearing all their traces of grime and mud. 'On the 18th May,' he said, 'we lost at Ypres between 700 and 800 in killed and wounded. I myself was wounded. A shell hit the parapet of my trench, and a piece of it struck me between the shoulders. Sandbags and earth were also thrown on top of me. There were about ten tons of all sorts of stuff pitched on top of me, and along with being wounded I was severely crushed. I was afterwards laid up for a few weeks. When I got well I was given a furlough, but I did not take it. I volunteered for the front again as I was anxious to get some of my own back. We were several times up against the Prussian Guards. Almost all of them are as tall as I am, and a good many of them taller. We met them several times with the bayonet, and each time we defeated them signally. The Irish Guards are terrors in a bayonet charge, and well the Prussians know it. I have never met him yet to get the better of me with the bayonet.'

'During the great advance at Loos,' he continued, 'the Irish Guards did tremendous work. We practically swept all before us, but our casualties were severe. We advanced between two and three miles on that occasion, and every inch of the ground was disputed. I brought in one prisoner whom I found lying on the ground. He was only about sixteen years of age, and was dressed in khaki. He was badly wounded, and half an hour afterwards he died. During these days the enemy were almost ten to one against us, but we succeeded each time in repelling their counter-attacks. Had they been aware of our real strength I am afraid it would have been bad for us.'

'It was on the morning of the 6th February,' he said; 'we were in the trenches at Givenchy. The enemy trench was only nine yards from ours, and the fighting generated into a combat of bomb throwing. We were not then supplied with trench mortars, and all our mortar bombs had to be fired by hand. The bombs are 4lb or 5lb weight, and it takes about 1½ lb of powder to explode one. I started throwing these bombs into the enemy trench. The fuse has first to be lighted and then the bomb is hurled forwards. I was not long flinging the bombs when my tunic became troublesome. I discarded it, and continued firing the bombs for eight hours. Long before I had finished there was not a shred of my shirt together. The action of my arm had torn it to pieces. It was only when I was utterly exhausted that I gave up. My arm and right shoulder had swollen to twice their normal size, and for many days afterwards I suffered intense pain. During the flinging of the bombs I had several narrow escapes. The band of my cap was pierced with a bullet, and although continuous efforts were made by the enemy to shoot me, I did not receive as much as a scratch. That was all that was in it, and they gave me the D.C.M. for devotion to duty.'

People We Hear About

Our American exchanges announce the death in Chicago of Mr. Michael A. Donohoe, the founder and publisher of the well-known *Donohoe's Magazine*. Mr. Donohoe was a Co. Galway man. Born at Gort in 1841, he went to America in childhood, but remained to his latest hour a faithful and fervent lover of the Old Land.

M. Denys Cochin, the well-known French Catholic leader, has been presented with the freedom of the city of Athens by the municipality. He was enthusiastically cheered by the crowds, and the town was illuminated at night in his honor.

The war is smoothing down old differences among Irishmen with a completeness and celerity so amazing as to seem little short of miraculous. When Mr. Redmond was in Flanders the Colonel commanding the Irish Guards paraded the regiment for Mr. Redmond's inspection, the Colonel being Lieut.-Col. McCalmont, C.B., a foremost officer in the Carson Army during its gun-running exploit!

The British Consul at Shiraz, who was lately captured by the Persian gendarmerie, turns out to be an Irishman, Major W. F. O'Connor. He has had a most exciting career in the East, having been at one time severely wounded in Tibet.

Jonkheer van Nispen will, in all probability, succeed the late M. Regout as the Netherlands representative at the Vatican. He is a lawyer, a prominent member of the Catholic Party, a member of the Second Chamber, of which he has been president, and was spoken of as a likely nominee even prior to M. Regout's appointment.

There was not a little interest attached to the wedding ceremony which took place in the tiny Catholic church at Holly Place, Hampstead, London, when Patrick McGill (the navy poet) was married to a grandniece of Cardinal Gibbons, who is a well-known writer of children's stories. Rifleman McGill, as he now is, was wounded in France, and received ten days' leave from his hospital 'over there' to be married. The service was performed by Father John Leathes, of the Dominican Priory, Haverstock Hill, and the rector of the church was present. It may be well to explain why Mr. McGill is known as the 'navy' poet. In his book, *Children of the Dead End*, which created quite a furore, he tells his own life: how years ago he joined the potato-pickers in Glenties, in Ireland, and later went to Gourrock, in Scotland, where he worked as a navy, but all the time he was educating himself, until he is to-day a novelist as well as a poet. Since he has been in the trenches he has contrived to write a good deal, and his books, *The Amateur Army*, *The Red Horizon*, and *Soldier Songs*, deal with life 'somewhere.'

Sir William Robertson, the new Chief of Staff of the British Army, has been a tremendously hard worker all his life, yet it was not until after 1888, ten years after he enlisted, that he was recommended for a commission, which he obtained in the 3rd Dragoon Guards. Even then he might never have been more than a captain, had he not seized his great chance in 1891, when he was appointed railway transport officer for the punitive expedition to quell a turbulent tribe of Pathans, who were plundering the Miranzai Valley. His fine work on this occasion, and with the Chitral Expedition, marked him for early promotion. The D.S.O., a medal and clasp, and mention in despatches, were his reward for Chitral; and when the South African War broke out he was recognised as the one man for the task of attending to the transport organisation. In 1910 he was appointed Commandant of the Staff College, one of the most-sought-after billets in the Army.

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Intercolonial

A graceful compliment was paid the Lord Mayor of Melbourne (Sir David Hennessy) and Lady Hennessy recently, in recognition of their efforts to help the suffering Belgians. The Consul-General for Belgium in Australia (Mr. E. Lauwers), and the Belgian Consul for Victoria (Mr. F. Vanderkelen) called on them at the Town Hall, and presented them with two photographs of Princess Marie Jose, daughter of King Albert of Belgium. One of the pictures was artistically framed, with an embossed crown at the top. Mr. Vanderkelen told Sir David and Lady Hennessy that Belgium deeply appreciated their warm-hearted efforts to alleviate the sufferings of those who had been rendered homeless owing to the war.

Much regret was felt at the news of the sudden death of Rev. Father Matthew Hayes, of St. Paul's Church, Coburg (says the *Catholic Press*). The deceased priest, who had reached an advanced age, celebrated Mass on the morning of his demise. He was born in County Limerick, and studied for the priesthood at All Hallows' College, Dublin. He was ordained priest by Archbishop Goold in Melbourne in 1866, and after spending a few months at Kilmore, was appointed to North Gippsland. In 1877 he was appointed to Williamstown, but he resigned five years afterwards in order to visit Europe and America. On his return in 1883 he was appointed to Coburg.

It is satisfactory to know that the whole of the £30,000 (in cash) has been subscribed for the Catholic college to be erected on the University grounds (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*). There is thus £60,000 cash available—half for the building fund and half for the bursary and endowment fund. The University Council has nothing but praise for the plans of the coming college, which will equal the sister affiliated colleges in architectural beauty and convenience for fifty students. Its equipment and staff will be equal to the best of the other denominational colleges, and its opening in the near future will be the advent of Catholics coming into their own.

An impressive ceremony took place at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Abbotsford, Melbourne, on December 27, when Sister Mary of St. Euphrasie Fennessy, the first Australian to join the Good Shepherd Order, celebrated the golden jubilee of her religious profession, and Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception Corbet the golden jubilee of her reception. Dr. Mannix celebrated Mass in the Infirmary. Numerous congratulations were bestowed on the jubilarians, and the Apostolic Delegate sent, in the name of the Holy Father, a special blessing to the two Sisters. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Carr (Archbishop of Melbourne), Most Rev. Dr. Mannix (Co-adjutor-Archbishop), Dr. Phelan, Dr. Shiel, and Dean Hegarty, with others, congratulated them.

An informal meeting of a few friends of the late Mr. Joseph Winter was held at the Celtic Club on December 23 (says the Melbourne *Advocate*). Dr. N. M. O'Donnell, who presided, stated that those present had met together for the purpose of adopting some means of enabling the Catholic public to express its sense of the loss sustained by the death of Mr. Winter, the memory of whose services to the cause of Faith and Fatherland in Australia, and particularly in Victoria, deserved to be honored and recorded in some imperishable manner. Very Rev. Father Quilter, and Messrs. McDonald, Jageurs, and others expressed their high appreciation of Mr. Winter's services and their strong desire to see his memory suitably honored. It was finally resolved that Dr. N. M. O'Donnell and Mr. M. P. Jageurs be empowered to convene a public meeting to which all friends and admirers of Mr. Winter should be invited. The form of memorial favored by the gathering was that of a Joseph Winter Scholarship, to be founded at the Catholic University College.

Science Siftings

By 'VOLT.'

Modern Naval Guns.

As showing the excellent workmanship which goes into the modern heavy naval gun, it may be noted that the whole of the 15-inch guns for the five British battleships of the Queen Elizabeth type were ordered without any trial gun being made and tested. When the first 15-in gun was tried out, the results agreed exactly with the calculations of the designer. It is stated that it is the best and most accurate gun of all ranges that has yet been built for the British Navy. The explosive charge of the shell, which weighs nearly 2000 pounds, is 50 per cent. larger than that of the 13.5-inch guns which preceded it.

Vegetable Tallow.

The Indian vegetable tallow is the product of the seeds of the *Vateria Indica*, or piney tallow tree. The seeds are collected in the form of kernels within a husk. These are simply dried, and sold loaded on shipboard at Bombay for about £10 per ton. Upon being treated with a solvent they yield a solid edible tallow amounting to about 30 per cent. of their weight. This product is used (in Europe) largely in confectionery, and also in the manufacture of stearin, olein, and glycerine, bringing (before the war) in the Antwerp market close on £100 per ton.

World's Largest Oil Well.

Referring to the resources of Mexico as an oil-fuel producing country, the *Autocar* recalls that some oil was got from that locality as early as 1868, but only small wells were tapped until about 1904. In 1908 probably the largest oil well the world has ever seen was opened up. Unfortunately, however, it proved uncontrollable. The pressure was so enormous that the heavy casings were hurled into the air, and the original eight-inch hole developed into a huge crater, from which great volumes of salt water are still flowing. The oil from this well burned for forty days with a flame 1800 feet in height, and the light given was so brilliant that newspapers could be read by it at a distance of seven miles!

Electric Plants.

'A very peculiar plant,' according to Royal Dixon, author of *The Human Side of Plants*, 'and one which has tremendous electrical powers is the "telegraph plant" (*Desmodium gyrans*). It is a native of India, and each of its leaves is composed of three leaflets; the larger one stretches out towards the sun during the day, but turns down at night, while each of the smaller leaflets moves day and night without stopping. They describe by means of jerking motions complete circles, not unlike the smaller hand of a watch.' Then there is the utricularia, or fishing plant, which lures small fish 'into its capacious mouth and suddenly, as if an electric button were secretly pressed, closes in upon its helpless prey. In other words, it fishes with a net electrically wired!' Near Lake Titicaca, in South America, and in the interior of Nicaragua is found a really terrible plant, a sort of vegetable octopus. This was first discovered by the naturalist Dunstan, who heard his dog cry out as if in agony. Running to his relief, Mr. Dunstan found the animal 'enveloped in what appeared to him a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, ropelike tissue of roots and fibres.' He cut the fleshy fibres of the magnetised plant only with great difficulty. The dog was covered with blood. 'The twigs curled like living sinuous fingers about his hands, and it required terrific force to free himself from the plant's electric grasp, which left his hands red and blistered.'

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ROME LETTER

(From our own correspondent.)

November 13.

AT THE PAPAL SECRETARIATE OF STATE.

So pregnant these weeks have been in rumors about the Pope and peace that I thought it well to have an official statement on the point from the Vatican. Accordingly for that purpose I called a few days ago at the Papal Secretariate of State. His Excellency expressed himself very pleased to answer all questions on the matter. It was, he added, to the advantage of the Holy See that he should do so. There is nothing to be concealed in the Vatican—a fact a Protestant writer discovered some three years ago for himself when getting matter there for his new book, *The Secrets of the Vatican*. He got every facility for his work; he interviewed, explored, noted, criticised, and the result—consternation among bigoted buyers. 'Why, the fun of the thing is,' he said, 'there are no secrets such as Protestants fancy in the Vatican.'

But I put only two questions, that covered a good deal of ground. First, 'Has the Holy Father any project on hand at present for peace?'

'Absolutely none,' replied the Deputy Secretary of State. 'You may officially deny that his Holiness is making any move in that direction for the time being.'

Therefore all this about Prince Bulow meeting Monsignor Marchetti at Lucerne was only an effort of the imagination.

Secondly, 'Regarding all these rumors about the Pope's intention of leaving Rome, while knowing them to be untrue, I want to ask: Was the idea ever seriously entertained?'

'There was never a thought of it,' replied his Excellency promptly. 'Nor was there any reason for it.'

So much for all the lengthy cables and telegrams of the past year! While continuing to deal with other matters that have no connection with politics, the writer could not help pitying the judgment shown by Dr. Dillon in the *Fortnightly Review*, inasmuch as he could not bring himself to speak with respect of this prelate. 'That astute and influential Italian ecclesiastic' was his manner of referring to the Right Rev. Monsignor Tedeschini.

One thing the Pope is doing, and that is working hourly for victims of the European war. From officers and soldiers, sick and maimed, of Germany, France, Austria, and Belgium, who have been exchanged in accordance with the agreement brought about by the Holy Father among the warring nations, Benedict XV. receives letters thanking his Holiness for being back in their own homes from prison in a foreign land.

But there is another letter of thanks that must not be omitted here. It is a letter from the author of *Quo Vadis* expressing the gratitude of Catholic Poland to the Pope for recommending a collection for her throughout the Catholic world. 'Will your Eminence allow me to address myself to you again,' writes Henry Sienkiewicz to Cardinal Gasparri, 'this time not to ask for a favor, but to thank you from the depths of my soul for the compassion shown to my dear country, and for your ready action on behalf of the unhappy victims of the war in Poland. Thanks to the care of your Eminence, thousands of Polish children will be snatched from certain death, and thousands of men will owe to you their lives. Whatever may be the result of the collection recommended by the Holy Father for Poland, our gratitude will be deathless, and we shall retain as certain that to the Holy See, alone in the first instance should recourse be had in the hour of trial and sorrow. The Polish nation has always been profoundly Catholic; its faith has endured terrible shocks. But the paternal goodness of the Holy Father, and the love which he has

shown towards our dear country, render his person specially loved and venerated among us. The name of Benedict XV. is invoked with filial tenderness in every corner of our vast country, now impregnated with blood and with tears. Full of hope and of the certainty that if the whole world abandoned Poland to her sorrows, she should yet find a protector in the best and gentlest of fathers, all eyes turn to him. May Divine Providence grant a day may be given to the Polish people that they may manifest their devotion and gratitude by deeds and not by words.' One year ago, when Ireland had Home Rule almost in her hands, no country in Europe thrilled so joyfully as did her sister in religion and persecution, ever-faithful Poland.

DEATH OF FATHER DAVID FLEMING.

In the death of Very Rev. David Fleming, O.F.M., Consultor of the Holy Office, Rome, the Order of Friars Minor has received a severe blow. Father Fleming went to Ireland three months ago in apparent good health; yesterday morning a wire to Rome told of his death in London of slow paralysis. Father Fleming may be placed among the great men of Irish blood in the Church. Born in May, 1851, at Killarney, the beauty spot of Ireland, when only fifteen years of age he became a Franciscan. Almost since his ordination to the priesthood, over forty years ago, Father Fleming had been regarded as a light in the Seraphic Order. In the University of Louvain he professed Philosophy for years; in England he was Provincial of his Order; in Rome he became Vicar-General, and at the death of the General, head of the Friars Minor. But it is as one of the Commission instituted by Leo XIII. to inquire into the validity of Anglican Orders that he will be chiefly remembered. Father Fleming, Father (now Cardinal) Gasquet, and Canon Moyes of England, spent six months in Rome on that occasion investigating this question. Only this year Father Fleming told this writer he was putting the finishing touches to a book which he intended publishing on that inquiry.

NOTES.

A good deal of satisfaction is felt by the friends in Rome of the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, at his recovery from his severe illness.

For the first time since 1870, when King Victor Emmanuel II. took possession of the Quirinal, the summer palace of Pius IX., the Chapel of the Conclave was opened last Thursday and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in it. The 'Te Deum' was sung by the Italian wounded who are housed there.

La Croix of Paris tells us four persons were fined one franc each the other day at Montreuil for carrying an emblem of the Sacred Heart upon the French colors.

The registration figures for the colleges and universities of the Society of Jesus in the United States and Canada are encouraging for Catholic education (says *America*). The grand total of students in these Jesuit colleges for the present year is 15,873, to which must be added the enrolment in the Jesuit universities of 5793 students. Thus the entire number of pupils enjoying the benefit of a higher education in these institutions alone is 21,666. Here surely a noble and important work is being accomplished for the Catholic Church in America.

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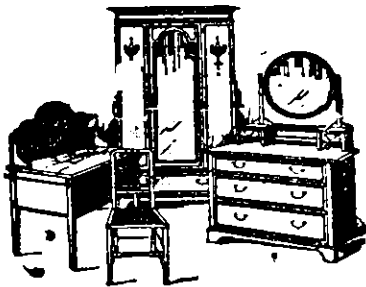
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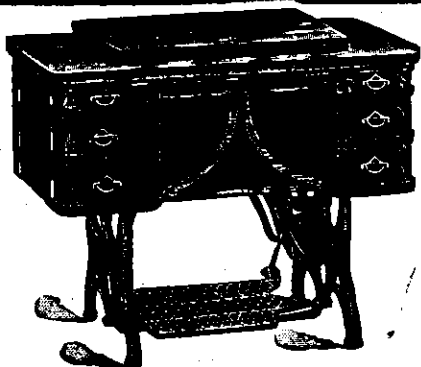
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The Catholic World

ENGLAND

CHURCHES FOR BELGIUM.

Belgian workmen are engaged in a workshop at Hammersmith on work which has the special blessing of the Holy Father. They are making church furniture for presentation to Cardinal Mercier to replace the valuable church property destroyed by the Germans in their invasion of Belgium. The work is part of a larger scheme which aims at the erection of village churches to take the place of those which have been desecrated. It is proposed to erect wooden churches in Belgium's desolated dioceses as soon as the enemy has left the country. The work will be done by Belgian refugees in England and interned Belgian soldiers in Holland—where there are about 30,000. The buildings will probably serve a useful purpose both in Holland and France before it is possible to re-erect them on a concrete platform in Belgium. This work of re-erection could be done rapidly and inexpensively, and the churches would last for many years. The average church would hold about 600 people.

REQUIEM MASS AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

On Saturday, November 27, a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at Westminster Cathedral for all British and Allied soldiers who have fallen in the war. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne presided at the impressive ceremony, and the celebrant was Bishop Butt. The huge church was crowded in every part, and the congregation included a very large proportion of men representing the fighting forces. There were also present members of the Metropolitan Chapter, the Bishop of Southwark, and a large number of other clergy. Seats were reserved for five hundred soldiers, and of these a hundred were occupied by a detachment of the Grenadier Guards, a hundred by the Irish Guards, and a similar number from the Scots Guards. The other two hundred seats were allotted to soldiers generally, including a number of Belgian officers, some of them wounded and under treatment in London, and a party of Belgian gendarmes. The general congregation included Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd (commanding the London District), the Earl of Stamford, Colonel Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P., the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, and Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot. The Cathedral choir, under the direction of Mr. E. H. Terry, supplied the vocal music, while there were a hundred and fifty instrumentalists forming the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards under the direction of Captain J. Mackenzie Rogan. The Brigade drums and bugles were also in attendance. This is the first occasion on which a military band had been requisitioned for a service in the Cathedral. At the close of the service the massed buglers of the Brigade of Guards, posted in one of the galleries, sounded with thrilling effect the 'Last Post.'

BEQUEST FOR ECCLESIASTICAL EDUCATION.

The will of Mr. Robert Banks Lavery, of 6 Portland Place, who died on October 23 last, aged 80, has been proved at £130,840. This is for the English estate alone, and there are in addition valuable mining properties in Spain. After making certain bequests, the testator bequeaths as follows:—£5000 to be raised twenty years after his death, and in the meantime interest at 4 per cent. to be paid thereon, both capital and income being paid in moieties to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, or his successors, and to the Bishop of Salford, or his successors, to be applied for the maintenance and education of students for the priesthood in the hope that some of the students thereby assisted may serve in the diocese of Salford, declaring that the bequest is made in memory of the testator's parents, brother, and sister, late of the same diocese. The will gives to the executors and trustees

power to finance the Spanish mines, and then provides for the accumulation for twenty years of a portion of the income, and gives the remaining income and, at the expiration of the period of twenty years, the entire capital (subject to any then remaining annuities) to nine Catholic charities.

INDIA

THE GERMAN JESUITS.

The German Jesuits of Bombay, including Archbishop Jurgens, S.J., were being repatriated by the Indian Government. It would now seem that his Grace will not leave India. A recent issue of the *Times of India* has the following statement: 'On September 3, a letter was written by Mr. J. E. C. Jukes, Deputy-Secretary to the Government of Bombay, to the Most Rev. Dr. Jurgens, informing him that the Government had been pleased to allow him the option of being repatriated to Germany, or to Holland, or to remain in India, and requesting him to inform the Government of his wish in the matter. On the following day the Archbishop wrote in reply that he could not leave the archdiocese without the permission of the Holy See, by whom it had been entrusted to him, and that at the present moment he did not consider it opportune to ask for this permission. He had, therefore, decided to remain in India. Out of the 124 Fathers, scholastics, and Brothers in the whole mission, 95 are Germans; so that there will be only 27 Fathers and two Brothers left—Swiss, Luxemburgians, or British subjects.'

ROME

A GREAT IRISH MISSIONARY.

Owing to the war but little notice has been taken in these islands of the centenary of St. Columbanus, the great Irish rival of St. Benedict, who passed away in 615 (says the *Catholic Times*). The centenary was, however, celebrated in Rome. Very fittingly, for the saint was not only an apostolic promoter of the faith so jealously guarded by Peter's successors, but a special benefactor of Italy. He died beside the Trebbia, after a wonderful career, in the course of which, besides carrying out many other important works, he founded the famous monastery of Bobbio. Though his habits were austere, his life was full of romance and adventure. There are no pages in the histories of missions more fascinating than those which tell how, leaving his native land with twelve companions, he passed through Britain to Gaul; how Gontran, the grandson of Clovis, induced him to settle down in Burgundy; how his voice subdued brigands and wild beasts; how the birds came to be caressed by him; how squirrels descended from the trees to greet him; how he drove a bear from a cavern to make it his cell; how Thierry, incited by Brunehaut, expelled him from his beloved Luxeuil; and how, landing on the shores of the Rhine, he preached the Gospel to the Alemanni, converted many idolaters with the aid of his fellow-countryman St. Gall, and, crossing the Alps, went on to Lombardy to continue there his fruitful missionary labors. St. Columbanus was a plain speaker, but at the same time a firm believer in the authority of the Pope as the head of the Church.

The Timaru correspondent of the *Lyttelton Times* states that harvesting operations will be in full swing throughout South Canterbury in a week. At present sufficient labor is offering for all purposes, but many farmers fear that, when stacking begins a shortage will be felt.

WHEN YOU SEE A LADY

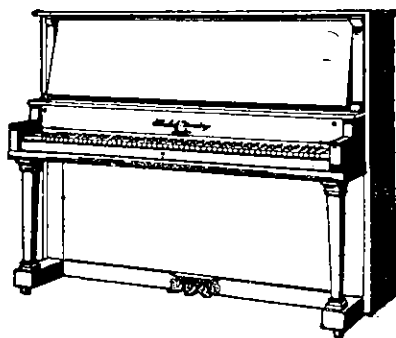
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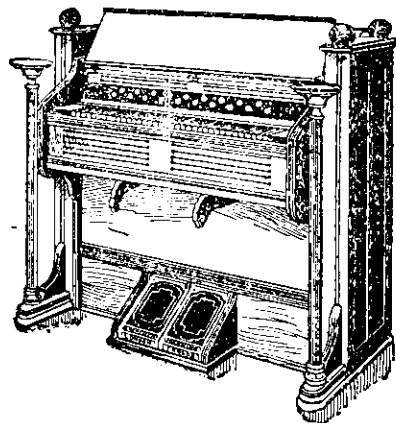
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Cut up cold potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, onions, and French beans, into slices, put them into a stewpan and season with pepper, salt, and a bay leaf; nearly cover with some good sweet stock; stir all together until quite hot, thicken the whole with a lump of butter well rolled in cornflour. A little curry may be added if approved.

Saucer Cake.

Sift 4oz each of dry flour and cornflour together. Beat 4oz of butter to a cream. Add a quarter of a pound of castor sugar to the mixed flours, mix, then stir in an ounce of shredded candied peel, the creamed butter, and two well-beaten eggs. Beat the whole for at least ten minutes, pour into a soup plate lined with thin greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

A Nourishing Fish Soup.

Take 1lb fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb potatoes, one onion, one gill of milk, and 1oz of butter or dripping. Clean the fish, and cut it up rather small. Peel and slice the potatoes and onion, melt the fat in a saucepan, put in the vegetables when hot, cook over the fire for a few minutes, then add the fish, also a quart of water, and cook slowly till tender. Rub the soup through a colander or sieve, and return to the saucepan: season with salt and pepper to taste. Now add the milk to the soup, boil up again, and serve. A little chopped parsley may be added before serving.

Junket.

To make a plain junket, heat one pint of milk to a tepid temperature, mix in a level teaspoonful of castor or plain sugar, and a pinch of ground cinnamon,

finely-grated lemon rind, or finely-powdered dried rind of orange or lemon. Add the rennet, stir well for a minute or two, then turn into the bowl or dish in which it will be served. Let it stand undisturbed on the kitchen table until firm, then carry it carefully to a cold place, in order that the action of the rennet may be arrested. Before serving, dredge the top with castor sugar, and sprinkle on a little cinnamon or nutmeg. The above admits of considerable variation, but whatever is added, the ordinary directions must be followed as regards the actual preparation of the junket.

To Mend a Hole in an Umbrella.

Take a piece of black courtplaster slightly larger than the hole and stick it on well. It will last for months and is ever so much neater than a patch.

Ladders in Stockings.

These are best mended with a fine steel crochet hook. Take up the stitches row by row and work them on to the threads that form the ladder. This is a neat mend.

To Clean a Discolored Bathtub.

Take a little finely powdered brick-dust and a few drops of kerosene and rub over the surface of the tub. Then wash it well with soft soap and water. Rinse well to get rid of the smell of the kerosene. This is a good and quick way of cleansing an enamelled bath without injuring the surface of the enamel.

Household Hints.

Green blinds that have become faded may be renewed by rubbing them with a rag saturated with linseed oil.

All new earthenware and china, before being used, should stand in cold water for 24 hours. This prevents it cracking.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain-pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipes.

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On the Land

GENERAL.

The average yield of wheat in Great Britain and Ireland is 32.8 bushels per acre for the ten years ending in 1913. For Germany the average yield is 30.7 bushels per acre for the same period; France, 20.1 bushels; Austria, 19.9 bushels. For 1911 the average wheat production per acre in Belgium was 39 bushels, and 38 bushels the next year.

Food economy was the subject of a lecture by Professor Halliburton, at a recent meeting of the London Institute of Hygiene. The lecturer corrected many mistakes that have been made by faddists. He explained that bacon was the cheapest food of all, even at the exorbitant prices at present ruling in England. However much the bacon bill went up, he advised the housekeeper to prefer it to beef or mutton, because a pound of it was all food of some kind, whereas a pound of beef, pleasant enough to eat, was, after all, mostly water. So he praised the pig as giving better human food than any other animal. He said that the pig was the easiest kind of flesh food to produce, because it was the most easy to feed, and one of the most prolific. It was a cheap, necessary, and economic animal.

A return has just been compiled by the North Auckland Farmers' Co-operative, Ltd., showing the comparative values of stock in the north during the last few years. In 1908 the average price for cattle was £3 6s 3d for the five months, July to November inclusive; in 1914 the average price was £5 16s 11d for the same period; in 1915 the average was £6 14s 6d. As illustrating the effect of the war, an average has been struck for September, 1913, and September, 1915, and this shows that in the 1913 period the average price for cattle was £4 16s 5d, while in the 1915 period it was £5 12s 3d. The price of sheep has also increased in a marked degree. In 1908 the average price of sheep was 13s 5d; in 1914 it was 16s 11d, and in 1915 £1 4s 6d.

At Addington last week the entries in stock were somewhat larger than at previous sale. There was a good attendance. Fat cattle declined about 3s per 100lb. Fat lambs sold at previous week's rates. Store sheep were rather easier. Fat sheep declined about 1s per head. Fat Lambs.—3171 yarded. Prime lambs, 20s to 22s 6d; medium, 15s to 19s 6d; lighter, 12s to 14s 6d. The principal sales were in fat sheep—prime wethers, 22s to 28s 3d; others, 15s to 21s 6d; extra prime ewes, to 28s; prime ewes, 21s 6d to 26s; medium ewes, 16s 6d to 21s; lighter, 13s to 16s; hoggets, 17s 6d to 19s 8d. Fat Cattle.—Extra prime steers, to £19; ordinary steers, £7 17s 6d to £12; extra prime heifers, to £10 17s 6d; ordinary heifers, £5 15s to £8; extra prime cows, £13; ordinary cows, £5 10s to £9. Price of beef per 100lb, 30s to 47s; extra, to 52s. Pigs.—Choppers, 50s to 92s; extra heavy baconers, to 92s; heavy baconers, 70s to 80s; light baconers, 55s to 67s 6d—price per lb, 6d; heavy porkers, 38s to 45s; light porkers, 33s to 36s—price per lb—light 6d, heavy 5d; medium stores, 22s to 31s; smaller, 16s to 21s; weaners, 2s to 8s.

There were fair entries at Burnside last week, and prices for fat cattle and sheep were about the same as those ruling at the previous sale. Fat Cattle.—162 head were yarded. Bidding was a little slack at the commencement of the sale, but later on prices improved, particularly for good quality cattle. Quotations: Prime bullocks, £16 to £19 5s; medium, £12 10s to £14 10s; inferior, £10 10s to £12; prime heifers and cows, £12 10s to £14 10s; extra, to £18; medium, £10 to £11 10s; inferior, £8 to £9. Fat Sheep.—1914 were penned, consisting chiefly of medium to good wethers and ewes with a few pens of extra good sheep. Quotations: Prime wethers, 22s to 28s; extra, to 35s; medium, 19s 6d to 21s 6d; inferior, 16s to 19s 6d; prime ewes, 22s to 24s 6d; extra, to 36s; medium, 19s

6d to 21s 6d; inferior, 14s to 15s 6d. Fat Lambs.—782 were penned, consisting of fair quality lambs. Competition was not so brisk as at previous sale, and prices showed a drop of 1s to 1s 6d per head. Quotations: Prime lambs, 19s to 22s 6d; medium, 15s to 16s 6d; inferior, 12s 6d to 14s 6d. There was an average entry of pigs for which prices were on a par with those of recent sales.

AN OLD RECIPE FOR WHITEWASH.

An old recipe for whitewash, said to be very good for outdoor exposure, is as follows:—Slake half a bushel of lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; 3lb of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of powdered Spanish whiting, and 1lb of clear glue, dissolved in warm water; mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace; and when used, put it on as hot as possible, with painters' or whitewash brushes. The washes which contain milk, flour, or glue are not to be advised for use in damp, interior places, owing to danger of decomposition of the organic matter.

SOIL AND FERTILITY GOING.

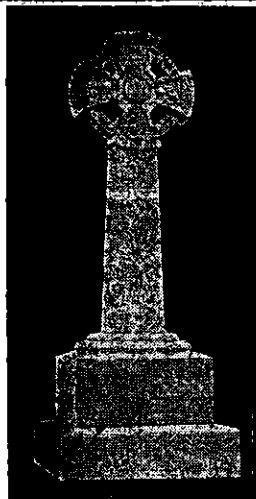
Professor Shaler points out that under savage life the undisturbed roots and stems of plants bound the soil to the rocks, and the average washing away in four or five centuries would not equal the inch that may be carried to the sea from a modern ploughed field by a single rainstorm. To this latter-day waste must be added cropping that takes away soluble minerals faster than they are formed. The soil is thus being reduced both in quantity and quality, and the results are to be seen in the lessened productiveness of lands in Italy, Greece, Spain, and most other parts of the world. The remedy to be sought is some means of preventing the loss of the soil at a greater rate than the decay of the rocks restores it, and the rational way of doing so with permanent effect is the application of farmyard manure, the ploughing under occasionally of green crops and the judicious employment of commercial fertilisers. Nearly half of the dry matter in vegetation consists of the element carbon, and all of it is derived from the carbonic acid gas contained in the atmosphere.

ACCUMULATION OF FERTILITY IN GRASS LAND CAUSED BY BASIC SLAG.

The improvement in the character of poor grass land, brought about by application of basic slag, is now so well known that it need not be insisted on, but it may be pointed out that the indirect value of such improvement in increasing the fertility of the land may now become an important factor, in view of the fact that considerable areas of such land may again come under the plough. This advantage formed the subject of Professor Somerville's paper, read at the meeting of the British Association. In some trials made at Cockle Park, the 'slagged' soil which has been longest under treatment produced—as compared with 'unslagged' soil—about 140 per cent. more oats 30 per cent. more mustard (first crop), 70 per cent. more mustard (second crop), and about 40 per cent. more wheat, the average increase from this station being 62 per cent. Another set of soils showed an aggregate increase of 57 per cent.; other two gave increases of 12 and 8 per cent. respectively, while the fifth did not respond consistently after the oat crop, which, however, was increased by 20 per cent. Adding together all the four crops, and taking the average for the five soils, it was found that the increase was 25 per cent. It is therefore evident that the factors of production have been materially increased as a consequence of using basic slag on grass land.

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OUR NEW STOCK OF FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

Embraces every kind of boot and shoe for every purpose and occasion, and every boot, every shoe, that we sell is absolutely reliable. All our Footwear is right in style—but style is not the only thing we consider. Comfort is very important, and this can only be secured by a perfect fit. This we promise in every case, and you can depend upon good value.

H. J. CLAYTON : Pioneer Boot Store, GISBORNE

The Family Circle

WHAT ABOUT TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,

But what have we done to-day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,

But what shall we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer,

But what did we speak to-day?

—Boston Pilot.

WHEN GRANDMA WAS SCARED.

'Don't be cowards, children,' said grandma, as she looked over her glasses at three eager faces, whose owners were waiting for one of her twilight stories, their delight and reward for especially good behaviour during the day.

'Course not!' proudly exclaimed the two boys; 'soldiers don't have cowards for grandchildren.'

But little Annie nestled closer to grandma and said nothing.

'You are right, boys—you've got good blood in your veins,' replied grandma as she looked up lovingly to the portraits on the wall. 'But that, alone, won't make noble men of you, unless you do noble deeds yourself.'

'Was you ever afraid, grandma, when you was a little girl?' whispered Annie.

Grandma's arm went more closely around the frail little waist of her darling.

'Yes, dear,' she said, 'I think I was actually afraid of my own shadow.'

Then as the children gazed in astonishment at their strong, brave grandmother, who was noted for her daring, and celebrated for many heroic deeds, she said smiling:

'I will tell you how I conquered my foolish fears. We lived in a small New England town, and, being an only child and much alone—for mother was a busy woman—I grew up full of fancies, imaginations, and fears. Mother never knew it, nor anybody else, for New England children hide away their deepest feelings from their very dearest loved ones; and besides, I dreaded being laughed at and so I kept all my strange thoughts to myself. I was always "seeing things" at night,' proceeded the old lady, 'and in fact, was so troubled by my nervous fears that I could not grow like the other children, and remained small and thin—a poor, little, timid child that my heart aches to remember.'

'One afternoon in summer, mother was suffering with a headache and had gone to lie down, and in the silence, broken only by the notes of birds in the elm trees without, I went out to the back porch—my favorite place—and, sitting in my little rocking-chair, began to build air-castles. I built them in the sky—turret and roof, glistening walls, reaching higher and higher, shining stairs and gleaming windows and doors of wondrous depths beyond.' Oh, how I can see them now!—those "silver palaces" in the sky. The wind, now and then, rustled the curtains in the great square kitchen, and finally an unusually loud sound of fluttering draperies caused me to turn and look within the windows of the room. The sun had set, and the cool shadows rested in the corners. We used it as a living-room as well as kitchen. Mother's sewing lay in a pretty basket on a little round table by the window, and a great bunch of roses stood in a pitcher on the mantelpiece. But what was that away off in the further corner?—that awful object that was coming toward me waving its thin arms! I nearly shrieked aloud; then, recollecting that mother was asleep, I stifled my scream and gazed in silent fright. At last, I resolved, "I'll find out what it is. I won't be so 'fraid in our own house." So I rushed forward, my heart beating like a sledge-hammer. I seized the

object, and—what do you suppose it was? Why, my pink sunbonnet and mother's thin, grey shawl hanging on a nail in the corner! Oh, how I laughed! I made up my mind, then and there, that whenever I was afraid of anything again, I would go directly to it and find out what it might be. From that time I began to grow strong and well, and my nervous fears vanished—not all at once, Annie dear, but gradually, and very surely.'

The boys declared they 'wouldn't be afraid of a girl's sunbonnet,' but little Annie said softly:

'Grandma, when I'm afraid again, I'm going to say, "I know you, pink sunbonnet, you can't scare me."'

YANKEE ADVERTISING.

An interesting example of American enterprise and originality of idea is disclosed in the following story told by a Yankee who supervised a museum in New York:

One morning a stout, healthy-looking man came into my office and begged some money. I asked him why he did not work. He replied that he could not find work, and that he would be glad of any job at a dollar a day. I handed him twenty-five cents, told him to go out and get his breakfast and return, and I would give him light labor at a dollar and a-half a day. When he returned, I gave him five common bricks.

'Now,' said I, 'go and lay a brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann street; another close by the museum; and a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, by the Astor House; put down the fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church opposite; then, with the fifth brick in hand, go rapidly from one point to the other. Exchange bricks at every point, and say nothing to anyone.'

'What is the idea?' inquired the man.

'No matter,' I replied; 'all you need to know is that it brings you 15 cents an hour. Attend faithfully to the work, and at the end of every hour by St. Paul's clock show this ticket at the museum door; enter, walk solemnly through every hall in the building; pass out, and resume your work.'

With the remark that it was all one to him so long as he could earn his living, the man placed the bricks and began his round.

At the end of the first hour the sidewalks in the vicinity were packed with people, all anxious to solve the mystery. The man then went into the museum, devoted fifteen minutes to a survey of the halls, and returned to his round. This he repeated every hour until sundown, and whenever he went into the museum a dozen or more would buy tickets and follow him. He continued the round for several days—the curious people who followed him into the museum considerably more than paid his wages—until finally the policeman, to whom I had imparted my object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalk by the crowds had become so serious that I must call in my 'brick man.'

GETTING A LINE ON THE NEWCOMER.

'Recently,' says a Sydney man, 'I was afforded an amusing instance of the artlessness of childhood.'

'Louise, one little girl on the next porch, was evidently engaged in cultivating the acquaintance of another little girl, a newcomer in the neighborhood.'

'What's your name?' shouted Louise.

'"Elizabeth," was the answer shouted back.

'What's yours?'

'"Louise. The name of the people that lived in that house before you was Berry.'

'"Our name is Parker."

'"Ours is Taylor. You didn't know the Berrys, did you?'

'"No."

'"They were something awful for borrowing. They used to be sending over to our house all the time

YOUR BOY IS AWAY! Wouldn't you like a nice Enlargement from his photograph? Let us do one for you, we never fail to please.

GAZE & CO.
Photographer, HAMILTON

for everything you could imagine. Your folks don't do that, do they?"

"No."

"She said they don't, mamma."

THACKERAY'S MISTAKE.

It is stated that Thackeray did not know the meaning of G.P.O. In his *Irish Sketch Book* this ignorance led to one of the biggest 'bloomers' in literary history. During the novelist's Irish tour he was constantly encountering pillar-boxes labelled 'G.P.O.' He inquired the meaning, and somebody pulled his leg. He went home and wrote as follows:—

'So blind and extravagant is the devotion of the people to the great demagogue that they have actually erected along the highways pillar-stones with the inscription "G.P.O.," which means "God Preserve O'Connell."'

The error was discovered in the London printing office, and Thackeray preserved from a mistake which would have raised a laugh that would have gone round the world.

HIS REAL TROUBLE.

Tommy's Aunt: 'Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?'

Tommy (on a visit): 'No, I thank you.'

Tommy's Aunt: 'You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.'

Tommy: 'That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.'

THE CAPTAIN'S EXPLOITS.

It was a company field training. The captain saw a young soldier trying to cook his breakfast with a badly made fire. Going to him he showed him how to make a quick cooking fire, saying:

'Look at the time you are wasting. When I was on the coast I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin and pluck it, then cook and eat it, and return to the camp under the half hour.' Then he unwisely added: 'Of course, you have heard of the west coast?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the young soldier, 'and also of Ananias and Baron Munchausen.'

HORRIBLE MENTION.

On the last day of school, prizes were distributed at Peter's school. When the little boy returned home, the mother was entertaining callers.

'Well, Peter,' asked one of the callers, 'did you get a prize?'

'No,' replied Peter, 'but I got horrible mention.'

NOT YET DECIDED.

The centenarian was being eagerly interviewed by reporters, and was asked, among other things, to what he attributed his long life and good health.

'Well,' the old man replied slowly, 'I'm not in any position to say right now. You see, I've been bargaining with two or three of them patent medicine concerns for a couple of weeks, but I ain't quite decided yet.'

AT THE VILLAGE CONCERT.

At a village concert in aid of the Belgian refugees, the collection was taken half-way through the proceedings, to enable the chairman to announce the result at the close. Just before the public announcement was made, Farmer Closefist asked one of the collectors on the quiet how much had been realised.

'£4 19s 7d,' was the reply.

'Oh, dang it!' said the farmer, handing the surprised collector sixpence, 'add this to it—five pound will look ever so much better!'

Outside, after the meeting, a brother farmer approached the philanthropist with the remark:

'Here's your half-crown, old man. I thought I was quite safe in betting that they wouldn't raise five pounds. And it was a close shave, too, wasn't it?'

'It was so,' agreed Farmer Closefist, as he pocketed his half-crown.

SWEET REVENGE.

A small boy, with the most of his face apparently hanging on one side, went to the office of a dentist and requested him to pull an obstreperous tooth. The dentist, after examining the tooth, picked up the forceps and was about to wade in when the patient interposed.

'Say, Doc,' said he, just a little trembling, 'look out the window and see if any boys is there, won't yer?'

'Mercy, yes!' replied the dentist, stepping across the room. 'Two dozen of them! What do they want?'

'Revenge,' answered the small patient, with a soulful sigh. 'Them's boys what I have licked. They followed me down here to hear me holler.'

A NEW SCIENCE.

In a Philadelphia family recently the engagement of a daughter was announced. A friend calling was met at the door by the colored maid, who announced:

'No'm; Miss Alice ain't at home dis aft'noon—she's gone down to de class.'

'What class?' inquired the visitor.

'You know, Miss Alice is gwine to be ma'ied in de fall,' explained the maid, 'an' she's takin' a cou'se in domestic silence.'

SHE RECOGNISED HIM.

Young Hibbard was exhibiting some photographs to a charming girl, with whom he was very much in love.

'This one,' he said, handing her a picture, 'is my photograph with two French poodles. Can you recognise me?'

'Why, yes, I think so,' replied the young woman, looking intently at the picture. 'You are the one with the hat on, are you not?'

A POSITION OR JOB.

The talk was on the subject of distinctions, and this little story was recalled by Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina.

In an Eastern city there was a young man who was not very ambitious. The kind of work that he was willing to do was not forthcoming, and the result was a regular attendance at the cigar store.

'Hello, Jim,' solicitously remarked a friend, meeting the young man on the street one afternoon, 'have you got that position yet?'

'No,' responded the youth, with an appropriate sigh, 'positions seem to be very scarce just now.'

'Still, I wouldn't give up old boy,' kindly encouraged the friend. 'If you can't get a position, why don't you look around for a job?'

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Can be instantly relieved and quickly cured by the use of BAXTER'S PILE OINTMENT. This excellent remedy has been a boon to hundreds of sufferers all over New Zealand. Sent post free on receipt of 2/6 in stamps, or postal notes, by—

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no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it, you should do so at once.



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