

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 27, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.
 „ 28, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 29, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 March 1, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 2, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 3, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 4, Saturday.—St. Casimir, Confessor.

Sexagesima Sunday.

The Parable of the Sower is an instruction on the manner in which we should hear God's Word. They receive this grace as God wishes them to receive it, 'who, hearing the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit in patience'—that is, who, thinking over what they have heard, apply it to themselves, and make corresponding changes in their manner of living. He who listens indeed to a sermon, but makes no practical resolution in consequence of it, is like the man described by St. James: 'He shall be compared to a man beholding his own countenance in a glass. For he beheld himself, and went his way, and presently forgot what manner of man he was.'

St. Casimir, Confessor.

Poland honors, as its patron, St. Casimir, second-son of the King of that country. He learned from pious preceptors to practise austerities which contrasted remarkably with the luxury and splendor of his father's court. He died in 1482, at the age of 24, and is proposed to the young as a model of every virtue.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

SALVE REGINA.

Hail, holy Queen,
 Mother of Mercy sweet,
 Life of our souls,
 Our hope, our refuge be:
 Children of Eve,
 Bending at thy dear feet,
 Out of the gloom,
 Tearful we cry to thee.

Born without stain,
 Plead for our souls we pray,
 Turn unto us
 Thy pitying eyes of love;
 So while our lives
 Pass from the earth away,
 Bring thou our souls
 Safe to thy Son above.

O clement Maid,
 Merciful advocate,
 Virgin, most sweet,
 Hear thou our constant prayer,
 Thee do we call,
 Thou that art heaven's gate.
 Lift up our hearts,
 Save us from sin and care.

—Sacred Heart Review.

Individuality is the new, soft name for our secret sins.

The milk of human kindness is the best cosmetic for the complexion.

The desire of noble minds is not of praise, but of abiding power for good.—Spalding.

It is the fruit of good works and not the mere blossom of good thoughts and good feelings which God requires.

Why should we be filled with apprehension because there are ripples in the little pond where our life-boat floats?—Spalding.

The Storyteller

CHRISTMAS AT KILLEARY

Christmas bells and Christmas greetings—the air was full of them, even in quiet Killeary. Sir Maurice Delaney shivered impatiently as the joy bells from the church—where the singers were practising vigorously—clashed forth, and, in the distance, Mickey Dolan, at work in the avenue, accosted the coachman as he passed with the accustomed 'A Merry Christmas to ye, Larry!'

Sir Maurice was not a sour or unchristian man—the very opposite, as any of the people on his estate would tell you heartily, but Christmas time, of all the year, was most hateful to him. It had not always been so. Time was, only a few years back, when he had been as cheery and as ready to wish 'A happy Christmas' to one and all as was his daughter Terry. How gay she used to make the old oak hall with garlands of ivy and shining holly and mistletoe, how she used to trip forth daily, carrying good things to the poor who loved the ground she walked on, more of her interest in every detail of their simple lives and for her bright sweet ways than for her gifts. And then what quiet evenings they had spent together, she singing to him in her dead mother's voice, or sitting on the rug at his feet for a chat, with only the glow of the wood fire for light and only Pat, her faithful Irish terrier, for other company. He had come out to get away from the memory of it all, but it had followed him persistently.

'Good evening, Mickey,' he said, as he came up to the man.

Then, kindly, 'How are all at home?'

'Well, sir, thankin' you kindly. Kitty, my eldest, is goin' to be married to-morrow,' volunteered Mickey.

'Ah, that's the little girl with the curly hair. I hope he's a good fellow, Mickey.'

'Well, your honor,' Mickey scratched his head, 'he's not the one I'd have chosen for her meself. But there—they're that foolish about each other! And I'd rather see Kitty happy nor anythin' else.'

'So you've given in,' said Sir Maurice, the loneliness in his heart deepening as he reflected that he might be a happier man to-day if he had put Terry's happiness first, and 'given in,' instead of making her choose between her young English husband and her father.

'Besides, sir,' went on the man, with respectful talkativeness, 'I remembered that our Blessed Lord came to bring "Peace on earth," and to teach us to forgive as we hope to be forgiven, as Miss Terry (God bless her!) said to me one Christmas time when I was angry with some one. May I make so bold, your honor,' hesitating with the inborn delicacy of the Irish peasant, knowing, as everyone did, something of the state of affairs, 'as to ask how Miss Terry is?'

'Very well, thank you, Mickey; very well,' answered his master hastily; passing on his way. He wondered what this man would think of him if he knew that Terry's address even was unknown to her father. And her mother! He had often wondered of late did she know, up in heaven, of his harshness to the little girl she had left in his care, a mite of four, two and twenty years ago. In his bitter indignation (hot old aristocrat that he was) that his daughter, a Delaney, should (in his opinion) so lower herself as to marry Jack Stanley, whose position depended on his own brains and energy, not on his ancestors, and who was not even a professional man, he would not forgive. He had torn up, unread, all her letters, and now she never wrote.

'I will go to London till this wretched season is over,' he told himself fiercely as he pursued his lonely walk. 'There, at any rate, nothing will remind me.'

Perhaps, deep down in his heart, there was the thought that Terry was in England, probably in Lon-

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don, and that—by some strange chance—he might meet her. His mind once made up, he could not get away fast enough from memory-haunted Killeary. He was off next morning before his bewildered servants half realised that he was going, and by night was established in a hotel in one of the western suburbs of London.

* * * * *

'What is my little girl crying for?' asked Terry Stanley, bringing her own tear-filled eyes down from the big photograph on the wall before her to the little troubled face of the miniature Terry at her knee.

'Cos you're cryin', mammie,' answered the child. 'Everybody should be glad at Kismas, daddy says so.'

'And daddy's right, of course, darling,' taking the little one to her knee and kissing the baby face framed in its scarlet colleen bawn hood. 'With you and daddy to love me I am glad always—all the year round—but just now I was thinking of the time when my daddy and I spent Christmas together at Killeary—dear old Killeary, that you've never seen, Terry, where the grass is green, real lovely green, not hay-colored, and the great mountains are all shine and shade in the changing light and the sea murmurs always in the distance.' Her blue-grey eyes darkened and softened as Irish eyes are wont to do at thought of the land where they first saw the light.

'Lovely! lovely!' breathed little Terry, gazing up at her mother as if she saw it all.

'A shaggy head was pushed between them, a shaggy paw scraped Terry's arm impatiently, two other Irish eyes, faithful, speaking eyes, looked up as if to say, 'I have seen it all—I think, too, of the days at Killeary—before she was born!'

Pat loved his little rival, but always asserted his, as he thought, prior right.

'Yes; you remember, don't you, Pat?' asked his mistress tenderly, stroking his rough head. 'The long rambles through the woods among the ferns and where the primroses shone in the damp mossy ditches, or across the mountains where the purple heather bloomed and the golden gorse flamed against the pale blue sky; the dear old people we went to see and who were always glad to see us and would make us have hot griddle bread and tea; and the warm mat in front of the big fire in the oak hall; and the dear old master who used to talk to you! You remember it all, I know you do!'

Pat did, and said so as plainly as clear, sad eyes and pensively wagging tail could speak.

'I want to see it! I want to see it!' cried little Terry impatiently. 'Oh, mammie, can't we all go to Killeary for Kismas?'

'No, darling; I'm afraid not,' she answered. It was the unspoken longing of her own heart.

'Why?' with childish insistence. 'Doesn't grandfather want us?'

'Yes; some day, but not now, dear.'

'He looks kind and good,' meditated the little one, critically considering the big portrait. 'If he knew we wanted very much to go I'm sure he'd ask us. If I could only see grandfather I would ask him mine-self!'

'What is all this that Miss Importance is going to do' asked a man's voice at the door, and Jack Stanley crossed to the fireside and stood looking down from his goodly height at the pretty picture. In a moment his quick eyes had noted the teardrops on his wife's long, dark lashes. 'Why, darling,' he said, slipping his arm round the top of the chair and tilting up the lovely face to his, 'what is it?'

'Miss Importance,' slipped down on to the rug with Pat, knowing full well that when daddy wanted her mother, everything else must go.

'Terry looked up into her husband's brave, young face—that strenuous, clever face that was all the world to her. 'I'll tell you, Jack,' she answered. Then she picked up little Terry from the rug, and carrying her off to the waiting nurse, despatched her for her daily walk with Pat and Jane in attendance.

A moment later she came back into the room, a slender figure in dainty gown that matched her eyes, and went straight to her husband's side.

'My little Irish girl is homesick,' he said tenderly, drawing her down beside him on the couch.

'You always understand, Jack,' she answered, leaning her head against him contentedly. 'Something reminded me of Killeary this morning, and I felt that if only you and Terry and I could spend Christmas in the dear old home with poor father, my cup of happiness would be full.'

'Would you like to write again, dear?' he asked. 'I do not mind, if you want to try once more. There can be no fear of your father imputing mercenary motives. I can provide for my wife as she should be provided for—'

'Better! Far, far better!' interrupted Terry impetuously. 'It is wicked, the money you lavish on me, Jack. I have never been used to such reckless extravagance—poor father could not afford it.'

'And,' he continued, smiling at her eager interruption, 'though I don't like suing to any one, with your father it is different, and your happiness comes before everything else.'

'I will write again to-day,' she said hopefully, 'and I will tell him how good you are to me, and how you have fought and are fighting and winning all before you, for me! And I will remind him, too, of the old days, and perhaps, if he is lonely (poor father!) he will call me back at last.'

Meanwhile, little Terry proceeded on her way, talking alternately to Jane and Pat in the soft, musical tones she learned from her mother.

'We will go to the park, to-day, Jane,' she announced imperiously, and, accordingly to the park they went, where the child, having insisted on purchasing some biscuit, amused herself by feeding the ducks in the lake.

An old gentleman, resting on a seat near by, watched with an all-absorbing interest. Every gesture, every turn of the little figure seemed strangely familiar to him: and, as he watched, Pat suddenly darted across the grass to him, and, springing up began to lick his hands and to evince every sign of glad recognition.

'Pat!' he exclaimed involuntarily, and the dog responded with boisterous delight. 'There could not be another dog in the world so like Pat!' looking into the familiar, intelligent face.

'Don't go near the water, Miss Terry,' called the nurse.

The old man started and trembled. 'Terry!' Who was the child with the voice, manners, and name of the little girl whom his young wife had loved to clothe in just such a dainty colleen bawn cloak and hood twenty-two years ago, and who was in charge of his old friend, Pat? She turned suddenly with a biscuit in her hand to look for the dog, and revealed the little mobile, lovely face of his Terry of long ago. With an uncontrollable impulse he rose and crossed the grass to her. She saw him coming, Pat bounding forward to introduce his two friends, and looked up at him, first with a child's innocent, curious gaze, then with a great wonder and slowly dawning certainty and delight, every motion reflected on her changeful face.

'Grandfader!' she cried, and ran a few eager steps to meet him. 'You are my grandfader!'

'Little maid,' he answered brokenly, putting out a shaking hand to her, 'what is your name?'

'Miss Terry! Miss Terry!' gasped the scandalised Jane, coming forward, aghast at her charge's breach of etiquette in thus entering into conversation with a stranger.

'Be quiet at once, Jane,' she said, with an imperious gesture. 'My name is Tewentia Delaney Stanley,' she answered him, pronouncing the long name with gravity and importance.

'Terentia Delaney!' he repeated, a great radiance on his face, and in his sad eyes. 'That is your mother's name, is it not, little one?'

The child looked puzzled. 'It was once—mammie told me so. But mammie's real name is Tewentia Stanley,' with conviction, 'and you are her daddy. I know you are, because you're like the big picture, and Pat knows you, too.' Pat, who was sitting down watching the scene, with a quiet satisfaction, as being

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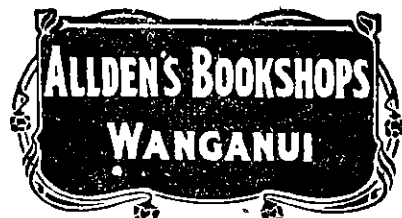
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BEST & GOES FARTHEST.

(in his opinion) the result of his own cleverness, thumped his tail vigorously on the grass. 'Mammie was crying for you this morning,' reproachfully, 'and she wants to see Killeary again, and so do I. You will ask us, Daddy and Mammie, and me, to spend Kismas here, won't you, grandfather?' She finished her long speech breathlessly.

The sadness was fading out of Sir Maurice's eyes, washed away by happy tears, the lines of pain out of his face; the weary world was a changed place—transformed by the sound of that baby voice lisping 'Grandfather,' the sight of that little eager face lifted to his.

'Take me to your mammie, darling,' he said, lifting her in his arms, the soft red bundle seeming to warm his heart and drive the last shadow of loneliness out of it, 'and we will all go to Killeary at once, if your daddy,' with a sudden misgiving, 'will consent.'

'He will do anything that is good for Mammie,' announced the child, confidently.

And thus they started for the luxurious flat, which was Terry's home, the bewildered and somewhat horrified Jane following meekly, and half afraid, in spite of the confidence inspired by Sir Maurice's air of breeding, and by Pat's evident recognition of him, to meet her mistress.

Jack Stanley was sitting reading his paper in the drawing-room, Terry having gone away to write her letter, when a man's step sounded on the stairs and he heard his little daughter's voice in tones of strong excitement. A moment later, the door opened and Sir Maurice entered, Terry in his arms and Pat at his side.

'Daddy! Daddy!' cried Terry. 'I have brought grandfather, and he wants us all to go to Killeary for Kismas!'

The old man came forward quickly, holding out his hand timidly. 'You will forgive me?' he asked, with a strange humility. 'Your little Terry and my old friend Pat have done so already.'

'With all my heart!' responded Jack heartily, grasping the outstretched hand.

In her little boudoir the voices had reached Terry's quick ear, and, trembling, hardly knowing what she hoped, she flew down the passage, where she was met by Pat, who had come to fetch her, and who rushed before her into the drawing-room. For a moment she stood at the door, unable to believe the evidence of her eyes: then, with a joyous cry of 'Father!' she was in his arms.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and Terry Stanley stood in the window looking out across Killeary estate to where the sweep of the mountains and the distant gleam of the sea shut in the horizon.

The heavy curtains behind her parted, and her husband's tall figure appeared.

'Little girl,' he said wistfully, 'are you regretting that you are no longer Miss Delaney of Killeary?'

'Jack,' she answered reproachfully, putting one hand on each side of his coat and giving him a little shake. 'Don't you know that, though every fibre of my being responds to the magic name of the home of my fathers, I would give it all up again, twenty times over, for your sake? I have gained infinitely more than I have lost. Heaven itself would not be heaven without you,' her voice taking a passionate tone as she looked up into his true eyes.

He bent his fair head to hers, and his arms closed round her. 'Forgive me, darling,' he begged. 'I am as jealous a brute as ever. What a triumphal procession you and little Miss Importance and Pat had to-day.'

She laughed at the recollection, but there was a note of deep feeling in her voice as she answered. 'Yes, my own dear people. I am afraid Baby Terry would soon be utterly spoiled by them if we were going to stay here altogether. Do you know, Jack, a great many admiring eyes followed you as you rode through the village this morning with father? We Irish people do love a man who can ride, and who looks well on

horseback. I had some very nice things said to me about you, too, but I'm not going to repeat them, for fear you should grow conceited. These poor people are great judges of character—there is no deceiving them.'

The door opened, and they pushed aside the curtains and crossed to the fireplace as Sir Maurice entered.

'This is real Christmas Eve,' he said gladly, his face full of a deep content and thankfulness, as Terry slipped down into her old position on the rug at his feet, and Jack came and bent over his high old chair.

'Yes,' answered Terry, looking up from her lowly place and noting every detail of the heart-satisfying picture, the glow from the wood fire lighting up her father's happy face, beyond that her husband's brave, boyish one, and beyond again flashing and gleaming on the oak panelling and great clusters of shining holly and scarlet berries with which little Terry had so damaged her small fingers in her determined efforts to assist in the decoration. 'And I think all our hearts are echoing the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men!"'—*Mount Angel Magazine*.

THE PRIZE THAT MOTHER WON

With her brows knit in deep thought, Sarah Jane Folsom sat by the table in her bare little room. Books, paper, and pencil were arranged in a neat pile before her.

'It's not because I'm really stupid that I can't think of anything to write,' she said to herself bitterly. 'It's because I'm so tired.'

All that Saturday morning she had swept, and cooked, and washed dishes, and kept her younger brothers and sisters in order. Now it was late in the afternoon, and as she picked up the pencil and made meaningless marks on the paper before her, her mouth drooped hopelessly at the corners.

Suddenly the sound of merry laughter came through the open window. She raised her head and gazed out listlessly. Arm in arm, three young girls were coming down the sidewalk; their feet were fairly dancing with the joy of the bright June weather. Opposite Sarah's window they halted. The tallest girl made a trumpet of her hands and called, 'O you, Sarah Jane Folsom! Come out here as quick as ever you can!'

Sarah thrust her tousled head out of the window. There was a wistful light in her grey eyes. 'I'd just love to, but, O girls, I haven't even begun my composition for the contest Monday. Is yours finished, Anne?'

'Oh, yes, I finished copying the masterpiece this morning. Do come with us, Sarah—just for a short walk! Susan, here, has thought of the most marvelous scheme for entertaining the seniors. We really can't tell whether it's practical until you hear it and give us your opinion. You have the best old brain for such things. Come on, Sarah!'

'Girls, I just simply can't. Of course I haven't the slightest hope of winning the prize, but I promised mother I'd try. Besides, I know I'd hate myself if I gave up now. So don't tempt me any more.'

'O dear!' thought Sarah, as she watched the girls disappear round the corner. 'They have all the time they want to study. I can't ever quite finish my lessons. Whenever I have a minute I peg and peg, but my work is just common, ordinary, middling! Why, I can't even write compositions like the other girls! I haven't time to put in all the nice-sounding words, and even if I did have time, I probably couldn't think of them. I know how Anne's composition will sound—fine, and easy, and flowing. And mine! Short, choppy sentences, common, practical words! Practical—yes, I'm practical! That's the reason the girls wanted me to walk with them—to tell whether their plans are practical. I hate the word! If it weren't for mother, I'd drop everything.'

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Her eye fell on the paper before her, and she picked up her pencil wearily. The subject of the composition was to be some great person. She tried to fix her mind on her work, but in spite of every effort her thoughts wandered.

Half an hour later Sarah's mother softly opened the door and looked in. Her worn face was flushed and tears stood in her eyes.

'Sarah, dear,' she asked in her sweet, gentle voice, 'do you suppose you could get supper? I know you are busy and I hate to disturb you, but I've such a headache. The twins have been so bad to-day. There's cold meat and potatoes; it won't take long.'

'Mother,' Sarah cried, 'you ought to give those twins a good whipping! They're five years old and ought to know better. O dear,' she went on in a disappointed tone, 'I'd just begun—' She looked at her mother—the gentle little mother who was so frail and yet had so much to do—and her heart filled with sudden tenderness. 'Why, mother, of course I will. You go right into your bedroom and lie down, and don't you dare show yourself again to-night!'

Jumping up, Sarah threw her arm affectionately round her mother. 'I'll get dinner and supper and breakfast and dinner and supper, world without end! You run along and climb into your little bed. You do too much for us wicked youngsters, and I, for one, am going to see that you stop.'

'Why, Sarah, I love to do what I can for you children. And, truly, dear, I'm afraid I do too little instead of too much.'

When Sarah was alone again she eyed her books somewhat ruefully, and then hurried down the narrow stairs and began to lay the table for supper.

'Say, sis,' said her big brother, Tom, coming into the room, 'what have you done with my fishline? I've hunted everywhere for it. Wish you'd let my things alone!'

'Now, see here, Tom Folsom!' Sarah began angrily, and then stopped short. She thought how hurt her mother would be if she could hear her. 'Honestly, Tom,' she said more softly, 'I haven't seen your fishline.'

'You've probably forgotten where you put it,' Tom replied surlily. 'You've a mania for picking things up!' He went out and slammed the door.

Sarah fried the potatoes and sliced the cold mutton. When all was ready she went to the door and called, 'Supper!'

First came Sarah's tall father; his shoulders were bent a little and his face was rather lined, but he was still a fine-looking man. Then the twins, Harry and John, tumbled into the room, with their faces and hands disreputably dirty. Sarah silently urged them toward the kitchen sink. Close behind the twins came Florence and Mary, two attractive girls of thirteen and fourteen. Last of all in tramped Tom.

'Where's mother? Where's mother?' inquired each in turn.

Sarah explained, and then sat down in mother's place and began to pour the tea. It had always seemed an easy, pleasant task when mother did it, but it took Sarah a long time, for she had to stop and ask each member of the family how much sugar and cream to put in his cup. Mother always knew, and she had quaint, humorous incidents to relate as she poured the tea.

Sarah set down the teapot with a sigh of relief. The twins began to argue with each other. Father addressed a few remarks to the children, but, in general, conversation lagged, and the meal went on in gloomy silence.

'Oh,' thought Sarah, 'how different this is from supper last night! Having mother with us makes all the difference in the world.'

They had all been so happy last night. Sarah remembered how mother's eyes had lighted with interest when father told her about the customers who had come into the store that day; about little, barefoot Susan Jones, who had run a nail into her foot when

she was passing the new house that was building down the road.

On hearing that last bit of news, mother had said, 'I must go straight-up to Mrs. Jones' and tell her what to do for Susan's foot.'

Florence and Mary had told mother about a pretty hat, just the kind they wanted, that they had seen in the window of a millinery shop downtown.

'We'll try to manage a new hat for each of you girls,' mother had said with a cheerful smile. 'Perhaps we could steam that old, half-worn velvet cape of mine, buy a bit of ribbon—and then had followed an animated discussion of ways and means.

How pleased and delighted mother had been when Sarah told her that Professor Oldworthy had complimented her upon her character sketch of Lady Macbeth!

'I knew you had it in you, Sarah,' mother had remarked.

'Now,' Sarah said to herself, when the dishes were washed and put away and she had climbed again to her room, 'I simply must do something with that composition.'

For a long time she sat and pulled her hair and frowned. She had not even chosen her subject. What great person should she write about? Suddenly she gave a glad little cry, seized a sheet of paper, and printed at the top of it in great, bold letters, 'MOTHER.'

Her pencil speedily squeaked its way down the paper; she wrote so fast that the rickety table wobbled. Incident upon incident crowded into her mind; little, homely things that her mother had done for her children and her home. Pictures of her mother flitted before her eyes: mother sitting late at night, darning stockings; mother binding up a cut finger or bathing a bruised knee; mother straightening out the tangles in an arithmetic problem for her; mother nursing her when she was ill.

It was 11 o'clock before Sarah finally finished writing and rose stiffly. 'I don't dare read it over,' she said to herself, 'and, anyway, I haven't time. I'll get up early Monday morning and copy it.'

In the high school Monday morning a subdued excitement prevailed. The compositions were to be read that afternoon, and for the contestants the morning dragged tediously. At noon Sarah ate her dinner hastily, helped her mother to clear the table, and hurried back to school. The last bell rang just as she arrived. In the front of the assembly-room sat the president of the board of education; beside him was a famous professor of literature, who was to make the final decision in the contest.

Sarah watched the trembling aspirants as, one after another, they rose, walked to the front of the room, and read their compositions; she heard not a word. She was thinking of the time when she must stand in the same spot and read what she had written.

'Miss Sarah Jane Folsom,' announced the president of the board of education.

Sarah rose and walked to the front of the room. She felt strangely light; her feet seemed scarcely to touch the floor. When she first began to read she could not tell whether any sound was coming from her lips or not; but as she read on she seemed to see her mother smiling encouragement upon her, and her voice became steadier. The famous professor of literature leaned forward in his chair. The stout president of the board of education threw back his shoulders and looked pompous and important.

As Sarah took her seat, Anne whispered to her, 'O, Sarah, that was fine! I'm sure that you'll take the prize.'

Every eye was upon the professor of literature and the president of the board of education as they left the room in order to make the important decision. In the silence that followed, the pupils' faces wore a look of strained expectancy.

'See!' whispered Anne, touching Sarah's arm. 'They're coming back already! Didn't take them long to decide.'



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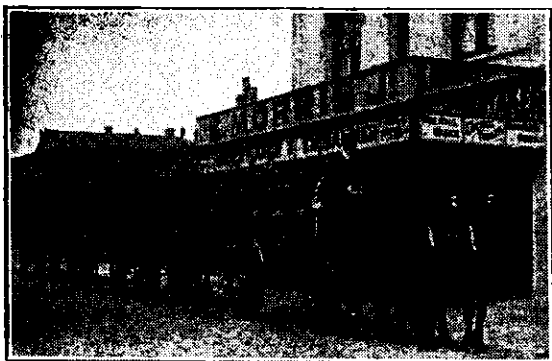
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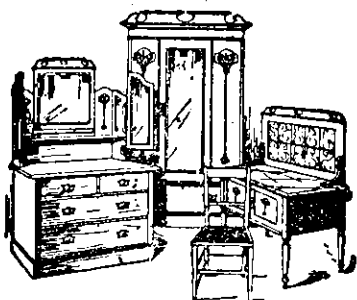


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The professor of literature stood in the front of the room and gazed calmly and benignly round. He cleared his throat two or three times. The students fidgeted in their seats.

'My young friends,' he began, 'I have listened with interest to the reading of your excellent compositions. From among them I have chosen one that to me seems fullest of meaning and strongest and best in literary style. The words are simple, practical, and well chosen—words that fully and forcibly express the thought of the writer. Above all, this composition in its sincerity has made, I am sure, a strong appeal to the heart of everyone who has heard it. It gives me the greatest pleasure to present the medal to Miss Sarah Jane Folsom, who wrote "Mother."'

Sarah's face paled and she grasped the seat for support. Suddenly the color came back into her cheeks and her lips parted in a glad smile. As if in a dream she walked to the front of the room, where the famous professor of literature pinned the gold medal to her blouse. When she came back to her seat she saw Tom looking at her proudly. Tom was proud of her!

Sarah never knew how she reached home. Like a whirlwind she rushed up to her mother's room, threw herself on her knees by the chair in which her mother was sitting, and pinned the medal to her waist.

'Congratulations, mother dear!' she cried. 'See what you have won!'

'Why, Sarah! What do you mean?'

Sarah's words fairly tumbled over each other as she told her mother about the composition she had written.

'Don't you see,' she said, 'that I never, never could have written that composition and won that medal if it hadn't been for you? When I was trying to think of a great person to write about, I suddenly thought, "Who can be greater than my own mother? Think of all she does for us and everyone!" I couldn't write fast enough to get down all I knew. I tell you what, it's one thing to read about great people in books, but it's quite another thing to live right in the house with one, and to love her and have her love you.'

A FRIEND OF IRELAND

'Apropos of Scotch-Irishmen,' writes a correspondent of the *Sacred Heart Review*, 'you have said more than once that "there ain't no sich animal," and I agree with you in the sense the hyphenated word is ordinarily used. But there was one Scotchman who came to Ireland, and who became more Irish than the Irish. This was Mr. Drummond, Under-Secretary for Ireland from 1835 to 1840. It would have been fortunate for Ireland, and England, too, if all the officials which the step-sister nation (I say this rather than "mother country") sent to Ireland had been like Drummond. He reversed the practice of his predecessors, and showed an example that few of his successors followed. He gave fair play to Catholics (then a timid and oppressed people), curbed the intolerance of bigots, and told the landlords that "property had its duties as well as its rights"—a piece of information, by the way, that some trade-lords of our own country do not yet seem to have added to their stock of ideas. He did many things for the betterment of Ireland that I cannot enumerate here, and just before he died in 1840 after a short illness he said: "I wish to be buried in Ireland, the country of my adoption, a country which I love, which I have faithfully served, and for which I believe I have sacrificed my life." Doesn't he deserve to be called a real Scotch-Irishman?'

Our friend (who has Scotch as well as Irish blood in his veins) deserves that we agree with him (remarks the *Review*). He might have added that the Irish (than whom, as Sir John Davies asserted three centuries ago, 'no people under the sun love equal and indifferent justice better than they do') appreciated the straightforward dealing of Drummond. We are told that the Irish peasant, so long accustomed to seeing an enemy at Dublin Castle, regarded him with something like

affectionate awe. His sculptured figure stands in the Dublin City Hall, with those of Lucas and Grattan and O'Connell. 'And surely it would have been well for the good name of England,' says D'Alton, the historian, using almost the same words as our correspondent, 'had she sent across the Channel many other administrators like this great and just man, who was once a blessing to Ireland and a glory and an honor to his own beloved Scotland.'

CATHOLIC FEDERATION

WELLINGTON DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The monthly meeting of the executive committee was held at St. Patrick's Hall, Boulcott street, on Wednesday, February 16. Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., presided, and the following members were present:—Major Halpin, Messrs. J. Duggan, B. Ellis, R. Sievers, J. A. Corry, A. Cassie, and the secretary (Mr. W. F. Johnson). An apology was received from Mr. M. Walsh. The general secretary forwarded a letter received from the Blenheim branch, asking for a visit of the organiser to that district. It was resolved that, as the whole question of organising is under consideration by the Dominion Council, the matter be held over until its decision is known. The secretary reported that the whole of the business of the diocesan council had been finished, and the reports had been sent out direct from the printing office to the branches. The treasurer (Mr. Ellis) reported that the receipts for the month of January from all sources were £48, and that the credit balance at the bank was satisfactory. Messrs. Duggan and Sievers reported that the Women's Hostel had amply justified its existence. During the holidays its accommodation had been taxed to the utmost, and the number of permanent boarders was very satisfactory. The finances of the board were in a sound condition. The most urgent need at the present time was that of a piano, and with the object of raising a special fund for the purchase of a suitable one it had been decided to hold a series of entertainments, the first taking the form of a euchre party, to be held in the first week of March. Mr. Cassie gave notice of motion as follows—'That steps be taken to arrange for the billeting and entertaining of delegates to the annual meeting of the diocesan council.'

Hokitika.

(From our own correspondent.)

February 12.

Another of our old pioneers in the person of Mr. James Lynch, died in the Westland Hospital on February 5, after a very short illness. The deceased, who was 73 years of age, was very well known all over the district. Messrs. M. Lynch (Greymouth), and James Lynch (Christchurch) are sons of the deceased, and Mrs. T. Crowe (Nelson), Mrs. Condrick (Korirua), and Miss M. Lynch are daughters.—R.I.P.

The death of an old and esteemed resident of Rimu, Mrs. Margaret Stephens, took place on February 9, at the Westland Hospital. The deceased, who was 80 years of age, leaves one daughter (Mrs E. W. Duffey, of Feilding) and four sons (Messrs. Thomas, William, and Herbert, of Rimu, and John, who resides at Denniston). Her husband pre-deceased her fourteen years ago. The deceased was a native of County Kerry, and came out to the Dominion in the early days.—R.I.P.

The death of a member of the congregation, in the person of Mr. Edward Cooper, took place on February 9. The late Mr. Cooper was a native of England, and was an old resident of Hokitika.—R.I.P.

At the by-election to fill a vacancy in the Borough Council, Mr. S. W. Richardson, a member of St. Mary's Club, was elected to the position.

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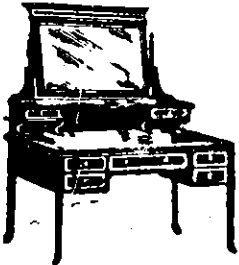
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BRITISH STATESMEN

SALARIES AND EMOLUMENTS.

In view of the attention which has been directed to the necessity for economy, both public and private, in the United Kingdom, the following particulars of salaries of Ministers and others will be of interest:—

There are 46 political posts in the administration, and the aggregate salaries amount to £158,425. Apart from the Lord Chancellor of England and the English law officers—who are the most highly-paid Ministers—the utmost salary which a statesman in office can attain is £5000. It is by no means a beggarly allowance. But it is attached only to seven posts in the Government. The emoluments of the other posts range downwards to £1000 a year. These do not seem extravagant salaries, when we consider that the men who reach the highest place in the service of the State are men of such conspicuous ability that they might well occupy leading places in any other profession they chose to adopt; and also bear in mind the exacting nature and immense responsibility of their duties, and the vastness and wealth of the Empire whose affairs they administer.

The Treasury.

The Prime Minister, as such, receives no salary. Some office with nominal duties and a salary—usually that of First Lord of the Treasury—is accordingly held by him. The post of First Lord of the Treasury has long been a sinecure in the departmental sense, no duties being attached to it, but it carries a salary of £5000 and an official residence at 10 Downing street. It must not be supposed, however, that the Prime Minister has no work to do. As head of the Government his duties are most responsible, varied, and laborious, for they mean the general superintendence of every department and of all important political affairs, domestic, colonial, and foreign.

The effective Chief of the Treasury or the department which controls the collection and expenditure of the national revenue, is not the First Lord of the Treasury, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is a hard-worked Minister, and not often is his task of making ends meet brightened by a glint of popular favor. 'You have held for a long time the most unpopular office of the State,' Gladstone wrote to his fallen Chancellor of the Exchequer, Robert Lowe, who came to grief over a proposal to tax matches in 1879. Gladstone was an authority on the subject, for he had himself filled the office for many years. 'No man can do his duty in that office, and be popular while he holds it,' he added in the same letter of sympathy to his colleague. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has also an official residence, 11 Downing street. He has an assistant called the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who is paid £2000.

The Whips.

There are, besides, three Junior Lords of the Treasury, who have now no association whatever with the department. What, then, do they do for the £1000 a year each that is paid? Their duties, according to an amusing definition once given by Canning, are—always to be at St. Stephen's, to keep a House, and to cheer the Ministers. They are, in fact, the assistant Whips of the party in office. The Chief Whip also fills a sinecure departmental post, which used to be styled the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and has of late years been called the Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, which carries a salary of £2000. The Constitution knows not the Whip any more than it knows the Prime Minister, and, therefore, the Whip is left free to marshal and keep in order the followers of the Government by being provided with an office to which there is a salary but no duty attached.

The Secretaries of State.

There are five Secretaries of State, who look after Foreign Affairs, Home Affairs, War, India, and the Colonies, and the salary of each is £5000. Each is assisted by an Under-Secretary of State, who is paid

£1500, and in the case of the War Office there is an additional Minister known as the Financial Secretary, who also gets £1500. The First Lord of the Admiralty is paid £4500 a year. Like the Secretary of State for War, he has two subordinates in Parliament—the Parliamentary and Financial Secretary, whose salary is £2000, and the Civil Lord, whose salary is £1000.

The President of the Board of Education has a salary of £2000, and is assisted by a Parliamentary Secretary, who is paid £1200. The President of the Board of Agriculture also gets £2000, but he has no Parliamentary Secretary. The First Commissioner for Works, who as Chief of the Office of Works performs overseeing duties in connection with Royal Palaces, State buildings, and Royal parks, has £2000. The salary of the Postmaster-General is £2500.

The Irish Members.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland is paid £4000; with an extra yearly allowance of £425 to defray the special travelling and other expenses of the post, and has an official residence in the Phoenix Park. The corresponding Scottish Minister, Secretary for Scotland, has a salary of £2000. The most highly-paid office in the administration is that of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who has £20,000 a year, with an allowance of £2769 4s 8d (or £3000 Irish) for outfit on appointment, and the Vice-regal Lodge and Dublin Castle as residences. It is a princely salary—but it carries princely obligations. To the office of Vice-President of the Irish Department of Agriculture a salary of £1200 is attached. In 1907 the salary of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland was reduced from £8000 to £6000. The Attorney-General for Ireland gets £5000 a year, and fees which amounted in 1911-12 to £646 16s; and the Solicitor-General for Ireland gets £2000 a year, and fees which in the same year reached the total of £405 6s.

Indeed, the best-paid posts in the Government are the legal. The Lord Chancellor of England is paid £10,000—£4000 as Speaker of the House of Lords, and £6000 as the highest judicial official in the land. The Attorney-General gets £7000, and the Solicitor-General £6000. As in the case of the Irish law officers, both also receive high fees for cases they conduct on behalf of the Crown in the Law Courts. In 1911-12 the fees of the Attorney-General were £6321, and those of the Solicitor-General £4247. The Lord Advocate of Scotland is paid £5000, and the Solicitor-General for Scotland £2000, and both also receive fees.

Sinecure Offices.

There are three sinecure posts in the Administration. The first in dignity is that of the Lord President of the Council. He presides over the Privy Council, but practically the only occasion upon which it meets is at the demise of the Crown, when it assembles to proclaim the new sovereign. Then there is the office of the Lord Privy Seal, a survival from the historic past, when the Privy Council sought to restrain the acts of absolute monarchy by insisting that the Lord Chancellor should not affix the imprimatur of the Great Seal to any grant or patent or writ which the sovereign desired to issue, without their authorisation in the form of a warrant under the Privy Seal. Under Parliamentary Government the Lord Privy Seal has ceased to have any duties. The third office of dignity rather than responsibility is that of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His duties, in relation to the control of the revenues of the Duchy, which are vested in the Sovereign and the Prince of Wales, are purely nominal. To each of these posts there is a salary of £2000 attached. The Ministers appointed to them, having no departmental work of their own, are expected to come to the assistance of a colleague who is hard pressed in the House of Lords or the House of Commons.

The Unpaid Paymaster-General.

Finally, there is one unpaid Minister in the Administration, and he, strange to say, is the Paymaster-General. He is the head of the office which pays out

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the vast sums placed to its credit by the Treasury the moneys voted by Parliament to the various departments of the State to enable them to carry on their services. He issues the warrants for the salaries of his colleagues in the Ministry, and gets nothing himself. It would seem to be a tantalising position. But it is not salary, it is the position, with its dignity and influence, that is the attraction, and the Paymaster-General, though unpaid, is a member of the Administration. That is true also of a good many other posts. The nominal income of some of the Ministers is no guide to their actual profit. The Prime Minister has to entertain a good deal. In fact, Lord John Russell said he never knew what it was to be a poor man until he attained that exalted office. Entertaining has also to be done by the Secretaries of State. Of course, it is true that the post of Cabinet Minister, with an emolument of £5000 a year, can never be without attractions; but these attractions are not so much financial as the honor of service and power.

DE CASTELNAU'S PROMOTION

THE FAMOUS GENERAL'S CAREER.

The name of General de Castelnau has been familiar to his countrymen since the beginning of the war, and the news of his recent promotion to the supreme command of the armies on the Western Front was received with universal satisfaction at home and abroad (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times*). General Joffre keeps the direction of both the Eastern and Western Front; but General Castelnau has become his right hand and second self as regards the armies that are fighting on French soil. General de Castelnau comes from Saint-Affrique, a small town in the mountainous region of 'La Causse,' in Central France. He was born there on Christmas Eve, 1851, and was christened Noel Marie Joseph Edouard. His father, Michel Curieres de Castelnau, was a talented barrister; his mother, a holy woman, whose personality happily influenced the education of her three children. The future General's home, an old-fashioned house in the rue des Cazes, with a wide terrace overlooking the valley of the Sorgues, has an almost monastic appearance, and the lives of its inmates were governed by traditions of respect, industry, discipline, and religion that contributed to prepare the boy for his future responsibilities. Michel de Castelnau carefully superintended the education of his three sons, Clement, Leonce, and Edouard, and demanded from them much hard study. Two priest uncles, their mother's brothers, were scarcely less interested in their progress, and the result of this somewhat austere training was to form three strongly marked characters. Clement became a brilliant engineer, Leonce a barrister and a deputy, Edouard the General of whom I write. All three proved worthy servants of their country, and they have in common the unswerving fidelity to the traditions of religion and patriotism in which they were reared.

A Pupil of the Jesuits.

Edouard de Castelnau, as a healthy, spirited, intelligent lad, is still remembered by many of the elderly inhabitants of Saint-Affrique. He followed the classes of the Jesuit College of St. Gabriel, like his two brothers, and many notable citizens of the little town were his school-fellows some fifty years ago. He was remarkable for his intelligence, energy, and industry, and also for his great physical strength; his former schoolmates still remember his successful organisation of mock tournaments and 'carrousels.' Among his companions he was looked upon, even then, as a future soldier; all his tastes pointed in the direction of a military career. From the College of St. Gabriel Edouard de Castelnau was sent to the famous preparatory school of the 'rue des Postes,' in Paris, where, under Jesuit professors, generations of French officers have been trained. After successfully passing the required examinations, he went to the military school of St. Cyr.

Fought in the War of 1870.

He was only nineteen when the Franco-German war broke out, and, in consequence, his military instruction was curtailed and he learned the science of war on the battlefields of the Loire, where he filled the

post of a captain, in spite of his youth. Since those distant days, other and more tragic responsibilities have been laid on the General's shoulders. It is now a matter of history that in August, 1914, when overwhelming German armies were hurled against the frontier of Lorraine, Castelnau saved Nancy by his able strategy, held the enemy at bay, and contributed powerfully to the victory of the Marne, that turned the tide of invasion. It is General de Castelnau's military talents that have earned for him the distinction of becoming General Joffre's right hand, but there is no doubt that his high moral character, and especially his unflinching honesty and devotion to duty, have contributed to make him a foremost figure in the present drama.

An Earnest Catholic.

The General is a practical Catholic, and his twelve children, three of whom were killed within the last few months, were reared in the traditions in which he himself was bred in the old home in the rue des Cazes. Although he seldom returns to this home of his boyhood, the inhabitants of Saint-Affrique follow his career with pardonable pride, and his name is a household word among them. At the front, the soldiers who hail from the same district are no less proud of claiming General de Castelnau as a countryman. On one occasion he visited a trench where all the soldiers came from 'l'Aveyron.' He was in plain uniform, and the men did not recognise him until he claimed to be their countrymen and spoke to them in the dialect of l'Aveyron. His cordiality and kindness make him popular among his surroundings, and the knowledge of his military proficiency and sterling moral worth gives confidence to those whose lives are in his hands.

Incontestable Merit.

As may be supposed, General Castelnau's worth as a leader must indeed be undisputed, since he has attained the position he now occupies, though holding religious opinions that are directly opposed to those of the French Government. At a moment when the very future of France is at stake, sectarian prejudice had to be set aside. Not without some opposition on the part of the anti-clericals, who are in power, a great military leader, who is a practical Catholic, was called to the highest post of command, after General Joffre. The satisfaction his nomination caused throughout the country proves the hold that General de Castelnau has taken upon his countrymen, and how certain they feel that in his hands the destinies of the country are safe.

Among our officers are many, in posts inferior to that occupied by General de Castelnau, whose attitude towards religion is the same as his. We now know the details of the death of Colonel Desgrees de Lou, who was killed in Champagne in September. On the eve of the attack of September 25 he was present at Mass and he went to Holy Communion; he also asked the priest to bless the 'Croix de Guerre' that had been given to him for distinguished service. When the attack began, at 9.15 on that fateful September day, he was ready, fully equipped, on the parapet of the trench nearest the enemy. He stood upright, with a radiant countenance; in his right hand he held the flag of his regiment. Around him fell a hail of bullets; before him passed, like a torrent, his soldiers, rushing forward with irresistible ardour. The Colonel's voice encouraged them: 'Mes enfants, allez y! Vive la France!' A soldier stopped as he passed, seized the chief's hand. 'Mon Colonel!' he cried, and then ran on. In his turn, holding the flag tightly, the colonel went forward; his men pressed close to him, an officer who was flag-bearer keeping near his chief; but on reaching the German trenches the colonel fell. His orderly, crying wildly 'I must save my colonel!' sprang forward, but was struck down at the feet of his master, and from the hand of the dead chief the flag-bearer rescued the tricolor. Colonel Desgrees de Lou had already been wounded at the beginning of the war. He was a brilliant soldier, who from a sense of discipline had trained himself to the war of trenches that is now a necessity. But the order to charge in the open appealed to his military instincts. Those who noted his beaming countenance when, flag in hand, he led his men forward, realised that he went to his death as to a 'fete.'

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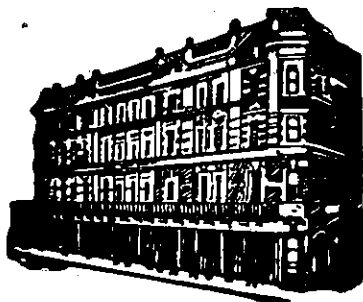
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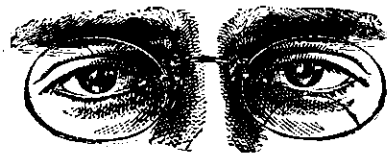
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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

EARLY PEACE IMPOSSIBLE.

Speaking at a dinner of the Nottingham Liberal Club, Mr. T. P. O'Connor said that he had never doubted for one moment since the opening of the war that England and her Allies would win. Mr. Redmond had spoken confidently of what he saw on the Western front in a public speech, but, if anything, his language was even more emphatic in private. He found that in the morale of our men, in their buoyant hopefulness, in their superiority in munitions, there was the certainty of victory. The Russian force had already brought to futility all the expectations of Germany of crushing the Russian army and forcing Russia to plead for peace. A peace with Germany, while her troops occupied nearly all Belgium, one of the most prosperous parts of France, a considerable portion of the territory of Russia, would be a peace in which Germany had still so much in hand that she could demand almost her own terms.

What would be thought of us if we listened for a moment to such mad and ignominious proposals for peace as Germany was likely to make now? What would France say? France would say that she had for every month of every year for forty-four years woken up every morning in the expectation and the apprehension of some new attempt of Germany to crush her and to mutilate her soil. Russia would say the same. So would Italy. And Belgium would ask if her butchered people and her ruined towns and obliterated industries were to be built up again in the blood and tears of the people and not at the expense of the robber Empire that had despoiled her. What would be said by the gallant nation of the Serbs, whose soil had also been invaded and despoiled, who looked across the frontier at not far from twenty millions of Serbs under the heel of the German and the Magyar, who all trusted to Serbia and to Serbia's great Allies for freedom? Not one of these Powers would ever consent to the prospect of facing again the horrors of this war and the perils of the last forty years.

A LESSON FROM BELGIUM.

The Serbians need but bear in mind how the Kaiser has treated the Belgians to be assured that when he states that the Germans have come to them as friends it is a repetition of the case of the wolf in sheep's clothing. There was no nation in Europe which had given the Kaiser less cause to be offended than Belgium (says the *Catholic Times*). He was bound by a solemn treaty to help to safeguard her neutrality. Not only did he wrong an unoffending country, not only did he trample on the treaty, but he subjected Belgium to a martyrdom, as cruel as any recorded in the pages of history. When in years to come men will need to utter a warning against the faithlessness and brutality of heads of States they will recall the Kaiser's conduct in Belgium. Every stage of the invasion of the land was marked by outrages, many of which were almost without parallel. When the Kaiser recognised that the German atrocities in Belgium had aroused the indignation of the civilised world, he sought to appease the Belgians by adopting the tactics he is now employing in Serbia. Has he induced the Belgians to trust him? The testimony of Cardinal Mercier on this point is emphatic. Speaking of the Germans at Brussels the other day, he said: 'They have lived in our midst for a year and they do not know us yet. We respect and shall continue to respect their rules and regulations, but they have not won over a single heart.' In Belgium, as elsewhere, the Germans are inexorable enemies of national liberties, and with them as such the Belgians will never come to terms.

A VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS.

In the course of an address, delivered recently in Bathurst, the Very Rev. F. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M., Rector of St. John's College, Sydney, gave a graphic

account of the impressions he had gathered of the course of the war during his tour, commenced early last year, of America and Europe. He said that the people of Australia had been quite unable to understand the attitude of America in regard to the war. He did not profess to thoroughly understand it himself, but he could assure them that he had scarcely read an American paper during the course of his travels that was not whole-heartedly on the side of the Allies. Of course, there were exceptions, and they were the papers that were published in German. These of course were fairly numerous, and were bitterly hostile to the Allies' cause. Those facts made it difficult for him to believe that the great heart of the American people was not sound on this war. During his voyage in the vicinity of the Scilly Isles and Land's End, there were no signs of submarines, so efficient had the British fleet become in coping with them. He spoke of the sang-froid of the English people towards the war, and said when he was in London the people did not seem to be sufficiently impressed with the magnitude of the proposition that faced them. Nobody in England had the slightest doubt but that the war would end in the smashing of the power of Germany. He heard a good deal of indignation expressed regarding bungling in the War Office, but at the same time there was a grim determination to see the war through. Several persons of high standing in the munition manufacturing line had expressed the opinion that what was wanted in the present crisis was a Cromwell who could defy parliamentary usage, and by a strong hand lead the people to victory.

In Ireland he found the bulk of the people sympathetic towards the Allies. This fact was all the more remarkable when it was remembered what bitter memories were handed down by successive generations of Irishmen, almost as a sacred heritage, owing to their treatment in the past. It was a wonderful tribute to the Irish people that so much resentment could be extinguished in so short a time. He did not say there were no people in Ireland opposed to the Government in the matter, but he did say that three-fourths of the people in the country were thoroughly with the Allies from start to finish. All the leading Irish newspapers were enthusiastically on the side of the Allies. One good result, he believed, would come from the war, and that was that there would be some cementing of the relations between England and Ireland, so long estranged, and in connection with which so many bitter memories had been left on one side, at any rate. The Germans were making a great mistake if they thought their Zeppelin raids produced panic among Londoners, for, as far as he could judge, nobody appeared to bother about them. He believed that the war would result in a great revival of religion in France, and he hoped the time would come when the spirit of persecution would be as dead in France as Orangeism would soon be dead in Australia.

PROBABLE CHANGE AT THE WAR OFFICE.

A cable message says that Lord Kitchener will probably leave the War Office, and be succeeded by Sir William Robertson, the present Chief of the General Staff, who will take over the general direction of the war operations, without any interference except what the full Cabinet may decide. The record of the distinguished soldier who is now so powerful in the military councils of the Empire is well known to the public (remarks the *Catholic Times*). Beginning his career as a private soldier, he has risen step by step until he may be said to have reached the highest. We anticipate great results from his influence in the direction of affairs at the fronts; whether in Europe or Asia. The past few months have provided the British public with most unpleasant spectacles of blunders, all the more unpleasant that we do not always know who are the blunderers: though a blunder supposes a blunderer somewhere. We believe that the mistake made by our Government has been mainly one of covering up the inefficiency of incapable men. They should have turned off every man who failed to rise to the occasion offered

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him by the war. It is no good removing a failure from one post to another. Clear incapacity should be swept away mercilessly. And now that Sir William Robertson, who has himself risen from the ranks, has mounted to the seats of the mighty, we hope he will bid officers be on the look out for merit in the army, irrespective of caste or wealth or social influence. We believe that our soldiers are the finest in the world; and if there is one thing we should like to see abolished it is the gentleman-officer heresy. All that the country needs is brains to command the men to victory. Hitherto our failures have been, not in the ranks of the regiments, but in the chiefs of the army. The appointment of Sir William Robertson is an encouragement to every soldier to look for a career to follow on talent.

IRISH SOLDIERS' GALLANTRY.

The brilliant work of the Munster Fusiliers, the Dublin Fusiliers, and the Connaught Rangers in saving the situation in the Balkans directs attention once again to the gallant part our Irish regiments are playing, in common with all other 'soldiers of the King,' in the great world war.

In an interview the other day, Mr. J. O'D. Derrick, the well-known U.I.L. organiser in Scotland, said:—

Irishmen in Scotland to the number of 27,000 had joined the colors up to February, 1915, but since that date several thousand additional young Irishmen domiciled in the 'land of cakes' have become identified with the military. I might also mention that since the outbreak of the war over 10,000 young Irishmen from Glasgow have doffed civilian attire for the khaki, and patriotic young Irishmen from other districts in Scotland have been equally zealous in flocking to the armed forces of the Crown.

Only the other day Bailie T. J. Kenny told me at Dunfermline that from St. Margaret's congregation 1000 men had become soldiers, while the latest figures available show that 1045 men have joined from St. Patrick's congregation, Glasgow. It is the same story of Irish patriotism from other districts in Scotland. Let me cite Coatbridge as an example. From this Lanarkshire town over 1400 young Irishmen have joined the army, and these figures do not include the outlying districts. The numbers I have cited are quite apart from the young Irishmen who joined the army in Scotland prior to the outbreak of war.

A Slander Refuted.

It has sometimes been hinted that the Irish regiments at the front were given a 'soft job' in order to placate the Irish people. That is a slander which is readily refuted. The first men to attempt to effect a landing at Gallipoli were the Dublins and the Munsters. Do not the awards for gallantry in the field, such as the honors gained by Sergeant Michael O'Leary, Sergeant Dwyer; by Regan, of Coatbridge; by Bell, of Dumbarton, and numerous others prove that for sheer pluck, daring, resource, and dogged determination the Irish soldier in battle yields place to no one?

Might I recall that on 26th December, 1914, the Germans made an attack on the British trenches occupied by the Gordon Highlanders, who in numbers were over-whelmed. Of the battalion only 170 were alive. Just then the Gordons heard the strains of 'God save Ireland.' It was the Connaught Rangers. Private McGregor, of the Gordons, telling the story, wrote:—

'Well, I have seen some reckless Irishmen in my time, but nothing to match the recklessness and daring of these gallant Rangers. The Germans now would probably number about 2000, against 800 Connaughts, and, at that period, 70 of us, but, had they 50,000 Germans, I don't believe in my soul they could have stood before the Irish. They were simply irresistible, and all the time kept singing "God save Ireland." One huge, red-haired son of Erin, having broken his rifle, got possession of a German officer's sword, and everything that came in the way of this giant went down. I thought of Wallace. Four hundred and

seventy Huns were killed and wounded, and we took seventy prisoners. Had it not been for the Irish I wouldn't be writing this, and when it comes to a hand-to-hand job there is nothing in the whole British Army to approach them. God save Ireland and Irishmen!' This is a tribute from a member of the Gordons.

WHAT ENGLAND HAS ESCAPED.

Preaching at the last Mass in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, on Christmas Day, his Lordship the Bishop of the diocese (Right Rev. Dr. Casartelli) said that, at present, at least, there seemed but little hope of any termination to the terrible struggle that involved nearly the whole of the civilised world, and which had caused such widespread suffering, such bloodshed, and such misery. God alone knew when there would be any hope of this scourge coming to an end. And in this country he did not think they yet realised the awful catastrophe that had fallen upon them. It was true that they had felt the pinch in some ways, by the great number of young men and middle-aged men, who had left their families and their business, and had gone forth to expose their lives, and in some cases had lost their lives, in defence of the cause of justice and of truth. Then, again, the pinch was felt in the increased price of commodities, in many inconveniences, and in the restricted means of traffic and communication, and in various other ways, but still, on the whole, it seemed to him that they did not yet realise the horrors of war. They had only to look abroad and see the state of those countries that had been crushed under the heel of the invader. Think of Belgium, the north of France, a vast area of Poland, and especially at the present moment the terrible fate of one of their Allies—Serbia. Let them imagine the atrocities that had been perpetrated in Armenia, and then try and picture what might happen in this country if a similar invasion had taken place. There was a moment when it was not impossible that such an invasion might have taken place. And who knew that it might not yet be possible for some such fate to overtake them if this war was to be prolonged? Let them think of what such a possibility would mean for them and for the population of their country. They had had already a mild experience of what happened in London, and on the Continent they had read of hundreds and thousands of people of all classes struggling along the roads, faint, and weary, and dying of hunger and starvation, villages destroyed, houses burnt, monuments of art destroyed, families dispersed, and many of their members put to a cruel death.

So far, thank God, they had been spared, and spared in a wonderful manner, and in a manner that was little short of miraculous. They had been spared in spite of blunders, mistakes, and miscalculations, and they had been practically untouched by the horrors of war. Was there not something, then, to be exceedingly thankful to God for? But as Almighty God had spared them much He had allowed, in His infinite wisdom, other nations to suffer. He had allowed this awful scourge to take place as He did in the case of His own chosen people for many years and during generations, because they had turned away and forgotten God. And so it had been with certain countries who had turned their backs upon God, refused to listen to His Church, denied God altogether, and refused to receive Him and His holy laws. 'He came unto His own and they received Him not.'

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Current Topics

A New History

A few years ago Messrs. Gill and Son published *A History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century*, by Rev. James MacCaffrey, S.T.L., Ph.D. The work was welcomed by the *London Tablet* as a great contribution to Church history. The *Revue des Questions Historiques* pronounced it the most complete manual of its kind yet written by any Catholic pen. Father MacCaffrey's new book, *The History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution*, is equally important to students of Church history. The second volume, dealing with the Church in the British Isles, is specially interesting for us, though we must not expect to find the subject as exhaustively treated as in Hellesheim's monumental work. In the first volume Father MacCaffrey deals with the Renaissance, the social and religious condition of Europe, and other causes which led to the Reformation; with Luther and Zwingli; with Calvin; the great Catholic revival, which was the real reformation. The heresies and controversies of the age are all lucidly discussed. The work is no mere mine of information. It is a scholarly and masterly treatment of this most important period of Church history.

The Unhealthy Trend of the Times

When some of us were boys we regarded it as a duty to read Scott and Dickens whether we enjoyed it or not. Our college library was well stocked with novels of a lighter and more ephemeral nature, but the scornful comments of our librarian kept most of us from a surfeit of them. The much-decried 'penny-dreadful' is by no means the worst form of reading that can fall into a boy's or a girl's hands. Indeed, the 'penny-dreadful' is positively spiritual reading in comparison with much of what passes for literature in the windows of New Zealand booksellers. The unhealthy trend of the times is, we think, beautifully illustrated by the following, which appeared in a number of *Punch* some years ago. Two young ladies were discussing a book in front of a railway bookstall. One said: 'Yes, it is all right, but it isn't the sort of book I'd like mother to read.' In those days of the decadent novel who ever reads the fine old-fashioned stories that are real literature? Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, George Eliot, and Jane Austen are forgotten, while Robert Chambers and Locke flourish. And how neglected is real Catholic literature! Father Sheehan, Doctor Barry, Monsignor Benson, and John Ayscough have attained to the very first rank of novelists among those whose opinion counts. How many of our young novel readers have read even one book by each of them? From a purely literary point of view, we think Ayscough's *San Celestino* and Barry's *Two Standards* will compare favorably with anything we have in the English language.

After the War

Speaking at Enniscorthy in December, Rev. Father T. Finlay, S.J., reminded his hearers of the dangers which may have to be faced when the war is over. At present wages is higher than ever before in the memory of man. In England, skilled artisans are earning £6 to £10 a week. Market prices run 50 and 100 per cent. higher than before the war. All these things look as if money is plentiful. Working men spend it lavishly on luxuries. A Cabinet Minister recently stated that never had so many expensive pianos been imported. But it was all borrowed money. It was like wealth in the hands of a prodigal, and an account of it would be demanded later. At present the extravagance might be pleasant, but time would bring the melancholy duty of paying the bill. Things would be bad in Ireland after the war, but the outlook was worse for England. They might expect to have two million men returning when trade would be disorganised and employment scarce. He believed that the Government would be

face to face with a problem the magnitude and seriousness of which they did not at present realise, and which they could not realise too soon or too earnestly. He would not be surprised if Ireland had reason to rejoice that her main industry was agricultural. The Irish people would have at any rate a sufficiency of bread. They had the land, and if they choose to utilise the present sources of supply they need never starve. Every penny that could be saved now should be put aside, and the most should be made of every acre. Father Finlay's remarks have a moral for us too. The fall that is bound to come after the present run of high prices, and the increase of taxation call for strict economy in New Zealand as well as in Ireland.

The Church in Bulgaria

It is more than probable that a good many Americans who discuss the religious affiliations of the belligerent European powers set Bulgaria down as a purely schismatical country (remarks the *Ave Maria*). That characterisation would not have been inexact a hundred years ago, for at that time the Church numbered in all Bulgaria and Roumania only one bishop and two priests. During the past century, however, things religious have improved. At present there are numerous Bulgarian Catholics, some belonging to the Latin rite, others to the Slavic. Of the former are diocese of Nicopolis, wherein the Passionist Fathers serve seventeen parishes; and the vicariate-apostolic of Philippopolis, with fifteen parishes under the direction of the Capuchin Fathers. In both districts there are also native parochial priests. To the Slavic rite belong two vicariates of the Uniat Bulgarian Church in Macedonia and Thrace, under the general jurisdiction of Mgr. Miroff, residing in Constantinople. These vicariates are equipped with seminaries, orphan asylums, colleges, boarding and day schools in charge of Sisters, hospitals, etc. Whatever be the result of the present upheaval in the Balkans, it is safe to predict that Bulgaria will come out of the war more, rather than less, Catholic than when she entered it.

Invention and Progress

Dr. James J. Walsh, the well-known New York author, contributes to a recent issue of *America* a striking article on 'Invention and Progress,' the opening sentence of which well leads up to his logical conclusion that 'we ought to hesitate about being so confident in the use of vaunting terms of praise for our wonderful progress.' He says:—'The idea of constant human progress now so practically universal, with its corollary of a comparatively near future when, as the result of progress, men are to be so happy here on earth that heaven will be quite unnecessary, has had some severe jolts from the present war with all its connotations.' After quoting Viscount Morley and John Stuart Mill, the latter of whom said 'mechanical inventions have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number to make fortunes,' he goes on to say:—'Literally the drudgery and imprisonment of mankind has been increased by our industrial era of which we are so proud. Men and women worked hard before, but worked, as a rule, almost without exception, outside in the free air of heaven, amidst reasonably healthy surroundings; they slept well, not in the slums created by factory conditions, and fed on simple things abundantly, and were much better off than our manufacturing populations.'

A Generous Testimony

'All that is loftiest, sturdiest, strongest, and most uncompromising; all that is most truly sacred in the artistic development of our people, precedes the day of Reformation.' These are not the words of a Catholic obscurantist (remarks *America*). They come from the land whence the Reformation took its rise, from the University of Berlin, from a Protestant leader of historic research, bearing witness to Protestant readers of a truth which history cannot deny. They are from

the pen of Kurt Breysig and appeared in the *Tag* as part of an article calling upon Protestants to cast aside their prejudices and unfounded accusations against the Catholic Church and study her doctrines and practices in a sincere and friendly spirit. 'The Catholic ages of our nation represent the time of its vigorous youth, not yet rationalistic and therefore all the stronger,' he writes, 'but the living Catholic Church is the living witness of this youth.' Advancing even farther, he thus casts a gauntlet before our materialistic age: 'He whose intellect and spirit have not yet been entirely blinded by the poverty and excessive emptiness of our time may divine from the simplest village church that not only faith, but the might and intellect of humanity are lifted there to a height which our age could never have been able to attain of its own power, nor could any other century have reached to it unaided since the days of the separation from the Catholic Church.'

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Such is the writer's impartial conclusion necessitated by the obvious testimony of the present and the past. Voices like his are not uncommon in our day. They express the deeper, truer thought of our age.

THE CHURCH AND LITERATURE

SOME EMINENT WRITERS, SONS OF THE CHURCH.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet* by 'DALETH.')

III.—CALDERON.

The drama, one of the most ancient forms of literature, has developed along differing lines in every country of Europe. From the old Grecian choral narrative, whose plot was known to every Athenian who came to see it enacted at the theatre; from the single actor and chorus of Aeschylus to the full 'dramatis personæ' of an Arthur Pinero, or a Henri Bernstein, is a long stretch indeed; and it is a fascinating study to watch, in each country where the drama has found a home, the evolution of the Grecian ideal to its medieval and 19th century representative.

We shall have occasion later to trace the development of the drama in France; for the present we shall restrain ourselves to the land of Don Quixote and the *Cid*; to a nation of steadfastness and honor, whose religion was never an unknown and negligible quantity, but a living and vigorous force.

The first dramatic representations known in Spain were those given under the auspices of the Church for the instruction of the faithful. Their subjects, as a rule, were drawn from Scripture and the Martyrology; not unfrequently they were fanciful allegories, illustrating the triumph of virtue over vice and the general truth of religion.

For some time these representations, given in the church itself, were entirely what they claimed to be; gradually, however, a certain amount of buffoonery was introduced, and a licentious strain began to appear; the latter, merely suggested at first, became more open, until the ecclesiastical authorities banished all dramatic performances of every kind from the churches to the public squares. Here, as may easily be imagined, full rein was given to the grossness that had hitherto been cautiously tentative. The freedom thus acquired, however, was not at once productive of any work of real dramatic merit. Writers seemed to be struggling through an undergrowth of tradition and convention that choked every attempt at originality.

The first step taken was the adoption of historical and contemporaneous themes as a supplement to what were now known as autos, or mystery plays. The word 'auto' had been originally applied to any and every dramatic piece, but its meaning gradually became restricted in application to plays dealing with religious subjects alone. A further restriction will be noticed later on.

The final form of the Spanish drama, reached in the 16th century, and perfected by Lope de Vega, has undergone practically no modification since. It is always divided into three 'jornadas,' or 'days,' and is nearly always in rhymed or assonant verse. There is little, if any, regard paid to the unities either of time or place; and to this is owing the almost Shakespearean freedom of the Spanish stage, in striking contrast with the limitations of the theatre in France.

Lope de Vega, the greatest dramatist Spain has produced, wrote in all some 1500 plays; and while he was careless in the management of his plots, utilising the same situation again and again, rewriting and recasting until we seem to have five or six slightly differing versions of the one subject, his characterisation is superb; he had the one qualification for a completely successful dramatist that his successor, Calderón, lacked, a knowledge of the human heart and the motives of human conduct. Spanish drama, however, is known to every English reader, not so much through the medium of Lope's voluminous work, as through that of the mild and saintly Calderón.

Pedro Calderón de la Barca was born in 1600, and educated by the Jesuits at the Imperial College of Madrid. He is said to have written a play at the age of thirteen, but his first real appearances were at the Feast of St. Isidore in 1620 and 1622. These youthful attempts were praised by the great Lope, and Calderón, receiving encouragement from so high a quarter, continued writing plays in the intervals of his military career until his ordination as a priest in 1651.

He was a clever dramatist, thoroughly understanding the mechanism of the stage. The intricacy of his plots is proverbial, and some of his scenic effects beyond all praise; but he had no understanding of the passions. His characters—courtiers, soldiers, peasants—all cast in a conventional mould, are rather allegorical types than living personages. All that he wrote, however, is artistically perfect; in fact, he seemed to look on the writing of drama as a first-rate mental exercise. Appreciating his inability to give a sustained portrayal of character, he skilfully tried to blind reader and spectator to the fact by throwing in their eyes the golden dust of his lyrical genius. His lyrics, scattered broadcast through all his works, are of a beauty unsurpassed in Spanish literature. To Goethe he was the only Spanish poet; Shelley read him 'with inexpressible wonder and delight,' and Schlegel goes so far as to rank him with Homer, Shakespeare and Dante.

Calderón was actuated by three main sentiments: absolute devotion to the Church, loyalty to the King, and the strictest adhesion to the rules of the rigid Castilian honor. His flattery of great personages is easily understood when the social conditions of the time are borne in mind. The King, besides being the Lord's Anointed, was, to the Spanish mind, the secular father of his people. The surrounding nobility, from their close and daily proximity to the sacred person of his Majesty, were looked on with an eye of reverence and awe. Their privileges were inviolable, their authority unquestioned, and Calderón voiced the whole Spanish nation in his apparently exaggerated respect for the King, his advisers, and his nobles.

He was a perfect churchman. His allegiance to the Faith that overcame the Moors, stemmed the tide of the Reformation, and produced St. Teresa, St. Ignatius, St. John of the Cross, was unswerving. As he is the type of Spanish loyalty, so he embodies the beliefs of Spain in his incomparable autos.

The point of honor, incomprehensible in its Castilian delicacy to every other nation, was pushed by Calderón to its farthest limit. His intense regard of absolute honor sometimes places him in what seems a morally false position; but to counter-balance this it must be said that in the whole of his work there is not the slightest taint of impurity—praise which, for a dramatist, is high indeed. Thus, a Spaniard of the Spanish, it is no wonder that he is so little known beyond the limits of his own country. He wrote, not

for mankind, but for a people; and if, in Spain, his popularity was not so great as that of Lope de Vega, it has been far more enduring.

His comedies of intrigue are cleverly written; his pageants, written to order, are weak in interest and not so well constructed; it is in his autos that Calderón rises to a supreme height of artistic excellence.

This type of play, peculiar to Spain, is not analogous to the mystery plays of the medieval English stage. Before Lope de Vega, indeed, its significance was similar; but the complete exclusion of secular characters made it a drama *sui generis*. Every auto is written directly round either the Blessed Sacrament or the Incarnation; virtues and vices, angels and demons are introduced; but the auto, in the hands of Calderón is less a play than a meditation.

It is to his genius in the composition of these autos that Calderón's fame is chiefly owing; and his name as the Catholic dramatist *par excellence* has led to a depreciation of his abilities in a more secular field. That this depreciation is unjustified, we need no further proof than the fact that such translators as Shelley and Fitzgerald have been found to give the great Spanish poet's work to the English-speaking world. 'As a writer for the Catholic Church he is perfect,' one critic has said. This is no small praise; but Calderón is more than this. To him we owe our acquaintance with the manners and habits of the Spain of his day. His 'cloak and sword' dramas are unparalleled pictures of contemporaneous life; his plays as a whole are mines of the richest poetic imagination, and as works of the purest dramatic art they are second to none in any literature.

Very little is known of Calderón's private life besides what can be gleaned from his plays. He had a high conception of Christian virtue; and the purity of his mind is reflected in all that he wrote. Spanish to the backbone, he gave honor the highest place among the virtues. Catholic, in every sense of the word, he knew no wavering in his submission to the Church.

It is said that a man's writings are the mirror of his mind; and if this be true of Calderón, we can sum up his character as that of a perfect Christian, loyal to his God as he certainly was to his King.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

A MAORI WELCOME AT TAUPO.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The 12th of February, 1916, will be written in golden letters in the annals of Maori Catholic history. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who is making a special report to the Holy Father on the status of the Maori mission in New Zealand, had decided, on his entry into the Auckland diocese, that his first official visit would be to the Maori race. Wai-hi, on the shore of the far-famed Lake Taupo, was the spot selected by his Lordship the Bishop of Auckland. Since the day that the natives had heard the good tidings, they had spared no efforts, led by their devoted priest, Father Langerwerf, to make his Excellency's visit a pronounced success. Eleven o'clock in the morning was the appointed time for the landing. At half-past 10 the launch bringing the Apostolic Delegate was sighted by the natives. It was covered with bunting, and never before had it carried such a distinguished party. The sun was bright, the lake was calm; it seemed as if Horomatangi, the fabulous taniwha (sea monster) of the lake, who dwells in the depths of Motu-taiko Island, and who can turn, according to Maori legend, the peaceful waters of the beautiful lake into the wildest raging sea, had repaired to its cavern as an acknowledgment that its mana no longer existed. By this time the natives had gathered near the landing place. The women sent out their long, native call of welcome, and as it went along towards the coming visitor, it seemed to create a ripple on the surface of the waters. The launch was now alongside the jetty which had been built for the occasion.

Rev. Fathers Langerwerf and Delach welcomed his Excellency at the landing, and, after presenting the visiting clergy to him, a procession was formed. All in the pa were shouting words of welcome. Suddenly a stalwart Maori, clad in native garments, and armed with a handsome but terrible talaba, and tattooed for the occasion, stood before the Delegate, and laid at his feet a branch of manuka; it was the first challenge. Another challenger came on, and repeated the same performance. Every one on the road that took no part in the matua, had cleared the way as if by magic, and the welcoming party was seen at a distance lying on the road. One word from the leader, and the whole party, carrying green branches, jumped to their feet, and gave a mighty shout. After a time the matua or welcoming party drew out a little, and the women expressed their welcome. Then the matua started their powhiri again. This time they had warmed up to it; the excitement was greater and the sight was more exciting. Then the matua entered the marae. As soon as his Excellency arrived at the gate the final powhiri was given with renewed energy. Suddenly the matua divided, and the members formed themselves into two lines to form a guard of honor. Instantly the crowd dropped on their knees, and the Apostolic Delegate gave them his blessing. This was a sight never to be forgotten. Then his Excellency and party proceeded to the verandah of the Maori meeting house. After a short interval, ten chiefs of high rank, appointed from various tribes of New Zealand, welcomed his Excellency on behalf of the Maori race.

As his Excellency rose to reply, the air was rent by the cheers of the natives. The sound reached Tongariro, that mountain of romantic lore, which echoed it to Ruapehu, and these two landmarks, witness of the old Maori mana, realised that a new sun had risen.

His Excellency, who wore his ecclesiastical robes, stood there on the verandah of a Maori meeting house, being in the eyes of the natives the very personification of everything powerful, sacred, tapu—the representative of the Holy Father. His charming manner put all at their ease. His Excellency is a Hebrew scholar, well acquainted with Oriental poetry, and he noticed at once the Oriental touch in the native speeches, and he replied to them in the same strain.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ADDRESS.

His Excellency's address, which was interpreted by Very Rev. Dean Lighthart, was as follows:—

My children, remnant of a noble race, I salute you. I salute you, the children of the great men who have gone to dwell in the land of death. The fame of your name and the strength of your faith have reached the ears of our Holy Father the Pope. His heart rejoiced when he heard from Bishop Cleary of the love of the Maoris for the successor of St. Peter. The sun in the heavens gives warmth to the tall rata of the forest, but it also gives warmth to the little flower in the valley. So the Pope's love and care extend to the small peoples as well as to the great. When the Son of God came down to this earth, He manifested Himself first to the shepherds; afterwards to the kings. So to-day, on my first entry into this diocese, my first visit is to you, to the Maoris, to this village. Afterwards I will go to the great city of Auckland, to receive the greetings of the vast Catholic population. I come to you as the Pope's Delegate. I receive your greetings and I greet you. Greetings! To-day, the spirits of your ancestors rejoice, because you, their children, have seen the realisation of their wishes, and their marae has been glorified. Rejoice, therefore, you also! Hold fast to the faith; let that faith be the post around which all your words shall be fastened, while you live upon the earth. Keep ever strong your love for St. Peter; for St. Peter and his successors are the rock that stands firm in the ocean, and against which the stormy waves break in vain. You know the pawa shell. As long as the pawa clings to the rock, no harm befalls it. But as soon as the pawa loses its hold on the rock, it is tossed about by the waves and dies on the dry

sands of the seashore. So with you. So long as you cling to the rock—to the Rock of St. Peter on which our Lord built His Church—the tempests of this world may war, the great waves may arise, but you will be safe. Therefore, be strong in the faith (Kia kaha, kia manawanui, kia mau ki te whakapono). And now, in token of the Pope's affection for you, I will give you the Apostolic Blessing.

On the conclusion of his Excellency's address, the natives gave a haka, to express their intense satisfaction.

The applause had hardly subsided, when all of a sudden, a fresh spontaneous expression of delight broke out, as his Lordship Bishop Cleary rose to address the gathering. Under his Lordship's guidance and protection, the field of the Maori mission, tilled by the zealous and devoted Mill Hill Fathers, has, during the last few years, borne fruits unheard of in the Auckland diocese since the day of Bishop Pompallier. With the fluency of an old Maori chief, Bishop Cleary addressed the natives in their own language. He was earnest, impressive, and eloquent. The Maoris love their Bishop, they are proud of him; he spoke to the point, and after the burst of applause that followed his speech had subsided, an old Maori chief expressed fairly well the feelings of the tribes when he said in his quaint English:—'No bishop like our Bishop.'

After the speeches came the 'kai,' for such is the native custom. The herald of the village stood on an enormous volcanic rock, rang the always welcome dinner bell, and with a stentorian voice called out: 'The Pope, the Bishop, and the priest.'

His Excellency and party then adjourned to the native dining-room, followed by the various visiting tribes. Two rows of waiters and waitresses formed a guard of honor outside the entrance door. The room was beautifully decorated, the tables were loaded with dainty dishes; it was a royal banquet, and about 300 guests sat down to it. There was no string band, but the natives supplied native songs and 'paos' in such a style that no brass band could have excelled them. How his Excellency enjoyed the music I do not know, but the fact that he had dinner the following day in the same company shows at least that the novelty of the proceeding was not distasteful to him. In the afternoon his Excellency was seen going about the village, now shaking hands with an old Maori woman, now amused with the little children along the road, now having a friendly chat with young men, and even writing his name in autograph books.

In the evening his Excellency presided at prayers. Those who have not seen Maori meetings do not realise what it is to pray in Maori life. The chanting of prayers, the singing of hymns, the devotion and earnestness of the people cannot fail to impress even those who have no faith, so that of itself would have been enough to make the Delegate's visit to Wai-hi interesting.

THE CEREMONIES ON SUNDAY.

On the Sunday morning his Excellency said Mass at seven o'clock in the church. Needless to say, every Catholic made it a point to assist at it and receive Holy Communion from his hands. At eleven o'clock, as the church was too small for the large congregation, an altar was erected in front of the Maori house, and the Mass was said in the open by Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk. His Excellency was present, and was pleased to observe the piety and fervor of the natives. The choir was at its best, and the singing was very effective. What struck me most was the Catholicity of the Church, as I counted people of at least twelve different nationalities assisting at that Mass in this little unknown village of Wai-hi.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a ceremony of a new kind was to take place in the marae; the natives were to pay their respects to their distinguished visitor by investing him with a Maori cloak. The procession started from the presbytery. At the gate of the marae stood a party of young men who after giving a haka of welcome, broke out into two lines, and, kneeling on the

ground, left the way clear for the Apostolic Delegate, who took his seat again on the verandah of the meeting house.

Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers, made an appropriate speech, and read an address of welcome on behalf of the Maori missionaries of the Auckland diocese. He was followed by Mr. Hepi Houkou, a young Catholic chief of distinguished ability, who, in a few well-chosen words, thanked his Excellency for the honor he had conferred on the Maori race, and read to him an address on behalf of the native tribe. Then two elderly chiefs came forward and, after a few explanatory words, presented some Maori mats to his Excellency; this was followed by several others who brought presents including greenstones and a valuable taiaha, presented by Father Mailard, of the Wellington diocese.

His Excellency acknowledged their presents in the following speech, which was interpreted by Father Langerwerf:—

My children, I have come among you to-day as the representative of the Pope. You have invested me with a native garment, as a sign of your affection for our Holy Father the Pope. It is therefore fitting that, to commemorate this day, I should bestow upon you something that would remind you of my visit. So to-day, I give you the Pope's flag as a sign of his affection for the Maori people. For the children of the Church, and children of the Pope, the Pope's flag is an appropriate gift. Let it be a sign in the midst of you, to be handed down from generation to generation.

Here his Excellency paused and a parcel was handed to him. It was a magnificent flag, the Pope's flag—15 feet long by 7 feet wide, and a work of art, the gift of the Holy Father. He unfurled it, and presented it to the natives. The enthusiasm was running high all the time, but now it burst out into a universal and spontaneous haka, which afforded all a natural outlet for their feelings of delight. Then the flag was hoisted up amidst enthusiastic applause, firing of guns, hakas, and the singing of a hymn to the Pope. The scene was indescribable.

When the excitement had subsided his Excellency continued his speech: The flag (he said) is made of two different colors—gold and white. The white signifies purity of heart; the gold signifies the eternal happiness which is the reward of purity of heart. On the white part of the flag is the Pope's tiara, with its three diadems; beneath it two keys. You know the meaning of the two keys. They remind you of the words spoken by our Lord to the first Pope, St. Peter: 'To thee I will give the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall be bound in heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed in heaven.' What is the meaning of the three diadems? The top one means the power which Christ gave to St. Peter and his successors to bind and loose things in heaven. The middle one means the power which Christ gave to St. Peter and his successors to bind and loose things on earth. The lowest, the power which Christ gave to St. Peter and his successors over the evil spirits; for Christ said that the powers of hell shall not prevail against the Church. This flag is, therefore, a sign of great meaning. It is also a covenant between you and the Pope; between your children and grandchildren and his successors. Let it therefore float in the sky, as a sign of your devotion to the Pope, and a sign of the Pope's affection for you. Let it be a sign that will bring peace and comfort to your hearts, your homes, your villages. Let it be a sign under which you will live and die, with the certainty of rising again to receive the reward of your allegiance to it on earth.

The Delegate's words had touched the Maori hearts; the continued applause could not express their feelings, so they broke out into hakas, and for about an hour manifested their gratitude in their own native way.

In the evening an altar was again erected on the verandah of the Maori house, and his Excellency gave

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The congregational singing was very fine, and such a crowd of Maoris chanting the Benediction service in the language of the Church, could not fail to impress the Apostolic Delegate.

Dean Lighthart, who is always welcome when he appears before a Maori gathering, addressed the natives in Maori.

Everything was now over, and the Tu-a-rangi was to take his departure at 9 o'clock the next morning. So on Monday as soon as the launch arrived the natives gathered near the jetty, for every one wanted to kiss the ring and receive a special blessing. As soon as his Excellency appeared on his way to the shore, the people formed themselves into two lines as a guard of honor. As his Excellency took his seat on the launch, there was a concert of hurrahs and hakas—such an effervescence of human feelings was never seen in Wai-hi before, and will never be seen again, until the Karere a te Papa returns to the little village.

A word of praise and thanks may here be given to the devoted Sisters of St. Joseph, of Wai-hi. They worked hard, and to them was due in no small degree the success of the meeting.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

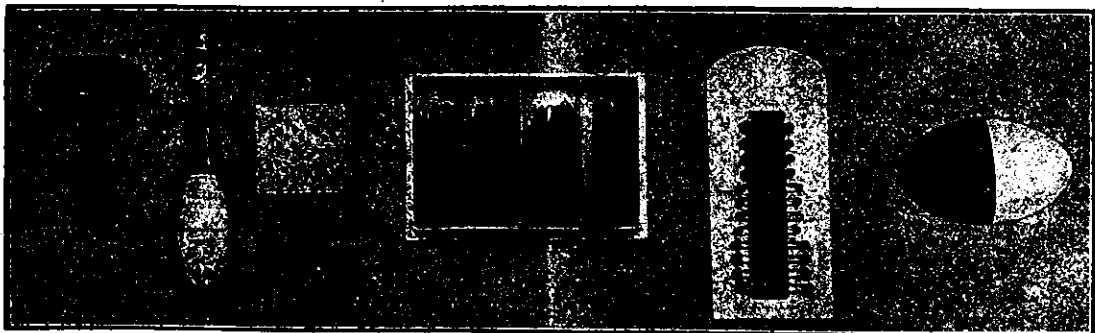
February 21.

The following notifications, having reference to the arrangements in the Cathedral in connection with the visit of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and the episcopal consecration, were made on Sunday. On next Saturday morning, the children are to have priority in the seating accommodation at the Mass, to be celebrated by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate in the Cathedral immediately after arrival. Adults may then occupy all other available places. Suitable music will be rendered by the children during the celebration of Mass. On Sunday morning Masses will be celebrated at 5, 6, 7, and 7.30 o'clock. The Solemn Pontifical Mass of Consecration will commence at 9 o'clock. The following are the regulations to be observed by the congregation on entering the Cathedral: Regular seatholders are to enter by the north door (facing the convent), reserved seatholders by the south door (facing the episcopal residence), all others by the main entrance. There will be no admittance before half-past 8 o'clock. Special seats are to be reserved for the members of the H.A.C.B. Society (visiting and resident) in the north aisle, facing the side of the sanctuary at the Mass of Consecration, and in the evening the front seats of the nave. To enable this

latter arrangement being carried out, the ordinary seatholders and reserved seatholders will necessarily vacate a few rows of seats, and occupy places immediately behind the Hibernians. The evening service will commence at 7 o'clock. Reserved and regular seatholders and Hibernians must retain their tickets to secure their allotted places. All others will be admitted without tickets in the evening.

The executive committee in connection with the approaching visit of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate met on last Monday evening in the episcopal residence. The Very Rev. Dean Hills, S.M., presided, and among those present were the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop-elect of Christchurch, and Very Rev. Father Price, Adm. Detailed reports were received from the entertainment and reception committees. The following suggestions were adopted. The H.A.C.B. Society and the Marist Brothers' School Cadets to form a guard of honor at the railway station; the cadets march in front of his Excellency's carriage to the episcopal residence. The school children are to line the route in fairly close formation from the Cathedral to Moorhouse avenue, and the general public along the avenue towards the railway station. On Sunday morning the senior cadets (by permission of the Defence authorities) and the Marist Brothers' School Cadets will form a guard of honor from the episcopal residence towards the Cathedral, joining up with the Hibernian Society, which will form a guard of honor at the entrance of the Cathedral. The Bishop-elect of Christchurch, who was very warmly received, expressed his extreme satisfaction at the elaborate preparations being made for the reception of the Apostolic Delegate. To gain a first-hand knowledge of the arrangements was the object of his presence on the occasion, and he desired to cordially thank and most sincerely congratulate the committee on the exhaustive nature of its efforts. The approaching visit of the direct representative of our Holy Father the Pope would be an occasion unique, far surpassing in importance any event hitherto connected with the Church and religion in these lands. He felt confident that the display of loyalty towards the Holy See (personified in his Excellency) by the people of Christchurch would not be outdone by any other centre in the Dominion. It is proposed to illuminate by electricity the beautiful grounds of the episcopal residence.

The *Lyttelton Times* commenting editorially on the recent appointments to the Board of Trade, said the appointment of Mr. Patrick Hally will, we believe, fully justify itself. As Conciliation Commissioner in the Wellington district, Mr. Hally has had an experience that should go far to equip him for the new position, while his tact and ability will not be ques-



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tioned among employers or employees with whose industrial differences he has been concerned. He is able to bring opposing forces together and remove obstacles to agreement in a manner that has frequently surprised both sides and the public, and his success in that very useful sphere indicates the possession of considerable capacity in dealing with subjects which cannot be decided without regard for the human equation. Writing as to the duties of the members the article continues: The Board of Trade, for example, may reasonably set itself to discover why since the war began groceries have risen in price 26 per cent. at Dunedin, as against less than 17 per cent. at Christchurch, and 23.40 per cent. at Ashburton, while the increase is only 6 per cent. at Timaru. It may usefully inquire why dairy produce is 22 per cent. dearer at Palmerston North, whereas at Taihape the prices are actually lower than before the war. The board may be able to ascertain why the rise in the cost of meat is twice as much in Christchurch as in Wellington, or why there should be an increase of nearly 40 per cent. at Palmerston and only half that rise at Masterton.

In the primary schools' cricket competition the boys of the Marist Brothers' School played their first match on Saturday last, when they met and defeated the Addington school team. Addington were all out for 19, and the Marist boys replied with 124. The highest individual scores were—Dobbs 39, Foster 23, Collett 22. Collett took seven wickets for 8 runs. Particular interest attaches to the competition this year as a new shield has been presented by Mr. John Caughley, M.A. This example of practical interest in school cricket will prove a great stimulus to the various teams, and should result in a keenly-contested competition.

Under the direction and tuition of the Marist Brothers, the Catholic school children are assiduously rehearsing the music intended to be rendered in connection with the visit of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. With the progress already made, a very fine effect may be anticipated.

A largely attended meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in the Hibernian Hall on Monday evening last, when the order paper for the next annual district meeting was under discussion. The proposals put forward by the district executive for the formation of provincial councils were fully discussed, and though it was generally admitted that a vital change in the government of the society was necessary, the scheme formulated by the district executive met with the disapproval of the meeting. The discussion of the remainder of the agenda paper was postponed until next branch meeting night. It was announced at the meeting that the Hibernians, in conjunction with the school cadets, were to form a guard of honor from the episcopal residence to the Cathedral entrance on the occasion of the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie. It is sincerely hoped that every member of the society will be in the ranks on this occasion, and members will please note that they are to assemble at the Hibernian Hall not later than 8.30 o'clock on Sunday morning.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

February 21.

The Children of Mary held their monthly meeting on Sunday afternoon, and in the evening a reception was held, when six new members were enrolled in the society by the spiritual director (Very Rev. Dean Tubman).

On Monday evening last the members of the Hibernian Society met in the Arcade Cafe for the purpose of welcoming home from the front one of their members, Corporal George Niall, who was hit whilst bringing in wounded under fire. A number of toasts were honored, that of the guest of the evening being entrusted to Mr. F. Quinn. Musical items were contributed by members, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

At the evening devotions on Sunday, before a very large congregation, the ceremony of blessing and unveiling the new statues of the Sacred Heart and St. Patrick, which have been recently placed in the church, took place. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dean Tubman, who also preached a sermon suitable to the occasion. The statues, which are life-size, are beautiful examples of the artists' skill, and are the best Dean Tubman could obtain in New York when on his recent visit there. The statue of the Sacred Heart was donated by Miss Sullivan, of Pleasant Point, and the two beautiful figures of angels with candelabra that have been placed in the sanctuary, and which add greatly to the beauty of the high altar, were given by Mr. M. Mullins in memory of his late wife.

Napier

(From a correspondent.)

The fortnightly meeting of the Hibernian Society took longer than usual on account of the lengthy order paper for the next district meeting coming up for discussion. The members present did not seem to be very favorably inclined towards the sub-district scheme. A motion of condolence with the relatives of the late Bro. John Higgins was passed. Although only an honorary member, Bro. Higgins was deeply interested in Hibernian matters, and was always ready to assist and encourage the local branch. He was instrumental in bringing many members into the society by his generosity in donating gold medals for competition. He was always proud to wear the Hibernian colors at all functions where the branch was represented. He is a great loss to the Church and the Hibernian Society, and the sincere sympathy of officers and members is extended to the bereaved family.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME IN AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

February 21.

No more enthusiastic welcome has ever been accorded any dignitary, ecclesiastical or civil, in Auckland, than that extended to his Excellency Archbishop Cerretti, Apostolic Delegate, on Saturday afternoon by the several thousands who had assembled at the railway station. Those present included clergy and laity from all parts of the extensive diocese of Auckland. On alighting from the train, his Excellency, accompanied by his Lordship Bishop Cleary, Rev. Dr. Ormond, Rev. Dr. Kaldewey, and Rev. Father Sherin, was met by his Worship the Mayor (Mr. J. H. Gunson), and cordially welcomed on behalf of the citizens. In equally felicitous terms Archbishop Cerretti replied, and thanked the Mayor. His Lordship Bishop Cleary then introduced the clergy and laity to the distinguished visitor, after which his Excellency proceeded by way of the carpeted entrance to the motor car, with his Lordship Bishop Cleary and committee in attendance. At the sight of the Apostolic Delegate the vast crowd cheered him most enthusiastically. This was renewed again and again, hats, umbrellas, and handkerchiefs being waved aloft. It was a stirring spectacle, and one calculated to move the most sluggish nature to enthusiasm. Seated in the car with Bishop Cleary only, his Excellency moved through two hundred cadets of the Sacred Heart College, who were drawn up as a guard of honor on each side of the station entrance. The crowd in the meantime maintained vigorous cheering, while the Third Auckland Regimental Band enlivened the proceedings with very acceptable music. As his Excellency's carriage moved out into Queen street, it was followed by over one hundred and fifty motor cars, every one of which was decorated with the Papal colors,

gold and white. Each parish car bore the name of the parish on the glass shield. Like a piece of machinery the procession moved off by Queen street, Karangahape road, Ponsonby road, College Hill, New street to the Bishop's Palace.

The following was the order of procession:—After his Excellency's carriage came that in which were Monsignors Gillan, V.G., and Mahoney, V.G., Rev. Dr. Kaldewey and Rev. Father Sherin. In the third were the executive of the reception committee (Hon. J. Tole, K.C., Messrs. J. J. O'Brien, P. J. Nerheny, M. J. Sheahan, and F. G. J. Temm). The district officers of the Hibernian Society occupied the fourth carriage, and the executive officers of the diocesan council of the Catholic Federation the fifth. Then came the representatives of the different parishes in the following order:—Cathedral, Cambridge, Paeroa, Opotiki, Whangarei, Pukekohe, Otahuhu, Grey Lynn, Remuera, Ormond, Waihi, Thames, Gisborne, Hamilton, St. Benedict's, Dargaville, Sacred Heart, Onehunga, Tauramarunui, Te Aroha, Ellerslie and Panmure, Te Kuiti, Coromandel, Devonport, Tuakau, Parnell, Tauranga, Te Awamutu, Puhoi, Waiuku, Ngaruawahia and Huntly, and Rotorua.

At New street, children from the Catholic schools, neatly attired, lined each side of the street, and gave a hearty welcome to his Excellency, who graciously bowed to them. The cadets, who had hurried from the station, were again lined up on the Bishop's lawn as a guard of honor. The children, gathered in front of the Palace, and to band accompaniment, under Mr. P. Hiscocks, sang 'God bless our Pope' and 'Faith of our fathers.'

THE CEREMONIES ON SUNDAY

The ceremonies at the Cathedral on Sunday were of a most impressive character. There was Solemn High Mass at 11 o'clock, at which his Excellency presided. The Cathedral was practically filled an hour before the appointed time, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The Cathedral and its neighborhood had been lavishly decorated for the occasion with flags and streamers, in which the Papal colors (white and gold) had a conspicuous place, rows of electric lamps for the evening illuminations, mingling with the lines of bunting. In the interior of the building also white and gold draping predominated. His Excellency and his Lordship Bishop Cleary, on arriving in their motor car, were received by a guard of honor, consisting of the members of the Hibernian Society and of the confraternity of the Holy Family, who lined the carpeted roadway between the presbytery and the Cathedral. As the ecclesiastical procession passed along the nave of the Cathedral, the choir sang 'Ecce Sacerdos.'

His Excellency having taken his seat on the throne, the celebration of the Mass began. Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk (Superior of the Maori Missions) was the celebrant, Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, V.G. (Diocesan Administrator) being assistant priest, Very Rev. Dean Darby deacon, Rev. Father Taylor subdeacon, Right Rev. Monsignors Gillan, V.G., and Hackett deacons at the throne, and Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook master of ceremonies. The music of the Mass was Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle,' which was admirably sung by a strong choir, Mr. P. F. Hiscocks acting as conductor, and Mr. H. Hiscocks as organist. As an Offertory, the choir sang 'Tu es Petrus,' and at the conclusion of the Mass the 'Te Deum' was sung.

BISHOP CLEARY'S WELCOME.

In lieu of a sermon, his Lordship Bishop Cleary addressed his Excellency in words of warm welcome to the diocese. On the previous day, said his Lordship, the Catholic people of Auckland had opened their hearts in evidence of the love and respect they entertained for their Holy Father the Pope to the Delegate, as the personal representative of his Holiness. On Tuesday evening, the united feelings of the people, the priests, and the Bishop towards their visitor would have more formal expression. In the City of Rome stood the ancient statue of Janus, which was partly intended to represent the opening of a new year or a new era. For that reason it was represented by two faces—one looking backward on the past, the other fixed hopefully on the future. The appointment of an Apostolic Delegation to Australasia marked the opening not merely of a new year, but also of a new era in the history of the Church in these southern lands. On such an occasion they might well look back briefly upon the past, and look forward hopefully to the future. It was only 88 years ago since the first Catholic settlers made their home in New Zealand, and only 78 years had passed since the first four Catholic missionaries—Bishop Pompallier and his band of three associates—landed on these shores. From that day to this the progress of the Church had been strong and steady. At the present time, continued Bishop Cleary, there were in this Dominion 119 parishes, 350 churches, 240 priests, 66 teaching Brothers, 1280 Sisters, one ecclesiastical seminary, four colleges for boys, 37 boarding schools for girls, 18 superior day schools, 135 primary schools, 15 charitable institutions, and some 16,000 Catholic children in school attendance. The Catholic population of the Dominion was nearly 150,000, and this represented but one part of the wide Dominion over which the Apostolic Delegate exercised jurisdiction. Looking back upon the past, and viewing also the achievements of the present, they could well bend the knees of their souls in thanksgiving for this wonderful increase in the faith in these southern lands, and they might well look forward with hope and confidence to the future, for now there was an Apostolic Delegation in Australasia to organise, concentrate, and direct the whole of the spiritual energies of the Church. With one accord, the Bishop, priests, and people of the diocese gave his Excellency a right hearty welcome, and hoped his stay in Auckland would be pleasant, and that the establishment of the Delegation would be a source of very great blessing to these countries.

VESPERS

Another large congregation was present in the Cathedral in the evening, when his Excellency presided at Vespers. The church was filled half an hour before the appointed time, and many people were unable to obtain admittance. As his Excellency entered the church, accompanied by his Lordship Bishop Cleary, the large congregation rose, and the choir sang Stein's 'Ecce Sacerdos.' Archbishop Cerretti was conducted to the Bishop's throne. The clergy who formed the procession were as follows:—Right Rev. Monsignors Mahoney, Gillan, Hackett, Rev. Dr. Ormond, Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Very Rev. Dean Darby, Rev. Fathers Kehoe, Lane, Murphy, Lynch, O'Brien, Bleakley, O'Malley, Cahill, Furlong, Taylor, and Dignan.

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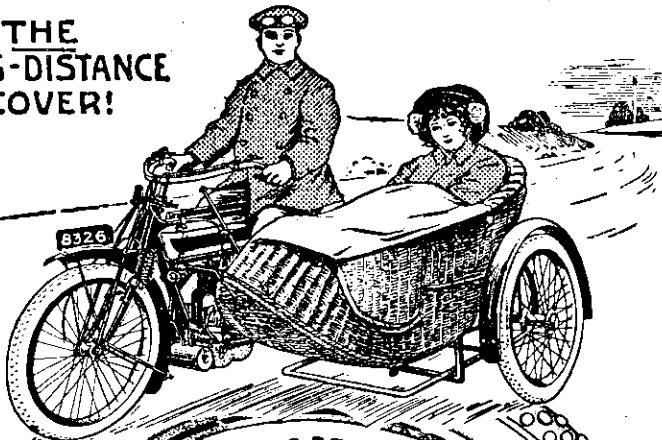


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During Vespers, the choir rendered Lambilotte's 'Magnificat.'

Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett, Paeroa, preached the sermon, taking for his text the words, 'This is the work of God, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' The Right Rev. preacher referred to the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, and said that the Catholic Church had fixed the seat and centre of its world-wide spiritual dominion on the crumbling ruins of the monuments of the buried Caesars. Catholic Popes had reigned over that Church since then in one glorious unbroken succession. He spoke of the influence of the Holy Father in ameliorating the conditions of prisoners and other sufferers by the war. His Holiness had done his best to make peace, but his appeal had fallen on deaf ears.

His Excellency gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After the Benediction, his Excellency bestowed the Papal Blessing on the congregation, and the choir sang the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'

After Vespers, the congregation, numbering some two thousand, augmented by many others who had been unable to obtain admittance, assembled outside the Cathedral to witness the departure of his Excellency. The square at the Cathedral was brilliantly illuminated with electric globe lights, hung on poles, and throwing into relief myriads of flags, the whole transforming the scene into fairyland, from the porch to the presbytery entrance. The people pressed closely up to the passage way held by the guards of honor, formed by the members of the Hibernian Society, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and when the distinguished prelate passed all knelt down reverently to receive the Pontifical Blessing.

When his Excellency and party left the presbytery, to enter the motor cars to convey them to the palace, there was a spontaneous outburst of cheering, which did not cease until his Excellency and party were well on their way. All were thrilled with the reception. It was typically Auckland, and equally typical of the warmth of New Zealand's sympathy with the Holy See.

Mass was celebrated by his Excellency Archbishop Cerretti at St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, on Sunday morning. The entrances to the grounds and convent were splendidly decorated, and, as his Excellency entered the convent chapel, the music was rendered by the choir. After the celebration of the Mass, his Excellency was received by the Rev. Mother and over 100 Sisters, who represented the branch convents of the Order of Mercy all over the Auckland diocese. An address was presented to his Excellency, the illumination of which typified the prominent features of the growth of the Order of Mercy in Auckland.

His Excellency congratulated the Sisters on their good work.

[Up to going to press we had not received from our Auckland correspondent a report of the public reception tendered to his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate.—Ed. N.Z.T.]

A CATHOLIC INSTITUTE AT FEATHERSTON

Rev. Father Segrief, who was the Catholic chaplain to the Samoan Expeditionary Force, and recently on the hospital ship Maheno during her first commission at Gallipoli, sends us the following communication setting forth the situation of the Catholic men at the Featherston Camp, and appeals to Catholics all over New Zealand for funds for the erection of an institute for religious and social use.

Military Camp,

Featherston, February 21, 1916.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—I beg to place before you and your readers the position of the Catholic body in this camp. You are doubtless aware that the Reinforcement Training Camp has been transferred from the canvas camp at Tauherenikau to the new hutment camp near

Featherston. From the point of view of military efficiency the camp is excellently appointed, and complete in detail. The Government, though it supplies chaplains, does not undertake to provide buildings for religious purposes. Each denomination has to furnish its own. At the present time, two denominations have their institutes built, and in full swing; a third has theirs well under way. Only the Catholics are behind, and have neither chapel nor clubrooms of their own. From the religious point of view this is a very serious disadvantage. Up till recently, Mass has been celebrated on Sundays in a tent or building, lent by the Y.M.C.A.; now, it is being held in one of the men's dining halls. This begging for accommodation is very humiliating for the Catholic body, and the surroundings at Mass are far from conducive to prayer or piety.

Evening devotions are at present out of all question in camp: so is early Mass for Communion on Sunday: so is week-day Mass for the chaplain. There is no place for meeting and instructing many men in need of religious teaching; nor yet, is there a suitable place for confessions. We will rough it when we must, but we will have conveniences when we may.

With regard to club and social work the position is equally intolerable. Catholic men have no place of their own in which to spend their evenings, but by force of circumstances have to use the institutes of other denominations, and write to Catholic homes on paper bearing the inscription of non-Catholic societies and associations. They are using the games and amusements and attending the concerts supplied by others, when they should have all these things of their own in their own hall, where the lads can get to know and help one another as Catholics; where the priest can get into personal touch with his men; where instructions can be carried on; where our boys can bring their non-Catholic friends, and feel a just pride at being as good and as independent as any denomination in the camp. Only then will cease the present twitting of the Catholics over having no institute.

At Trentham Camp the Catholic hall is excellently appointed and managed, and the men when transferred from Trentham to Featherston are bitterly disappointed to find there is here no Catholic hall with all that it means to them.

From my personal association with our troops from the first week of the war, I am convinced they are well worth working for; they appreciate and are worthy of any little comfort or convenience provided for them. Anyone with a spark of enthusiasm for the cause, with the care of our men at heart, with the good name of Catholics in mind, cannot but feel the urgency of the need of a suitable chapel-hall in Featherston Camp.

Other societies and associations make vigorous appeals to the public for large sums with which to carry on their works among the men. We now appeal to the Catholic body throughout New Zealand for the sum of £1000 for the building and furnishing of the Catholic institute in this camp, which is to be a permanent one, after the war.

The contract for the building has been let. The work will begin this week; the money must be found. An opportunity will be given of contributing in the churches in all the dioceses, but persons so disposed may send their donations, large or small, direct to the camp chaplain, who will duly acknowledge them in the *Tablet*.

Trusting you will give me your assistance in this urgent work.

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS B. SEGRIEF, S.M.,

Chaplain N.Z.E.F., Featherston.

[Some time ago, by the direction of his Lordship Bishop Verdon, a collection was made in the diocese of Dunedin for this object, and a sum of £100 has been forwarded to the treasurer of the Catholic Federation, Wellington. No doubt there are persons who have not yet subscribed who will be glad of the opportunity now afforded. We would recommend that donations be sent direct to Father Segrief, Captain-Chaplain, Military Camp, Featherston.—Ed. N.Z. *Tablet*.]



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GODBERS.

COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, February 22, 1916, as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—Our next sale will be held on Monday, 28th inst.

Sheepskins.—We held our fortnightly sale to-day when we submitted a small catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition was keen, and last sale's prices were well maintained. Quotations: Best halfbred, to 12½d; medium, to 11½d; best crossbred, to 12½d; fine crossbred, to 12d; best merino, to 9d; medium, to 8½d; best hoggets, to 11d; medium, to 10½d; pelts, from 3½d to 9½d.

Hides.—Our next sale will be held on Thursday, 24th inst.

Oats.—New season's oats are now coming forward in small quantities. All lines offering for immediate delivery are readily placed at quotations. Buyers are not so keen to make purchases for later threshed lots. Prime milling, 3s 3d to 3s 4d; good to best feed, 3s 2d to 3s 3d; inferior to medium, 2s 10d to 3s 1d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—Millers have been supplying their requirements from northern stations. Samples of southern-grown wheat are now coming to hand, and all good sound lines meet with ready sale. Fowl wheat is scarce and meets with a good local demand. Best whole fowl wheat, 5s to 5s 3d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff.—There has been a good demand for all choice lots of old chaff which have met with ready sale at quotations. Best oaten sheaf, £5 to £5 5s; medium, £4 10s to £4 15s; inferior and discolored, £3 10s to £4 per ton (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—There is a good local demand for choice lots, and consignments are easy to quit on arrival at quotations. Best freshly-dug table lines, £7 to £7 10s; medium to good, £6 10s to £7 per ton (sacks in).

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co., Ltd., report:—

We held our weekly sale of grain and produce on Monday, when values ruled as under:—

Oats.—New season's oats are now coming forward in small quantities. All lines offering for immediate delivery are readily placed at quotations, but buyers are not so keen to make purchases for later threshed lots. Prime milling, 3s 3d to 3s 4d; good to best feed, 3s 2d to 3s 3d; inferior to medium, 2s 10d to 3s 1d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The local market is at present almost bare of stocks. Millers have been supplying their requirements from northern stations. Samples of southern-grown wheat are now coming to hand, and all good sound lines meet with ready sale, for immediate or forward delivery. Fowl wheat is scarce, and meets with good local demand. Best whole fowl wheat, 5s to 5s 3d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—The new crop is now coming on the market. In most cases the quality is first class, but the Government inspection of lines for shipment is critical in the extreme, and only thoroughly choice lots have so far filled its requirements as to condition. Best table potatoes, £7 to £7 10s; others, £6 to £6 15s per ton (sacks included).

Chaff.—Prime old oaten sheaf is in request, but lower grades have little demand. New chaff, if in sound condition, meets with fair inquiry. Some consignments of new chaff are not sufficiently matured, and are more or less heated, which makes them difficult to deal with. Best oaten sheaf (old), £5 to £5 5s; medium, £4 10s to £4 15s; inferior and discolored, £3 10s to £4; best new chaff, £4 10s to £4 15s; medium, £4 to £4 5s per ton (bags extra).

The High Commissioner cabled as follows from London on the 19th inst:—

Mutton and Lamb.—The market is firm, with a hardening tendency. There is a good demand for all descriptions owing to the short supply available. In more than one instance sellers have accepted ½d per lb

below the official quotation. Canterbury mutton, 7½d for all weights; other brands than Canterbury, not quoted; ewes, 7½d; Canterbury lamb, 8½d for all weights; second grade, 7½d; other brands than Canterbury, ordinary quality, 8d; a small number of this season's selling at 9d.

Beef.—Only New Zealand cow beef is available. Hinds, 6½d; fores, 5½d. Chilled (in limited supply): Hinds, 7½d; fores, 6½d.

Butter.—The market is firm, with a good demand for colonial at higher prices. Danish (market firmer), 165s to 168s; New Zealand (firm market and a good demand), 154s to 165s; unsalted, 160s to 164s; fair to good quality, 146s to 150s; Australian (market quiet), 146s to 150s; Siberian (steady), 124s to 130s; Argentine (market closes strong), 142s to 144s.

Cheese.—The market is quiet. Canadian (market quiet but steady), 99s to 100s; New Zealand (market quiet at a decline), white 95s to 96s, colored 96s to 97s, fair to good quality, 93s to 94s; English cheddar (firm market), 106s to 108s; best quality Cheshire, 114s to 120s; United States (market quiet but steady), 96s to 97s; flats, 95s to 96s.

Hemp.—The Manila market is quiet, except for the lower grades, for which prices have advanced. Coarse has been sold at £53, for March-May shipment. The value of new graded fair is £56. The New Zealand is also quiet. Good fair, about £47; fair, about £45, for February-April shipment. Nearer positions command a premium of about 10s.

Hops.—The market is firm, but lately there has been a limited supply. English, 140s to 150s; Californian, 99s to 115s.

Wheat.—The market is firm, but on account of high prices buyers are cautious. Canadian, 70s per quarter on spot; February-March shipment, 68s; Argentine, February-March shipment, per steamer, 68s; per sailer 67s; Australian, February shipment, per steamer, 70s; per sailer, 68s 6d.

Oats.—The market is dull, with a downward tendency. Argentine on spot, 31s 6d; afloat, 30s 6d.

WEDDING BELLS

GIBSON—MURPHY.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

A quiet and pretty wedding was solemnised at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, on Wednesday, January 26, when Miss Nellie Murphy, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, of Timaru, was married to Mr. Michael Gibson, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, of Clarendon, Otago. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Ryan. Miss Dennehy presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a beautiful gown of creme crepe-de-chine, trimmed with lace and pearls, with a court train also trimmed with pearls and orange blossoms. She wore a tulle veil, arranged in mob-cap style, with a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. Miss Margaret Murphy (sister of the bride), who attended as bridesmaid, was attired in a very pretty frock of shell pink crepe-de-chine, and wore a black picture hat trimmed with a beautiful ostrich feather and large white rose. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations, maiden-hair fern, and pale pink streamers. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. P. Downey as best man. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a beautiful cameo brooch, and to the bridesmaid a cameo bangle. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold sovereign case. After the ceremony a reception was given by the bride's parents at the Stafford Tea Rooms. The presents received were handsome and numerous, and included several cheques. Later the happy couple left by motor *en route* for a tour of the North Island. The bride's travelling dress was a smart dove grey silk poplin suit, and with this wore a very modish little white hat.

J. M. J.

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Students not preparing for the learned professions have the advantage of a Special COMMERCIAL COURSE, comprising Shorthand, Typewriting, and Book-keeping; and those who intend to take up Farming Pursuits may follow a Special Course of AGRICULTURAL and DAIRY SCIENCE.

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The Pension is £35 a year, payable half-yearly in advance. It provides for Board and Lodging, Tuition, School Books, Furniture, Bedding, and House Linen.

The Extra Charges are: Washing, £1/10/- a year, and Medicine and Medical Attendance if required.

Students will provide their own wearing apparel, including the Soutane, as well as Surplice for assistance in Choir.

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BIRTH

BARRY.—On January 29, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Barry, Ohakune—a daughter.

DEATHS

BURNS.—On February 4, 1916, Joseph, dearly beloved husband of Hannah Burns, West Clive; aged 74 years.—R.I.P.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

BELL.—On February 17, 1916, at Waimate, Allan, beloved youngest son of William and Elizabeth Bell; aged 3 years. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

SMITH.—In sad and affectionate remembrance of our dearly beloved George Taylor, who died at Ashburton on February 18, 1914; aged 16 years and 7 months.—R.I.P.

In his manhood overtaken,
Ere he could attain his prime;
By an ailment, unabating,
Withering him before his time.

We think of him in silence,
When no eye can see us weep;
And many a silent tear is shed
When others are asleep.

—Inserted by his loving mother.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

BRYANT.—On December 15, 1915, at St. Patrick's Hospital, Malta, Private John Joseph Bryant (Wellington Mounted Rifles), eldest son of Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Mornington; aged 24 years.—R.I.P.

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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, FEBRUARY 24, 1916.

THE STATE AND EDUCATION

THAT the State has certain powers in conformity with its lawful end, and that these powers are limited by the higher rights of individuals, of families, and of the Church, we have already considered in a previous issue. In a word the State is subject to two laws higher than its own: the natural law and the divine law. The natural law dictates that parents alone have the right to educate their children. Only in the case of manifest neglect on the part of the parents has the State any right to interfere, and its office in such a contingency is to compel the parents to do their duty. It has no right to assume the office of the parents if they can, or can be made, fulfil it. Children undoubtedly enter the State at their birth, but the State derives from that fact no more right to direct their education than it does to concern itself with private affairs of individuals generally. It is important to remember that the family is the unit of civil society, and that it is through the family children come into the State. Education assuredly promotes the welfare of the State; but the State cannot usurp the rights of parents on that ground, any more than it could arrogate to itself the power of controlling the marriage contract on the ground that eugenic marriages would make for an efficient State. The State cannot violate the natural law, and it is by its observance the common good is ultimately best assured.

In the supernatural order, Christ gave His Church the everlasting mission of teaching all men. This does not take away the rights which parents derive from the natural law: it confirms and sanctifies them. Parents are the naturally chosen ministers of God for the promotion of the eternal and temporal welfare of their children. They are bound not only to put a sound religious training before all secular learning, but also to assist the divinely ordained teachers in their efforts to inculcate in the young sound Catholic prin-

cles. Moreover, the Church has authority to punish parents who contumaciously offend by neglect of this duty, and if necessary to deprive them of the Sacraments. The right order of things is that parents and Church and State should work together for the promotion of true Christian education. When the civil power is hostile to the Church it is a sign that there is something rotten in the State. Usually the rottenness is all too obvious.

*

Elementary schools are a natural extension of the family. Parents, as a rule, cannot themselves undertake the task of educating their children, and are of necessity forced to entrust the task to others. Thus the need of primary schools arises directly from the family; and therefore the schools should not be independent of the family: both should co-operate for the same end. The State is bound to help the family; it must not usurp its rights. Consequently when a State claims a monopoly of education, reserves the rates and taxes for its own schools, and through petty persecutions and hardly veiled bigotry sets itself against the schools of those who, from conscientious motives, will not accept the State Education, it is false to its purpose and does not deserve the support of its members. Such a monopoly is a violation of the rights of parents, and a crime against the natural and the divine laws. To allege that in such a case the State merely supplies instruction, and that parents still retain the right to provide for the moral and religious education of their children is the last ineptitude of which bigotry is capable. It is a matter of sad experience that the school which has no care for the religion of its pupils is irreligious and immoral in its tendencies. This is true not only of primary schools, but even more so of higher schools in which the pupils are of an age at which, owing to their growing powers and strong temptations, the absence of religious and moral restraint is inevitably calamitous. To compel parents to send their children to such schools is clearly unjust. To have recourse to indirect compulsion by making it necessary to take out scholarships in the State schools is just as criminal. Whether cowardice or malice is behind it, the Government that acts thus is sowing seeds for a terrible reaping. In Victoria, secular education was adopted in 1873. Since then criminals have increased out of all proportion to the increase of population. Education of the sort favored by modern statesmen did undoubtedly increase; and the worst criminals were the best 'educated.' Secular education was adopted in France in 1882, and 'to-day child criminality is nearly double that of adults.' 'In Paris more than half of the individuals arrested are under twenty, and nearly all have been guilty of the most serious offences' (M. Fouillée, in *Revue des deux Mondes*). 'One knows,' says *Le Temps*, 'the laws we have made, the schools we have built, the elaborate programmes, the money spent. What has been the fruits of these efforts? . . . Our crimes increase yearly, the police courts are unable to repress them; above all the number of young criminals and evil-doers follows a most disquieting progression. . . Many begin to doubt if education (secular education) is any gain; others denounce it as a curse and even as a peril to the nation.'

*

Are things much better in New Zealand? We Catholics have bravely shouldered a heavy burden rather than send our children to the State schools. The Government turns a deaf ear to our just demands. Our schools are, at the worst, equal to the State schools—so much has been acknowledged. But year after year the wrong continues unrighted, and we seem as far away from being governed by men of principle and justice as ever. Sometimes it is absolutely necessary for Catholic parents to send their children to a State school, and in many cases Catholic children are exposed to no worse fate than the children of other denominations. It is not always so. To our certain knowledge the head teacher in one school lately introduced into his curriculum a lecture on 'Pat and his

pig,' with illustrations. And there are, I am sorry to say, children of Irish parents attending that school. That the parents should have forgotten their Irish blood is perhaps a matter on which the teacher in question ought to congratulate himself. Other reasons to justify our attitude towards State schools will occur to our readers. Undenominational schools are seminaries of unbelief and moral laxity. The State that foists them on the people is an enemy to Christ. Catholics are not alone in denouncing the iniquity; Anglican ministers, too, are awake to the nature of the evil and vigorous in their condemnation of it. God gave to parents a natural right, and to the Church a divine right, to educate children in His fear and love. Consider a little, O readers, what are the qualifications of the people who set themselves above the natural law, and who would dethrone God!

*

What we demand is not impossible. To men free from bigotry and possessed of honesty it is even easy. In Ireland, private secondary schools, whether taught by Jesuits or by Presbyterians, are paid by results of examinations. Many of the National primary schools are taught by nuns or by De la Salle Brothers. And where it is at all practicable, there is a National school for Catholics and one for Protestants in the same place. In Catholic sections the manager is invariably the parish priest. There are a number of training colleges for primary teachers under the management of the Catholic Bishops. In mixed schools there is an hour for separate religious instruction, and the local clergy have access to the class-room for the purpose of seeing personally to the teaching. Through constant vigilance, through united action, through determined insistence on their rights, the Irish people have converted schools that were designed to undermine their religion and their patriotism into efficient centres of education. In Germany the people's schools are either denominational or mixed. In mixed schools separate religious education of minorities is provided for by the employment of teachers of various denominations. There is perfect religious equality without compromise of principles. 'All systems of religion and of no religion are treated on the same footing. The parent decides, and the State complies loyally.' 'The German people,' says Mr. Shadwell, 'have decided that morality cannot be sufficiently taught apart from religion, and, further, that religious teaching to be efficient must be dogmatic.'

*

Meantime, contemplate a State in flagrant conflict with the natural and divine laws, and which compels us to pay taxes for schools that we detest and abhor. Ireland and Germany long suffered similar wrongs. By determined and united efforts the Catholics of Ireland and Germany obtained justice. For us the moral is obvious.

Notes

The Church and the War

The position which the Catholic Church occupies in the present terrible conflict of nations is a matter of deep concern to some narrow-minded zealots. A writer in an English non-Catholic weekly bewails the fact that the Church in England has gained immensely in prestige since the commencement of the war. The Catholic Church (he says) shines in every phase of the war and in every department of the field of battle as chief of all the Churches. She is not only elaborately reported as rendering exceptional service with unflinching devotion and heroic effort to the men at the front, but the papers display photographs showing her clergy celebrating Mass behind the lines, or administering Extreme Unction in the danger zone, etc. Never was she so impressively before the public gaze as a paragon of perfection—in the limelight all the time; while the faithful labors of the clergy of all Protestant denominations are very tamely and only occasionally noticed.

Stupendous Cost of the Struggle

The British Government have asked for more money for war purposes, and the House of Commons have granted it without, apparently, any opposition. The British Empire is spending on the war every three weeks a sum equal to the national debt of New Zealand. Mr. Asquith, in introducing during the week a vote for £430,000,000, in the House of Commons, said: 'I will confine myself to the financial aspect of the question. There will be two votes—one a supplementary vote for the expiring year, and the other for the new year. This vote of credit will raise the total for 1915-16 to £1,420,000,000, and the total since the outbreak of the war is £1,782,000,000. The total issued out of votes of credit since last April is £1,198,000,000. The daily expenditure from April 1 to July 17 was £2,800,000, and from then to September £3,500,000; from September to November, £4,350,000; from November to February 19, £4,400,000. The army, navy, and munitions from April to February 19 cost £834,000,000.' He pointed out that the total war votes was now £2,082,000,000. Mr. Asquith stated that our loans to our Allies to date totalled £168,000,000. Since November the expenditure on the army, navy, and munitions had increased by £400,000 daily. It was not certain what sums must be spent before the end of the financial year in the purchase of American securities. It was also desirable to repay substantial sums to the Bank of England.

The silver lining, figuratively speaking, to this enormous cloud of debt, was the statement of Mr. McKenna, who said: 'The British credit is marvellous. After 18 months of war we are still the only open gold country in the world, possessing gold for every note. Two years ago we would have thought it impossible to raise gigantic sums of over £2,000,000,000, and still have an open market for gold. I never believed the British credit would stand such an extraordinary test.'

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

The number of ecclesiastical students at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, this year is 60.

His Lordship Bishop Verdon leaves to-morrow (Friday) for Christchurch to assist at the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, which takes place on Sunday.

Mr. P. Hally, who has been appointed a member of the newly-appointed Board of Trade, has been for several years a Conciliation Commissioner for the Wellington district, where he has done excellent work, which has met with the approval of all parties. Prior to his appointment he was engaged in business in Dunedin, where he was highly respected. He is an ex-pupil of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin.

The following pupils of St. Philomena's College, South Dunedin, were successful in the November examinations:—Senior free place (competitive), Margaret M. Walsh; intermediate (non-competitive) and senior free place, Eileen Tither.

The Dunedin Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation will be represented at the annual meeting of the Dominion Council in Wellington by Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., and Mr. D. L. Poppelwell, Gore.

The annual picnic of the pupils of the Catholic schools will be held at Wingatui on Saturday, March 4. The train will leave Dunedin at a quarter past nine o'clock, and will stop at Kensington and Caversham. The fares have been fixed as follow:—Children under 15 years, 6d; over 15, 9d; adults, 1s. Hot water and milk will be provided on the grounds. A fine programme of sports has been arranged, and everything promises that the outing will be most enjoyable.

A meeting was held in St. Joseph's Hall on Sunday evening last to make arrangements for the annual St. Patrick's Night concert, to be held this year in His Majesty's Theatre on Thursday, March 16. Very

Rev. Father Coffey presided, there being also present Rev. D. O'Neill (South Dunedin), Rev. Brother O'Ryan, and a fair number of the laity. Mr. H. Poppelwell was appointed hon. secretary, and a programme committee, consisting of Messrs. A. Vallis, H. Poppelwell, and F. Heley, was set up to report to a future meeting.

OBITUARY

MR. JOHN HIGGINS, NAPIER.

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

February 21.

I regret to record the death of Mr. John Higgins, which took place at his residence last Saturday evening, after a short but painful illness. The deceased, who was 75 years of age, was one of our oldest Catholics, having arrived in New Zealand in 1862, and shortly afterwards entered into business in Napier, where he has been most successful. He was ever ready to give a kindly hand to those in need, and it has been said that no one ever approached Mr. Higgins for assistance who did not receive something of his charity. He was a true son of Ireland, and identified himself very closely with any project that was for the benefit of his native land. He was a staunch Home Ruler. He visited his native land once since he first arrived in New Zealand. The late Mr. Higgins was twice married, there being a son and daughter by the first marriage, and three sons and three daughters by the second. The sincerest sympathy of the people of the district goes out to his widow and children. During his illness he was constantly attended by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, and died fortified by the rites of the Church.—R.I.P.

ROLL OF HONOR

Mrs. E. A. Bryant, District road, Mornington, received a letter last week from a priest in Malta, giving particulars of the death of her son, Trooper John J. Bryant, from dysentery. An account of the death of Trooper Bryant appeared in our issue of December 16. The deceased, who passed away fortified by the rites of the Church, was accorded a military funeral, and a wreath from the people of Malta was placed on the coffin. The interment took place in the Addolarata Cemetery, Malta.



TROOPER JOHN J. BRYANT, DUNEDIN.

Interprovincial

The thermometer in Napier at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning registered only 58 points, this (says the *Telegraph*) being the lowest it has been for a good many months.

A tribute to Southland's fertility and climate is the fact (says the *News*) that it leads every district in the Dominion in the estimated yield per acre of wheat and oats for this season. Large numbers of sheep and cattle are coming from the north to graze.

Mushrooms are commencing to become plentiful in the Ashburton district (says the *Guardian*). Early risers have been successful in collecting fine basketfuls.

The Oamaru Woollen Mills Company has decided to grant a war bonus of 5 per cent. to all employees (says the *Mail*), payable every three months.

Owing to the disorganisation of the usual steamer services, two ladies from South Africa, who are at present visiting relatives in Gisborne (says the *Poverty Bay Herald*), have found it necessary to book passages to London and from London to Capetown in order to return home.

The steam trawler *Nora Niven*, which returned to Wellington a few days ago from a fishing cruise, brought about 360 cases of moki, schnapper, gurnet, and soles (says the *Times*). The vessel left Wellington on the previous Saturday, and met with rough weather until reaching Kapiti Island. Trawling was carried on in the vicinity of the island until the vessel set out for port.

As three of the Union Company's big cargo steamers have been engaged for special services, the question arises (says a Press Association message from Wellington) if they are still to be classed as cargo boats. If they are held to be passenger ships the officers will be entitled to an increase in pay. The matter is now being considered, and if the negotiations are unsuccessful, the Merchant Service Guild will probably apply to the court for a ruling.

The depredations of a shark, by all accounts of no mean size, have been causing consternation to those Oamaru fishermen whose practice it is to use the proper fishing grounds about an hour's sail from the harbor (says the *North Otago Times*). It is reported that this monster can be plainly observed swimming quite close to the surface, and, as the proper, which incidentally are fairly plentiful at present, are being, as the fisherman thinks, safely landed, he turns over on his back, a lightning-like swish follows, and the head of the proper is all that remains for the fisherman. This clever ruse on the part of the shark has met with much success, to the disgust of the men in the boats, but preparations are contemplated to curb his audacity.

A little girl named Myra Mullan had a narrow escape from drowning on Saturday week (says the *Opunake Times*). Whilst bathing in the surf with some other children, the little girl got into the unusually strong sea that was running, and was gradually being forced out to sea. Luckily, Rev. Father Kelly's attention was drawn to the plight of the youngster, who was carried amidst the boulders on the jetty side of the bay, and he lost no time in going to the rescue. Encumbered with the child, Rev. Father Kelly was buffeted against the rocks, and was having an anxious time in getting clear, when the Rev. Mr. Welsh lent a helping hand at the successful rescue of the girl from a perilous position. Father Kelly was much exhausted and felt the effects of his knocks against the rocks.

'I had hoped,' said the Minister of Internal Affairs, at the conference of Patriotic Societies in Wellington last week, 'to have been able to lay before you a clear statement of the patriotic funds raised in New Zealand—how they are invested, the interests they are earning, and the amounts expended to date on behalf of soldiers and their dependents. Returns were asked for in accordance with section 110 of the War Funds Act, both in November and January. Many of the

societies have forwarded the information asked for, and to them I extend my cordial thanks. A large number, however, have neglected to supply the information asked for, and consequently I am unable to complete the task I set myself of endeavoring to lay before you a statement as to how long the funds would last in the respective military districts on the basis of the pensions already granted. I may remind trustees of patriotic funds that under the War Funds Act ample powers are given to enforce the supply of the information that has been asked for, and this information will certainly be required later in the year to lay before Parliament.'

During the discussion on infantile paralysis at the meeting of the Auckland Hospital Board last week, Mr. P. M. Mackay pointed out that the hospital lacked pathological and bacteriological departments. The *Herald* reports that the chairman (Mr. M. J. Coyle) admitted that this was so, but said it was through no fault of the board, which had tried to obtain the services of a thoroughly qualified bacteriologist. Advertisements had been inserted in the Home papers, and three applications had been received, but Dr. Valentine (Inspector-General of Hospitals) had written stating that he thought more qualified men might be obtained, and advising the board to wait until after the war, as most of the best qualified men were now at the front.

An announcement regarding war funds was made by the Hon. G. W. Russell at the Conference of Patriotic Societies on Friday at Wellington (says the *Post*). He stated that the Bank of New Zealand was handing the War Funds Council the sum of £10,000 for administration, and it was probable that one district patriotic society would hand over £15,000 for the same purpose. He hoped that the West Coast would pass its funds over to the War Funds Council for administration. Local committees would then be set up in all the centres on the West Coast, and the council would be in a position to take the entire responsibility for everything that might be required for soldiers from that district. There were other districts which might also consider the question. 'It all depends on whether they are likely to be strong enough to carry through with their own cash,' remarked the Minister.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

INQUIRER.—There is no contradiction in the matter inquired into. If you read Genesis iv., 26, you will find that Adam and Eve had more children than Cain and Abel, and if you read Genesis v., 4, you will find they had many sons and daughters, so that Cain could have taken unto himself a wife without contradicting any statement in the Bible.

R.K.—The works of the author you refer to are not prohibited, but the language of some of them is coarse.

D.M.R.—The following works by Catholic writers would probably suit you:—Father Dewe's *History of Economics* and Devas' *Political Economy*. Among non-Catholic writers: Professor Nicholson's *Elements of Political Economy*, and (for reference) his *Principles*, Dr. Sidgwick's *Political Economy*. Professor Bastable's *Theory of International Trade* and his *Public Finance* should prove very useful. Much information is to be gained from Webb's *Industrial Democracy* and Cannan's *History of the Theories of Production and Distribution*, while for general reference Palgrave's *Dictionary of Political Economy* may be consulted. These larger works would probably be found in the Public Library. For a criticism of modern theories and economists the reader may refer to Devas' *Political Economy*.

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CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

H.A.C.B. SOCIETY.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Bro. J. J. L. Burke once more endeavours to obscure the position by avoiding the point at issue; that is, the expense of holding the meeting, and not its postponement. Bro. Burke writes (I am quoting his own words): 'If he will re-read that letter he will find that I have never hinted at or suggested anything so absurd as asking the branches to reverse their votes of August last.' In order to make the matter intelligible I would point to the fact that sub-section (a) of the motion carried at the last district meeting reads as follows:—'It is undesirable to hold the meeting [at Westport] because of the consequent expense, i.e., over £500, during the strenuous time,' etc.

Bro. Burke now solicits the support of branches for the motion standing in the name of Wellington branch, No. 95, which reads:—'That owing to the postponement of the triennial movable meeting of 1916, the expenses of delegates to the annual meeting at Auckland in February (or when held), 1916, be paid out of the district management fund to the same extent as delegates' expenses are paid at a triennial movable meeting.' There is nothing ambiguous in this motion; it is simply transferring the expenditure, which the wise action of the last district meeting prevented at Westport, to the next annual meeting to be held in Auckland.

Economy during war time was the foundation and apex of the motion carried last August, and if the motion to be moved by the delegate for branch No. 95 be carried, as proposed by Bro. Burke, it will most assuredly be, in effect, a reversal of the vote cast by delegates at the last district meeting.

Bro. Burke charges me with being 'obsessed with the injustice of the district executive in moving the postponement of the triennial movable meeting for 1916.' The district executive, whose duty it is to study the interests of all branches, were surely within their rights in submitting a question of such grave importance to branches for their consideration, and enabling them to vote on it and decide for or against it. The majority of branches decided that the holding of such a meeting at such an expense, during this period of world-wide stress, must be attended with ill effects to the society. Where is the 'injustice' in this?

With reference to the protest lodged by branch No. 95, it was ruled out of order by the district president, and then handed back by the district president at the meeting to the delegate for branch No. 95. I have not seen or handled that protest at any subsequent period. There was, therefore, no 'neglect' on my part in not forwarding it to the Registrar.

Bro. Burke's innuendoes concerning the district executive and proxies are unfair. They (the proxies) voted by instructions, not from the executive but from the branches, which, in nearly every instance, appointed them.

In conclusion let it be clearly understood that nothing would afford greater pleasure to the district executive than to see a very large direct representation of the branches at the annual meeting to be held in April next at Auckland.—I am, etc.,

W. KANE,
District Secretary.

P.S.—If Bro. Burke had read the official minutes, page 13, he would have known what became of the appeal (protest) from branch No. 95.

THE PAN-SOUTHLAND GATHERING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your report of the Pan-Southland gathering, your correspondent omitted to mention the valuable services rendered by one of our leading Irish-Cath-

olic organisations—viz., the Hibernian Band. The gathering would have been a tame affair indeed this year, on account of the wet weather, but for the inspiring music rendered by 'our own' band, and, as a country supporter of this splendid body, and speaking on behalf of several other country visitors, we wish to express regret that no mention has been made of the services of the band. The band has been a fine advertisement for our Hibernian community of Southland, and should receive every encouragement.—I am, etc.,

TUATAPERE.

A.M.D.G. GUILD, DUNEDIN

The annual meeting of the A.M.D.G. Guild of the Perpetual Adoration was held at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Kennedy, Bellevue street, Roslyn, on Thursday, February 17. Rev. Father Corcoran (spiritual director) presided, and there were present—Mesdames Kennedy (president), J. B. Callan (vice-president), W. Shiel, C. A. Shiel, Cornish, Gebbie, Hally, Jackson, Watson, Misses Heley, L. Columb, Emery, and Murphy.

The council, in their report for the year ended January 31, stated that the principal work during the coming year would be for the Maori Mission. In thanking the clergy of the diocese for their patronage for the past eight years, the council regretted that circumstances would prevent them from holding an exhibition at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, in future. Nevertheless they would be pleased to supply, as heretofore, priests with vestments and church linen, if given sufficient notice. As would be seen from the balance sheet, the financial position was satisfactory. In addition to a sum of £4 5s 10d, cash in hand, there was a deposit of £22 6s 1d in the savings bank. The council regretted the loss of a most energetic member in the person of Mrs. P. Herbert, who had gone to reside in Christchurch. During the year goods to the value of £16 8s had been given to churches in the diocese.

Mesdames Jackson and Cumming (Arthurton) contributed donations of £1 each, and thus became life members.

A set of green vestments and an altar cloth have been promised by one friend of the guild and a second set and a piece of linen by a member for the Maori Mission. The following members have each donated an altar candlestick for the same object:—Mesdames Cumming, Cornish, Gebbie, Hussey, C. A. Shiel, O'Keefe, Greenslade, and Miss Mullen.

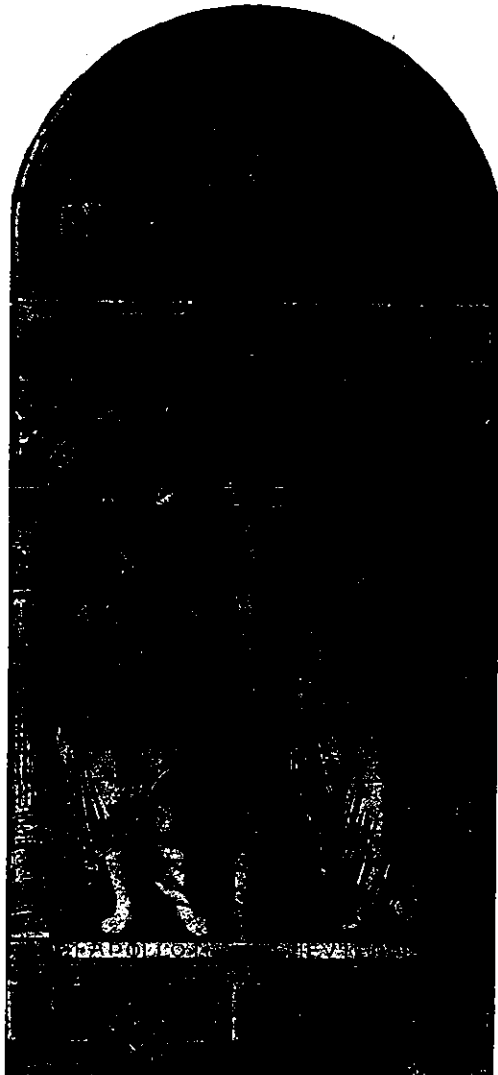
The following are the officers for the current year: President, Mrs. J. W. Kennedy; vice-president, Mrs. J. B. Callan; councillors—Mrs W. Shiel, Mrs. Hally, Miss Heley, and Miss Emery.

Rev. Father Corcoran briefly addressed the members, and expressed his pleasure at the progress which the guild was making. The excellent attendance that afternoon gave evidence of the interest taken in the good work. He asked that two altar cloths should be donated to the North-East Valley Church, and the request was granted. He reminded those present of the spiritual benefits gained by being enrolled as members, and said he was pleased to learn that many new members had just joined. The following was the

BALANCE SHEET.

Receipts.	
To balance brought forward	£4 1 2
Subscriptions	2 17 6
Donations	0 5 0
Sale of beads	0 16 0
Sale church requisites	43 14 3
	<hr/>
	£51 13 11
Expenditure.	
By materials, postage, freight, and customs	£47 8 1
Cash in hand	4 5 10
	<hr/>
	£51 13 11

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Irish News

GENERAL.

In a communication to the City of Dublin Recruiting Committee, the War Office says that while the exigencies of the military situation do not permit the appointment of a special Irish correspondent, the Army Council is anxious that the many gallant deeds of the Irish troops should be described in as detailed a manner as possible. There has been a feeling—not without some foundation—that the heroic sacrifices of the Irish soldiers, especially in Gallipoli, have either been altogether ignored or coldly and grudgingly reported. There is room for much improvement here.

Quite a number of sons of medical men from Limerick are now with the colors. A son of the late Dr. O'Sullivan is a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. Four sons of the late Dr. J. T. Hartigan, Tarbrook, Croom, are serving with the colors—Dr. John Hartigan in the R.A.M.C.; Dr. T. J. Hartigan on H.M.S. Vengeance, the Rev. Jeremiah Hartigan, S.J., as an army chaplain, and Mr. M. G. Hartigan in the Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry. A son of Dr. Graham, Limerick, has received a commission in the R.A.M.C.

At a recent meeting of the tenantry held on the Griffiths property, County Clare, the following resolution was unanimously adopted—'That we, the tenants on the Griffiths estate, record our deep appreciation of the manner in which our worthy parish priest, Vëry Rev. J. Glynn, advocated our cause in negotiating the purchase of our holdings. He is, indeed, the real "Soggart Aroon," and we hope he will long continue in our midst to direct our interests. As regards the agent, Mr. Charles O'Keane, we wish publicly to thank him for his kindness, patience, and consideration to us during his agency on the property, as well as for the assistance he gave Father Glynn in carrying out the sale, and wish him every happiness.'

As a result of the exertions of Rev. John Quinlan, P.P., Bansha, and Mr. John Cullinan, M.P., the sum of £101 has been collected to indemnify Mr. Edward Phelan, D.C., Toureen, Bansha, for the recent accidental burning of his entire stock of hay. The burning was caused by two of Mr. Phelan's children, of very tender years, who made a miniature bonfire near the hay rick. Father Quinlan, who presided at the meeting at which the presentation was made, congratulated Mr. Phelan on this striking proof of the good-will entertained by friends and neighbors for himself and his worthy father and family. Mr. Cullinan, M.P., and Rev. D. Moloney joined in the felicitations expressed by the rev. chairman.

MR. JOHN DILLON ON CONSCRIPTION.

In the debate which took place in the House of Commons on December 20 on the vote for a million more men for the Army, Mr. John Dillon said if Parliament yielded to the military demand for an unlimited number of men they would travel the road which would lead to financial ruin and the loss of the war. He challenged the right of Lord Derby to raise the cry of the 'unmarried slacker.' There was no proof that there was more cowardice amongst the unmarried men than amongst the married men. It seemed to be assumed in some quarters of the press that the average Britisher was more or less a coward until he provided himself with a wife, and then he became a hero and eager for the field of slaughter. The real issue was not whether a few unmarried slackers should be conscripted, but whether this nation was to be turned into a great military nation at the bidding of a section who were saturated to the marrow of their bones with Prussian principles. Two sources of England's strength for two hundred years had been her fleet and her finances. They were in danger of forgetting that fact and being drawn away without any adequate debate or reasoned statement into the position of being a great military nation. It was an im-

possible position for England to maintain. England must cut her coat according to the cloth, or she would come to grief. Mr. Dillon emphatically condemned the policy of conscription, and said before any Government could enforce it the men responsible for past failures must be pilloried and removed from their commands. The people would require assurances that if they had to go out to fight they would go under conditions which would give them a chance of winning the war. Conscription would create privileged classes, and would be repugnant to the consciences of many men, who would submit to death rather than take another person's life. Ireland had borne her part in the war, and her sons had splendidly redeemed the reputation of their race. He did not complain that Irish soldiers had been put in the forefront of the fighting. In the words of a popular Irish song, 'The van is the right of the Irish Brigade,' but he warned the Government that conscription would not be tolerated in Ireland. The Irish were faithful allies, and as such could be relied upon; but they were a free people and would not be trampled upon. It would be an act of political insanity for any Government to embark upon conscription.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

An Athlone correspondent of the *Ulster Examiner* writes:—Coincidentally with Mr. Redmond's references to the good relations existing between the Ulster and other Irish regiments in the field, I had a letter this morning from Private J. Cooney, an Athlone man serving with the Royal Irish Regiment, from which I transcribe the following passages:—'The Ulster Division are supporting us on our right. The other morning I was out by myself, and met one of them. He asked me what part of Ireland I belonged to. I said a place called Athlone, in the County Westmeath. He said he was a Belfastman, and a member of the Ulster Volunteers. I said I was a Nationalist Volunteer, and that the National Volunteers were started in my native town. "Well," said he, "that is all over now. We are Irishmen fighting together, and we will forget all these things." "I don't mind if we do," said I, "but I'm not particularly interested. We must all do our bit out here, no matter where we come from, North or South, and that is enough for the time." "I hear Carson is gone," said he—"retired from the Cabinet." I did not know whether he was or not, but said they would probably be able to manage without him. This young Belfastman was very anxious to impress me with the fact that we Irish were all one; that there should be no bad blood between us, and we became quite friendly in the course of a few minutes.'

THE PRICE THAT IRELAND PAID.

The *Belfast Irish News*, commenting on the statement made in the House of Commons that the Allied troops had been withdrawn from Gallipoli, said:—The above news marks the end of an extraordinary phase of the war which was productive of more controversy than any other of the Allies' enterprises. The chief landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula in April last were made at Sedd-ul-Bahr and Cape Helles. Here it was that the Dublin Fusiliers and the Munster Fusiliers, together with the Hampshires, on going ashore from the troopships, met with a terrible cross-fire from the heights above. They had to cross the gangway of lighters to the slight shelter afforded by a shelving beach. Many of them fell even on the boats and the gangway. It was here, too, that the heroic Father Finn, the Irish chaplain, met with his death. Although men were dropping every instant others pushed on, and among them Father Finn, who was struck by a bullet while giving consolation to the wounded Irish soldiers. Still the landing was persevered with, and eventually a portion of the Munsters and Dublins got ashore, where they were subjected to a fearful ordeal for twenty-four hours. Finally, other troops were landed, and then the Irish regiments, or what remained

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of them, were mustered together, and with a mighty effort they charged and captured the trenches above them, took the Turkish guns and forts, and pushed on to the village of Sedd-ul-Bahr and Hill 141. At the same time the Australians and New Zealanders, to the number of 12,000, effected a landing at Gaba Tepe, further along the northern shore of the peninsula. They, too, had to fight for every inch of the ground, but eventually secured what was practically a cleft in the mountain of Sari-Bahr. The place soon became known as Anzac, from the letters on the labels of the Australian forces—Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. The landing at Suvla Bay was a later operation, intended to get behind the main Turkish forces. In this the 10th Irish Division took part, and although most of them were new troops, they worthily upheld the fame of Irish bravery. One of the hills they captured in a bayonet charge became known as Dublin Hill. The landing at Suvla Bay will not soon be forgotten in Ireland, for among the heaviest sufferers were the 'Pals' Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which included many well-known Dublin men of all ranks of life.

On the 12th August, 1915, Col. Downing wrote: 'We left our last place last Friday, the 6th, and arrived here to effect a new landing on the 7th. We fought from early morning to dark, and the 7th R.D.F. made a great name for itself; they did splendidly, and I am so proud of them. I got a message from General --- during one of the hottest times of the attack that it was imperative that Hill 53 should be taken before sundown (now Dublin Hill). I was the senior Colonel in the attacking line, and told him it should be done. We captured it at 7.30 p.m. (just as it was getting dark), and the Turks fled from it, and we gained the front line of trenches. Major Harrison led the final attack and capture, and I came after him with the reserve (he is the bravest of the brave). We have gained a great name for the capture and for the splendid regiment which I have the honor to command.'

The following is an extract from another letter: 'We had quite a glorious victory yesterday. We took a big hill. The Dublins and the Munsters did splendidly. You should have heard the men in an R.N. gunboat, that was guarding our left flank, cheer. It was splendid. I shall never forget it.'

WEDDING BELLS

SHANAHAN—MOYNAHAN.

A pretty wedding took place in St. Bridget's Catholic Church, Pahiatua, on January 26, the contracting parties being Mr. J. J. R. Shanahan, eldest son of Mr. John Shanahan, and Miss K. E. Moynahan, only daughter of Mr. John Moynahan. The Rev. Father T. McKenna performed the ceremony, and also celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of cream satin charmeuse, with the usual veil and orange blossoms. She was attended as bridesmaid by Miss Shanahan, who wore a dress of white embroidered voile. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. C. Ness as best man. Miss McKenny, A.T.C.L., played the 'Wedding march' as the bridal party left the church. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to Webster's tea rooms, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of. The usual toasts were honored, that of the 'Bride and bridegroom' being proposed by Rev. Father McKenna. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold and amethyst bangle, the bridesmaid receiving a wristlet watch. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a suit case. The happy couple left by the express for Auckland, the bride wearing a smart navy costume with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Shanahan were the recipients of many useful and valuable presents.

The death is announced in Paris of a French Brigadier-General of Irish descent, Salaville Laval O'Farrell, at the age of seventy-eight years. The General, who had retired, was born in the Aube Department in north-east France.

People We Hear About

The estate of Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart, M.P. for Cardiff, who was killed in action in France on October 3, has been lodged as £105,643 movable and £177,032 heritage, the estate duty being £2227. Deceased was a member of a well-known Catholic family.

Rev. Dr. William McMahon, for twenty-two years editor of the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland, O., died a few days before Christmas in his sixty-first year. Death was caused by pneumonia, although Dr. McMahon had been in ill health since, in 1910, he suffered an attack of paralysis. Father McMahon was born in Wicklow, Ireland, in 1847, and went to America with his parents three years later.

Lord Milner's nationality seems a bit of a puzzle. He indignantly denounced lately all ministerial slugs responsible for the presence of Germans or pro-Germans in or near the War Office. Yet Lord Milner himself is German born, his father was German born, was a German conscript, and held a German professorship open only to Germans. Lord Milner's claim to British citizenship rests on the legal technicality that his grandfather was a British subject though settled in Germany, and some statute exists conferring on a grandson the nationality of a grandfather, even though the grandson be born abroad.

While the Church is re-echoing the celebrations held in the Sistine Chapel for the first anniversary of the coronation of the Holy Father (says a Rome correspondent), it is of interest to draw attention to a fact that is most singular in modern ecclesiastical history. In the *Annuario Pontificio* published by the Holy See the present Pontiff never figured as a Cardinal. In the number for 1914 he appears as Archbishop of Bologna. In that of 1915 he appears as head of the Catholic Church. The reason, needless to say, is that he became Cardinal and Pope within the same year. The circumstance is certainly a rather interesting one.

The Marquis of Bute is one of the leading Catholics in England, and one of the wealthiest men in the world. He is 35 years of age. He was born at Chiswick House, the eldest son of the third Marquis. He was educated at Harrow. To be the son of a father who joined the Catholic Church when he was very young, who sat to Disraeli for 'Lothair,' was Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, several times Mayor of Cardiff, a Knight of the Thistle, and the translator of the Roman Breviary, is the greatest of the present Marquis's great inheritances. Like his father, he has travelled in the East, and has given expression of his love for Scottish nationalism. He has been his Majesty's Lieutenant of Buteshire since 1905, and J.P. for Glamorgan since 1906. In 1908 he was appointed president of the Territorial Force Association for Bute. Lord Bute married (1905) Augusta Mary Monica, younger daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham.

Truly remarkable has been the career of the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, the new Archbishop of Chicago. Born in New York City on July 2, 1872, the Archbishop-elect received his elementary education at St. Nicholas' parochial school, and at the De La Salle Institute. In 1887 he entered Manhattan College, from which institution he was graduated in 1889. The Bishop then sent him to St. Vincent's Seminary, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, to pursue his theological and philosophical studies. He completed his course there by the time he was 20 years of age. As he was still too young to be ordained as a priest, and because of his unusually brilliant scholastic record, the young man was sent to Rome by Bishop McDonnell. In 1895 he was ordained in Rome by Bishop McDonnell. At the age of 37 he was appointed auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, and now he is Archbishop of Chicago. He is a tireless worker and an eloquent speaker. In going to Chicago the Most Rev. Dr. Mundelein goes to one of the largest Catholic archdioceses in America.

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PAY OF R.A.M.C. MEN.

The present title of the Royal Army Medical Corps dates from 1898. It was not until the Peninsula War that medical officers were appointed to accompany the Army in the field. Since then the record of the corps has been a glorious one, those cases alone which have been officially recognised having gained more V.C.'s than any other individual corps in the British Army.

Hitherto, admission to the R.A.M.C. has been obtainable by competitive entrance examination held twice a year, but admission to the permanent establishment of the corps at the present time is by nomination through the medium of either the Special Reserve, the Territorial Force, or the long list of temporarily-commissioned officers.

The physical examination, though not exactly severe, is thorough. Age, height, weight, and chest measurement are carefully attested. A good deal of importance is attached to the power of vision. Defects in regard to teeth and other matters are also taken into account.

The pay of the officers of the R.A.M.C. is very generous, ranging from £255 10s a year, plus an allowance of £18 5s for a servant, for a lieutenant, to £1095 and various allowances for a surgeon-general. In addition, there is, on active service abroad, field allowance to be added, which varies from half a crown a day upwards.

When stationed abroad in peace times, the Army medical officer receives a high scale of pay. Thus, says the *Hospital*, in India a lieutenant receives 420 rupees a month, which represents annual pay of about £500, if the rupee is reckoned at its supposed value of two shillings.

THE APPETITE OF A BIRD.

When an old-fashioned hostess urges her guests to eat, after a conventional manner of showing hospitality, and remarks, 'Why, you haven't the appetite of a bird,' she really speaks the truth, though she does not intend to. The average man, if he has a bird's appetite, would devour from thirty to thirty-one pounds of food a day, which would be a tax on the larder of his hostess.

Recent experiments have proved that the average bird manages to eat about one-fifth of its own weight daily with ease, if it can get so much food, and in a wild state, though the bird has to hunt for its daily provender, it is eating a large part of the time during the day and manages to get its full rations. The smaller the bird, the more voracious seems to be its appetite and its power of absorption.

A scientist kept a canary under observation for a month. The little creature weighed only 16 grams, but in the course of a month it managed to eat 512 grams weight of food—that is, about 32 times its own weight. The bird must, therefore, have eaten its own weight in food every day. An ordinary man with a canary's appetite would consume 150 pounds of food a day. But the canary is an extreme case. The ordinary bird, in good health, will be satisfied with one-fifth of its weight a day by way of food.

THE AUCTION CANDLE.

An old method of conducting an auction which has its most frequent survival in France. In sales of importance the affair is placed in the hands of a notary, who for the time being becomes an auctioneer. The auctioneer is provided with a number of small wax tapers, each capable of burning about five minutes. As soon as a bid is made, one of these tapers is placed in full view of all interested parties and lighted. If before the flame expires another bid is offered, it is immediately extinguished and a fresh taper placed in its stead, and so on until one flickers and dies out of itself, when the last bid becomes irrevocable. This simple plan prevents all contention among rival bidders and affords a reasonable time for reflection before

making a higher offer than the one preceding. By this means, too, the auctioneer is prevented from exercising undue influence upon the bidders or hastily accepting the bid of a favorite.

TEA IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Tea was known in England in 1660. Indeed, it was obtainable in the streets of London in 1659. Samuel Pepys swears to that. Says he, under date of September 25, 1660, 'I did send for a cup of tee, which I never had drank before.' This homage (says a writer in the *Universe*) was paid by Pepys to the 'cup' at his office, where it is certain he had company. Our contemporary states that Arlington 'discovered' tea in Holland, that 'he brought a packet home' and 'gave the party.' But it is obvious that the people were drinking tea here seven years before. A duty of 8d was charged upon every gallon of tea made for sale in the year booked by Samuel Pepys. In other words, the 'tee' was made and sent in from without. The East India Company first imported the beverage in 1669. It was in that year—not, I think, 1666—when Lord Ossory, with whom was Lord Arlington, both of whom had been to Holland, brought home some quantities of 'tee,' and they had the business instinct to sell it at 60s per pound. I can quite realise that 'Lord Arlington's guests were not enthusiastic over the "find"! It was China tea. A friend who once drank China tea costing 18s per pound—and in the days, too, when tea was cheaper than it is in the present passing hour—turned rebel. 'Twas like hot water in which a red herring had been dipped—was the description. China tea is growing in popularity, perhaps due to the trail of the red herring. In 1891, some special tea from Ceylon realised, in the market, as much as £10 12s 6d per lb.

WORLD'S CENTENARIANS.

Serbia is especially the country of centenarians. One man in every 2260 has seen 100 years, and, in all, Serbia boasts 575 men of 100 years or over. Ireland ranks next, with one centenarian in every 8130 of the population, or 578 in all. Out of every 43,000 Spaniards one is a centenarian. Norway numbers 23, or one in about 96,000. England, Scotland, and Wales rank next with 192, or one in about 177,000. France has 213 centenarians, or one in 180,750. Sweden ranks seventh with twenty only, or one in 250,000. Germany has 78, or one in 702,000. Denmark only claims two, or less than one to 1,000,000 of its population; and Switzerland, with all its reputed healthiness, seems not to possess a single centenarian.

Westport

The following successes were gained by pupils of St. Mary's College, Westport, at recent examinations:—

Intermediate Examination—Dorothy Moroney, Maggie Corby, Nora Martin, Josephine Maloney, Mary Skinner, Eily McCormack. All the candidates presented were successful.

Commercial examinations in connection with the National Business College, Sydney:—Advanced book-keeping—Eileen Curtain, 96. Intermediate book-keeping—Mary Nugent, 97; Flossie Morley, 100; Gladys Martin, 99; Kathleen O'Gorman, 95; Minnie Mouat, 92; Maggie Mears, 90; Hazel McKay, 91; Ella Wall, 89; Margaret Fisher, 89; Margaret Power, 84; Bessie Martin, 94. Speed typewriting—Nora Crabb, 100. Intermediate typewriting—Gladys Martin, 95; Mary Nugent, 93; Margaret Fisher, 92. Elementary typewriting—Bessie Martin, 96; Hazel McKay, 93; Ellen Simpson, 92.

The gold medal of the Royal Academy for advanced grade (singing) has been won by Bride Doyle, of St. Mary's College. This medal is open to the whole of the Dominion, and Miss Doyle is the first in Westport to receive this honor in so high a grade.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 19.

A scholarship of £10 a year, tenable for two years at St. Patrick's College, has been awarded to Charles Neils, of the Marist Brothers' School, Tasman street.

The many friends of Mr. E. J. Fitzgibbon, LL.B., will learn with regret of his serious illness. He is at present in a private hospital.

A. D. Watts and Thomas Quinhorn, pupils of St. Patrick's College, obtained proficiency certificates in life saving, awarded by the Royal Life Saving Society, whilst W. W. Keith Healey, of the same college, was awarded a bronze medallion.

A team from the Marist Brothers' School, Te Aro, was successful in winning the Duthie Cup, awarded for the relay swimming race. The competition took place at the public tepid swimming baths recently constituted at the Boys' Institute. Teams from all the public schools competed for this much coveted cup, but the Marist Brothers' boys proved themselves the superior team. A pupil of the same school (James Ward) won the diving competition.

The St. Patrick's Day celebration committee met last Thursday evening under the presidency of Mr. J. P. McGowan, the Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., and the Rev. Brothers Egbert and Emilian being also present. Reports from the various sub-committees were received and discussed. An endeavour will be made to make the procession a feature of the celebrations. Mr. Farquhar Young, of Christchurch, has been engaged for the concert, also Misses Teresa McEnroe, Eileen Driscoll, and Nellie Strickland. The Marist Brothers' Choir and the Juvenile Orchestra (Marist Old Boys' Association) will assist.

Mr. A. Cassie, who for some time past has filled the position of parish secretary of St. Joseph's branch of the Catholic Federation, Te Aro, with conspicuous success, has been appointed resident agent of the Provident Industrial Insurance Company at Petone.

Bros. P. Sherlock (vice-president), J. McLaughlin, and J. Carmody, members of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society have gone into camp.

The Wellington district deputy (Bro. P. D. Hoskins), at the request of the district executive, has convened a meeting of branches in the Wellington provincial district for February 20, to discuss the unity scheme. The meeting takes place at St. Patrick's Hall.

The Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., has been confined to his room for the past two weeks through indisposition. He is, I am glad to report, now recovering.

The tender of Mr. H. M. Davis has been accepted for the erection of the Catholic hall at Featherston military training camp.

OBITUARY

MR. JOSEPH BURNS, CLIVE.

His many friends among the earlier settlers of New Zealand will be deeply grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Joseph Burns, of Clive, which took place in the Napier Hospital on Friday, February 4. The late Mr. Burns was born in County Armagh in the early forties. He came to manhood's years in the dark days which followed the famine, and, like many another Irishman, was forced to seek fortune in some more favored land. After a short stay in Canada and Australia, he arrived in New Zealand about 50 years ago. He saw active service during the Maori war, and fought in the battle of Omaranui. He was one of the oldest survivors of those who went to Gabriel's Gully at the time of the gold fever. Returning north he engaged in farming

in the Poverty Bay and Hawke's Bay districts, ultimately settling down in Clive. He took a keen interest in local affairs, and in the early days did service on the local boards, and was a member of the school committee for over 20 years. He took a special interest in the affairs of the Church in the district, and was prominent among those who, by dint of personal labor, financial assistance, and public canvassing, succeeded in erecting the first Catholic churches in Napier and Hastings. When the need arose for a church at Clive, the late Mr. Burns donated the site on his own property, and otherwise assisted in the work of building St. Joseph's Church. During his last illness he was attended by the Rev. Father Dignan (Napier) and Tynons (Greenmeadows). The Rev. Mother and Mother Francis, of Napier Convent, as well as the Marist Brothers were most kind in their attentions towards the deceased. Before he died he had the happiness of seeing every member of his family standing around his bed. His death was happy and peaceful in the extreme. A Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Delach in the little church deceased loved so well, and was attended by nearly every Catholic in the Clive parish. His quiet and unassuming disposition endeared him to all who knew him. The esteem, which his honest and upright character had won for him, was evidenced by the number of floral tributes and messages of sympathy, as well as by the number of those who assembled to pay their last tribute of respect at the graveside. The body was taken to the Sacred Heart Church, Hastings, where a short service was held. The funeral procession to the Hastings Cemetery was over a mile in length, and was one of the most representative yet seen in the district. The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. J. McGrath and Michael Gleeson (Napier), and Leo, Francis, and Thomas Burns (sons of the deceased). In the absence of the local clergy at the reseat in Wellington, the Rev. Father Cullen, of St. Patrick's College, assisted by the Rev. Father Delach, officiated at the church and at the graveside. The deceased leaves a widow and family of four daughters—Mrs. T. O'Keefe (Napier), Misses Kathleen (Wellington), Hilda (headmistress of Clive District School), and Eileen (Napier), and three sons—Messrs. Leo and Frank (Wellington), and Thomas (Clive), to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

February 18.

The fortnightly meeting of the H.A.C.B. Society took place on Tuesday evening, and was presided over by Bro. F. Comerford. One new member was initiated and one member joined by clearance. The secretary reported that the half-yearly balance sheet would be presented at the next meeting.

He who, when he has once knocked, is angry because he is not forthwith heard, is not a humble petitioner, but an imperious exactor. However long He may cause thee to wait, do thou patiently bide the Lord's leisure.—St. Peter Chrysologus.

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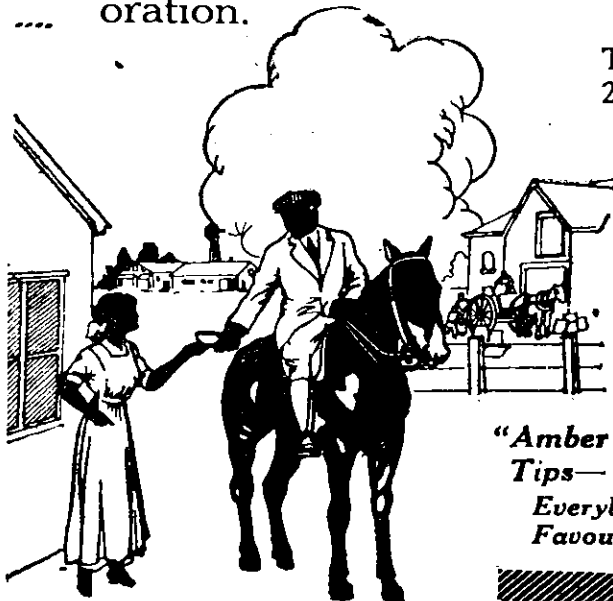
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The huge power of modern guns is responsible for a deafening uproar the whole time they are in action. This din results in hundreds of soldiers being deafened for life, owing to injuries to the ear-drum. Sailors are the most unfortunate in this respect, for, unlike soldiers, they cannot stand at a distance of twelve paces behind their guns, as is the rule in the Army. The sailor remains at the breech the whole time that the gun is carrying on its work. As a preventive of deafness the sailors on many ships are provided with a small stick of indiarubber, which they grip between their teeth when the guns are at work. This prevents the concussion of the great volume of sound being so injurious to the nerves of the ears, and also stops that vibration of the jaw which results in chronic headache. If these preventives are not provided the sailor is advised to keep his mouth open when gun-firing is going on, as this stops, to some extent, the unpleasant consequences set up by violent concussion. Naval officers invariably chew toothpicks when gunners are at work, for the great preventive of deafness on such occasions is to keep the mouth open somehow or other.

Burning Hundred Dollar Bills.

Twenty years ago there was still a large supply of the paper money issued by the Confederate Government during the American Civil War. To-day not much of it is met with, and even the confidence men have to resort to real counterfeits. What has become of it? There is a man in Atlanta who can answer that question, for he has disposed of millions of it. Through some scores of commercial travellers with whom he was acquainted, he was, for some years, buying up all the Confederate bills that could be procured, at a price that seemed to many too high for what was after all worthless paper. In turn he sold it to the Edison Electric Company for a good price. For certain small incandescent lamps which the Edison people were manufacturing a certain kind of carbon was needed which could best be obtained from paper made out of sea-grass. That kind of paper is not made any more. But the Confederate money was all made out of sea-grass paper. From this the carbons for the lamps could be manufactured. Now that the sea-grass paper can no longer be had bamboo is being used instead, but it is not quite so good.

A Source of Vegetable Fat.

The nuts of the cohune palm, having established their value as a source of very superior vegetable fat, are coming commercially into the world's markets at the port of Belize, British Honduras. The cohune palm in some districts of that country constitutes 20 to 30 per cent. of the vegetation, and the supply of the nuts (from 50 to 200 pounds to the tree) is inexhaustible. The difficulty of separating the fatty kernels from the thick and very hard shells has been overcome by first roasting the nuts lightly, which causes the shells to loosen from the kernels, then crushing to break the shells, and then throwing all together into a brine of such density that the shells sink and the kernels float, when they are readily skimmed out. The kernels yield as much fat as copra, and are worth from £35 to £40 a ton in the London market, for making oleomargarine.

Fog Signals.

All the up-to-date light stations possess fog signals for warning the mariner of the presence of rocks and other dangers in foggy weather. The larger ones are so powerful that their blasts can be heard 25 to 30 miles out at sea. Most of them are worked by compressed air, a gas engine of perhaps 20 to 25 horse-power being brought into requisition for this purpose. The siren is blown periodically every 70, 80, or 90 seconds or so, the actual blast lasting perhaps about 2 to 3 seconds. It means that while the siren is running, in the case of the larger apparatus, something like 500 horse-power is being expended in the production of sound.

Intercolonial

The Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman R. D. Meagher, has accepted the invitation of St. Patrick's Day Committee to deliver the national oration at St. Patrick's Day celebration on March 18.

Contributions are coming in freely to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. Joseph Winter, proprietor of Melbourne *Advocate*. It is proposed to establish in the Catholic College a scholarship with the donations. Up to February 5, £107 was in hand.

Mr. George Castles, eldest brother of Miss Amy Castles, offered his services in Melbourne on February 6 as a private, and was at once passed as medically fit. Mr. Castles has recently returned from a professional tour with his sister, Miss Amy Castles. Mr. Castles was for some two years engaged at the Victorian Agent-General's office, London.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, laid and blessed the foundation stone of the new church at Cootamundra on Sunday, February 5. This edifice, which, when completed, will be one of the most beautiful churches in New South Wales, is to cost over £8000, and it is the generous gift of the Very Rev. Father T. O'Shaughnessy, P.P.

A handsome new school in St. John's parish, Clifton Hill, Victoria, was opened by his Grace Archbishop Mannix on Sunday afternoon, February 5, in the presence of a large gathering of the parishioners. The land on which the school has been erected was presented by the late Mr. T. E. Verga, who also provided the funds, about £3000, for the new structure, which is built on the latest principles, and will afford accommodation for over 300 children.

Speaking to a vote of thanks to the Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly (Rector of St. John's College) at Bathurst on Sunday, February 5, Mr. M. Meagher said that they had not forgotten the part Father O'Reilly took in initiating the movement which resulted in the removal of the discrimination which was shown on the railways between children attending State schools and those attending Catholic schools. To-day—thanks to perhaps the best and most liberal Minister for Education we have had for very many years—this blot on the name of Australian fair play no longer remains.

After nearly 26 years of missionary labor in West Australia, the Very Rev. Dean Edward O'Reilly took his departure for Ireland on January 25 to see his friends in his native County Longford, and recuperate his own health, which has not been satisfactory for the past few months (says the *W.A. Record*). Although he wished the date of his departure to be kept a secret, the good parishioners of Victoria Park, Belmont, Queen's Park, and districts presented him with a substantial purse of sovereigns, while his brother priests throughout the archdiocese made him the recipient of a first-class ticket and a purse of sovereigns. Rev. Father Daniel O'Reilly, of the archdiocese of Sydney, was a fellow-passenger, *en route* for his native town, Crossakiel, County Meath.

At the Redemptorist Church, Dundalk, on December 8, Fathers T. Robinson and P. Brennan were professed as Redemptorists. Having completed their term of probation to the entire satisfaction of their Superiors, the two novices, in addition to renewing the vow of chastity, made their vows of poverty and obedience, and promised most solemnly to persevere until death in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. On behalf of our readers, to whom the newly-professed Redemptorists are known in this State, we offer our sincere congratulations, and hope they will return to Australia, the land of their first missionary enterprise and apostolic zeal (says the *W.A. Record*). Father Robinson spent the greater part of his fourteen years' priestly life in Kalgoorlie, where his name is still a household word. Father P. Brennan's twelve years in the West were spent in West Perth, Greenbushes, Bridgetown, and Armadale parishes—the last two years being spent chiefly in literary work as editor of the *Record*.

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GARDENING NOTES

(By **Mr J. JOYCE**, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

THE HYACINTH.

These are very old favorites, and always very welcome spring visitors. They are most interesting plants to raise for indoor decoration, as they can be grown in water or moss, and in pots and other suitable receptacles for placing in the windows, either inside or outside. We do not see the hyacinth now occupying the place of honor that it used to in the past. Nothing could be more pleasing to look at than a good bed of well-grown double hyacinths. But to look well, they must be well grown, and then they will repay the extra attention which a bed or plot requires before they are planted in it. When a bed is well made at the start, there is very little trouble needed for some years afterwards, until it becomes crowded, and the bulbs require to be taken up and the surplus distributed elsewhere. Before choosing a site for a bed, care should be used in the selection of a favorable position in the garden, where they will have plenty of shelter from cold winds and inclement weather. A good bed is worth a little protection in severe weather, as they are early bloomers. They may be planted any time from March until the end of May. It is not wise to keep them too long out of the ground, as they will begin to make their growth when the seasonable time is at hand; when they begin to start sprouting is a sure sign that they ought to be planted. In making a bed for hyacinths measure out the intended shape and size, then, with the spade, throw out two feet of the soil and wheel it away, and dig up the bottom a good spade deep. Procure some good, well-rotted, turfy loam out of a paddock which has not been cropped, if such is not at hand in the garden compost heap. It should be free from worms. Take about half of this soil and equal parts of sea sand, coarse sand will do, of very old rotten cow manure, and leaf mould, or other material from the garden refuse heap. All should be thoroughly rotted. Mix the whole well, and, before filling into the bed, place some rough material at the bottom for drainage if necessary. Then fill in the bed with the mixed material. It will need filling up a little extra to allow for the soil settling down. The bed, when settled down, should be still higher than the ground around it, raised towards the centre, and gently sloping to the sides. After a fortnight or so the bulbs may be planted. Before doing so the bed ought to have a coating of sand, and the bulbs then placed neatly in lines about a foot apart, and six to nine inches in the row. They can be planted with a stout dibble to fit the bulbs, and with at least three inches of soil above the crowns. It is recommended, when planting, to drop in the hole a small quantity of sand before inserting the bulb. Make the hole deep and wide enough, so that there will be room enough for the sand without raising the bulb too high. Also put some more sand around the bulb when placed in its position, and as a finishing touch cover the bed over with a nice mixture of sandy composition. Keep the bed well stirred during the growing season, and free from weeds, and, as I said before, a little protection in bad weather will be very desirable. The hyacinths may remain in the same place for a few years, but the bed should be forked over each winter, and a little top-dressing added at the same time. When they get over-crowded they can be taken up, separated, and planted out as

before. When they are done flowering the flower stalks should be cut off, and not let go to seed, as this weakens the bulb, but on no account must the green leaves be cut away; they must be left to die down of their own accord. The leaves nourish the bulb, and if injured the bulb suffers if it has not grown into maturity. Holland is the home of the hyacinth, where hundreds of acres are grown, and exported all over the world. The soil there is mainly composed of sea sand and peat, which suit the hyacinth, and on that account Holland commands the trade of the world for bulbs of all kinds.

Growing Hyacinths in Glasses.

There are glasses made for growing the hyacinth in water. It is very interesting to grow them in this manner. Procure a few glasses, say about a dozen, fill them up with clear rain water, if possible, placing a piece of charcoal in the bottle to keep the water pure. Put the bulb in the glass, just touching the water, and place the glass in a dark situation for three or four weeks. Avoid a damp atmosphere. When the roots have grown a couple of inches remove about half an inch of the water, so that the base of the bulb will not touch it. The roots should not be meddled with. Never change the water while it remains pure. They may also be grown in rustic or ornamental dishes, filled with sand. The bulbs are placed in these dishes, covered over with nice green moss, and watered occasionally. They look very pretty when grown in this way. When the flowering season is over, the bulbs should be planted out, as they will not be of much use for flowering again for a year or two.

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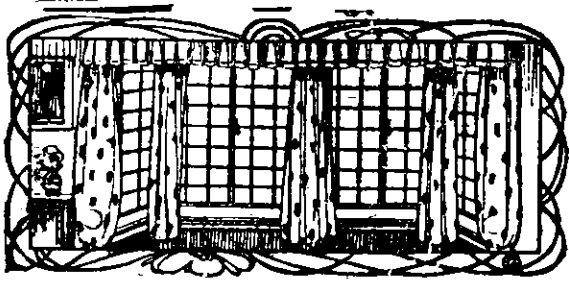
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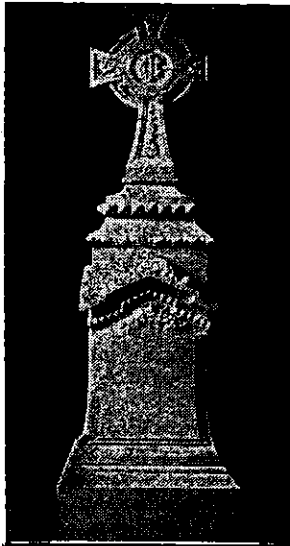
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ROME LETTER

(From our own correspondent.)

November 22.

POPE BENEDICT XV.

Some forty-seven years ago a boy of thirteen was standing by his father's writing desk in the chamber of a sumptuous old Italian palazzo in Genoa. The subject under discussion was that so close to the heart of a good father—the future of his son. Perhaps it was that the Marquis Della Chiesa thought little Giacomo unfitted for the rigors which, with all its attractions, a seminary life certainly has for a frail boy; or, was he thinking of the family estates and a great place in the world for this excellent son of his? Whatever the reason was the Marquis would not consent to the boy's pleading.

Some time before this interview took place, Giacomo, sitting at the foot of the statue of the Blessed Virgin in one of the churches of Genoa, had heard the call of Christ in his heart, and there he planned out his future.

But his words were useless. 'Go, my boy,' said Marquis Della Chiesa, 'first win your degrees in law, and then return to this subject. We shall see if you will be of the same mind as now.' Whether or not the matter was ever brought down for discussion during the next few years, I know not. But, as we all know, Giacomo Della Chiesa, now a young lawyer, stood by the same desk some years later and placed his diplomas in the hands of the Marquis. No; there was no change in his old resolution; he still wished to become a priest. And the parental consent to this end was then asked and obtained.

The Keen Diplomat.

Years have gone by; the young priest is placed in the College of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome to train for a diplomatic career; for Leo XIII., that leader of the world's statesmen, has seen something exceptional in this small keen-looking priest. France and Spain have seen his labors. Now the Vatican has his services in the office of one to whom Mgr. Della Chiesa feels especially devoted—viz., the great Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla.

Energy and accuracy characterised Mgr. Della Chiesa's work in the Vatican. Matters calling for the most delicate touch were placed in his hands, matters which, if once bungled would spell the end of his diplomatic career. But to the character of this ecclesiastic of long training and experience in the world of diplomacy there was another side, a side which has been well said to contain the hidden chapter in the life of him who will one day ascend the Throne of St. Peter to rule 400,000,000 Catholics of all nations. During these years, while official in the Apostolic palace, Mgr. Della Chiesa had his residence in the vicinity of the parish church of St. Eustachio, in which the ashes of the bravest soldier in the army of Titus—the martyred Eustace—rest under the high altar with those of his wife and two sons. In a corner of this church a frail young prelate used to take a seat every morning at 5.30 o'clock to make his meditation. At 6 o'clock he vested for Mass. After the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice he entered the confessional; and soon it became noised around the parish that there was a young Monsignor of great zeal and piety who ministered to the public every morning, although this line of labor was not supposed to run in that direction. His spare time was now put at the disposal of the pastor. When the Viaticum was to be borne to a sick parishioner, it was carried in procession from the parish church to the person's house. Young Mgr. Della Chiesa invariably officiated as deacon in the procession, nor would he ever accept from the pastor the honor of being the bearer of the Sacred Host.

It will be two years next December since we woke up one morning to learn that Cardinal Rampolla had

died suddenly during the night. As a special compliment to the dead, Pius X. arranged that the funeral obsequies of the ex-Secretary of Leo XIII. should be celebrated in St. Peter's. And round the lofty catafalque, which was lighted up by the traditional hundred lights, were tribunes erected for the occasion by the 'sapietrini' to accommodate Cardinals, Bishops, the Diplomatic Corps, the Roman nobility, among whom sat the Archbishop of Bologna with white drawn face—for he and the great dead one had been as brothers.

The Tiara.

How quickly Providence wrought mighty changes. In a few months Mgr. Della Chiesa was summoned to Rome and sent back a week afterwards as a Prince of the Church. Only a three or four moons later Pius X. was to die amid the clang of battle that rang throughout Europe, and 'Ignis Ardens' was to vacate Peter's throne to the Pope of 'Religio Depopulata.' And in his sixtieth year Giacomo Della Chiesa assumed the name of Benedict XV. in compliment to his diocese of Bologna in which Benedict XIV. had been born.

Personal Appearance of Benedict XV.

Some months ago Romagnoli, the Florentine sculptor, was summoned to Rome to make a bust in bronze of the Pope. Three brief sittings, and no more, would the Pontiff give the great artist for his project. When all was over the sculptor thus described the appearance of his subject:—'His Holiness has a most interesting head—large forehead and cranium characteristic of a serene, well-balanced mind. The aquiline nose and deep-set eyes show force of character and intelligence; the eyes, though short-sighted, gleam with intelligence. The large well-shaped mouth shows constancy of purpose. The chin is prominent—of the classical shape of Julius Caesar's and Napoleon's.'

A Contrast.

'The new Pope is a very serious man,' said a Roman prelate to the writer some time after the Conclave of 1914. 'He is always thinking, thinking, and not given to imparting confidences.' No wonder such is the case; for probably never in the history of the Church has a pontificate opened when clear, hard thinking was so necessary.

My first impression on seeing his Holiness for the first time was that the Church had obtained a ruler of immense strength of character. On hearing his Holiness speak you find him kindly and affable in the extreme, quick as lightning to catch your meaning, even though your Italian, French, Spanish, or Latin—the languages which Pope Benedict speaks—be halting. His appearance conveys an idea of how incessantly the Pontiff works. From morning to evening he labors at his desk, getting the most out of every hour that he possibly can. Certainly his secretaries, private and public, eat no idle bread. Only a few weeks ago an artist of European fame succeeded in obtaining permission to paint the portrait of Pope Benedict. 'The Pope would give me only three short poses,' he explained afterwards, 'and part of these were taken from his mid-day repose.'

SYMPATHY.

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

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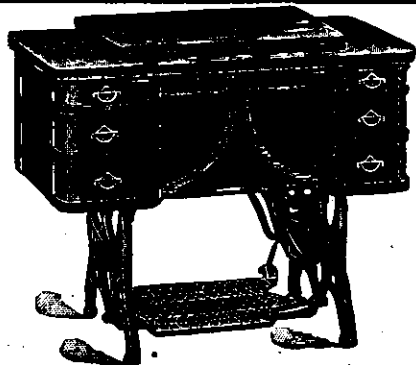
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ENGLAND

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

Mr. John Kavanagh, of Clapham Common, S.W., and of Messrs. J. Kavanagh, Ltd., of Great Eastern street, E.C., boot and shoe factors, who died on the 19th November last, left estate of the gross value of £33,123 19s 9d, of which £29,531 13s 3d is net personally. The testator left, amongst other bequests—£200 to the Rev. Mother of the Convent of Mercy, Brentwood, Essex, for the benefit of the community; £100 to the Right Rev. Peter E. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, for the education of priests, and a further £100 for the Rescue Society of Southwark; £100 to the Hospice for the Dying, Mare street, Hackney; £100 to the Father Rector of the Redemptorist Monastery, St. Mary's, Clapham park, S.W.; £100 to St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, Mill Hill, N.W.; £100 to his Eminence Cardinal Francis Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, for the education of students of the diocese for the priesthood, and a further £100 for rescue work in the diocese; £100 to the Sister Superior of the Convent of St. Mary, Western road, Romford, for paying off the debt on the chapel.

FRANCE

TRAITOROUS ENEMIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Italians and the French have, as a whole, shown such a splendid spirit of national unity since they took up arms in the present conflict that there are, we (*Catholic Times*) feel sure, very few of either nationality who are willing to mar the harmony that prevails. But a few there are in each of the two countries, and unfortunately they are unpatriotic and unscrupulous enough to endeavor to do great mischief. Enemies of Christianity, they strive to defame the clergy for the purpose of weakening it. In Italy, as the result of their false charges, serious suffering, entirely unmerited, has been imposed on a number of priests. These pastors of souls have been brought before the courts to answer accusations which were absolutely baseless. They have been acquitted, but an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust has been created around them, and to defeat the promoters of this campaign of calumny the Italian clergy have deemed it necessary to form a national organisation for their defence. In France, despite the heroism of the thousands of priests who are fighting in defence of their country, the calumniators have circulated the rumor that the clergy are in league with the Prussians and are sending them money. It is difficult to imagine that any people in France would credit such a rumor, but Mgr. Marty, Bishop of Montauban, has written to M. Briand, the Premier, saying he had met in the course of a pastoral visitation many who repeated the monstrous accusation, and calling upon him to denounce the accusers in justice to the priests. It is certain that no matter how brave and virtuous the clergy may be, they will always need defenders. Their Divine Master foretold they would be persecuted.

ROME

RECEPTION TO CARDINALS BOURNE AND BEGIN.

His Excellency Sir Henry Howard, British Envoy to the Holy See, held a reception in the Palazzo Borghese on December 11 from four to seven o'clock, in honor of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and Cardinal Begin, Archbishop of Quebec. The reception proved to be a particularly brilliant affair, the red robes of the members of the Sacred College finding a suitable setting in the beautiful halls of the Borghese family that gave Paul V. to the Church. Among those present were their Eminences Cardinals Vannu-

telli, De Lai, Merry del Val, Vico, Granito di Belmonte, Cagliero, Bisleti, Mistrangelo, Gasquet, Casseta, Gasparri, Falconio, De Roveries de Cabrieres, Tonti, Pompili, Van Rossum, Billot, and Gusnini; his Excellency M. Van den Heuval, Belgian Minister to the Holy See, and the various heads of the other embassies and legations accredited to the Vatican.

THE NATIONALITIES OF THE CARDINALS.

On the threshold of 1916 it will be of interest to give some figures about that venerable body, the Sacred College of Cardinals, after the additions and losses of the past twelve months (writes a Rome correspondent). The Sacred College is now composed of 59 Cardinals, that is, 11 less than the full number. Their nationalities are: Italians, 28; French, 6; Americans, 4 (Cardinal Falconio is a citizen of the United States); Spaniards, 5; Austro-Hungarians, 5; Germans, 2; English, 2; Irish, 1; Belgian, 1; Brazilian, 1; Canadian, 1; Dutch, 1; Portuguese, 2, one of whom—Cardinal Neto—is the retired Patriarch of Lisbon and has been 31 years in the Sacred College, two years longer than any of the others. The members of the Sacred College of non-Italian nationality who reside in Rome are Cardinal Billot (French), Cardinal Van Rossum (Dutch), Cardinal Gasquet (English), and Cardinal Falconio. It is understood that after the next Consistory Cardinal Fruhwirth will come to reside permanently in this city.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On January 4, the Holy Father sent to Cardinal Diomede Falconio, former Apostolic Delegate to the United States, congratulations upon the fact that on that day he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Cardinal Falconio was ordained a priest by the Right Rev. John Timon, first Bishop of Buffalo, after he had served his Church as a missionary to the United States. Cardinal Falconio entered the Franciscan Order on September 20, 1860, and in 1865 went to the United States. He was ordained by Bishop Timon on January 4, 1866. In 1868 he was named president of the College of St. Bonaventure in Allegany, N.Y., and on November 29, 1871, was sent to Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. In 1882 he returned to the United States, remaining a year, and returning to Italy in 1883 as provincial of the Franciscans in the Abruzzi. He was preconized Bishop of Lacedonia on July 11, 1892, and was appointed first Apostolic Delegate to Canada on October 1, 1899. He was appointed Apostolic Delegate to the United States and assumed possession at Washington on November 21, 1899. He was elevated to the Cardinalate on November 27, 1911, but previous to that time had returned to Rome. While at St. Bonaventure's College he became a naturalised American citizen.

SCOTLAND

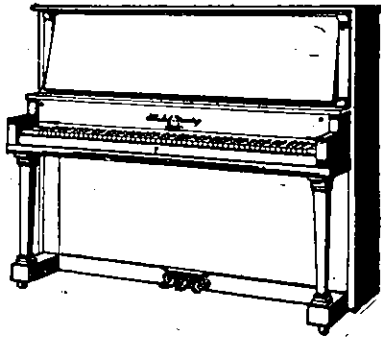
THE ARCHDIOCESE OF GLASGOW.

The Catholic statistics, published in the *Western Catholic Calendar* for 1916, show that in the archdiocese of Glasgow there is an estimated Catholic population of 400,000, served by 296 priests (including 49 regular). There are 93 missions, with 135 churches, chapels, and stations; 120 schools, with 166 departments. The schools include 1 training college, 1 secondary school, 16 convent day schools and higher-grade schools, 4 industrial schools, and 1 reformatory. There are 10 centres equipped for higher education. The teaching staff of the archdiocese numbers 1444. The schools provide accommodation for 91,290; there are 77,412 children on the rolls, and 70,499 of these were presented for religious examination.

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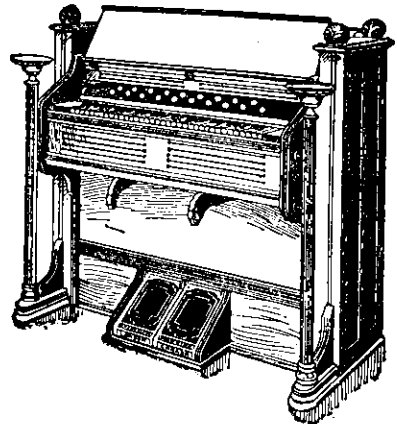
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Domestic

(BY MAUREEN.)

Hop Beer (By Request).

Take 4oz hops, 7lb treacle, 1oz whole ginger, 5½ gallons water, 1 cup brewer's yeast. Mix all (but the yeast), and boil for two hours. Then transfer it to a tub, let it cool a little, add the yeast, and stir. Let it stand in the tub for 16 hours, after which put it in a barrel, and let it stand for two days with the bung out. Then slightly cant the barrel and bung closely. It will be fit for use in a fortnight.

Quince and Apple Jelly.

To make quince jelly, take ripe quinces and rub with a cloth to remove the fuzz. Cut into quarters or eighths; remove the cores and specks, throw into cold water as each piece is cut, and when all are prepared, place in a kettle and add enough water to cover. Cook until quite soft, keeping the kettle covered while cooking. When done turn the quinces (juice and all) into a jelly bag, and let drain. Measure the juice thus obtained, and for each pint allow a heaped cupful of sugar. Sometimes a little more is required, but this is usually sufficient. When quantities are being used for other purposes, the parings (without the cores) should be saved for jelly making. Cooked with a sufficient quantity of apples, they make a fine flavored jelly that is almost equal to that of the quinces alone.

Quince Preserve.

Pare, core, and weigh the fruit, put it in your preserving kettle with one pint of water to every pound of fruit, and boil ten minutes or until tender enough to pass a broom straw through them. If they are not perfectly ripe they will require longer boiling. Take out one at a time and place on dishes to drain. Allow one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Put the sugar in a kettle with enough water to dissolve it, then

put in the fruit and boil until the cloudy look disappears, skimming all the time. Lay the fruit on a dish to cool, then put it in jars and pour the hot syrup over it.

Quince Marmalade.

Pare and core and cut into pieces the fruit, put the skin and cores into a kettle, cover them with water and boil thirty minutes, or until tender. Strain off the water through a colander, and as much of the pulp as will pass without the skins; to this add the rest of the fruit and three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; boil it until it becomes a jelly-like mass; mush the fruit as much as possible. Turn into glasses and seal. A good marmalade can be made from the above recipe by using one-half sour apples, the other half quinces. This gives a more delicate flavor than when all quinces are used.

Vegetable Marrow Preserve.

Peel and cut the marrow into quarters, take out the seeds, and cut the quarters into pieces about an inch square; lay them on a dish, and sprinkle a little powdered sugar over. Let it stand twenty-four hours, then pour off the juice and throw it away, leaving only a little to moisten the sugar afterwards used. Take equal parts of fruit and sugar, and allow one lemon to every two pounds of fruit. Peel the lemon very thin, cut the peel into fine strips, squeeze out the juice, and add both to the fruit and sugar. Put it on a gentle fire, and after it boils simmer till quite tender. Just before it is done add ground ginger to taste. Let the jam cool before tying down. This resembles an Indian preserve.

To Fasten Knife Handles.

Get a small piece of common brick and dry it thoroughly, pound it small as possible, melt some resin in a small tin, when melted add some of the pounded brick, stirring all the while. When thick enough pour a small quantity into the hole in the handle, warm the tang that goes into the hole, and press home. This will stand hot water. Some use shellac alone for the same purpose, but the mixture of brick and resin is the best.

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On the Land

GENERAL.

On an 80-acre farm in the southern portion of the Taranaki Province the owner will take off well over £800 this season (says the *News*).

Milk purveyors are having considerable difficulty in getting sufficient milk for domestic requirements (says the *Oamaru Mail*). There is hardly a vendor who is able to rely entirely on the output of his own herd. Last month the price was risen to 5d per quart, and a further increase is not unlikely.

Masterton farmers are finding seed-growing a profitable undertaking, and land is now being prepared in various parts of the district for autumn and spring sowings (says the *Times*). During the past season there has been an unsatisfied demand for Wairarapa-grown seed, and this has led many farmers to give seed cultivation their attention.

A Masterton man put in eight acres of Algerian oats last season. The cost of seed, ploughing, sowing, etc., was £20 7s 9d. The cost of cutting, chaffing, bagging, and delivering was £11 14s 3d. The interest on the capital value of the land was £24. His outlay was, therefore, £56 2s. His net receipts from the oaten chaff amounted to £25 16s 9d. Hence, he has made a clear loss on his transaction of £30 15s 4d.

It is very apparent that farmers are recognising the value of lucerne, for the *Oamaru Mail* hears that numbers are putting in small patches for a start. One farmer in the Weston district is endeavoring to receive a two-fold benefit from the plant. He has sowed a small paddock that was badly infested with Canadian thistle, in the hope that the more vigorous growing lucerne would ultimately kill the former, and the indications point to the experiment achieving some success.

There were only small yardings of fat cattle and sheep at Burnside last week, whilst lambs were in fair supply. Prices for cattle and sheep showed an improvement on the previous week's rates. Fat Cattle.—102 head yarded. This quantity proved much too small for the trade's requirements, and consequently a brisk sale resulted. The quality was good, but there was nothing of exceptional merit. Quotations: Best bullocks, £16 10s; extra, to £20 7s 6d; medium to good, £14 10s to £15 10s; best cows and heifers, £13 10s to £15; extra, to £16 10s; medium to good, £11 to £12 10s. Fat Sheep.—1180 penned. This was a small yarding of fairly good quality, which met with an eager sale at prices showing an advance of 1s to 2s on previous week's rates. Owing to high prices freezing operators were unable to compete to any extent during the sale. Quotations: Best wethers, 28s to 32s; extra, to 36s; medium to good, 24s to 26s 6d; light do, 18s 6d to 21s 6d; ewes—best made 25s to 28s; extra to 33s; medium to good, 21s to 24s; light and unfinished, 15s to 17s 6d. Fat Lambs.—490 penned, the quality of which was only moderate. For finished lambs competition was good, at previous week's rates, but unfinished sorts were somewhat neglected, and sales difficult to effect. Quotations: Prime, 20s to 23s; extra, to 25s; medium, 18s to 19s. Pigs.—There was a moderate yarding of both fat and store pigs. Porkers and baconers sold with good competition at prices equal to late quotations. Very few suckers were penned, but the slips and stores on offer realised satisfactory values.

At Addington last week there were fair entries in all departments, and prices were about the same as those ruling at late sales:—Fat Lambs.—Prime lambs, 20s to 23s 7d; medium, 18s to 19s 6d; lighter, 15s 1d to 17s. Fat Sheep.—Prime wethers, 25s 11d to 28s; others, 20s 3d to 25s 4d; merino wethers, 20s 1d; prime ewes, 22s to 30s; medium, 18s to 21s; lighter, 13s to 17s 6d. Fat Cattle.—Extra prime steers, to £18; ordinary steers, £7 15s to £12; extra prime heifers, to £14 10s; ordinary heifers, £6 2s 6d to £9; extra prime cows, to £13 10s; ordinary cows, £6 to

£9. Price of beef per 100lb, 29s 6d to 45s 6d; extra, to 50s. Fat Calves.—Seven special calves realised up to £5 19s—average £4 2s 6d; prices ranged from 8s to 53s for ordinary sorts; good calves, to 119s. Dairy cows, £3 to £11; extra, to £14 5s. Pigs.—Choppers, 50s to 90s; extra heavy baconers, to 105s; heavy baconers, 80s to 98s; light baconers, 60s to 75s. Price per lb, 6½d to 7d. Heavy porkers, 45s to 54s; light porkers, 40s to 44s. Price per lb, 7½d to 8d. The store pig quotations are: Best stores, 36s to 45s; medium, 22s to 35s; small, 14s to 21s; weaners, 8s 6d to 12s.

HOW TO PRESERVE FERTILITY.

The intrinsic value of land (says an American journal) lies in its fertility, which means larger crops and greater profits. To maintain this fertility, the keeping of live stock is essential. The farmer who does not carry on his farming operations in connection with live stock is going to wake up some day and find himself on a run-down farm. In Europe soil that has been raising crops for centuries is to-day producing more than twice as much per acre as most of the soils of America.

In some of the most prosperous countries, like Germany, Denmark, and Holland, farming is intensive. Agriculture is carefully planned and the natural resources are fully utilised and maintained. The agricultural population of Denmark has reached a high grade of intelligence and citizenship. It is bound to the soil by interest, religion, and patriotism, and has found comforts and real pleasure on the farm sufficient to offset all attractions of the cities.

The productivity of our farms must be increased. Every acre must be made to produce more than in the past. Acres that are yet undeveloped must be brought under cultivation, and all this up-to-date farming must be done by men trained for their particular lines of work. The farmer of the future must practise intensive farming. He will then farm eighty acres instead of the 160 that he now handles in a slipshod manner.

These trained men for farming may not be the agricultural college students. Well-informed men who are successful farmers are generally agreed that a thorough knowledge of agriculture can only be acquired by working out the problems of the farm upon the farm, from which there is to be had a world of details of business knowledge. Skill can be attained only by contact with the soil and experience in the life of a farmer, which points to the small farm that is personally worked.

The world's most important school is the small farm, where common sense is taught. Common sense is a thorough appreciation of common things and how to use them to best advantage, and of how to apply principles. The working of problems in the barn and fields and getting the answer in the milk pail or granary, is the sort of wisdom that can only come through a working knowledge of all modern process of civic, social, economic, and commercial life. Education is what a human being takes up in a useable form by experience, observation, and instruction.

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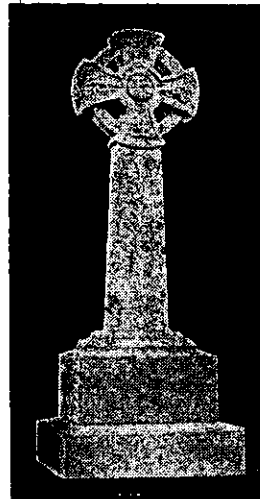
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IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

'If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through;
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

'If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go:
Into the lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven
Their sweet home and mine.'

'Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh! as God has blessed thee
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

THE KING AND THE GEESE.

There was once upon a time a king who wandered away from his courtiers into his garden, and taking a book from his pocket, straightway fell asleep. On waking, he determined to drive away further drowsiness by taking a walk.

He came to a sunny meadow, barred with long shadows of trees, which sloped down to a large pond. When he came to the margin of the pond he remembered that he had left his book behind. He would be sorry to lose the book, but he did not wish to go back after it, so he looked around for some one to send. He presently spied a tall, lank, ignorant looking boy, taking care of a flock of geese.

He called the boy to him.

'On a bench under a great ash in the park you will find a book. Go and bring it to me, and I will give you a florin.'

The boy did not know the king. But he knew that strolling people were not apt to offer florins for slight services.

'Do you take me for an idiot?' asked he.

'What makes you think I am joking?' asked the king.

'Because money does not come so easy as that. You must be one of the gentlemen from the castle.'

'Well, what of that? Here is the florin. Go for the book.'

The boy's eyes sparkled. The money was almost as much as he received for taking care of the flock of geese for a season. Yet he hesitated.

'Well!' said the king. 'Why don't you go?'

The boy took off his hat and rubbed the side of his head.

'I would if I could; but the geese.'

'You little dolt! I will take care of the geese.'

'You!' exclaimed the boy. 'You do not look as though you knew enough. If they fly through the fields while I am gone, I shall have the damage to pay, and may lose my place, and then I would be ruined entirely. You see that one with a black head? It is a sly bird, and will be sure to lead the flock astray while I am gone.'

The king smiled.

'I know how to manage men, and I think I can manage a goose.'

He bade the boy go at once. The latter hesitated, but finally consented, giving the king a whip to crack in case the geese should begin to disperse.

But the winged subjects of the monarch soon perceived that their master was gone, and began to cackle and announce the news to each other most jubilantly. The black-headed bird began to march and counter march, and the whole flock, under his generalship, scattered, each separating from the other, and forming a line, which grew longer and longer. The king issued his commands in a loud voice, and tried to crack the whip, but all his efforts were for nothing. The geese obeyed the orders of the gander.

The king ran hither and thither but the line of geese only grew longer and more diverse.

'Shoo!' said the king. It was the only goose language he knew.

'Honk!' said the gander, and the geese obeyed the mysterious command, and made their line longer and longer.

At last the 'black-head bird' gave a triumphant 'Honk, honk,' and the whole column of geese rose into the air and flew into the fields. The king, bathed in perspiration, sat down in great vexation to find that his royal authority was of so little account in the goose kingdom.

Presently the boy returned and saw what had happened. He was in great terror and distress.

'Did I not tell you that you did not know enough to take care of geese? Now you must help me find them again!'

The king consented, and late in the day the flock was gathered.

'I'll never go away again,' said the boy; 'not for the king himself.'

The king returned to the castle, quiet and thoughtful. It was easier, after all, to manage a kingdom than to outgeneral an old gander—a thought which was hardly flattering to the king.

A TRICK IN ADDITION.

This trick in addition is very simple when you once know the secret, but until then it seems an astonishing mystery.

First ask some one to write a row of figures. There may be any number of figures desired. Then say, 'Before another figure is written I can tell you the sum of five rows of figures—the one that you have written with four other rows.' Turn the paper over and write the answer on the back of it.

Then ask the other person to write another row of figures under the first row. The next row of figures must be written by yourself. Ask the other person to write the fourth row of figures, and write the last row yourself. Then add up the five rows, turn the paper over, and the answers will be written on the back.

To get the answer in this marvellous fashion, as soon as the first row of figures has been written subtract two from the last figure and then write the same figures in the answer, placing the two in front of the first figure. The answer is just like the first row of figures except that the end figure is two less and the two is in front of the first figure. To make it come out this way you must, when it is your turn to write the figures, be sure each figure that you write with the figure above it adds up to nine. The same thing must be done when you write the second row of figures.

PUZZLING THE SURGEONS.

A Parisian journal tells of a young Parisian who had worn a monocle in his left eye, and who had continued the habit as an officer. He had been wounded, was cured, and had asked to be returned to the front. When he went to be examined he concealed the monocle, thinking he might be charged with myopia in one eye. When the chief surgeon examined him, he said sharply, 'Whistle!'

The soldier whistled like a blackbird.

'That's curious,' said the surgeon, and, calling a young assistant, he said again to the soldier, 'Whistle!' He whistled again. 'That's curious,' said the young assistant.

Another surgeon entered, and the patient was called upon for the third time to whistle.

'Ah,' said the surgeon, 'that's curious.'

'But,' expostulated the soldier, 'I don't see why there is so much of this. I'm not to serve as a locomotive.'

'It is all right,' said the chief surgeon. 'You may return to the front.'

When the soldier arrived at his regiment, he gave to the regimental surgeon the note that had been given him by the examiner. This surgeon said in his turn: 'Will you please whistle?' He whistled. 'That's curious,' said the surgeon.

It seems that when a man wears a monocle it gives to his face the appearance of facial paralysis. The whistling is a test. The facial paralytic cannot whistle.

BENT NAILS.

'Draw the nail out carefully, my boy. Be careful not to bend it.'

'I could straighten it if I did bend it, couldn't I?'

The carpenter smiled into the earnest face of the young man who was learning the trade under his teaching.

'You might get it quite straight, but it never would be as strong as if it had not been bent. It would bend easier next time, and you could not drive it just as true to the spot as you did at first.'

It was a lesson the young carpenter never forgot—the nail which has been bent once will bend easier next time. It never is as strong to resist a blow as it was in the beginning.

The power in us to resist the inclination to do wrong is like a bright nail. Once bent it will bend easier next time. Yield to temptation to-day and to-morrow you will have less strength to hold out.

Just as long as you stand up bravely and say: 'I do not think this is right; I cannot do it!'—just so long the metal is strong and pure in your heart. It is easier the next time to say the same thing. But as surely as you say: 'I'll do it for this one time!' the steel is weakened and your life-work endangered.

TWO OLD MISERS.

Among the Japanese economy is held to be a high virtue. Two old misers of Tokio were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

'I manage to make a fan last about twenty years,' said one, 'and this is my system; I don't wastefully open the whole fan and wave it carelessly. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fan is eventually used up.'

'Twenty years for a good fan!' exclaimed the other. 'What sinful extravagance! In my family we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: We open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our face!'

THE CONDUCTOR'S SATIRE.

'Please stop at Regent street!' said the passenger inside the bus, curtly.

'Right, sir!' replied the conductor, obligingly.

Presently he rang the bell, and the bus stopped in the middle of a wide and very muddy street.

'Here you are, sir,' said the conductor.

'Can't you drive a little closer to the curb?' growled the fussy passenger as he prepared to alight.

'Right, sir!' said the conductor again. Then he shouted loudly to the driver:

'Pull up closer to the pavement, Bill! The gent cleans his own boots!'

AN OPINION.

A dramatic author who was reading a new work before the company of the Comedie Francaise was disturbed, says the *Christian Register*, at seeing that one of the members, Monsieur Got, had gone fast asleep. The author stopped and reproved the sleeper. He was reading his play to the committee in order, he said, to obtain their opinion. How could a man who was asleep give an opinion?

Monsieur Got rubbed his eyes and remarked, 'Sleep is an opinion.' That ended the discussion.

NOT MUCH PROGRESS.

The manager of a factory recently engaged a new man and gave instructions to the foreman to instruct him in his duties. A few days afterward the manager inquired whether the new man was progressing with his work.

The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the man in question, exclaimed angrily:

'Progressing! There's been a lot of progress. I have taught him everything I know and he is still an ignorant fool.'

ITS BAD AND GOOD POINTS.

A man entered a famous restaurant and asked for coffee. After he had finished his repast he called the waiter and said:

'Waiter, this coffee has its good points and its bad points. One of its good points is this—it has no chicory in it.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the waiter, quite gratified. Visions of a handsome tip floated before his mind's eye and he rubbed his hands gleefully.

'But,' resumed the customer, 'its bad point is this—it has no coffee in it.'

THE SECRET.

Katherine and Margaret found themselves seated next each other at a dinner party and immediately became confidential.

'Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her,' whispered Margaret.

'Oh, isn't she a mean thing!' gasped Katherine. 'Why, I told her not to tell you!'

'Well,' returned Margaret, 'I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.'

PRACTICAL LOGIC.

'Ma,' remonstrated Bobby, 'when I was at grandma's she used to let me have two pieces of cake.'

'Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby,' said his mother. 'I think two pieces of cake are too much for little boys. The older you grow the more wisdom you will gain.'

Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment.

'Well, ma,' he said, 'grandma is a good deal older than you are.'

SOUNDED LIKE RUSSIAN?

At a certain military hospital a dear old lady had spent much time visiting the wounded. The Tommies objected to her fussing round, and none of the staff had the heart to enlighten her.

'I did not know you took Russian soldiers as well as British,' she exclaimed to the secretary one day.

'Russian,' replied the official. 'We don't; surely you have made a mistake.'

'Oh, no,' she exclaimed. 'There's at least one Russian here, for when I was going round, asking them their names and about their wounds, this one replied: "Obuzzoff."'

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