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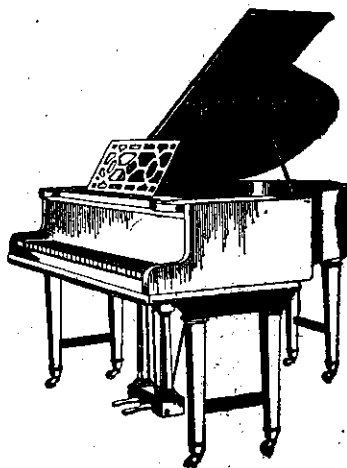
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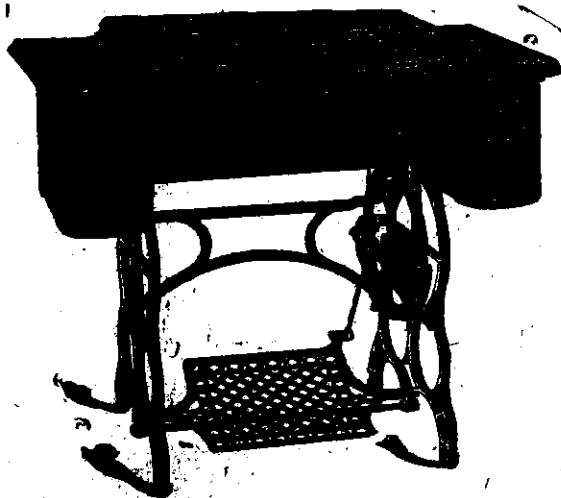
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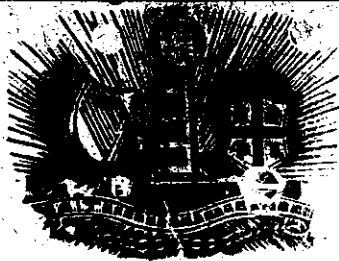
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 7, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Easter.
- „ 8, Monday.—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.
- „ 9, Tuesday.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- „ 10, Wednesday.—Patronage of St. Joseph.
- „ 11, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
- „ 12, Friday.—SS. Nereus and Companions, Martyrs.
- „ 13, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.

The feast which we keep to-day was instituted by the Church to commemorate a famous apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano, in the kingdom of Naples. This was the origin of a noted pilgrimage, and gave occasion to the erection of a magnificent church in honor of the great Archangel.

St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Gregory derives his surname from his birthplace, Nazianzum, in Asia Minor. He belonged to a very pious family, his father, mother, brother, and sister being numbered by the Church among the saints. Through humility, St. Gregory for a long time refused to take upon himself the responsibility of the priestly office. Elected Bishop of Constantinople, which for many years had been dominated by the Arian heretics, he deemed it his duty to accept the position, and thenceforth labored with zeal and success for the conversion of those whom heresy had led astray. He did not hesitate for a moment, however, to resign the episcopal dignity when altered circumstances seemed to render that course advisable. His eloquence and learning, joined to the sanctity of his life, have earned for him the title of Doctor of the Universal Church.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

TO MARY, REFUGE OF SINNERS.

To-night my hands can hold no wreath of gladness
 To lay upon thy prayer-haunted shrine;
 Nay, I must bring to thee a cup of sadness,
 Albeit, 'tis a gift most truly mine;
 My sorrow for the sins of other years,
 My Rosary of tears.

To-night my hands can hold no bloom of beauty,
 To lay full eagerly here at thy feet;
 Nay, I am come on errand of stern duty,
 To beg of thee thy consolation sweet;
 Yea, I am sick and troubled with old fears
 For sin done in past years.

To-night mine eyes are thirsty for thy greeting,
 Mine ears are hungering to hear thy song,
 Ah, this shall be for me a wondrous meeting,
 The world has sought and conquered me too long.
 Let fall on me thy smile, whose music cheers
 All sinners through the years.

—The Magnificat.

'Liberty means responsibility.' Some young people want liberty in the mistaken idea that it means freedom from everything in the nature of obligation. But that is licence, not liberty. Liberty always fulfils, and respects, and exalts law. It shoulders burdens and marches against evil. Eternal vigilance is its price, and those unworthy of it cannot keep it a day.

To become a Catholic one is not required to abandon any truth which he already believes, because this is the very nature of the Catholic faith that it includes all truth; hence it is called Catholic. To become a Catholic is to complete one's belief by embracing in addition to those truths already acknowledged others taught by our Lord with equal certitude and plainness.—Father Hecker.

Prayer for the dead prolongs the tenderest affections beyond the gloom of the grave. It infuses the inspiring hope that the assistance which we on earth can afford to our suffering brethren will be amply repaid when they have reached the place of rest, and make of them friends when we in turn shall fail, receiving us into the everlasting mansions.—Cardinal Wiseman.

Do we think sufficiently of this—that devotion to our Blessed Lady is not a thing which, like the possession of a book or a rosary, we have once for all, final and complete? It would be no less untrue to say that when we had received from God the grace of humility, we have simply to hold fast what we have got, and never dream of getting more, than to say devotion to Mary was an ungrowing thing. I repeat, it must grow like a virtue, and strengthen like a habit.—Faber.

The Storyteller

MISTRESS DOROTHY'S WAGER

'O Cousin Dorothy, surely you will never undertake such an enterprise! It were worse than folly to think of it!'

'Dorothy dear, you little know to what you are pledging yourself. The Heath is simply swarming with highwaymen.'

'And the renowned "Black Dick" would think very little of risking his neck to possess himself of those gems—that do not, in truth, outshine the brilliancy of Mistress Dorothy's eyes.'

Mistress Dorothy Pennington executed a sweeping courtesy in acknowledgment of this last speech, uttered by an exquisite, attired in all the bravery of flowered vest, plum-colored costume, and elaborate lace ruffles.

'I am overwhelmed, sir. Nevertheless' (she glanced round at the little circle that had gathered about her), 'I hold to my resolve.'

This conversation was being held in the assembly room at Tunbridge Wells, which at that time (it was toward the middle of the third George's reign) disputed with Bath the palm of fashion. The subject of discussion was a wager made by fair Dorothy Pennington that she would convey herself and her famous emeralds, and, incidentally, her great-uncle, old Judge Pennington, in all safety to London, without the loss of as much as one of her jewels, or injury to the same. Vain were all remonstrances, ineffectual all efforts to dissuade her from her project. With what her staid English relatives termed an unusual amount of Irish wilfulness, Dorothy pushed forward her preparations for the venturesome journey across Hampstead Heath, with its evil reputation of highway robberies perpetrated in the broad light of day, and its notorious denizen, Dick Harford, 'Black Dick,' at large.

The girl's heart was set on returning with all speed to Ireland, and the journey from the Wells to London was the first stage of the perilous homeward path.

Meanwhile, for this evening, Dorothy gave herself up to full enjoyment of the gay scene, where she queened it by virtue of the triple royalty of beauty, wit, and youth. All the wealth and 'gentility' of the metropolis were there represented. A royal duke had honored it with his presence, and had conferred on the fascinating Irish damsel the distinction of dancing a minuet with her. Had Dorothy but known, she had that very evening threaded the mazes of a pavane with a personage of far more remarkable celebrity. About his personality she was destined to be enlightened under very exciting circumstances.

Not many days later a cumbersome travelling coach, drawn by four stout steeds, might have been seen rolling heavily along the highway between Tunbridge Wells and London. At a certain point the equipage, deserting the main route, plunged into a labyrinth of byroads, leading indeed to the capital, but by ways so circuitous that the distance was more than doubled. This abandoning of the ordinary roadway was Dorothy's first move.

Great-uncle Pennington, enveloped to a disappearing point in comforting furs and woollens, groaned as the unwieldy vehicle swayed and pitched through deep ruts, and loudly bemoaned the times which necessitated such a mode of journeying for peaceable, law-abiding subjects of the British Crown. But Mistress Dorothy, erect and resolute, slipped back the hood of her crimson cloak and glanced with satisfaction at the dreary waste outside.

'Be of good cheer, dear Uncle! Those good gentlemen of the road are surely watching for us on the Heath. They little know how far out of their reach we are.'

Alas! how is it that

'The best-laid schemes of mice and men
 Gang aft agley?'

On a sharp rise of the road along which lumbered the coach, a solitary horseman was stationed, a black blot against the sky. Everything about him, including his horse, was of the same sombre hue. He surveyed the yet distant vehicle with a grim smile.

'Ha, my fine Madam,' was his thought, 'so you would measure wits with Dick Harford!'

In sheer exuberance of spirits, he accosted an approaching pedestrian, whom he easily identified as one of those itinerant Methodist preachers common to the time.

'Halloo, good man! Can I be of any service to you?'

The wayfarer looked up unsuspectingly over his great horn spectacles.

'Canst thee tell me, friend, if I be on the right way to Dulwich?'

'Av, that you are. And, as I've some minutes to spare, I'll give you a lift for a mile or so. Up with you, behind me.'

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Nothing loath, the good man hoisted himself laboriously onto the broad back of his interlocutor's steed, and, after a brisk canter, was set down where the road branched off to Dulwich.

'I thank thee, friend! And, as even to the elect, a word of warning comes not amiss, I pray thee accept these tokens of my good-will.'

He held up a packet of vigorously-entitled tracts: 'Snares of Behal,' 'Pitfalls for the Unwary,' 'Unrighteous and Unready.'

The horseman rapped out a string of profane remarks and, wheeling his animal to the rightabout, left the worthy divine with hands uplifted in pious horror.

'Stand, or I fire!'

The ominous words broke like a thunderbolt on the occupants of the travelling coach. The coachman, paralysed with terror, hastily drew up; and the black horseman, his face now concealed by a velvet mask, flung open the carriage door.

'Your jewels, madam! Your purse, sir!'

Great-uncle Pennington, rudely aroused from slumber, was fain to make an outcry; but the sight of a pistol levelled straight at his head made him promptly produce the desired article.

'Now, madam.'

But Dorothy scorned the notion of an easy surrender.

'Think you, sir, that a lady of quality carries her jewels about her at risk of meeting such company?'

'It matters little what I think, madam. Hand over the gewgaws without further bandying of words.'

'That I will not. I defy you!'

'I give you while I count ten, madam.'

Dorothy's courage was of the finest; but it was not easy to maintain it at the required pitch, looking into the barrel of a highwayman's revolver. With a little sob, she slowly drew up the pomander box that depended from her girdle, and opened it. Instead of the usual powder puff and other vanities, there lay coiled a string of emeralds. Reluctantly she handed them over to the coach door. The horseman took them, glanced at them, and broke into a contemptuous laugh.

'And you think to cozen Black Dick, young madam! I tell you I will have the stones I saw you wearing at the assembly rout.'

'You saw me wearing?' echoed Dorothy, haughtily.

'Ay, and that I warned you Black Dick would risk his neck to possess himself of!'

There flashed across Dorothy's memory the picture of a fop, costumed in plum-colored attire, who had uttered these very words. And she had danced with him! Danced with a highwayman!

'So 'tis of no avail to throw dust in my eyes. Out with them at once!'

'I pledge you my word I have not them about me.'

'I take your word for that. But, by your leave, madam—'

And Dorothy found herself unceremoniously deposited on the roadside; while the highwayman, stepping into the coach, ransacked and probed every corner of it. Another moment, and he lifted the judge bodily in his muscular arms. Dorothy cried aloud:

'O sir, you would not disturb an old man! I entreat you not to eject him. He has but recently recovered from an attack of gout.'

'You are vastly concerned about your relative's health, madam. For the ailments you mention there is nought so efficacious as a brief sojourn in the open air.'

And the invalid's vacant seat underwent the same rigid scrutiny, Dorothy watching, breathless.

'Ha!' ejaculated the highwayman.

He had torn off the leather that covered the floor of the coach, and a chink in the boards became visible, just where the Judge's feet had reposed.

Quick as thought, the masked rider pried open the planks, and from a cunningly devised aperture extracted a case. Leaping from the coach, he held up to view its contents, a complete parure of large emeralds.

'Ay, these are, in truth, the gems that graced Mistress Pennington when she honored me with a dance!'

Great-uncle Pennington, true son of Adam, hastened to exculpate himself.

'I protest, sir, I knew nothing—'

But it was too much for Dorothy. Dignity and prudence alike momentarily deserted her. She raised her little hand, and a ringing rufflet, of no uncertain aim, descended on the velvet mask.

The highwayman treated the affront as a jest. Sweeping his three-cornered hat in salute to his victims, he rode off, hearing for some minutes the Judge's doleful lamentations, and Dorothy's reproachful rejoinder.

'Alackaday, Uncle, I vow you are more discomposed at the loss of your scantily replenished purse than at that of my jewels!'

Late the following day the gentleman of the mask might have been seen making his way cautiously through a certain quarter of London. Arrived at his destination—the abode of a Jew dealer, who asked no inconvenient questions, he produced his precious spoils. He had already determined on the goodly amount of coin of the realm he would exact as their value.

'Here, Isaac—here's a prize that doesn't often come your way. No haggling now.'

The Jew stretched out an eager hand, and, clutching the case, proceeded to test its contents.

'Well, how much are you thinking you can cheat me off?' demanded the customer. 'You've taken long enough to make up your mind.'

The old dealer peered at his questioner with a curious expression.

'Are you aware, honest sir,' he said, in his own rendering of the King's English, 'that these things are glass,—so much colored glass?'

The face of 'honest sir' went livid with rage.

'Have a care what you say, old man! It were ill risking your rogueries.'

The Jew pushed the jewel case back toward him.

'There are plenty of jewellers in London, my friend. Ask their opinion. I traffic not in these fooleries.'

With his mind in a whirl, the highwayman turned on his heel, and was flinging himself out when the Jew called:

'Stay! I have something for you I had gone near forgetting.' He opened a receptacle and drew from it a letter. This was brought to me yesterday evening by a man—he seemed to be of the Irish nation—who besought me to deliver it to you, as he judged you would have business here. And a son of the Chosen People does not refuse to hearken to a request.' (The 'son of the Chosen People' omitted to state that the request had been accompanied by a handsome gratuity, as a refresher of his memory.) 'The man seemed well acquainted with your movements,' he added, with a sly smile, 'and with the fact that you have occasional dealing with me.'

Black Dick snatched at the letter and tore it open. In a delicate, yet firm, hand the missive ran:

'Before leaving London I desire to thank you, kind sir, for your obliging act in relieving me of a case of some bits of green glass, which would of a truth have been in my way had you not fancied them. These trumperies I had caused to be fashioned on the exact model of my jewels. I thank you likewise for conveying my trusty servant, Myles O'Hara, for a portion of his route, which was not to Dulwich. He it was who bore about him my emeralds, secreted in a pack of tracts, some of which, more particularly that one entitled "Pitfalls for the Unwary," he fain would press on your acceptance. You must allow that Myles, in the guise of a worthy Methodist, did fair credit to the schooling of

'Your obliged,

'DOROTHY PENNINGTON.'

Do not attempt to imagine Master Harford's language in his first outburst of fury on reading the letter. What! Foiled, duped, by a slip of a girl! And, O misery, he himself had carried his coveted booty, an easy prey, behind his back! That villainous O'Hara!

Then, by degrees, the humor of the thing began to appeal to him, as it had undoubtedly appealed to Dorothy herself in the carrying out of her skilfully-planned little comedy. A ripple of laughter ran through her letter, underlying the stilted phraseology of the day. He could see again the merry mockery in the dark blue Irish eyes at his clumsily-turned compliments during the rout, to which, for his own nefarious purposes, he had contrived to gain access.

'Zounds!' he cried to the Jew, who, uncertain what turn the frantic outbreak might take, had entrenched himself behind a hastily improvised barricade—'zounds, man! I can almost laugh to think that I, Dick Harford, whom no man ever yet worsted, have been outwitted and befooled by a little Irish lassie, who never set foot in London till a month ago!'

* * * * *

In an old Irish castle, at this present date of the twentieth century, Mistress Dorothy's emeralds, in the safe-keeping of one of her descendants, gleam as brightly as when their fair owner of a bygone day made and won her wager.—*Ave Maria.*

THE CHARITY WORKER

'Wasn't she great, Kitty?'

'Perfectly splendid, Nora. It was awfully nice of you to invite me to hear her. And the gown she wore. Really it made me envious, that lovely rose chiffon, and then satin and real lace trimming, and the diamond sunburst. Her hat just set off the dress. Black velvet is so rich and the plumes in it just matched the shade of the chiffon. Mrs. Brandon certainly has taste.'

'Oh, dear,' I thought, turning another page of the newspaper, 'I wonder if I will get this all the way into Park street.' There was really no way to avoid it, for I was sitting on the side seat at the end of a semi-convertible car, and the two ladies chatted away, entirely oblivious of my presence. I had to hear them whether I wanted to or not.

'But her lecture, Kitty dear; what did you think of that?'

A. J. FERNANDEZ

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'Delicious,' she responded. 'Of course I don't know much about the subject, but she seems to know charity work inside out. You ought to be proud of your sister. I never heard a woman speak so well, not even those horrid suffragettes.'

'Oh, I am so proud of her, Kitty. She sends me tickets every time she is going to speak, and I go whenever I possibly can.'

'You ought to go always. I'd never miss a chance to hear her if I had a sister like Mrs. Brandon.'

'Well,' sighed Nora, 'I can't always go. You know my poor brother doesn't like to be left alone too much, and of course I am at work all day, and so I never go out except when my sister is speaking, but,' brightening, 'of course Ed. will be company for him now, and that will leave me more free.'

'Ed.?'

'Why, yes. Ed. is going to live with us now. I told you, you remember, that my sister had an adopted boy. She has always been a charity worker. I call her a real philanthropist. She has no children, and so about ten years ago she adopted Ed. when he was only a child, and has brought him up. Wasn't it splendid of her?'

'Splendid!' responded Kitty warmly. 'But how does it happen that he is to be with you?'

'Well, you see it's this way,' answered Nora. 'Mrs. Brandon is away from home so much that she was forced to neglect the boy a little. Of course he never lacked anything that money could buy, but he was left mostly to the care of the servants. She simply had to be out a great deal in order to attend to their charities. Lately she found he was getting a little beyond her, and was having his own way in everything, acting like the spoiled child that he was. She was going to send him back to the home, and so I volunteered to take him. He's such a dear. She was quite willing. He is doing very well for me and my sister is delighted. You remember she asked particularly about him to-night, and was so glad to hear he was doing well. She has such a good heart.'

'Yes,' assented Kitty, 'I thought a little doubtfully, 'I have seen her name in the paper frequently as a worker for the poor, and as a philanthropist.'

'She certainly is,' responded Nora with conviction. 'I'm prouder of her every day. She always wanted to work for people that way. In fact we used to talk about it when we were small and we both wished to do charitable work, but when father died, his affairs were dreadfully involved and we were left almost penniless, and so all the great plans failed. That is, mine did. She was able to carry hers out.'

'We were both engaged at the time,' she continued, blushing a little, 'but I broke my engagement, as I thought I ought to stay at home with mother and my brother Arthur. Arthur, you know, has been a cripple since childhood, and it was his condition which turned our attention so strongly to charity work. We talked the situation over, my sister and myself, and she thought she could help more by marrying Mr. Brandon, who, of course, is wealthy, and she certainly has done wonders, doing good for people all over the city. She is interested in Belgium and Polish Relief Work, too.'

'Wasn't she elected president of the Women's Union for half a dozen reforms, or some such thing?' Kitty asked.

'The Women's Union for Civic and Industrial Reform,' corrected Nora severely. 'It was a great honor. They are a very exclusive set, and I believe she is the first Catholic to hold the office of president. They generally allow our people to be secretaries or something like that. I read it during a noon hour, and I nearly cried with joy. I was feeling tired after the morning, but when I saw her picture in the paper—I was so proud that I came near answering back when the boss pointed out a mistake I had made.'

Kitty laughed. 'Don't do that, Nora. He's an awful crank and won't stand for it. You'll lose your job.'

'I know it,' answered Nora. 'I'm careful, I promise you.'

'You have to work very hard, though,' said Kitty, sympathetically. 'I wouldn't want the place.'

'Yes,' agreed Nora, 'but my hours are short. That's why I'd hate to lose the position. I get through early and can hurry to Arthur, who is alone all day. The woman in the flat below us is very good. She sees that he has a lunch, and answers a little bell he rings when he wants anything. I pay her—but it isn't much. Poor Arthur—' she sighed deeply, 'he has to be very patient. But,' she added more cheerily, 'he does not suffer. He sits up in his chair all day and reads and says his prayers and is quite happy.'

'It's lucky you get such good pay,' responded Kitty, 'to stand all the expenses, unless,' she hinted, 'Mrs. Brandon helps you—'

'Oh, no—dear, no,' cried Nora hurriedly. 'Mrs. Brandon—it would not be quite right for her to spend her husband's money on her own family—do you think? That's the way she feels about it—and I feel that way, too. I have quite enough to get along on. Of course the addition of Ed. will mean a little sacrifice, but he's such a dear, willing chap, and studies so hard. The only thing that makes me unhappy is that Arthur does not

like Mrs. Brandon—his own sister. He called her a big bluff once—I shall never forget it.'

'Well,' said Kitty, caustically, 'I don't see why she can't spend a little on you if she helps others so much. I always thought she helped you a great deal.'

'Oh, dear,' cried Nora, 'don't you see, she doesn't spend on charity. They live up to every cent of Mr. Brandon's income. They have to keep up in the social world in which they move. She just gives her life to the cause, spending every minute of her time, lecturing here and there, organising, neighborly visiting, and all that. Why, she is so busy she has not been to see us for two years now. She is so sorry about it, and is always apologising when she sees me, and promises to come soon. I know she means it, but does not find time—but we meet often as I try to go to her lectures.'

'Well, you can't blame Arthur for not liking her when she doesn't come to see him,' observed Kitty.

'Arthur does not understand, poor boy, how busy a charity worker can be these days. There is so much poverty and distress everywhere, and I know that outside of the time that society demands of her she is always busy. She is a great success—president of the Women's Union for Civic and Industrial Reform, just imagine it. I'm so proud of—'

'Of course,' interrupted Kitty, 'I suppose she is busy, but I should think she would find time to do a little charity work at home.'

'She has the kindest heart. When she came up to me to-night, she was so glad to see me. Did you notice?—she left all the workers, Mrs. Van Pomp, Mrs. Steele, and Mrs. Goldbrick, and came right over to me. She wanted to take me home in the limousine, and would have but for the fact that the South End is so far out of the way, and it was so late. Indeed, I would not permit her.'

'She never introduced you to the Goldbricks or the Van Poms, did she?'

'No, of course not—with these shabby clothes? Indeed, I wouldn't thank her to,' said Nora. 'I don't want her to be toting poor relations around in the exclusive circles in which she moves.'

'No, of course not,' said Kitty, a little sarcastically, 'I thought, "that wouldn't be proper."

'Of course not,' cried Nora with conviction. 'I've often explained it to Arthur but he just laughs and says "Humbug." There's only one thing distressing me about Mrs. Brandon. Of course—she's a Catholic, Kitty, as good as I am—but I'm afraid she doesn't take much interest in Church work, and I've heard that frequently she doesn't go to Mass, but I don't believe it, and when I asked her she just laughed and said "nonsense."

'I never heard her name connected with any Church affairs,' interrupted Kitty. 'I should think that a Catholic would find too much to do with our interminable hospitals and orphanages, and old people's homes, and industrial schools, and Good Shepherds, Little Sisters, and all the rest—I don't see why any would-be philanthropist who claims to be a Catholic wouldn't find enough and more than enough to do at home.'

'I know it,' said Nora. 'I told Mrs. Brandon that and she agreed with me—but her circle, those among whom she moves and lives are, of course, non-Catholics, and so if she is to accomplish any good it must be on broad non-sectarian lines. She explained it very well—besides you know Mrs. Brandon moves in such cultured circles and thinks our people a little rude. Do you think so?'

'No, I don't,' snapped Kitty.

'Neither do I,' responded Nora, 'but that's what Mrs. Brandon says, and she told me that when she called on a parish priest in the interests of the neighborly house, he was really very rude and told her that he was surprised to find a Catholic working for such proselytising agencies.'

'Rude! I don't believe it,' said Kitty. 'He probably told her a few truths she didn't like to hear, such as charity begins at home, and that she ought to spend her time and energy and money, if she ever spent any money except on herself, on her own people.'

'Why, Kitty, I'm shocked. I do hope that when you call you won't encourage Arthur in criticising Mrs. Brandon. I am so proud of her. She is so charitable, so self-sacrificing. President of the Women's Union for—'

'You've been more charitable, more self-sacrificing yourself, Nora, than the whole tribe of Van Poms, Goldbricks, Steeles, and Brandons.'

Nora looked horrified at this bold heresy.

'Why, Kitty—'

'Park street, all out,' yelled the conductor, and I missed the sequel.

I thought the nickle for that ride well spent. I hadn't read the newspaper but I had read a page of real life. I suppose Nora will go down to her grave believing in simple humility and sincerity that the humbug Mrs. Brandon is the charity worker instead of herself.—*Pilot*.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

General Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P., the Catholic member for Monmouthshire, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor were speakers at a reception given in Paris to foster the inter-parliamentary *entente* between the legislatures of France and Britain.

The *Tijd* has received information from Brussels that the German court-martial has condemned the Cure Bosteels, of Etterbeek-lez-Bruxelles, and the Abbe Pierlot, of Namur, respectively to twelve and six months' imprisonment for having aided young Belgians to cross the frontier. The president of the tribunal was the same Dr. Stroeber who presided over the court at the time Miss Cavell was condemned to death.

A correspondent of the London *Telegraph* mentions the following striking instance of a French mother's patriotism:—A French friend of his, while in a New York restaurant, found that the waiter who was attending on him was a young Frenchman. He entered into conversation with him, and asked him why he was not fighting for his country. The waiter replied that he would soon be doing so, and produced a letter from his mother which he had just received. In this letter she informed him of the death of his two brothers, and added: 'You are my only remaining son, but if you do not come back to fight for France you need never come back to me any more.'

BRAVE DEED THAT WON THE D.C.M.

Sergeant F. Powell, of the 5th Battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, an old boy of St. Joseph's Schools, Netchells, Birmingham, has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for a very gallant deed. When the officers of his company and his fellow non-commissioned officers had fallen, he led the men in an attack on a German trench. Sergeant Powell, who is only 22 years old, joined the Army when war broke out in August, 1914, and was quickly made a corporal, a rank he held when he gained his distinction. He was then promoted to be sergeant.

GALLANT PAISLEY CATHOLIC.

Edward Rogers, a member of St. Mirin's congregation, Paisley, who joined the Army as private shortly after the outbreak of the war, has been promoted to the rank of second-lieutenant in the Scottish Rifles, in recognition of the ability and gallantry which he has displayed at the front. He took part in the battle of Loos and other important engagements, and his coolness and resourcefulness won the warm commendation of his superior officers. Prior to entering the Army he was connected with the Paisley Tramways. He took a practical interest in the parochial work at St. Mirin's, and was one of the most active members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the League of the Cross. On his return home for a brief holiday recently he was the recipient of hearty congratulations from his many friends in the parish. Lieutenant Rogers is of Irish extraction. It may be mentioned that St. Mirin's congregation has displayed an admirable spirit of patriotism, its contribution to the fighting forces numbering over eight hundred. Over fifty of these have already been killed in action.

BULGARIA AND THE VATICAN.

The *Reichspost*, a usually well-informed paper on ecclesiastical matters, says that 'King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is about to propose to the Holy See the establishment of a concordat and the appointment of a permanent Legation at the Vatican.' It is more than likely that this is true (remarks the *Universe*), as some three years ago Serbia, which has far fewer Catholics than Bulgaria, and moreover has a dynasty which is Orthodox, had both these things. Of one thing, however, we may be quite certain: no such steps can be taken with any possibility of fruition arising therefrom until the war is over, and for this very excellent reason: in the present state of the geographical muddle in the Balkan States—what with the uncertainty as to whether territory now occupied by hostile forces will remain permanently in their possession, or whether they will be forced to relinquish it—it is a puzzle to know which is Bulgaria, which is Serbia, and which is Greece, and until that puzzle is cleared up definitely, it may be regarded as quite certain that the Holy See could not be induced to move in such a matter. As our contemporary *Rome* says:—'There is, however, a special interest attaching to the religious situation in Bulgaria, where there is, or there was up to the outbreak of hostilities, a strong movement among the Orthodox Bulgars in favor of corporate union with the Catholic Church.'

AN OCCURRENCE IN THE TRENCHES.

Mr. Lilly, the well-known Catholic writer, describes the following illuminating occurrence in one of the French trenches:—'The order has come, to the company stationed

there, to attack, and at all costs to carry, a German trench which was dealing out death. The assault was made with partial success, but at a great sacrifice of life. All the French officers were killed, and the men of the company were reduced to forty effective troops. At the head of them was a sergeant, a young priest, a little man with a timid air, but whose eyes did not speak of timidity. The work given them was to be finished. The men were fatigued: their nerves had been terribly tried—and one of them said, 'There is something else.' 'I know,' replied the priest sergeant; 'that something else is the doubt where you may find yourselves on the other side, if you don't set out for the journey properly prepared. Down on your knees, make an act of contrition, demand and merit the pardon which will send you straight to heaven: yes, straight as a cannon ball.' There is a short silence, during which their hands trace the sign of the cross on breasts soon to be pierced. The priest sergeant gives them absolution. Then comes the word of command: 'Forward; we must take the trench. We shall meet again there.' Of the forty soldiers, thirty were killed, and the sergeant priest the first of them. But the trench was taken. Thus is France being re-baptized in blood to the faith.'

JOHN AYSCOUGH'S TRIBUTE.

Writing in the *Weekly Dispatch* on 'Why I Love the British Soldier,' John Ayscough says of the Catholic men under his charge:—

'I can never forget the readiness of the response my own Catholic men made to every spiritual appeal, to every effort made to help them to the memory and practice of their religion under circumstances the least easy. In what odd places have they had to hear Mass; under what difficulties have they often had to come to confession; and yet with what devotion have they heard Mass, with what splendid reverence have they seized every opportunity of receiving Holy Communion, and how little persuasion did they ever need to avail themselves of the chance of confession.'

'As to that last, they struck the keynote in the ship that carried us to France. Having gone round the decks and shown myself, and let them see that they had a priest on board, I had nothing to do but to sit in my cabin and hear their confessions as they came to me all day long. They all came. We embarked at Dublin, and our port of disembarkation was Havre, and the whole time of the voyage was occupied in hearing their confessions.'

'At the front it was the same: sometimes towards evening the day's march would bring us to a village; it was enough to point out that there was a church and to pass the word round that the priest would hear confessions there at once, and the men would crowd into it and patiently wait their turn. If they thought that at the end the priest would mount the pulpit and speak to them they would all wait, long after many of them had made their own confessions.'

Next morning they would be there for Mass and for Holy Communion. If the village priests themselves were there they would never fail to remark, with admiration, on the piety and devotion of the English soldiers, 'See! they all go to Communion, and with what reverence! How absorbed they are in their acts of religion!'

SOLDIER PRIESTS' GOOD WORK.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, late of the City Temple, and now a member of the Church of England, in an article in the *Daily Chronicle* recording his experiences during visits to the front, says:—

There are plenty of priests in the trenches acting simply as private soldiers, but ready at a moment's notice to comfort the wounded or shrive the dying, or even as opportunity affords to bring the rites of religion to the hale and sound. They have paid freely with their blood for the new respect they have won from the armies of France. It is officially stated that there are not less than 60,000 priests serving with the belligerents on all fronts—and this exclusive of the priests of the Eastern Church serving with the Russian forces, and the thousands of ministers of all denominations serving with the Protestant troops of Great Britain and her gallant sons from beyond the seas.

I heard some months ago from Catholic sources a moving account of the work of one of these soldier-priests. A half-ruined church within the zone of fire was filled with wounded men laid in rows upon straw along the nave, chancel, and aisles. Yet the altar was lighted, and by it expectant servers stood waiting. Presently the door opened and a cavalry captain entered and made his way through the dolorous scene of pain and death, his spurs clinking on his heels, his sheathed sword held in his left hand, while with his right he made the sign of benediction over the ranks of moaning men.

From pallet to pallet he passed, listening to whispered confessions from tortured lips and giving absolution, at length seating himself in a chair near the altar where those who were able to do so came to him one by one with their penance or grief, and he declared to them the peace of God. Outside, remember, the guns were thundering all the time, and the surge of battle breaking on every side,

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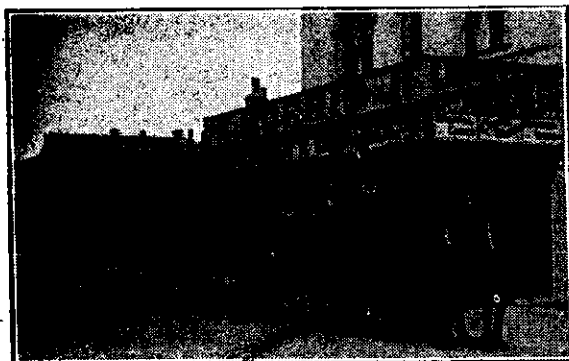
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Confession over, this accoutred officer proceeded to the altar and said Mass. He was a priest. Did ever any priest say Mass under more solemn and awful circumstances; did ever any soldier fight a nobler fight?

A TRIUMPHANT FAREWELL.

Cardinal Mercier left Rome on February 24 for Belgium. During his stay, while giving the Pope a complete account of the real condition of Belgium under German rule, he has carefully abstained from doing or saying anything which could provide the Germans with a pretext for preventing his return (says the *Universe*). He received persons of all parties and religions during his visit, anti-clericals like M. Destree no less than Catholics. He was particularly popular with the British colony, which had two opportunities of meeting him at the British Legation to the Holy See, and at the Belgian Consulate, on which occasion he spoke to every person present.

The anti-clerical *Messaggero* pays a warm tribute of admiration to this noble patriot, who has never ceased to affirm the downtrodden rights of his countrymen.

When the Cardinal left the Italian capital numerous ecclesiastics and friends and a large crowd were at the station to see him off. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, the people shouting 'Long live Belgium!' 'Long live the brave Cardinal!' and other touching demonstrations of affection and admiration.

At Florence his Eminence was met at the railway station by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Florence, three members of the Municipal Council, the Belgian Consul, a number of Catholic notabilities, and a large crowd. As soon as the train drew up there were hearty cheers. The Cardinal-Archbishop and the Catholic notabilities welcomed him in a private waiting-room. Then the party at once passed into the general waiting-room, which was packed with people. Here Cardinal Mercier met with a tremendous reception. As he proceeded to the Archbishop's Palace by motor car, he was continually cheered all along the route. On all sides were heard cries of 'Long live Belgium; long live Mercier.' Outside the Archbishop's Palace a fresh demonstration took place, and the Cardinal came out to thank the crowd.

After celebrating Mass the Cardinal went by motor car to Badia di Ripoli to visit the Institute of the Sisters of Providence, where he was received by the Mayor of Bagno di Ripoli and other notables, including Signor Issidoro del Lungo, member of the Senate, the celebrated historian of Italian literature. The garden of the institute was decorated with Italian and Belgian flags, and there was another enthusiastic reception.

Afterwards a meeting took place in his honor in the theatre of the institute, which was crowded with guests. When the Cardinal entered, a band played the Belgian National Anthem, and young girl students delivered speeches exhorting him in his prayers to join with the name of Belgium that of Italy, who, they said, was fighting for the cause of justice and civilisation. Cardinal Mercier thanked all present, and asked the young girls to pray for their brothers in Belgium and Italy who were fighting at the front for the cause of justice and liberty. This address was greeted with cries of 'Long live Belgium!' and 'Long live Italy!'

His Eminence reached Milan at noon on February 26. He was received by the Belgian Consul and the *personnel* of the Consulate, and was enthusiastically cheered by a large crowd. The daughter of the Belgian Consul presented him with a bouquet of carnations, bound with the Belgian colors. Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, was at the station to meet him, and the two Cardinals greeted each other with the greatest cordiality. Cardinal Mercier subsequently left for Chiasso. His Eminence was given a most cordial farewell.

SAYING THE ROSARY BEFORE A CHARGE.

The tremendous conflict that is costing France the best and bravest of her youth is vividly brought before us at every turn (writes a Paris correspondent). A recent stay in a small provincial town, that stands inside the 'zone des armées,' within sound of the cannon of Arras, made me better realise certain aspects of the war that are less perceptible in Paris. The number of persons in deep mourning was very striking, and those who know the inner life of this walled city could point out many houses, commonplace enough in appearance, which at the present moment are hallowed by sacred and tragic memories.

Among other traits, I was told the story of two young soldiers, both well under twenty. They were first cousins, and also close comrades and friends; the speaker, who made them known to me, was the mother of one and the aunt of the other. They were educated by the Jesuits and had the happiness of belonging to staunchly Catholic homes. They enlisted before the 'classe' to which they belonged was called to serve, and went to receive their military instruction at the 'depot' of the regiment, in a town in the west of France. Here the two lads won the affectionate sympathy of everyone by their brightness and

eager patriotism. The regiment to which these boys belonged is one of those that has suffered most severely since the beginning of the war. It held an important position that has been frequently named in the official despatches, Pertkes les Hurlus, in Campagne. Close by was stationed an officer belonging to another regiment, a Breton, who was brother-in-law to one and cousin to the other young soldier. He came to see them soon after their arrival and was delighted with their martial spirit, their gaiety, and also their deep religious feeling; his own Breton faith found an echo in the spirituality of these two little soldiers. The account given to their mourning parents by a sergeant who survived the battle brings them before us on the last day of their short lives. The attack 'a la baionnette' was pending. The French soldiers in their trenches were standing tense and alert, ready to leap into the open. The sergeant reports that the two boys, such good comrades in life, were, as usual, side by side, and as he passed close to them he saw that they were reciting their Rosary. Then the signal was given. He saw them pocket their rosaries, bound out of the trench, their boyish faces aflame with eagerness. Then a shell came; it burst close by and struck both lads at the same minute. One was killed on the spot; the other, Jacques S—, was seen to raise himself once; then he too fell, not to rise again. The battle continued to rage furiously, and, as has often happened in the course of this cruel war, the ground was torn up by the shells, the trenches taken and retaken alternately by the French and Germans, and, in the hopeless confusion, the bodies of the two boys were buried, with others, in an unknown grave. The weeping mother, who told me the tale, possesses no relic of her son, but, however trying the deprivation, she finds consolation in the supreme vision of the gallant little soldiers who, after telling their beads, leaped out of the trench and smilingly went to meet death in the spirit of the medieval Crusaders.

MARIST BROTHERS, WELLINGTON

(From an occasional correspondent.)

Forty years ago the Catholics of Wellington received the Marist Brothers, who had come to take charge of the boys' school. The Brothers arrived on May 15, 1876, and commenced school shortly afterwards. On the 15th of this month the fortieth anniversary will be celebrated by a banquet in the Brothers' old school in Boulcott street. At the re-union, the 'Roll of Honor,' containing the names of all the old boys who have enlisted, will be unveiled. Among the most distinguished of these old boys is Captain Shout, who was awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery at Gallipoli. Unfortunately he died of his wounds, and has not had the pleasure of receiving the congratulations of his old school fellows. However, his name will not be forgotten, and a large photo of this young hero will adorn the walls of the Marist Brothers' School in all the years to come.

Another youthful Marist hero who deserves more than ordinary recognition is William Fix, only son of Mr. William Fix, of this city. This young enthusiast, though only seventeen years of age at the outbreak of the war, went out with the main body, and has not been absent one hour from his post, having passed through all the battles, sieges, etc., without any mishap. After eighteen months' continuous service, a man like him is surely deserving of a little rest, and his only sister (Miss Maria Fix), as well as his fond parents and many friends, are all hoping that he may live to be welcomed home again.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of misery his visage haunted,
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THE DUTCH PEOPLE AND THE WAR

ATTITUDE AND SYMPATHIES.

Holland has observed a strict neutrality during the present conflict (writes a special correspondent of the *Catholic Times*). Before even the war was declared, troops had been mobilised along the frontiers, mines laid at the entrance to the Zuider Zee and the mouth of the Schelde; preparations were made for opening the sluices, as in the historical days of Alba and of Louis XIV., to flood the lowlands. A law was passed in June, 1915, introducing general military service, and thereby strengthening the army. With what jealous care the Dutch kept guard at their frontiers can be seen from the resentment with which they received the reports of French papers, at the beginning of the hostilities, that they had suffered their territory to be violated, as well as by their vigorous action last April, when four of their merchant steamers were taken by German submarines. Their papers loudly called for reprisals; and William II. thought it advisable to telegraph to Queen Wilhelmina his regrets and to offer an indemnity. Quite lately the coastguards have shown themselves ever ready to open fire on Zeppelins transgressing over their borders.

Fears for the Future.

Many Dutchmen think that whichever side wins, the war is fraught with danger for the country. The Germans would, no doubt, if they retained Belgium, seize the mouth of the Schelde as well as the islands which close the outlets of the Meuse and the Rhine. Holland would find itself surrounded by the Power which treats the rights of small States with open contempt. The declarations of Herr Zimmermann, who was Under Secretary of State in Berlin, to a Dutch Socialist, that the war would doubtless bring about a closer economical connection between the two countries, did not allay apprehensions. 'Economical connection' would mean entering the Zollverein, which, Treitschke said, was, as necessary to Germans as their daily bread. How long could Holland, once she became commercially dependent, maintain her political liberty against her redoubtable neighbor? There appears to be, on the other hand, a certain amount of fear amongst the Dutch that the victory of the Allies might prove a peril to their colonies, and that Japan might covet their rich islands in the South Pacific.

Commonsense Overcoming Prejudice.

The sympathies of the people are pretty equally divided; they cannot be said to be preponderatingly in favor of England. Not to mention the ancient commercial and colonial rivalry, which has not entirely died away, the Boer War in our times roused warm sympathies with the kinsmen in South Africa, as well as animosity against England; and the blockade of the British Fleet interfering with trade has caused some irritation which has been artfully fomented by certain journals. But the commonsense of the people is getting the better of these prejudices. The good faith of England, which came to the defence of Belgium, cannot be doubted; Hollanders cannot possibly remain ignorant as to where lies the danger which threatens their liberty; and the oversea trust, whilst opening the door to many abuses, has had the result of removing a real grievance.

The Banished French Religious in Holland.

The relationship with France shows the strong bearing of the religious element. As formerly during the Revolution, so in late years banished Catholic Congregations have found refuge in Holland; but the persecution which they endured did not tend to increase respect for the French Government. The most anti-Catholic Ministers must now see how fatuous has been their policy with regard to the Church, how they have lowered their credit amongst the neighboring countries. A common subject of discussion in papers like the *Tijd* and the *Centrum* has been the atheism of French officials, the falling birth-rate, and the incapacity of French Catholics which contrasted with the vigor of the German Centre. The same journals have, on the other hand, pointed to French missions and their numerous and flourishing schools, colleges, as well as to the fact that the young generation seemed to be returning to the old faith. They have learned to distinguish, from instances in their own country, between officials who oppressed religion, and the bulk of the people who are oppressed. Among the Protestants, who form the majority, some are opposed to a State which has disestablished a Church, but a great many, the descendants of old Huguenot families, remember affectionately in time of danger the country of their fathers, as Queen Wilhelmina said during a visit to France before the war, when she remarked that she was proud of the French blood in her veins. This remark seemed to the German press as tactless, as the fact that her popularity, richly deserved, entirely overshadowed her husband, Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, who, hitherto little noticed, acquired recently an unenviable notoriety by the manner in which he helped Prussian officers who had lost their way, to escape over the frontier.

German Influence.

German influence has permeated Holland, as all neighboring countries, by means of trade, which has been increasing by leaps, and of immigrants, who are considerably more numerous than Belgians, French, and English put together. Ever since the Reformation there has existed a relationship between the Protestant Churches and universities on either side of the border. German students keep their terms, German professors lecture at the theological faculties of Leyden, Groeningen, and Utrecht; Dutch students and professors in their turn visit seats of learning in Germany. There is a continual exchange of ideas between peoples of kindred breed and language; the Dutch farmer has no difficulty in understanding the *patois* of his German neighbor.

Dutch Catholics and the Centre Party.

Amongst Catholics the religious influence has made itself felt in a direction the very opposite to that of France. During the Kulturkampf many priests and congregations established themselves in Limburg. The Catholic population had great sympathy with the refugees, and was full of admiration for the Centre which was able to hold its own against the State and to build up powerful political and social organisations. The annual meetings of that party were regularly attended by deputies from Holland; and the Christian syndicates of workmen formed international unions for members of the two countries. Dutch Socialists were influenced by the teaching of Marx. *Het Volk*, representing the Netherlands, was in full sympathy with the *Vorwärts*, which is published in Berlin. The moderate party, led by Dr. Kuyper, worked for a closer union of all the branches of the Teutonic stem. The usual measures have been taken to influence the press; the *Toestand*, once the *Toekemst*, is now nothing but a German paper, written in the Dutch language.

Aversion to Militarism.

Whatever may be the sympathies of some of the clergy, officers, business men, and intellectuals, the bulk of the people dislike the Prussians, whom they distinguish from other Germans. They have as intense an aversion to militarism as Englishmen, as strong a determination to stand up for their liberties and to resist German subjection. The fate of Belgium has been a terrible revelation. The fugitives who fled from Liege, the thousands who escaped from Antwerp, the pitiful sight of the multitudes, hungry and way-worn, all telling the same tale of horrors, wounded the Dutch people to the quick. The dislike which they may have felt for Belgians melted away at the sight of such undeserved misery. Wonderful charity was shown by the State, the communities, by families who opened wide their hospitable doors to the unhappy wanderers. Newspapers of every shade made known the crimes which had been committed beyond their borders. The *Telegraaf* gave the first account of the wholesale executions in Dinant; the *Tijd*, the *Centrum* published the text of Cardinal Mercier's letter, and told of the restrictions of personal liberty to which he had been subjected. These papers have the merit of having taken their part in showing up the crimes which the Kaiser's soldiers committed in Belgium.

Relations With the Holy See.

The most remarkable result as regards the Netherlands to which the invasion of the neighboring country has led has been the renewal of official representation at the Vatican, after the example of England. The first intimation of this roused great indignation amongst the Protestants of the Evangelical Alliance. Two leading deputies tried to work upon the religious prejudices of the public. The speech in which the Foreign Secretary, M. London, explained to the Chamber the reasons for introducing the measure, was most significant. 'Peace will come at length,' he said; 'towards this contingency the Government is looking. The measure has been assailed by every kind of argument. Are the enemies of the Pope so fierce that they prefer having no peace at all than a peace in collaboration with the Vatican? Are they not conscious of the duty of Holland, which through its international position has seen so many congresses occupying the Palace of Peace? Even if collaboration with the Vatican should not lead to the desired end, it will be better for Holland to have tried and failed, than not to have tried at all.' 'The mission we are sending to Rome may be temporary or permanent,' added the President of the Council; 'we see in the Papacy an international power.' The measure was passed by a large majority, and the late M. Regout appointed Ambassador at the Vatican.

Dutchmen have been true to their past in maintaining their neutrality, and in showing their sympathy with their oppressed neighbors. They have been true to their best interests in sending an ambassador to Rome, so that they may, whilst acknowledging the international power and position of the Pope, take their share, when the time comes, in bringing about a lasting peace which shall safeguard the leaves and liberties of small nations.

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Hokitika.

(From our own correspondent.)

April 25.

Large congregations attended St. Mary's Church at both Masses on Easter Sunday. At the 8 o'clock Mass a large number of persons approached the Holy Table. At the 10 o'clock Mass the Rev. Father Clancy preached an eloquent sermon on the 'Resurrection.' The choir, under the conductorship of Mrs. S. W. Richardson, sang the Mass of St. Cecilia.

Mrs. Margaret Tobin, an old and highly esteemed resident, passed away on Sunday last, at the age of 77 years. The deceased lady, who was a native of Galway, arrived in Hokitika in 1864, and for 25 years lived in Kanieri, where her husband followed the occupation of a miner. She and her husband afterwards removed to Kumara. The late Mrs. Tobin was of a generous and charitable disposition, and was greatly respected by all who knew her. She was a staunch Catholic. She leaves a husband and seven children—Messrs Edward Tobin (Melbourne), Michael and Thomas Tobin (Thames), Mrs. Carroll (Nelson), Mrs. John Walsh (Westport), Mrs. Lynskey (Rangiora), and Mrs. T. Kennedy (Hokitika).—R.I.P.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

April 28.

At a meeting of the heads of guilds of the Sacred Heart Society, Mr. Holloway was elected hon. secretary.

Mr. D. Colch has enlisted, and goes into camp next month. He was a member of the choir. He makes the fourth member to offer his services for his King and country—one of whom has been killed and another wounded. Mr. Colch is vice-president of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society.

There were crowded congregations at all the Masses on Easter Sunday. A *Missa Cantata* was celebrated at 11 o'clock by the Rev. Father Forrester. The choir sang the Mass of St. Mary Magdalen in good style, Mr. J. Cosgrove conducting. After the 11 o'clock Mass the choir were entertained by Rev. Father McManus.

Intercolonial

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, North Sydney, the Archbishop of Sydney referred to the fact that the Catholic inmates of the hospital were in a minority, and it was pleasing to know that the Catholic hospitals were appreciated.

Two West Australian priests, Rev. Father P. Briody and the Rev. Father D. O'Donnell, were on the Sussex when she was torpedoed in the English Channel. They cabled to Archbishop Clune that they were rescued, but are unable to resume their journey to Australia.

Mr. W. Archbald, M.H.R., who was present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new presbytery at Brompton, South Australia, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Spence, Archbishop of Adelaide, declared that the Catholic Church had done its share, and perhaps more than its share, in helping to build up the moral tone that was doing so much to right the present war. Although not a member of that Church, he could not help admiring the noble work it was performing.

The first sod of the ground on which the Catholic College is to be erected in the University reserve, Melbourne, was turned on April 11, in the presence of his Grace the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, and the Rev. Dr. Kelly, P.P. The site is a hive of industry (says the *Advocate*), teams of ploughs and harrows working to prepare the ground for the foundations. Quantities of Barabool stone are being handled by the stonemasons, and within a few days some 200 men will be at work. Judging from the thorough manner in which the builder, Mr. B. Moriarty, has taken up the work, the college should be ready for occupation within contract time.

Sincere regret was felt in Victoria when the death of the Very Rev. Dean Nelan, P.P. of Colac, was announced. He had been ailing for two months, and was an inmate of St. Evan's Private Hospital, East Melbourne. The late Dean Nelan was born in County Kerry on the 29th September, 1840, and was consequently in his 76th year. He entered the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows', Dublin, in 1858, being ordained in June, 1863, and arrived in Melbourne in November of the same year. His first mission, as a young man of 23, was in South Gippsland, where he spent six months. He was then transferred to Carisbrook for a brief period, and was appointed to the Colac mission in 1864, never to leave it for the long period of 52 years.

Among the Australian officers who were decorated with the Legion of Honor for services on Gallipoli Peninsula was Major (temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) P. D. Fitzgerald, D.S.O., of the 11th Hussars. He is a son of the late Hon. N. Fitzgerald, K.S.G., M.L.C., of Melbourne. Colonel Fitzgerald was on the staff of the Cavalry Brigade at Ladysmith, and underwent the siege, winning the D.S.O. Till he was sent to the Dardanelles on the staff of the 2nd Mounted Expeditionary Division he was brigade-major of the First Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. In 1914 Colonel Fitzgerald married Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, mother of the present and widow of the late Duke. Colonel Fitzgerald received the fourth class, or cross of the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, LL.D., of Chancery lane, Melbourne, is a brother of the Lieut.-Colonel.

The art union organised by the H.A.C.B. Society for our Catholic charities was, as we all know, a success, but it is probable that few will really realise the greatness of that success until they actually read the lengthy list of donations to Catholic institutions which the District Board has decided upon (says the *Freeman's Journal*). The following amounts have been distributed by the District Board:—Waitara Foundling Home, £45; St. Bridget's Orphanage, Ryde, £50; St. Michael's Boys' Orphanage, Baulkham Hills, £40; Institute Deaf and Dumb (Dominican Nuns, Waratah), £35; St. Joseph's Boys' Orphanage, Kincumber, £35; Sisters of Mercy Orphanage, Cowper (Lismore diocese), £20; Sisters of Mercy Orphanage, West Maitland, £30; Mater dei Orphanage, Narellan, £35; St. Vincent's Hospital, £35; Lewisham Hospital, £35; Sacred Heart Hospice for Dying, £35; St. Joseph's Hospital, Auburn, £30; Sacred Heart Hospital, Young, £30; Sisters of Mercy Orphanage, Newtown (Albury), £25; Mater Misericordiae Hospital, North Sydney, £20; Boys' Orphanage, South Goulburn, £25; Sisters of Mercy Girls' Orphanage, Bathurst, £25; St. Anne's Orphanage, Liverpool, £20; St. Joseph's Orphanage, Lane Cove road, £30; Orphanage for Girls, Kenmore (Goulburn), £35; St. Anne's Orphanage, Broken Hill, £15. Total amount distributed, £650.

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Current Topics

In the Mission Fields

There is an old Tuscan saying that 'a man's religion is not worth much until he can afford to make jokes about it.' In *The Field Afar* for February a good French missionary, who returned from India to fight for France, if he does not actually make jokes about his religion, at least tells an entertaining story thereabout: 'I was in an Indian village two years ago, near a forest, when a native woman, a recent convert, came and asked if I would say the prayers for the dead over the body of a tiger which had just been killed. I was dumbfounded and started to explain, when she added: "My husband has been in the tiger since this morning."' The story of 'the young lady of Riga,' in the well-known limerick, has evidently its counterpart in real life.

Shakespeare and Chicago

Even in the most unexpected spheres of life there are persons of the type of Jim Smiley in Mark Twain's *Jumping Frog*—with the bump of contradiction abnormally developed. They frequently die young, but when they survive they delight to drive full tilt at some darling bit of history or legend that has entwined its tendrils around the public heart. They tell us, for instance, that Goethe did not call for 'light, more light,' as he passed away, that Nelson did not clasp his blind eye to the telescope on a memorable occasion, that a Scottish lady did not hear the cry of the pipes at Lucknow, and that Francis Bacon (Baron Verulam) was really the author of the plays attributed by a mistaken world to a mere stage hand named William Shakespeare. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's voluminous attempt to decipher Bacon's cryptogram left the question of the authorship of the plays about where it was before. It is chiefly memorable as a curious monument of misdirected ingenuity—like the attempts made by the philosophers of Laputa to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. A Chicago magistrate, however, has made a dead-sure thing of the business, and has, as the cables inform us, formally and irrevocably decided that Bacon, and not Shakespeare, wrote the immortal plays.

*

We are not favored with the evidence on which this modern judgment of Solomon was based, nor was it in the least necessary that we should be. For the idea of Bacon's authorship of the plays will ever remain, as Mr. Goldwin Smith described it, a mere 'whimsical theory.' Charles I. and Milton were both eager readers of the plays; both were boys when Shakespeare died; both, though literary men, unhesitatingly attributed the plays to him. Milton, in his *L'Allegro*, couples him with Jonson as a dramatist. Moreover, Shakespeare bubbles over with passion and humor—two qualities of which we find no trace in Bacon. Shakespeare was also too frequently obscene in parts of his plays. Bacon—as we know him from his locks—would scarcely stoop to cater such stuff for the *habitués* of the Globe Theatre. The playwright placed Bohemia on the sea, and had convents in pagan Athens. Bacon knew geography and history too well to make such pretty blunders. Again, some of Shakespeare's plays—such as *Henry VIII.*, two parts of *Henry VI.*, etc.—were, in part or altogether, the result of collaboration with other playwrights. It is unlikely that a man of Lord Verulam's high social, legal, and political standing would have entered into partnership with a set of men who were so despised as were the players and playwrights of his day. The Chicago decision is not likely to deprive Shakespeare of his title to everlasting fame. It will not even raise a passing doubt—will evoke nothing worse, in fact, than a pleasant laugh at Chicago and its magistrate. 'Despite the serious moral plots that appear in some of Shakespeare's works, the words which "rare Ben Jonson" wrote of him will ever hold true:—

'He was not of an age, but of all time,
Sweet swan of Avon!'

The Lodge and the Mayor: A Contemptible Attack

It is, we think, the great library of Washington that has a corner devoted to 'insane literature.' The 'insane literature' consists of voluminous efforts to invent perpetual motion, to prove the flatness of the earth, and to show that the Church of Rome is the Beast of the Book of Daniel, the Scarlet Woman and Mother of Abominations of the Apocalypse, and the cause of all the troubles that this grey old world is heir to. The council and a number of the citizens of Auckland have been recently treated by a representative of the saffron sash association to some choice morsels of this form of madness, together with sundry other titbits of straitwaistcoat misinformation regarding the Catholic Church and the Papacy. They are conveyed per medium of a pamphlet entitled 'The Papal Delegate and the Mayor: An Open Letter to the Citizens of Auckland,' written by one who was afraid or ashamed to sign his name, and issued under the auspices of the Loyal Orange Lodge, Auckland. In this precious production that unspeakable bigot, Dr. Robertson, of Venice, and the obscene Italian gutter-paper, *L'Asino*, are invoked as witnesses to the fact that the Papal tiara is 'the bloodiest crown in the world'; English history, we are assured, has proclaimed that 'every legate who has put foot on English soil has been a black curse to the kingdom,' and that 'there has never been an exception'; and the writer weeps salt tears because an old anti-Catholic persecuting law is no longer enforced, and because 'it seems that in these times of flabby sentimentalism it may be overlooked, while civic dignitaries and ministers of the Crown pay grovelling visits to the Forbidden One. The "Forbidden One," we ought, perhaps, to explain, is not his satanic majesty, but that genial Christian gentleman, Mgr. Cerretti. But that gives only a very imperfect idea of the condition of blue funk in which the lodge luminary finds himself. 'The position in New Zealand to-day,' continues this scared scribbler, 'demands the serious attention of every non-Romanist. The Vatican has, for the last 80 years, made a great and determined attempt to undermine and subvert England; and to again restore "Mary's Dower," as they call the Homeland, to the Holy Church. Government positions, official positions of every class are eagerly pursued, and many are possessed by Romanists. Efforts are constantly made to control the press. The Jesuits specially train men for press work. The Coronation Oath has been amended so that to-day there is no bar to a secret Romanist occupying even the Throne of England.' When an individual becomes the victim of obsession to such an extent as that, there is only one thing to be said. When the Turks wish to indicate that a man's friends would do well to look after him, they politely say: 'Allah is with him!'

*

Had this no-Popery whooper confined himself to abuse of the Papacy, no one need have taken any notice of the effusion, for Rome does not worry about pigmies and midgets. But this precious letter was made the vehicle of a disgraceful and shamefully personal attack on the Mayor of Auckland, and, most despicable of all, upon the Mayor's wife. One does not look for truth, charity, or plain good sense in the utterances of irresponsible no-Popery fanatics; but it revolts the chivalrous instincts and sense of decency of the whole community to find even an Orange controversialist stooping to publish an anonymous and cowardly attack upon a woman. The gravamen of the Auckland Mayor's offence is that he allowed the Auckland Domain to be hired for the St. Patrick's Day celebrations, which included the celebration of Holy Mass, and also that he had the courtesy to say good-bye to Dr. Cleary, a citizen not of Auckland only but of the Dominion, the latchet of whose shoe this anonymous calumniator is not worthy to unloose. On this point the pamphleteer gives utterance to these ignoble words: 'Mr. Gunson's last act was to call on Dr. Cleary before he left for Rome to wish him God-speed on behalf of the citizens of Auckland. I am a citizen of Auckland and Mr. Gunson told the reverse of what is true when he wished Dr. Cleary God-speed for me.' Well, let this large-minded and big-hearted 'citizen' come from behind his mask,

and express these sentiments openly in the press of Auckland, and he will quickly learn what the public think of him.

So far as the attack on the Mayor is concerned, his Worship was saved the trouble of dealing with it by the prompt and manly, and, we may add, unanimous action of the City Council. We give in full the extremely interesting report of the proceedings as it appears in the *Auckland Star* of April 20:—'After the Mayor (Mr. J. H. Gunson) had left the chair at last night's meeting of the City Council and the Deputy-Mayor (Mr. A. J. Entrican) had taken the seat, Mr. E. Davis asked and was given leave to move a resolution of sympathy with Mr. Gunson relative to an attack which had been made on him through a pamphlet, or open letter, entitled "The Papal Delegate and the Mayor," which Mr. Davis said had been circulated in Auckland under the auspices of the Loyal Orange Lodge, and had been sent to most of the city councillors. It was a publication, he said, making a scurrilous attack on the Mayor because Mass was celebrated on the Domain when it was leased for St. Patrick's Day celebrations. The position was that the Domain had been let as usual, the Council receiving £22 for the lease for the day, and by law the Domain was for the day private property. What celebrations were held there on that occasion were not known to the Council, and the Council had nothing to do with them. The whole attack was one of religious bigotry. Religious services had previously been held on the Domain, and, as a matter of fact, permission had been given last meeting for the Salvation Army to hold a service there next week. It was due to the Mayor that the Council should defend him from such unjustifiable attacks. "The scurrilous personal attacks upon Mr. Gunson hardly need answering," added Mr. Davis. "Some people may say, 'Then why not let it go unnoticed?' Well, we cannot all be 'too proud to fight,' and I think that to allow this document to be circulated in Auckland without protest or reply from us would be a great mistake. This open letter seems to me an insult to the intelligence of our people, and a disgrace to any community that calls itself Christian or Protestant, or even civilised, and I hope that the Council will join with me in putting this opinion on record." He moved—"That this Council desires (1) to point out that the celebration of the Mass in the Domain on St. Patrick's Day was a matter in which the Mayor and Council were not concerned, the Domain being let in the ordinary way, and used by Roman Catholic citizens for legitimate purposes. (2) To offer its sympathy to the Mayor in regard to the scurrilous and contemptible attacks made upon him in an 'open letter' dealing with the recent visit of Archbishop Cerretti to Auckland. (3) To express in the strongest terms its disgust at the bigotry and intolerance evidenced in this 'open letter,' and its sincere regret that such a production should be published and circulated in our community under the pretext of representing the spirit and teaching of Protestantism or Christianity." After sympathetic discussion the Council unanimously carried the resolution.'

That says, in admirable fashion, all that needs to be said. It is, perhaps, a little like taking a Nasmyth hammer to break an egg, but it was desirable that such a particularly addled egg should be effectually disposed of. The tactics employed by the dark-lantern fraternity on this occasion are eminently calculated to defeat their own ends, and to recoil upon their authors. The incident is, in fact, a very excellent advertisement for Mr. Gunson, and that gentleman should be in a position to regard with equanimity, if not with positive gratitude, the malevolent but clumsy and bungling efforts of 'A Citizen' and his 'Open Letter.'

For Our Catholic Soldiers

We have received the following letter from Captain Father A. J. O'Shodman, M.S.H., 3rd A.L.H. Brigade, Heliopolis, Egypt:—'On behalf of the Catholic soldiers

of Australia, and New Zealand, now on active service, I wish to appeal to the generosity of their friends under the Southern Cross to assist in an undertaking which has for its immediate object the betterment of the spiritual and social condition of our brave boys in this portion of the Purple East. As far as can be gathered, there are about 15,000 Catholic soldiers concentrated in this district, and distributed in six large military areas adjacent to Heliopolis. They have no place of their own to congregate, and, excepting camp life, are without a home. To meet their pressing needs a beautiful residence, with magnificent gardens, has been obtained at a rental of £12 per month, for the purpose of forming a Catholic Club where the men may recreate after the hard labors of the day. To ensure the immediate success of such a laudable undertaking we need money, and as the pay of a soldier is cut down to cover necessary expenses only, I am appealing through you to our Catholic people and Catholic societies to place this work on a sound financial basis. Australia and New Zealand have sent many brave sons of the Church to assist the Empire in her hour of need. Would it not be a beautiful tribute of affection and a sincere manifestation of Catholic loyalty on the part of Australasia, if, in the hours of peace amidst war, a haven of rest and a home of peace could be provided for our Catholic boys fighting in freedom's sacred cause? As the new clubrooms are within easy reach of the Australian and New Zealand Military Hospitals they will also serve the purpose of sweetening the hours of our sick and wounded. As I am leaving again for the front on March 10, I desire that all subscriptions be sent by bank draft under registered cover, payable at Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Cairo, to Mr. N. Abcarius, Ministry of Justice, Cairo, Egypt. He is residing in Heliopolis, and is in close touch with Church affairs in these parts, and will acknowledge all amounts. My own movements are too uncertain to ensure safe delivery of letters containing money.'

We have pleasure in passing on this appeal to our readers, and in commending it to their prompt and favorable notice. There was certainly urgent need for some such move as that which has been attempted. Apart from the new club, there is absolutely no provision for Catholic troops in Egypt in regard to recreation and social intercourse, and when off duty they are obliged to frequent the rooms of the American Mission or the Y.M.C.A. in order to write their letters. The new clubrooms are now open, and the management are meeting the wants of the men both in the way of stationery and in the matter of good and wholesome refreshments. We are glad to know that the troops are beginning to find their way to the new centre, and that on social evenings every available seat is occupied. We hope that the Catholic societies and Catholic people of the Dominion will assist to the utmost of their power in so desirable a work. Every pound from Australia and New Zealand is to be expended in improving the clubrooms after rent has been paid; and any surplus will be set apart for the purpose of supplying necessary wants for Catholic soldiers in the various camps. There have already been many calls upon our people, but we are sure a little further sacrifice will be forthcoming to aid so deserving a cause. Subscriptions may be sent to this office, and after acknowledgment in the *Tablet* will be duly forwarded to the proper quarter.

The President of the French Republic has been pleased to confer the Croix d'Officier of the Legion of Honor on Monsignor William Keatinge, C.M.G., senior Catholic chaplain with the British Army in France.

Miss Margaret Fletcher, editor of the *Crucible*, writing to the London *Tablet*, tells of a fund left by a Catholic woman, Mrs. Rose Leyland, of Manchester, England, to found a scholarship for Catholic women who wish to study medicine. 'This scholarship,' says Miss Fletcher, 'has been held for the past three years by a Catholic woman student at University College, Cork. The number of inquiries as to when this scholarship will again be open to competition which have reached me as one of the trustees prove that Catholic young women are fully alive to the needs and opportunities of the day.'

H.A.C.B. SOCIETY

DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

(From our Auckland correspondent.)

The thirtieth annual meeting of the New Zealand Hibernian Society was opened at the Hibernian Hall, Wellington street, Auckland, on Tuesday morning, April 25, at 10 o'clock. The Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, vice-president, in the absence of the district president, Bro. J. P. Smith, who was indisposed, presided. There were present: Very Rev. Dean Van Lyk (Dargaville), Very Rev. Father Cahill, Rev. Fathers Murphy and Taylor, and Rev. Brother Calixtus; and the following direct representatives: Bros. P. J. Duggan, Oamaru; Deere, Greymouth; Murphy, Westport; Gallagher, Nelson; J. J. L. Burke, P. D. Hoskins, J. P. McGowan, Branch 95, Wellington; T. Murphy, Wellington South; M. J. McGahey, Wellington North; B. Chapman, Masterton; H. McKeowen, Pahiatua; M. Grimes, Christchurch; A. J. Woodley and Dufferin, Auckland; M. Walsh, Wellington Female; Curry, Blenheim; Ryan, Waihi; McCarten, Onehunga; P. Cunningham, Napier. Members from the Auckland branches acted as proxies for the branches unable to send delegates.

The balance sheet and report disclosed very satisfactory results, both in regard to membership and finance. A sum of £400 was paid in funeral allowances for the half-year, while the funeral fund showed a credit balance of £13,130 18s 10d; the supplementary sick fund, established under three years ago, had a balance of £1376 4s. Some 250 members who were serving with the Expeditionary Forces were being kept financial, their contributions being paid out of the District Guarantee Fund, but as the numbers were increasing the fund could not stand the strain, and a committee, consisting of the district executive, with Bros. P. D. Hoskins, Curry, A. J. Woodley, Murphy, O'Sullivan, Duggan, P. Cunningham, and M. Grimes, was appointed to consider the best means of dealing with the matter, and to report to the general meeting later. The conference adjourned at 1 p.m. for the purpose of observing Anzac Day. Members attended the service at St. Patrick's Cathedral in regalia.

The conference resumed again in the afternoon, and many important matters were discussed. The motions put forward by the district executive and the members for the Wellington branches after considerable discussion were lost. A motion of sympathy with Bro. J. J. O'Brien in his recent illness was carried.

The conference adjourned at 11 p.m. until next morning.

On Wednesday the conference resumed, and worked most assiduously until 1 p.m., after which it adjourned until 7 p.m.

The remaining 24 amendments to the rules moved by the Wellington delegate occupied most of the business. The last one consisted of a demand that the district executive should defray the travelling expenses of the visiting delegates. A compromise was effected by the executive agreeing to pay only locomotion expenses.

The suggestion to abolish the half-yearly meetings was vigorously debated, but it was ultimately decided to retain them.

The funeral fund showed a credit balance of £13,130 18s 10d, after £400 had been paid in funeral allowances during the past year to the branches.

The supplementary sick fund, though in existence but scarcely three years, showed a credit balance of £1376 4s. It was sought to reduce the contribution to this fund from 1d per week per member to 6d per quarter, but the motion was defeated.

Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook moved—'That owing to the growth of the Society, and consequently the large amount of work devolving on the district secretary through having to deal with increasing funds, that he receive a salary of £150.' The Wellington delegate, as an amendment, moved—'That the secretary's salary be £250.' The motion was withdrawn in favor of the amendment. A further amendment by the Leeston delegate that it be £350 was lost, and the motion that the salary be £250 was carried.

The following officers for the ensuing term were elected:—Very Rev. Chancellor Bro. Holbrook, district president; Bro. E. J. Higgins, district vice-president; Bro. Wm. Kane, district secretary; Bro. M. J. Sheahan, district treasurer; Bros. F. J. O'Meara and J. B. R. Stead, district auditors. The newly-elected officers returned thanks. Before the meeting dispersed the wish was expressed that the district president would visit Melbourne next month to attend the biennial meeting of the several districts of the Australasian group.

Nature's face is decked with jewels rare,
She weaves glad garlands in her sunny hair,
She is a lady, fair beyond compare;
But man is subject to her darker moods,
So to the rescue comes the cure of 'Woods,'
The Peppermint Cure is just the 'goods.'

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

April 29.

The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., is, I am glad to say, slightly improving in health.

Large congregations attended the Holy Week and Easter services in the various city churches.

The Rev. Fathers Mark Devoy, S.M., and John Campbell, S.M., who were ordained on Easter Saturday, celebrated their first Mass at St. Anne's last Sunday.

At the annual conference of delegates of the Federated Catholic Clubs of New Zealand, held during Easter, the following resolution was passed: 'That the conference of the Federated Catholic Clubs of New Zealand desires to express its sincere gratification and congratulations to his Lordship Bishop Brodie on his election to his present exalted position in the Christchurch diocese.'

Mr. John Brennan, of the Chief Inspector's branch of the General Post Office, was on Friday last made the recipient of a presentation from his confreres in the General Post Office prior to his departure for Oamaru, where he is to take up the position of chief clerk. The presentation was made by Mr. R. P. Morris, the Chief Inspector, who eulogised Mr. Brennan's long and faithful service in his branch.

On May 15 the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association will fittingly celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the founding of a community of Marist Brothers in Wellington. Advantage will be taken of the occasion to unveil the 'Roll of Honor,' which will contain over 200 names. The secretary of the association (Mr. F. J. O'Driscoll) will be grateful if anyone knowing of any old boys of the Boulcott street school, serving in the Expeditionary Forces, Imperial Army, or Navy, will send the names in to him, so that they may be incorporated in the Roll of Honor.

Mr. B. Nolan, of the State Coal Depot, Wellington, has received advice from the High Commissioner's Office, London, notifying him that his son, Bombardier J. B. Nolan, who sailed from Wellington with the main body, left London for Egypt on February 16 in order to rejoin his regiment. At the time of leaving he was hale and hearty. In the advice received it is stated that the New Zealanders at Home were eager to return to active service, and the wish was expressed that they might come through scatheless, and uphold New Zealand's magnificent record in this war.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 1.

There will be devotions for the month of May each evening in the Cathedral at 7 o'clock.

The net results of the national entertainment, given in the Coliseum in celebration of St. Patrick's Day, amounted to £75. This sum is gratefully acknowledged by the Nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary as a welcome help to them for the upkeep of the free wards of Lewisham Hospital, which are now continuously filled.

In announcing the ceremonial opening of the extensive new wing of the Mount Magdala Institute, fixed for next Sunday, the Rev. Father Murphy, B.A., in the Cathedral on Sunday, paid a warm tribute to the noble charitable work being carried on by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, emphasising the outstanding merits of the duties performed by them for fallen humanity, and the magnificent success attending their truly Christian efforts.

So great is the reputation locally gained by the Nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary for their hospital management and careful tending of patients, that the extensive new main building as well as all other portions of Lewisham Hospital are kept fully occupied. The community are now thoroughly settled, at least, until their magnificent institution again proves inadequate to accommodate the increasing numbers seeking admission. Certainly the growth and scope of the Sisters' work in so short a time in this city is simply phenomenal.

With the desire of becoming acquainted as early as possible with all portions of his far-reaching diocese, his Lordship Bishop Brodie has arranged his plans whereby he hopes by the end of May to have completed a tour of all parochial districts. His Lordship's immediate movements and engagements are as follow:—On next Sunday he is to preside at the opening of the new wing at Mount Magdala. On the following Sunday he will make a visitation at Lyttelton, and officiate in St. Joseph's Church. His Lordship then leaves for Westland, first making an episcopal visitation at Greymouth, and then informally visiting the other parochial districts on the West Coast. Returning to Christchurch, his Lordship will then avail himself of

whatever opportunity offers to visit the remaining parishes of Canterbury.

The season for Association football was opened on last Saturday at English Park, St. Albans. St. Bede's College, the winners of last year's school competitions, were opposed by a team from the combined schools. St. Bede's won the toss, and the Combined Schools kicked off before a fair number of spectators. The College were first to attack, and Kingan scored with a good shot. Half-time arrived with the score: St. Bede's 1, Schools nil. The second half saw Schools pressing, but Standwin spoilt a good effort by off-side play. Schools came again, and Donaldson found the net. St. Bede's now woke up, and a combined run by the College forwards resulted in Kingan placing them ahead. No further score resulted, and St. Bede's won an interesting game by 2 goals to 1.

ANZAC DAY.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

Anzac Day was observed with befitting solemnity in the Cathedral. Requiem Mass was celebrated at nine o'clock by the Rev. Father Long in the presence of his Lordship the Bishop. There was a large congregation. The Rev. Fathers Bell, S.M., Murphy, B.A., and Burger, S.M., were present in the sanctuary.

His Lordship the Bishop addressed the congregation as follows:—'We are called together to-day,' he said, 'by the most sacred obligations—obligations not only of patriotism, but also obligations arising from the love of God and of our neighbors. This is called "Anzac Day." It is a day which must have great memories in the history of Australia and New Zealand. Many a time have we taken pride in the history of this young country. Many a time have we boasted of the doings of our young men in the fields of sport, in the schools of learning, in the world of science. But the highest test of our manhood was yet to be made. It presented itself at a time of national danger, when our hearths and homes were imperilled. Would our young men be prepared to sacrifice their lives in the defence of their country? That was the question which came to be answered through this great war. The thousands of men who left these shores have helped to supply the answer. The time came when they were told what was expected of them. After the middle of April, 1915, they were called together to receive the long-waiting orders. They were told that the task allotted to them was of the greatest difficulty. It would try the heart of the bravest. Did one fail or falter? Not one. On this day, twelve months ago, they began that career which has brought glory to our young country and renown to our young men. "Anzac" may be simply a name. It may be a name invented from the association of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps; but it is more than a name. It is really a history, which sums up in one word the glorious doings of our young men in time of danger, in their hour of triumph. It shows them side by side with the trained troops of the Mother Country, performing acts of daring which may be equalled in the history of warfare, but never have been surpassed. The voice that called the congregation together (Bishop Brodie continued) was not only the voice of patriotism, but also the voice of religion. It was strange that war and religion were directly opposed to each other, but in the midst of warfare the teachings of our Saviour stood out most prominently. Our young men, being prepared to meet their God, had no fear in meeting their foes. In many countries where the war was raging, religion had been ridiculed, but now that had been changed, and those who were true to their faith were admired. There was another reason for the assembling of the congregation that day. They must remember the dead. Those who were commemorated had a special claim on the living. The people had met in the Cathedral to offer the fragrant incense of prayer for those who had given their lives so nobly. A prayer would be offered, also, for those who mourned. In the length and breadth of New Zealand, and of this great Empire, there were many sorrowing hearts. Those who had fallen would never be forgotten. He believed that, when God's trumpet called, their sorrowing relatives would meet them face to face. The mourners would be consoled by the fact that the separation was only for a time, that the lost ones, by their deaths for their country and their God, had inherited the crown of eternal reward, which would be shared by those who had made the great sacrifice of sending them forth. He prayed that our Blessed Saviour would infuse the greatest of all consolation into the hearts of those who sorrowed and mourned. At the conclusion of his Lordship's address members of the choir sang 'Nearer my God to Thee.' Solemn Absolution for the dead was given by his Lordship the Bishop, the incidental chants and responses being rendered by the assembled clergy, and at the close the 'Dead March' from 'Saul' was played on the organ.

Methven

(From our own correspondent.)

His Lordship Bishop Brodie will visit Rakaiia on Tuesday, May 9, and in the afternoon he will be welcomed to

the parish by the school children. At 7.30 p.m. there will be Kosary and Benediction at the church, and afterwards (8.30 p.m.) a social evening at the Town Hall, during which his Lordship will be enabled to meet all the parishioners. On Wednesday, May 10, Bishop Brodie will proceed to Methven, where a similar programme will be gone through.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 1.

Devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin are to be held in the church every evening during the month of May. A special sermon is also to be preached every Sunday evening during the month by Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., explaining the Catholic doctrine concerning devotion to our Blessed Lady.

On Wednesday morning last, a ceremony of reception was held in the chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, when a postulante received the holy habit of the Order. Rev. Father Aubrey, S.M., of Waimate, performed the ceremony, and also preached a sermon suitable to the occasion.

In accordance with the wishes of his Lordship the Bishop, Anzac Day was observed here in a fitting and solemn manner. There was one of the largest congregations ever present in the church at 11 o'clock, when a Missa Cantata was celebrated by Rev. Father Herbert, who, taking for his text—'Going, they shall go weeping; but coming, they shall come joyfully, carrying their sheaves,' preached an able and eloquent sermon, dealing with the history of the war from a religious standpoint. The rev. preacher paid a loving tribute to those heroes who had laid down their lives so willingly and gladly for King and country, and referred in a special manner to the boys of the district, who had fallen in battle, and spoke words of sympathy and consolation to their bereaved relatives and friends. After the Mass, prayers for the dead were recited, and the 'Dead March' was played by the organist (Miss Dennehy), which added greatly to the solemnity of the occasion.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

May 1.

Local Irishmen condemn the insane action of the Sinn Feiners in Dublin, who never lifted a finger to assist Ireland in its agrarian and economic struggles during the last thirty years, and were openly antagonistic to the fight for autonomy.

So great, says our Mayor, is the demand on the local Patriotic Fund, that the whole of the operations of the Claims Board would have to be reviewed in June and every case re-considered, whilst a full statement of amounts disbursed, classification of recipients, and ability or otherwise of the fund to bear the rate claims being made upon it would be dealt with.

The following is a list of pupils of St. Joseph's Convent who were successful at the theoretical examination of December last:—Junior Division—Clare Burns, 99 (honors); Elva Skinner, 99 (honors); Maud Davies, 93 (honors); Vera Woodley, 93 (honors). Preparatory—Eugene Sayegh, 100; Freda Brannigan, 84; Josephine Commons, 87; Norman Smith, 82; Maimie Little, 73; Alma White, 72; Ivy Priest, 67. Miss Irene McGarry, a pupil of St. Leo's Convent, Devonport, was successful at the teachers' diploma and rudiments' examination, held in December, 1915, and is now an Associate of the Trinity College, London.

The Hibernian delegates from the various parts of the Dominion gathered in the Metropolitan Hotel on Friday evening. The toast of the 'Visitors,' which was proposed by Bro. Woodley (local branch president), was supported by Bro. Nerheny, and responded to by Bros. Duggan (Oamaru) and Grimes (Christchurch). The toast of the 'Hibernian Society' was proposed by Bro. Burke (Wellington), and replied to by Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook. The majority of the delegates left soon after by the night express for the south. During the day the delegates were shown over most of the religious institutions, with which they were greatly impressed. In the afternoon they visited the sugar works at Chelsea, and all agreed it was an interesting and novel experience.

The delegates to the district meeting of the Hibernian Society adjourned their business at noon on Wednesday, 26th inst., and, while at Lake Takapuna, news of the disturbances in Dublin reached them. On one of the cross roads a member of the party read out from the evening paper the deplorable news. The faces of those present were a study, each one betraying intense emotion. It was resolved before they left the spot on the cross roads that the first business to be transacted, when the conference re-assembled in the evening, would be to draft and forward a cable message to Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P.,

leader of the Irish Party. This was done, and the following message was at once cabled: 'The New Zealand Hibernians at their annual conference, now sitting in Auckland, have learned with abhorrence and regret of the disturbances in Dublin; also, they desire to express their deep sympathy with, and entire confidence in you, the Irish Party, and followers.' Several vigorous speeches were delivered in moving, seconding, and supporting the message to the Irish leader.

Paeora

(From our own correspondent.)

April 28.
There was a very large attendance at the 9 o'clock Mass, which was celebrated on Anzac Day at St. Mary's Church for the repose of the souls of the soldiers, particularly the 6th Haurakis, who fell fighting for their King and country in the Gallipoli campaign. During the Mass the Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett preached an appropriate sermon, dealing with the doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the dead.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 1.
Bro. P. J. Duggan, secretary of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, was in Auckland last week as delegate to the conference held there.

At a recent meeting of the Hibernian Society, Rev. Father Foley was initiated as a member of the branch, and was warmly welcomed by Bros. P. J. Duggan (secretary) and M. F. Cooney (president). In reply, the Rev. Father thanked the speakers for their cordial welcome, and promised to further the interests of the society by every means at his command.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

Mr. Thomas McGrath, of Spey street, has received word that his son, Mr. J. S. McGrath, who, when the war broke out, was in Rangoon, Burmah, is now serving with the British forces in Mesopotamia.

Since the first Pan-Southland gathering, many inquiries from different branches of the Catholic Federation in the Dominion have been received by the local secretary, but the latest emanates from the Catholic Federation of Victoria, the executive of which contemplate holding a similar function, and are anxious to obtain particulars of the great Pan-Southland gathering, which is now an annual meeting in these parts. It is interesting to note that Mr. J. J. Moriarty, who for years was well known as the representative of the *N.Z. Tablet*, is now a member of the Victorian executive of the Federation.

The preparations for the re-opening of St. Mary's are now well in hand. All the substantial parts of the decorations are completed. The glaziers and painters are at work. Visitors come in groups daily and bestow praise or blame, as suits their taste. A large concourse will certainly attend on the opening day, May 14. To give an opportunity to people coming a distance to arrive in time for the ceremonies, these will begin at 11.30 a.m. Many

will motor long distances, hence this delay will be a great convenience to them. Motorists can come from all over Southland and reach in time. His Grace the Archbishop will be the preacher, and his Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin will be the celebrant at the opening Mass. A considerable number of our leading clergy have notified their intention to be present. Fine weather is all that is now necessary in order to have a memorable religious assembly.

FAREWELL TO FATHER DELACH, OTAKI

Some two years ago the news of the Rev. Father Delach's departure from Otaki (says the local *Mail*) was received with very general regret—not only by the Catholic population of Otaki, but over the whole district, for the non-Catholics fully appreciated Father Delach's sterling qualities. We knew that men of his stamp were few and far between, we had been proud to have him amongst us, and the public had always shown their appreciation by helping him in all his undertakings. District residents had learned with pleasure the promises made on several occasions by Archbishop Redwood to the Natives—an assurance that Father Delach would remain amongst us as long as he lived. Unfortunately, however, his health broke down, he had to be relieved from duty, and went to Auckland to undertake medical treatment.

The Natives of Otaki, having heard that Father Delach was going Home to the Old Country for the benefit of his health, sent a request for him not to leave New Zealand without coming to say good-bye to them, and consequently Father Delach came to Otaki on April 21, and was received most enthusiastically by hosts of friends, both Natives and Europeans. No one, unless he is conversant with Native customs and feelings, can form an adequate idea of what the Rev. Father Delach is to the Natives. He is their friend, their father, their son; his is part of their lives—a link between the living and the dead; hence the splendid manner in which they entertained him, and the keen regret exhibited at his departure.

The Catholic Europeans of the district, hearing of Father Delach's visit, took advantage of the opportunity of showing their affection for the priest who had labored so zealously among them for over twenty years, and, at an informal meeting, held in front of the Maori meeting-house, at Pukekaraka, on Easter Sunday, after Mass, the following address was presented to Father Delach by Major H. H. G. Addington:—

'Dear Rev. Father,—We, the parishioners of the Otaki district, having learned that you are going to pay a visit to your beloved native land, France, now our valiant ally in arms, cannot allow the occasion to pass without an expression of our great love for you, and our earnest gratitude to you for your sterling worth as a citizen in our midst for nearly twenty-five years, and more especially our appreciation of your zealous labors in ministering to our wants in God's vineyard. Your missionary work amongst the Natives forms a theme of praise from Auckland to the Bluff, but of that the Natives themselves desire to give expression this day. When we look back and realise that on your arrival to assist the Rev. Father Melu, there was but one dilapidated church on this coast, and no presbytery or school, and now gaze at the beautiful church practically re-erected at Otaki, and surrounded by a magnificent presbytery, convent, boarding-school, and day-school, together with beautiful churches in all the townships—Paraparaumu, Ohau, Levin, Foxton, and Shannon—little wonder we marvel at your zeal and

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devotion whereby you surmounted every obstacle and difficulty until you made Otaki a seat of learning for all the people of this coast. Therefore the people cry out in one glorious strain, "Long live Father Delach; may he enjoy a well-earned rest, and may Almighty God be pleased to grant him good health, and cause him soon to return to the bosom of his family—the Otaki people."

'Signed on behalf of the parishioners by H. H. G. Addington, R.M. D'Ath, T. O'Rourke, G. H. Harper, Jas. McLeavey, P. J. Hennessy, M. Moynihan.'

Rev. Father Delach, in the course of his reply, said: A few weeks ago I was asked if I would be agreeable to receive an address from the Catholics of the district of Otaki, prior to my departure for the Old Country. I replied emphatically that I was entirely opposed to it, and I considered that the chapter was thereby closed. Today I have to put it on record that since my arrival here, nearly a quarter of a century ago, this is the first time that you have ever done anything against my wish. I must confess, however, that my answer was perhaps a little one-sided, and I therefore attach no blame to anyone, and, moreover, I am most grateful to you for what you have done, and for what you have said. In your address you have mentioned Father Melu's name; we are all sorry to see him absent to-day. One unacquainted with us might think that you were taking from him in order to give to me, but those who know us as you do, know that we are so closely united that whatever praise is given to one redounds to the credit of the other. He was the head; I was the hand. Our hearts always beat in unison. We had the same aims, the same ideals, and our united efforts always converged towards the one end—the advancement of the Church, and the spiritual welfare of the people of our parish. I am glad to say that our efforts were not spent in vain; but, after all, if we are to give credit to whom credit is due, then all honor to the parishioners, for without you, what could we have done? And tell me, who is the priest that ever had more devoted children? Where is the priest who received at any time a better response from his people than we did from you at all times? Did you not always fill the measure of your support to overflowing? No wonder then that everything progressed with us, and that you can proudly say to-day that no other parish in New Zealand is, considering the size of the population, on a better footing than the Otaki parish. I am proud of the address you have presented me; I will treasure it as a written bond of union between you and me, as a souvenir of the past happy days spent in your midst, and as a token of welcome, if it please Providence to ever send me back amongst you. Thank you all for your very great kindness to me at all times. May God give you His choicest blessings.

The Natives then entertained all the visitors to lunch.

NEW CHURCH AT NORTHCOTE

The occasional sermon at the opening of the new church at Northcote a few weeks ago was preached by the Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, V.G., and was based on the following text:—'Lord, it is good for us to be here; if Thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles.' The Right Rev. preacher said it was good to be associated in the building of this new tabernacle, which had been erected to the honor and glory of God. This new church was a credit to the congregation, and represented to some degree a reparation to God for the awful devastation in blood-sodden Europe. It was a reparation for the blasphemy of that tyrant, who at one moment raised his impious voice and besought the Omnipotent God to grant success to German arms, and the next gave orders that all obstacles in the way should be destroyed, whether sacred or secular, without conscience or ruth or pity. Poor Belgium and unhappy France, in consequence of the orders of that arch-hypocrite, were now mourning the loss of some of their most beautiful treasures, built by a devout people, who now, in the sadness of their heart, beheld nothing but the desecrated ruins of what was once their honor and glory, and congregations had been dispersed by the awful sacrilege of the cruel German soldiers. From time immemorial, it had been a custom for all denominations to set aside a building, to be called the House of God. Even those outside the Christian religion erected buildings and dedicated them to the worship of the gods. In primitive times the people united to build temples with the greatest care and attention to detail to make them the noblest buildings. In Exodus xxxvi. we read that God commanded Moses to erect a building—a tabernacle, in the wilderness and specified the minutest details of what and how it was to be constructed. It was built for a specific purpose—to house the tablets of the Lord. So with the Catholic denomination, tabernacles were erected to house the Blessed Sacrament—the real abiding Presence, and this constituted the difference between the Catholic and all other churches. When Solomon erected the temple in Jerusalem, it outshone all other buildings—the like of which had never been seen, and the hope of his heart was that none would ever appear again like it. He called upon the people to honor

God with a temple, grand, magnificent, and glorious, but great as it was, and adorned with silver and gold and precious stones, and erected by Solomon in all his glory, it, like the tabernacle, was simply built to house the tablets of the Lord. In all the Christian world, through all ages, it had been the desire of the Church to erect some structure to surpass all other buildings, for this one purpose. No matter what the class of building, whether a ware, a meek building by the wayside, or St. Peter's of Rome, it made no difference in the eyes of the Almighty—they were to house the tablets of the Lord, and the Blessed Sacrament. There the Blessed Lord reigns, and there He is the Host, and receives His friends and guests. All other denominations have the same desire, realising that 'where two or three gather together in His Name, there is He in the midst.' In all Christian countries of the world, whether wealthy or poor, great or small, it was the desire of the Catholic Church to erect some building which for beauty and design, and solidity of structure should stand apart from all others for the one Divine purpose. One of the most striking things to be seen in Russia when travelling along great monotonous stretches of country, on each side of the railway the one object that catches the eye is the church spire, surmounted by the gilded cross inspiring thoughts of God, and pointing the way to the Kingdom of God. He had seen in a book where the writer, referring to the beauty of the churches in Ireland, had stated that the Catholics there were ground down by the priesthood, and money taken from them with which to build these structures. That man had not the spirit of Peter, for had he taken the trouble to inquire from any poor peasant concerning the reason for these grand buildings in their midst where there were no other appearances of prosperity, the answer would have been—the first dwelling we think of is the dwelling of our God and the home of our Lord, and we are ready to give without being asked, yea, we will give our last shilling, for the love of our churches, to erect a building worthy of Him, and in which we can take glory and pride.

What more noble mark, the Right Rev. preacher asked, can we have in the landscape than the spire of the temple—the abode of our Lord and King.

It is good to be here, in this new church this morning, and we can exclaim with David of old, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house,' and 'one thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.' That place is the temple and holy, where the priest prays and the people worship, and it is because of the Catholics' love for the Tabernacle of the Lord that they are prepared to give to the Church.

FEDERATED CATHOLIC CLUBS

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The fifteenth annual conference of the Federated Catholic Clubs of New Zealand was opened at St. Patrick's Hall, Boulcott street, Wellington, on Saturday, April 22 (says the *New Zealand Times*).

The following were the representatives of the various clubs:—Auckland, Mr. R. Duignan, St. Benedict's (Auckland); Mr. C. Lynch, St. John's (Parnell), Mr. M. O'Kane, Karangahake; Mr. M. Krebs, Hamilton; Mr. F. Galvin, Wellington; Messrs. P. Gallagher and B. Leydon, St. Anne's (Wellington South); Mr. J. Wickliffe, Christchurch; Messrs. W. J. Dobbs and P. J. Nelson, Timaru; Mr. T. Quinn, Ashburton; Mr. B. A. Guise, Greymouth; Mr. T. H. Forster, St. Canice's (Westport); Mr. J. Fagan, and federal executive, Messrs. G. Dee, M. O'Kane, F. Galvin, J. Fagan, E. B. L. Reade, and T. H. Forster (hon. secretary). Apologies were received for the absence of his Grace Archbishop Redwood (president-general), his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, and Mr. J. L. Leydon (president).

Mr. G. Dee (vice-president) occupied the chair throughout the morning session.

An address of welcome to the visiting delegates was given most ably and sincerely by the spiritual director of the society the Very Rev. Father J. O'Connell. The rev. gentleman stated that, as spiritual director, he felt deeply interested in the work of the Catholic Clubs of New Zealand. He was pleased to see the visitors, whose action in coming to Wellington at a time like the present showed that the interests of Catholic bodies had not been lost by the present state of affairs owing to the depletion of the officers of clubs due to enlistments. He exhorted delegates to foster Catholic Club life in New Zealand by deliberating freely and sincerely on the matters represented on the agenda paper. The speaker dwelt briefly on the aims and objects of Catholic Clubs. They were like the Catholic Federation; they were endeavoring to benefit the Catholic men intellectually and socially. Intellectually they were banded together to promote faith in its highest possible form. By good readings, by debates and by meeting together frequently members overcome their faults. Socially, by healthy recreations which are a help both to

the mind and physique. A man who plays the game and is a keen sport is one who is looked up to in the intellectual sphere also. He hoped that the deliberations would be successful, and that they would all go back encouraged, and in view of the continuance of the war, to feel that by having a greater burden on their shoulders the effort required would be greater, and worth the trouble the more. The responsibility would be thrown on to the individual more than in the past and the few who are left to carry on the work should do so cheerfully and not be discouraged by temporary difficulties. In conclusion, he wished the delegates a pleasant stay.

Mr. Dee in reply thanked Very Rev. Father O'Connell for his instructive and interesting address. A good and reliable outline had been made of the club's welfare in New Zealand. The formation of new clubs was one of the most vital questions which the federal executive had to deal with, and he stated that if only six or seven men met they should form a debating society which should in a short time develop into a Catholic Club in all its branches. Mr. Dee extended to Father O'Connell the very best wishes of the conference and their heartiest appreciation of his attendance and his educative and entertaining address of welcome.

The annual report and balance sheet came up for discussion, and on the motion of Mr. B. Leydon, seconded by Mr. W. J. Dobbs, were adopted. These papers showed a satisfactory position, considering the difficulties and hindrances created by the war, owing, amongst other causes, to enlistments and consequent withdrawals from the officers and members of clubs. The competitions, finance, *Catholic Magazine*, and Catholic Social Guild course of study were all touched upon in the report.

Mr. Lynch, seconded by Mr. Leydon, moved—'That the time allowed to speakers in the debating section of the shield contest be increased from five minutes for the first speaker and seven for the second speaker to seven and ten respectively.'

The conference here adjourned at 12.45 and resumed at 7.15.

Mr. J. B. Leydon (president of the federation) occupied the chair. The motion mentioned was discussed and carried.

Mr. T. H. Forster, seconded by Mr. Lynch, moved—'That copies of all correspondence of any nature from one affiliated club to another shall be forwarded through the federal executive.' This motion formed the topic of considerable discussion, and was carried eventually.

Mr. T. H. Forster, seconded by Mr. M. J. Dunne, moved—'That the competition for billiards in the shield contest be 100 up instead of 50 in all rounds, except the final, which shall be 150 up instead of 100.' This motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. O'Kane (business manager of the *Catholic Magazine*) gave his official report on the working of that paper since its republication in August last. Eight issues had been issued and were satisfactorily edited and managed. He submitted to the meeting figures which explained financially the position, and gave a clear outline of the policy followed with regard to publication, distribution, organisation, and advertising.

Reports were received from Christchurch, St. Benedict's, Ashburton, St. Anne's, Timaru, and Wellington. These reports showed that in spite of difficulties, in some cases almost insurmountable, they had been overcome, and the position showed definite assurance of success.

The secretary reported on all the branches of the working of the federation during the past year. The position was not to be underestimated. The Catholic clubs of New Zealand, by the very reason of their loss of their best officers through enlistments and also the diversion of the minds of the people from the matters connected with clubs, had a most strenuous uphill fight before them. He urged all clubs to remodel their constitution and introduce new blood into their executives so that the places of the older members could be filled, and a training in essential knowledge imparted to the younger and new members. Mr. Forster offered various suggestions for delegates to convey to the executives of the clubs they represented.

Mr. J. L. Leydon, in supporting the report of the previous speaker, dwelt briefly also on the works of the federation, and agreed with Mr. Forster in his remarks regarding the *Catholic Magazine*, competitions, and Catholic Social Guild. He said a few words of appreciation of Mr. Forster's services as secretary, which position he adequately and successfully filled. The thanks of the conference were undoubtedly due to him.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President-general, his Grace Archbishop Redwood; president, Mr. E. B. L. Reade; vice-president, Mr. J. Fagan; hon. secretary, Mr. T. H. Forster; hon. treasurer, Mr. M. Krebs; executive officers—Messrs. G. Dee, J. L. Leydon, and Rev. Brother Egbert.

It was decided to hold the next annual conference at Christchurch, on the motion of Messrs. Quinn and Forster.

Mr. Forster, seconded by Mr. Quinn, moved—'That this conference of the Federated Catholic Clubs of New Zealand desires to express its sincere gratification and congratulations to his Lordship Bishop Brodie on his election to his present exalted position in the Christchurch diocese.'—Carried.

Mr. Quinn moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. J. L. Leydon for presiding. He dwelt upon the necessary qualifications of that officer to fill the position.

The desirability of mutual co-operation in extending the membership of and participating in the work of the New Zealand Catholic Federation, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Catholic Seamen's Conference, H.A.C.B. Societies, and boys' clubs, was affirmed.

On the motion of Mr. Forster, a vote of thanks was passed for the services of Messrs. M. O'Kane and F. Galvin, outgoing officers.

A motion of condolence was passed in silence to the relatives of the late Mr. E. J. Fitzgibbon, a former officer and president of the Federated Catholic Clubs' executive.

Mr. Guise, seconded by Mr. P. J. Nelson, moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. T. H. Forster for his work as secretary to the conference and the executive.—Carried.

This closed the business of the conference.

SHIELD CONTEST.

The competitions in the shield contest in tennis and billiards were contested on Easter Saturday afternoon in the tennis court, Emmett street, and St. Anne's Hall, Green street, respectively. The result of the tennis competition was:—Mr. O'Connor (Christchurch), 1; Mr. H. F. O'Leary (Wellington) 2; and of the billiards: Mr. T. H. Forster (St. Anne's) 1, Mr. O'Connor (Christchurch) 2.

Afternoon tea was given to those present by some of the ladies of the parish at the hall.

The elocutionary, debating, and religion sections of the contest were held in St. Anne's Hall on Easter Sunday night at 8 o'clock. There was a good attendance of the public. The results were as follow:—

Elocution—Mr. Kevin Dillon (St. Anne's), 'Marc Antony's Speech,' 1; Mr. Macdonald (Christchurch), 'Dagger Scene from *Macbeth*,' 2.

Debating—Messrs. P. J. Nelson and W. J. Dobbs (Christchurch), 1; Messrs. T. H. Forster and F. Galvin (St. Anne's), 2. Subject: 'That the platform exercises a greater influence than the press.' The winners took the affirmative and the latter team the negative side.

Religion—Mr. P. J. Nelson (Christchurch), 'Does the present war prove the ineptitude of Christianity?' 1; Mr. J. Fagan (St. Anne's), 'What are indulgences?' 2.

The result of the above competitions entitled the Christchurch Catholic Club to hold the shield till the next competitions. The points gained were 23, with St. Anne's (17) next.

Mr. E. B. L. Reade, who presided, presented the shield to Mr. Dobbs, and explained the objects for which the contest was inaugurated. He expressed the wish that next year the Christchurch Club would be able worthily to defend it, and congratulated them on their brilliant success.

Mr. Dobbs suitably replied, and remarked that he and his co-representatives would always carry with them a pleasant remembrance of the Wellington Club's hospitality and kindness.

Supper was then partaken of by the competitors and audience, and a pleasant half-hour was thus spent.

Mr. P. J. O'Regan acted as judge in the elocutionary and debating sections, and the Rev. Bro. Egbert in the religious section.

Among those present were the Rev. Fathers Peoples and O'Connor and the Rev. Bro. Amelia.

Little Holland seems to be doing her best to fill the gaps caused by the terrible war. While all the other European missionary seminaries are depleted, word comes that her seminaries can accommodate no more students, so great has been the increase in missionary vocations.

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REVOLT IN DUBLIN

A GUN-RUNNING EPISODE.

IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

A sensation was created in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Birrell announced that riots had occurred in Dublin the previous day (Easter Monday). He added that the rioters had seized the post office. Twelve lives had been lost, and telegraphic communication had been cut off. He was unable to secure further news, but the House might be assured that the situation was well in hand. There had been arrests, but he was not able to give names. Mr. Birrell said that so far as he had heard there were 12 deaths, and he was afraid that four or five soldiers had been killed.

The *Freeman's Journal* on Monday, April 24, published news from Tralee that a collapsible boat containing a large quantity of arms and ammunition was seized on Friday morning on the Currabana Strand, County Kerry. Arrests were made in the vicinity later. These arrests include Austin Stack—a prominent member of the Tralee Irish Volunteers—and Cornelius Collins, accountant at the General Post Office, Dublin, who are both charged with conspiracy and with aiding and abetting the importation of arms from Germany. Sir Roger Casement was arrested at the same time.

The vessel engaged in the attempt to land rifles in Ireland was manned by 20 picked German naval men under the command of a lieutenant and a junior officer. The cargo consisted of 20,000 rifles, with machine guns and ammunition, hidden beneath a top layer of goods. In the voyage across the vessel kept to Norwegian territorial waters, then crossed in the far north to the Faroe Islands. When a British patrol examined her papers they were found to be in order. The crew spoke English, and expressed friendly sympathies with the Allies, and the vessel was allowed to proceed. Another British patrol boarded the ship on the north coast of Ireland, with the result that the vessel was ordered to accompany the patrol.

It is understood that the commandant of the submarine that accompanied the vessel conveying arms to Ireland, received orders before leaving Kiel that whatever befell the expedition Sir Roger Casement's presence was no longer desired in Germany.

When the German commander realised that the plans had miscarried he ordered Sir Roger Casement into a collapsible boat and left him to his fate.

Regarding Sir Roger Casement, Lord Lansdowne stated in the House of Lords that a German submarine and a German vessel with false papers pretending to be a Dutch trader had appeared on the west coast of Ireland. Sir Roger Casement and two others landed from the submarine in a collapsible boat. A warship ordered the other vessel to go to Queenstown. She obeyed for a time, and then flew the German flag and scuttled herself. The crew were saved.

Referring to the Dublin riots in a speech at a public gathering at the opening of the Soldiers' Hostel in Wellington, Mr. Massey said: 'The news comes to me as a shock and a disappointment, but do not let it be imagined for a moment that the majority of the Irish people are disloyal. The huge majority of the Irish are intensely loyal, and will prove their loyalty before the trouble goes far. I hope that the outbreak will be put down with a strong hand, and that Sir Roger Casement and the other traitors who have been acting with him will receive the full punishment which traitors deserve. The difficulty must be faced promptly, but it can be done, and the war carried on to victory at the same time.'

Melbourne, April 27.

The United Irish League has cabled to Mr. John Redmond expressing abhorrence of the meaningless and futile rebellion in Dublin. The message concludes: 'Brave Irish soldiers are dying at the front that the country may prosper, and their nobility of sacrifice should shame all wreckers of Ireland's future.'

Auckland, April 27.

The conference of the New Zealand District Hibernian Catholic Benefit Society unanimously decided to send the following cablegram to Mr. J. E. Redmond:—'The New Zealand Hibernians, at annual meeting assembled, learned with abhorrence and regret of the disturbances in Dublin, and desire to express deep sympathy and entire confidence in your party and followers.'

Speaking in the House of Commons on Thursday, Sir E. Carson said: 'I will gladly join with Mr. Redmond in everything which can be done to denounce and put down these rebels, now and for evermore. I hope the newspapers will not try to cause political dissension in relation to the Irish question.'—(Cheers.)

Mr. John Redmond, on behalf of his Nationalist colleagues and an overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland, expressed his detestation and horror of these proceedings, and added: 'I join, with Sir Edward Carson in cordially hoping that the newspapers and public men of Britain will not use events in Ireland as a political weapon against any party.'—(Cheers.)

New York, April 27.

The majority of Irishmen describe the trouble as a 'made in Germany' rebellion, traitorous to the 200,000 Irishmen who are fighting the Germans. The consensus of American opinion is that the revolt is rather aimed at Mr. Redmond and the Nationalists than against Britain.

London, April 27.

The *Manchester Guardian* says that German support appears to have been behind the revolt, while Monday's Zeppelin raid and the naval attack on Lowestoft were obviously related to the Dublin outbreak, and were intended to produce a combined cumulative terror. The *Westminster Gazette* says the Sinn Feiners' exploit and Sir Roger Casement's capture look at present a mere parody on the Teutonic dream of an Irish rebellion.

Melbourne, April 28.

Referring to the Irish riots, his Grace Archbishop Carr said it was possible that the outbreak was directed to discredit the Nationalists almost as much as against the authority of the Crown. He regarded the disturbance as an outbreak of madness.

London, April 28.

Mr. John Redmond has received telegrams from Canada, Australia, and South Africa condemning the rebellion and expressing confidence in Mr. Redmond and the Nationalists.

Sydney, April 29.

Referring to the Irish riots, his Grace Archbishop Kelly said that the Government through following hesitating lines of action regarding Home Rule, had furnished the occasion for the propagation of disaffection.

PROTEST IN DUNEDIN.

In view of the practical affirmation of loyalty that Irishmen up and down the country have given since the outbreak of the war, it is not surprising that a meeting should have been held in Dunedin on Saturday afternoon to protest against the ill-considered and ill-timed disturbance that is at present disfiguring the aspect of affairs in Ireland. The attendance was fully representative of Irish opinion in this city.

Mr. J. J. Marlow was voted to the chair.

The chairman ascribed the short notice that had been given of the meeting to the urgency of the case, which rendered it necessary that the representative Irishmen of this city should send Home as quickly as possible an expression of their abhorrence and detestation of the outbreak that had occurred in Ireland. Many mistakes had marked the career of that country, but there had been nothing more regrettable than the present disturbance. The saving factor about the whole thing was that no men of any standing were associated with the movement. (Applause.) The lowest strata only were concerned in it, and it was their proud privilege to know that the bulk and the flower of their people were doing their duty at the front. (Applause.) That was the best answer that could be given to anyone who was disposed to blame the whole nation, but they could not get away from the fact that a terrible moment had been chosen for this terrible act, and those who had the true interests of the country at heart regretted it exceedingly. (Applause.)

Mr. J. Moloney moved the following resolutions, which, he said, expressed the feelings of the Irishmen of Dunedin, and also of the whole of New Zealand. The resolutions read as follows:—(1) That this meeting of Irishmen regrets exceedingly the criminal and insane action of the Sinn Feiners' and their dupes who are responsible for the rebellious outbreak in Dublin. Their action can have but one result—to bring their country into disgrace; (2) that we call upon the Home Government to use all its power to secure the leaders and stamp out the outbreak as quickly as possible; (3) we feel sure when history looks at present events in true perspective, the leaders of the outbreak will be found to be men of no standing in their country, and the whole thing will appear but an insignificant, though ugly speck on the face of that magnificent pile of patriotism which the true Irish nation has built up during this war; (4) we congratulate and feel proud of our fellow-countrymen of every class and creed and different political opinions who have flocked to the standard and fought so bravely for the Empire and the Allies' cause. And as a practical means of showing our condemnation of the rebellion in Dublin, we call on every one of our fellow countrymen of an age and fit who have not yet enrolled to offer their services at once to their country; (5) we renew our confidence in the true leaders of the Irish nation, and pledge them every assistance in our power.'

Mr. F. Armstrong seconded the resolutions. He said that as a New Zealander he had been amazed at what had occurred. It seemed to him to have been engineered by Germany, and should not be allowed to interfere with the Home Rule question.

Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., spoke in support of the motion, and in doing so said his duty that day was a painful one. It was very painful for a man to have to condemn a portion of his countrymen, but he felt they would not be true to their country or to the Empire if they did not show their condemnation of the Sinn Feiners. That society was of fairly recent origin, and its motto of

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'Ireland for the Irish' had attracted a great many young men to its standard, who had become the dupes of those who made it their business to stir up dissension. There was, perhaps, in Ireland more people of this class than in most other countries, but the leaders of the movement had absolutely no standing and had been unable to get a solitary representative in the English Parliament. Still they could make a big noise, and they had striven during recent years to bring discredit on the Irish Party. No one could have anything but admiration for Mr. Redmond in his fight for Home Rule, and especially for the attitude he had taken up in regard to the present war. (Applause.) He was quite satisfied that this rising would bring more discredit on the Irish nation than it would do harm to the Empire. It was their desire to show that the hearts of Irishmen throughout the Empire were sound. All the priests here regretted exceedingly that this thing had happened, and though they could not be present, they were in accord with the spirit of the meeting. Every priest in Dunedin, except two, had brothers at the front, where they were doing their duty either as chaplains or as combatant soldiers—and the two exceptions had no brothers. In conclusion, Father Coffey said the present disturbance could do no good to Ireland, and it should be made known that Irishmen throughout the Empire were against the Sinn Feiners. (Applause.)

The resolutions were carried unanimously.

On the motion of Mr. Moloney, seconded by Father Coffey, it was decided to send the following cablegram to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond:—'Irishmen of Dunedin desire to express their sympathy in handling the trouble caused by the misguided Dublin rioters.'

Mr. Marlow added that it was very painful for those with relatives at the front to find that the people who should be with them were against them. Their answer to the issue that had been raised by this painful situation should be to send out more of their men to fight for the Empire.

MEETING IN SOUTH CANTERBURY.

Timaru, April 29.

A representative meeting of Irishmen from all parts of South Canterbury was held to-day, the Mayor of Timaru presiding.

It was resolved to send cables to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond expressing abhorrence of the doings and sayings of the Sinn Fein Society, and assuring them of the whole-hearted support of Irishmen in New Zealand. The meeting was held at short notice to arrange for a mass meeting, but so many representative and prominent men attended that it was decided to act at once.

DENOUNCED BY VERY REV. FATHER COFFEY.

Spoken in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Sunday, Father Coffey said he regretted very much, as did all true Irishmen, the riotous outbreak in Dublin. The worst enemy of Ireland could not have selected a more opportune time nor a more effective means to bring the country in disrepute as a riot (because he could call it nothing but a riot) at such a time would be magnified by the enemies of the country, and especially by the enemies of the allied nations, into a species of rebellion against lawful authority. When the truth became known he was satisfied that no man of standing or influence in the country would be found in the ranks of the rioters. The Sinn Fein organisation was anti-clerical, and for some years directed all its energy to bring the national movement led by John Redmond into disrepute. It combined with Larkin and the Syndicalists in carrying on the strike riots a couple of years ago in Dublin, when it carried its anti-clericalism to the extent of handing over the children of the Irish Catholic workmen to English and foreign Protestant agencies. It could truly be said that the movement had been anti-clerical, and to a large extent anti-Catholic. Casement and the chief leaders are not Catholics, and never were. While deeply regretting the riots, the rev. preacher said he was not surprised that some such thing should happen. The Government had shown weakness in dealing with the legitimate Irish grievances. They had allowed the enemies of Ireland before the war, in the person of Sir E. Carson, and since the war in the person of Sir Roger Casement, to go to Germany and treat with the Kaiser and the war party in Germany regarding the possibility of assistance in the case of a rising in Ireland; and by showing such weakness had encouraged the professional agitators, to be found in Ireland as in any country, to carry on their nefarious work. He did not consider this riot in Ireland as one bit worse than the strikers in the coal mines and amongst the munition workers at such a time of crisis in the Empire. No man regretted such outbreaks more than he did, and he hoped the practical result of the indignation which arose in the heart of every lover of his country would be the enrolment of more men ready to do battle for their country, until this war ended in the victory of the Allies. He said he was pleased to recognise the just and liberal spirit of the press in not stirring up ill-feeling or striving to make political capital out of a very regrettable incident.

A London cable message, under date May 1, says the first offer to surrender came dramatically at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. As the cordon slowly closed on the rebel's main strongholds in the Sackville street area, sud-

denly a white flag appeared above the smoke at the Post Office. Pearse and Connolly (previously reported killed), who were badly wounded, emerged and signed an unconditional surrender. One thousand prisoners have been taken in Dublin. Half the number have been deported to England. The city is safe. The first large batch of surrenders took place at the Parnell statue in Sackville street on Sunday morning, 450 rebels giving themselves up.

Half of Sackville street is in ashes. The handsome shops and business houses are in ruins, and almost the only things untouched are the monuments. The deaths number hundreds.

ROLL OF HONOR

PRIVATE JOHN PATRICK ROGAN, DUNEDIN.

Private John Patrick Rogan, who left with the Main Body of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, landed at Anzac on April 25, 1915, was posted as missing on October 29, and afterwards reported killed in action on the same date. Private Rogan was born in Caversham, and was



educated at the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin. He had been a member of the Hibernian Cadets, and was a Territorial when he enlisted. He was a member of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, was the first man to enlist from that branch.

COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, 2nd May, 1916, as follows:—Rabbit-skins.—We held a sale on Thursday, the 27th inst., when we submitted a small catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition was keen and prices were in advance of those of last sale. Quotations: Milky does, 9d to 9½d; racks, 11½d to 12½d; light racks, 10d to 11½d; springs, to 14d; early autumns, 15½d to 17d; autumns, to 18d; summers, to 12d; incoming, to 19½d; outgoing, 17½d to 19½d; winters, to 22½d; broken, to 8½d; black, to 22½d; horsehair; 18d to 19½d per lb. Catskins, to 4½d each. Sheepskins.—We held our fortnightly sale to-day, when we submitted a small catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition was keen, and pelts showed a rise of ½d to 1d per lb on last sale's rates, while full-wooled skins were on a par with late values. Quotations: Half-bred, to 11½d; crossbred, to 11½d; crossbred dead, to 9½d; merino, to 9½d; lambskins, to 10½d; pelts, 5d to 10½d per lb. Hides.—Our next sale will be held on Thursday, 4th inst. Oats.—Consignments are coming to hand more freely, and the market shows a further tendency to ease. A number of lines are coming into store as farmers are not willing to accept present prices. Prime milling, 2s 3d to 2s 4d; good to best feed, 2s 2d to 2s 3d per bushel (sacks extra). Wheat.—The market is over supplied and millers are not operating except on very choice lots of velvet and Tuscan. Prime milling velvet, 5s 1d to 5s 2d; prime milling Tuscan, 4s 4d to 4s 6d; medium Tuscan, 4s 2d to 4s 3d; best whole fowl wheat, 4s to 4s 1d; medium to good, 3s 9d to 3s 11d per bushel (sacks extra). Chaff.—Consignments have been coming in freely and the demand is principally confined to prime quality, other grades being very difficult to deal with to any advantage. Best oat sheaf, £3 5s to £3 10s; medium to good, £2 15s to £3 2s 6d per ton (sacks extra). Potatoes.—Supplies are coming in freely since the holidays and in the absence of any shipping requirements prices have a downward tendency. Choice table potatoes, £4 10s to £4 15s; medium to good, £4 to £4 5s; others, £2 10s to £3 10s per ton (sacks in).

J. M. J.

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Students twelve years of age and upwards will be admitted. Candidates for admission are required to present satisfactory testimonials from the parochial clergy, and from the Superiors of Schools and Colleges where they may have studied.

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.

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

The Seminary is under the patronage and direction of the Archbishops and Bishops of New Zealand, and under the immediate personal supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Dunedin.

Donations towards the establishment of Bursaries for the Free Education of Ecclesiastical Students will be thankfully received.

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CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD
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The Sisters of the Good Shepherd request the presence of the friends of the Institute at the Solemn Blessing and Opening of the New Wing, on
SUNDAY, MAY 7, at 3 P.M.

His Lordship the Bishop, Right Rev. M. J. Brodie, has graciously consented to officiate.

Visiting members of the H.A.C.B. Society are requested to bring their regalia, and to take part in the Guard of Honor to be supplied by the city branches.

Special Cars (No. 6) will leave the Square at 2.7 p.m., and Drags will convey visitors from Terminus to Mount Magdala.

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BIRTH

PORTER.—On April 30, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. W. Porter, Caversham—a son.

DEATH

O'BRIEN.—On Friday, April 28, 1916, at 48 Onslow street, Christchurch, Michael Joseph, beloved husband of Hortense O'Brien, and eldest son of the late Michael O'Brien; aged 43 years. May his soul rest in peace.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

ROGAN.—On October 29, 1915 (killed in action), John Patrick Rogan; aged 21 years 2 months.—Requiescant in Pace.

KEARNEY.—In loving memory of my dear brother, Martin Kearney, who was killed in action at the Dardanelles, on April 29, 1915.—R.I.P.

One lonely year has passed and gone since my great sorrow fell,

Yet in my heart I mourn for the one I loved so well.

Rest, Martin, dear, in our Saviour sweetly rest,

It is sweet to breathe thy name.

In life I loved you very dear,

In death I do the same.

—Inserted by his loving sister, Margaret Kearney, Evans Flat.

IN MEMORIAM

BOURKE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Bourke, who died at Kilbirnie, Wellington, on May 7, 1915.

On whose soul, sweetest Jesus, have mercy.

WANTED

Immediately, an EXPERIENCED NURSERY GOVERNESS, Wellington suburb.—Apply, 'Nursery Governess,' *Tablet*, Dunedin.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.
Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiam causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900. LEO XIII., P.M.

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

April 4, 1900. LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1916.

THE MADE-IN-GERMANY REBELLION

THERE is ample and conclusive evidence that the insane plot and rising of which the Sinn Feiners have allowed themselves to be made the tools and the victims was hatched in Germany, and that it was, in Mr. Redmond's measured phrase, equivalent to a German invasion of Ireland as cynical as that of Belgium. So much may be gathered from the published utterances of the German Government itself. Sir Roger Casement, who, for the past four years, has been engaged, half openly, half secretly, in a violent pro-German propaganda, very shortly after the outbreak

of war proceeded to Berlin as a self-appointed Irish ambassador. An official statement by the German Chancellor on the subject of the visit was published in the accredited organ of the German Foreign Office in these terms:—'The well-known Irish Nationalist, Sir Roger Casement, who recently arrived in Berlin from the United States, was received at the Foreign Office. Sir Roger Casement pointed out that there had been circulated in Ireland statements, apparently authorised by the British Government, to the effect that a German victory would inflict great injury upon the Irish people. Sir Roger asked for a convincing declaration about Germany's intentions towards Ireland such as might restore the equanimity of his fellow-countrymen throughout the world, but especially in Ireland and America, in view of the disturbing statements circulated from responsible British quarters. The Acting-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs thereupon made the following official statement on behalf of the Imperial Chancellor:—The Imperial Government rejects with the utmost decision the evil intentions ascribed to it in the assertions quoted by Sir Roger Casement. The Government takes this opportunity of making the categorical assurance that Germany cherishes only sentiments of goodwill for the prosperity of the Irish people, their land, and their institutions. The Imperial Government declares formally that Germany would never invade Ireland with any intentions of conquest or of the destruction of any institutions. If, in the course of this war, which Germany did not seek, the fortune of arms should ever bring German troops to the coasts of Ireland, they would land there, not as an army of invaders coming to rob and destroy, but as the fighting forces of a Government inspired only by goodwill towards a land and a people for whom Germany only wishes national prosperity and national freedom.' There is a sinister hint in the concluding sentences sufficient to indicate that the scheme for using Ireland as an instrument to deal a blow at Britain had already been formulated in Berlin. Casement also visited America, and got in close touch with the hot-heads of the Clan-na-Gael and with the heavily-subsidised pro-German press of the country. Between August, 1911, and December, 1913, he had been engaged in writing a number of articles, for private circulation among friends, attacking Britain and urging a German-Irish alliance; and these have since been published in pamphlet form, under the title *The Crime Against Europe*, by his German friend and confrere, Dr. Kuno Meyer. Even then the scheme of German-Irish co-operation in the next great war had apparently been bruited. 'The day the first German comrade lands in Ireland,' he wrote, 'the day the first German warship is seen proudly breasting the waters of the Irish Sea with the flag of Ireland at her fore that day many Irishmen may die, but they shall die in the sure peace of God that Ireland may live. A victorious Germany, in addition to such terms as she may find fit to impose in her own financial and territorial interests must so draft her peace conditions as to preclude her great antagonist from ever again seriously imperilling the freedom of the seas. I know of no way, save one, to make free the open seas: Ireland, in the name of Europe, must be withdrawn from British custody and restored to Europe. As an Irishman, I have no fear for Ireland for German triumph; I pray for it.'

*

It is matter for gratitude to be able to record that so far as the actual rising is concerned the misguided movement had behind it neither the spirit of Irish nationality nor of Irish faith. James Connolly, who, according to the cables, signs himself 'Commandant of the Irish Republican Army,' and who is evidently a man of more than ordinary ability, was born in Ireland, but imbibed his social and revolutionary ideas in the United States. As an ally of the notorious Larkin, he has been a bitter assailant of the Catholic Church, and is what would be described on the Continent as an anti-clerical. '*Nec tibi auxilio, nec defensoribus istis, tempus eget.*' Not by such help will Ireland ever be led along the path of freedom. Casement himself,

the *fons et origo* of the trouble, is not a follower of the dominant religion of Ireland, nor has he taken any representative part in the Irish National movement, which he entered only a few short years ago with the express purpose of disrupting it. For a time he put himself at the head of a movement of Ulster Protestants in opposition to the Carsonian Covenanters. He was one of the founders of the Irish National Volunteer movement, but he objected strongly to its control being transferred to Mr. Redmond, and from the outset was opposed to the Volunteers serving outside Ireland. When his pro-German sympathies and designs became unmistakably evident, he was promptly repudiated by the Irish Nationalist Party. On this point the well-known organ of the party, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, was quite explicit. Repudiating his right to speak for Irish Nationalists, the Nationalist paper said: 'The most puzzling thing we notice in the whole transaction is that British newspapers should be so ill-informed as to describe Sir R. Casement as a prominent Irish Nationalist. He was never known in Irish public life till he appeared in this attempt to disrupt the Irish Party and destroy the National movement in Ireland.' That Casement is an out-and-out traitor is plain beyond all question. But even traitors, like the devil, must have their due; and it is but just to this wretched being to mention that there are real and solid grounds for doubting his sanity. On this point the words of Dr. Conan Doyle, written to the *Daily Chronicle* more than eighteen months ago, are worth recalling:—'I am sure that you are wise to use no stronger term than "infatuation" for Sir Roger Casement's journey to Berlin. He was a man of fine character, and that he should, in the full possession of his senses, act as a traitor to the country which had employed and honored him is inconceivable to anyone who knew him. He had, it is true, a strong prepossession in favor of Germany before the war, but this was due to his belief that she was destined to challenge the Monroe doctrine, which Casement bitterly resented as being the ultimate cause of all that Putumayo barbarism which he had officially to investigate. I may say that I disagreed with him upon this subject, but in all our discussions I have never heard him say a word which was disloyal to Great Britain. He was a sick man, however, worn by tropical hardships, and he complained often of pains in his head. Last May I had letters from him from Ireland which seemed to me so wild that I expressed fears at the time as to the state of his nerves. I have no doubt that he is not in a normal state of mind, and that this unhappy escapade at Berlin is only an evidence of it.' What has been said of the leaders is true also of the rank and file of the insurrectionists. They are in no wise representative of the Irish national spirit of to-day, but on the contrary, as Mr. Redmond has pointed out, have throughout the Home Rule struggle thwarted and opposed, and bitterly and venomously denounced, the Nationalist Party. How little the spirit and aspirations of overseas Irishmen are in sympathy with the outbreak has been sufficiently shown by the disclaimers which have been sent from America and from every part of the Empire—disclaimers which have expressed not disapproval merely but the utmost detestation and abhorrence of the Sinn Feiners' deeds.

*

As to what is to be thought about the whole sorry business, the common sense estimate may be summed up in the single sentence of Archbishop Carr—'An outbreak of madness.' Insane in its leader, it was insane also in its conception, possessing no definite objective, and having, of course, no possibility of success. On one point there will be practically universal agreement—and that is on the culpability of the British Government in the matter. It was they who, in the first instance, allowed seditious arming and drilling to go on unchecked in Ireland. They allowed a Carsonite army to be drilled, equipped, officered, and armed, under their very nose—and thus the fatal precedent was set. We have been looking over the files of pro-German papers published in America; and

we have been struck by the frequency with which the Sinn Feiners—whose drillings and meetings were quite openly and fully reported—emphasised and exulted in the fact that they were but copying the example set them by Sir Edward Carson. We think it was John Bright who said: 'Never try to dodge a principle—no man ever yet got lost on a straight road.' The British Government attempted to dodge a principle—the duty and necessity of suppressing sedition in whatever quarter it might appear—and they are to-day reaping some of the consequences. Ireland must, unhappily, take her share—a small one, we are glad to think—of the discredit attaching to this mad business. But the sense of justice in mankind is not dead; and the world is not likely to forget, as Ireland's set-off, the magnificent loyalty of the Irish people as a whole, nor the glorious valor of her troops on every front on which they have been employed.

Details of the fighting are only now beginning to filter through; but enough has come to hand to show that the rising—limited though its scope and restricted though its dimensions—has been sufficiently serious. What the consequences would have been but for the steadfast loyalty of the people as a whole, and the commanding and restraining influence which Mr. Redmond has so long and so wisely exerted, one does not care or dare to contemplate. It is not necessary to accept as gospel all the items in the cable messages; but if there is any truth at all in the statements as to firing on tram cars of women and children and on innocent and unoffending priests, the reaction against Sinn Feinism in Ireland will be swift and sweeping. It has, indeed, been an anxious and trying time for the Irish people, both at home and abroad. At the time of writing (Monday night) the news is that the rebellion is practically at an end. We can only pray that it may be so; and that this painful and regrettable chapter in the history of the most distressful country may be speedily and finally closed.

Notes

Held Over

Owing to pressure on our space we have been obliged to hold over a considerable quantity of matter.

Police Force Recruiting

This is not the time for raising racial or religious animosities, or for setting the various sections of the community by the ears, and the Rev. Howard Elliott, of Auckland, who appears to be devoting a good deal of ill-regulated activity in this direction, is acting anything but a patriotic part. He has recently attempted to raise the old bogey of the alleged preponderance of Irish appointments to the police force of the Dominion, but has been effectually and, indeed, unanswerably refuted by a local correspondent, who contributes the following interesting facts and figures in a letter to the *Auckland Star*:—'Sir,—Rev. Howard Elliott, in the *Star* of Saturday, April 8, gives figures purporting to show that our police force has been, since the present war commenced, in August, 1914, recruited from "English, and especially Irish" sources. The following figures, which I challenge the Rev. Howard Elliott to disprove, will at once show the mare's nest discovered by the rev. gentleman. Since the war broke out, 137 constables have been appointed. Their nationalities and religions are as under:—

	Nationality.	Protestant.	Roman Catholic.
Scotland	11	11	0
Ireland	23	12	11
England	26	25	1
Colonials	77	50	27
Total	137	98	39

Of this total of 137 a unit figure would suffice to show the number who landed from abroad in New Zealand since the war broke out—three of whom were Protes-

tant and one Roman Catholic. Recently a supplementary batch of thirteen were appointed, made up as follows:—Scotsman, 1; Irishmen, 2; Colonials, 10.—I am, etc,
PRO PATRIA.

DIocese of Dunedin

The parish schools re-opened on Monday.

Rev. Father Kelly (Opunake) and Rev. Father Bowe (Dannevirke) passed through Dunedin last week on their way to Queenstown.

We desire to congratulate his Lordship Bishop Verdon on the twentieth anniversary of his consecration, which occurred on Wednesday, when a Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the presence of his Lordship at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.

The following pupils of the Dominican Convent, Teschemakers, were successful at the University of Oxford examinations held in October last:—Senior (special)—L. McVeigh. Junior—May Dwyer. Partial—Rita Roughan. Preliminary—K. Gallagher, T. Hutton, M. McVeigh, A. Spiers, W. Boland, M. Collins, K. O'Brien, B. O'Meehan, A. Petre, B. Waldron; Partial—M. O'Meara, W. O'Connell, M. Goodger.

Captain-Chaplain Moloney, on the first visit of the Marama to Southampton with 500 wounded soldiers, left for London, where he spent a few days, and then went to Dublin, where he was met by his friend and former teacher, Very Rev. Dr. Watters, S.M., first Rector of St. Patrick's College, Wellington. In writing from London to his relations in Dunedin, Captain-Chaplain Moloney mentioned that he was in remarkably good health.

The official opening run of the St. Joseph's Harriers was held on Saturday from the residence of Mr. J. J. Marlow (the club's president). The trail led from Bowen street to Tomahawk, via Tahuja Park and Lawyer's Head. Skirting the lagoon, the pack reached the high road at Shiel Hill, and a grand run home through Anderson's Bay and Tainui resulted in T. Roughan being first, and G. Pedofsky and M. Cosgriff being second and third respectively. The club was then entertained at tea by Mr. and Mrs. Marlow and their lady friends, and justice was done to the good things provided. After tea an impromptu programme of musical items was provided. Before leaving, Mr. J. O'Farrell (captain) thanked Mr. and Mrs. Marlow for the afternoon and evening spent with them, and Mr. E. W. Nolan (deputy-captain) thanked the ladies who had assisted.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CLEARY

(By telegraph, from our Auckland correspondent.)

May 1.
His Lordship Bishop Cleary arrived in San Francisco on April 9, one day earlier than was expected. He was warmly welcomed by his Grace Archbishop Hanna on April 10, and was beset by old friends and admirers anxious to make his acquaintance, many of whom had learned of his years of devoted work in New Zealand. On being interviewed, his Lordship said the voyage from New Zealand across the tranquil Pacific Ocean had greatly benefited him physically. From private letters received, the welcome news is conveyed that his Lordship has greatly improved in health and strength.

Lawrence

(From an occasional correspondent.)

On Thursday afternoon, April 20, a pleasing function took place in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, Lawrence, when a large number of the Children of Mary assembled to bid farewell to Miss Hannah Moody, who, on the occasion of her approaching marriage, intends severing her connection with the district. During the course of the evening, after several musical items had been contributed, Very Rev. Mgr. O'Leary, who presided, spoke in complimentary terms of Miss Moody, and expressed his regret at her departure from his parish. He then asked Miss Moody to accept, as a small token of the esteem in which she was held by the members of the sodality of the Children of Mary, a handsome crucifix, and also an ivory-bound prayer book, the gift of the Dominican Nuns.

On behalf of Miss Moody, in a few brief words, Rev. Father Kaveney thanked Monsignor O'Leary for making the presentation, and also for the eulogistic remarks which he made concerning her many good qualities. He also thanked the nuns and all the members of the sodality for the handsome presents. Refreshments were then handed round, and a pleasant gathering was brought to a close.

POLISH RELIEF FUND

Mrs. Gilmore, sen., Woolston £1 0 0

PRESENTATION TO FATHER PRICE, ADM., CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

As soon as it became definitely known that through a threatened serious breakdown in health it was rendered imperative that the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., should relinquish duty for a while, and that he had decided, on the advice of his medical attendants, to rest and take a long sea voyage, those of his parishioners who had been most closely associated with him in his work as Administrator of the Cathedral, and other well-wishers, at once arranged that the opportunity should not be lost of showing in a tangible form the regard in which he is held and their affectionate loyalty towards him. At a preliminary and well-attended meeting, Mr. J. R. Hayward was appointed chairman and Mr. T. Cahill secretary of an executive committee which was formed. With the expressed sympathy and support of his Lordship the Bishop in the movement, a sum of £125 was speedily subscribed, and arrangements completed for a complimentary conversation and presentation, which eventuated on last Tuesday evening in the Alexandra Hall. There was a crowded and deeply sympathetic audience. His Lordship the Bishop presided, and with him on the platform, besides the guest of the evening, there were Messrs. J. R. Hayward, T. Cahill, P. J. Young, R. Beveridge, and P. O'Connell.

A most enjoyable musical and elocutionary programme was given, those contributing being Miss M. G. O'Connor, Miss D. Nottingham, Mr. R. Beveridge, and Mr. A. MacDonald (songs); Marist Brothers' pupils (vocal selection), Miss Lawlor (piano solo), Mr. A. C. Nottingham (cello solo), Mr. F. Rowe (humorous recitations).

Addressing the gathering, his Lordship Bishop Brodie said that he had been only about two months in the diocese, but he had learnt to love and appreciate his priests. In eloquent terms his Lordship bore testimony to the high standard of efficiency he found existing in the Cathedral parish, and the devotion to their pastors on the part of the people generally. Continuing, he said that when he saw Father Price working so hard he thought it had been a false alarm that his health was not so good as his friends desired to see it; but his Lordship had not been long in the diocese before it became evident that he required a long holiday. They hoped that the voyage would completely restore Father Price's health. His Lordship took the opportunity of publicly expressing his personal debt of gratitude to Father Price for the work he did in his Lordship's regard. (Applause.) New bishops, he could tell them, were troublesome kind of people. (Laughter.) The coming of a new bishop had entailed very heavy work on Father Price, and he complimented him on the way he carried it through. (Applause.) The Apostolic Delegate had said that the ceremonies were carried out in Christchurch just as well as if they had been carried out in Rome, the centre of Catholicity—(applause)—and to Father Price the credit was mainly due. His Lordship added that a strong gleam of light and pleasure in that evening's function was to see the bond existing between priests and people. He referred to the hospitality extended by Father Price to visiting priests and, in concluding, said that Father Price left with the best wishes of his Bishop and his fellow-priests that he would be thoroughly restored to health and return to labor with his Bishop, his fellow-priests, and the loyal and generous people of Christchurch. (Continued applause.)

Mr. J. R. Hayward, after reading several apologies for unavoidable absence, said that although they were all naturally sorry that the Administrator of the Cathedral parish was obliged through ill-health to relinquish those duties which he had proved himself so eminently fitted to discharge, and to leave for a time the parishioners, who were deeply attached to him, it was with no ordinary feeling of pleasure that he (the speaker) had acceded to the request of the committee to voice their sentiments, and, he felt sure, the sentiments of the Cathedral parishioners and friends generally, towards their departing guest. Mr. Hayward then gave a lengthy list of the principal works carried out by Father Price during the eight years he had been in charge of the Cathedral parish. The loving care bestowed by Father Price on the late Bishop Grimes during his last illness was specially mentioned. This, said the speaker, more than anything else touched the people, and their regard for Father Price, because of this, was intensified. The memory of his devoted services during the late Bishop's illness, death, and obsequies would remain long impressed on the minds of the people of this diocese. In conclusion, and upon handing Father Price a well-filled purse of sovereigns, Mr. Hayward said the people appreciated the work done, and were glad to have the opportunity of showing in a small way that appreciation and gratitude so genuinely felt.

Very Rev. Father Price, in replying, said:—I am sincerely grateful for the expressions of his Lordship the Bishop and Mr. Hayward, which are far too kind and flattering. In these expressions I recognise the spirit in which you have uniformly treated me during the years I have been connected with the administration of the Cathedral parish. It is consoling to know that so many friends

remember me, and I feel, as I stand here to-night, that there is something very deep and real in that charity with which a Catholic flock regards its pastor, and which urges friends to gather round one who has tried to be a friend. I came to Christchurch over eight years ago, not at my own request, but in obedience to authority. I prayed then that no needless strife, no friction or misunderstanding with people of goodwill might blight the parish. God has granted this. The priests associated with me at the Cathedral are one happy family, and the laity, although they may not be endowed with much of this world's goods, are united and earnest. Your kindness to me to-night has set me a very difficult task. To take and march off with a purse, in a good sound condition, is a matter of very little difficulty indeed, but the great difficulty is to thank you adequately for it. When I say 'I thank you,' I hope you will take these words and understand them in their best and fullest sense, charged with all possible sincerity and gratitude. I thank all who have honored me by their presence here to-night—especially our beloved Bishop, for so kindly presiding over this valedictory meeting. I am not going to recite a litany of his praises, nor can I add to the nobility of his character. His broad-mindedness and large-heartedness I cannot sufficiently extol. The diocese—clergy and laity alike—are proud to have such a Bishop to rule over us. We hope his Lordship may be spared to see his episcopal golden jubilee. I thank the priests of the diocese, especially those of the Cathedral staff, for the unvarying courtesy, kindness, and willing help I have experienced during my sojourn among them. I thank most gratefully all who, whether present or not, have had any part in the generous gift which has now been presented to me. The list of subscribers, I understand, is a very representative one, which makes your kind gift all the more precious to me. My ambition has ever been to live in peace and harmony with all—Catholic and non-Catholic—and that I have not been altogether unsuccessful is a source of comfort and consolation to me to-night. As to what has been said concerning my merits and the value of my past services and concerning the esteem and affection that are felt for me, I can truly say that it is to me a kind of mystery; for knowing that I am in reality nothing more than what I am in the sight of God, I cannot think of myself as favorably as others think of me. Nevertheless, I am grateful for all that has been so kindly said of me; and, however undeserving I may be of such great praise, it is certainly a noble evidence of the goodness of those whose judgment of me is so generous and so affectionately kind. If I have met with moderate success in the administration of the Cathedral parish, it is due to the fact that my lot has fallen among a kind, faithful, and generous people. You have made great sacrifices. During the past eight years the episcopal residence has been practically rebuilt and refurnished, the boys' school and teachers' house completely renovated, whilst the debt on the Cathedral building has been reduced from £15,000 to £3350. I shall not grow conceited, for I realise that all this reflects far more credit upon yourselves than upon me. I am deeply grateful for the generous help you have always given me, and for your forbearance at all times. I have not done all I ought to have done, nor even all I had hoped to do. I must in many ways have offended, vexed, annoyed you. As shepherd, I have often fleeced the flock. Yet this gathering and presentation to-night mean to me that you are ready to forgive and forget whatever there may be to forget and forgive. I accept your gift with much pleasure, but I esteem more dearly and more keenly the pure golden motives of good fellowship and esteem that have urged you to come here to-night. Money is easily spent, and you all know what little trouble I have in spending it, but the sentiments you have expressed will live stored up in my memory like a precious treasure when the money has been scattered to the winds. Let me say in conclusion that, 'although, alas, the gold in this bag will soon vanish, the memory of your great kindness to me shall never fade from my heart.'

Refreshments were handed round, and Father Price said good-bye individually to each one that was accessible by going among the audience.

He left on Wednesday evening by the Moeraki for Sydney en route for the East, Canada, America, and Europe, and expects to return to Christchurch in about twelve months. A number of the clergy were present at his farewell gathering and final leave-taking.

The Governor of South Australia (Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Lionel Galway) has been interviewed regarding the situation in Ireland. He states that he served in Southern Nigeria in the 'nineties with Sir Roger Casement, who was at that time under the Foreign Office. He had always regarded Casement as a wild Irishman. Although a charming fellow, he was a bit of a fanatic over anything he attempted. The Governor knows no reason why Casement should be antagonistic to the British Government, as he has always had good billets, and should have been just the opposite, instead of turning on the country which employed and trusted him. He was either mad or a traitor. If the former, he ought to be put out of harm's way; and if a renegade, there was only one way to deal with him.

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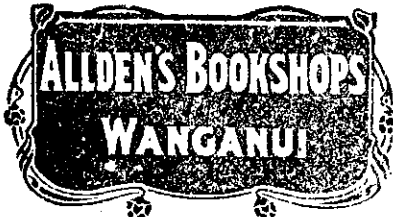
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Irish News

GENERAL.

Mr. Devlin, in a speech in Dundalk, when the poll was declared in the North Louth election, ventured to prophesy that when next the constituency should be called upon to take part in an election contest it would be to choose a member for College Green.

Presiding in Dublin at the annual meeting of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Association, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, said he believed that at the present moment there was every chance for the success of the total abstinence movement in Ireland.

Lord de Freyne, an Irish Catholic nobleman who lately succeeded to the title formerly held by his brother, killed in the war, was married at Brompton Oratory recently to Miss Victoria Arnott, daughter of Sir John Arnott, of Dublin, principal proprietor of the *Irish Times* and of some large drapery concerns in Dublin and Belfast.

The Athlone Town Council allowed the wife of Joseph Brown, one of their workers, who had joined the Connaught Rangers, 7s 6d a week to make up the difference between his wages and the separation allowance Mrs. Brown was getting. The chairman (Mr. J. J. Coen, J.P.) said it was most creditable to the family that Brown was one of five brothers who were now serving with the colors from that town.

Merton House, Macmine, the new home of the Irish Nuns of Ypres, is situated on the right bank of the river Slaney, and about one mile from Macmine and Edérmine stations on the Dublin and South-Eastern Railway. It is a handsome mansion, standing in fairly spacious grounds, and has been unoccupied for some years past, the owner being an English gentleman, from whom the nuns have purchased the place.

Mr. Whitty, M.P., the new member for North Louth, was told by the *Independent* that he ought to be at the front. The *Freeman* replies that no doubt he would be so if his eyesight would pass military test. His brother was killed in Gallipoli, and another brother is now at the front. Both candidates for North Louth, Mr. Whitty and Mr. Hamill alike, are described by the *Freeman* as 'strong champions of the cause of the Allies, both earnest opponents of Prussianism.'

The death of the Marquis of Clanricarde the other day removed one of the bitterest enemies the peasants of Ireland have had to deal with for the past hundred years. He was in his 83rd year, and lived away from his property in the Old Land. In fact, Clanricarde was the worst type of absentee landlord. He was forced, after a long fight in both Houses, to hand over his estates to the Congested Districts Board for distribution among the tenants. Of course, he got compensation.

Mr. P. Jamieson, Rathmines, County Wicklow, has received the following letter from the Keeper of the Privy Purse, Buckingham Palace:—Dear Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that the King has heard with much interest that you have at the present moment six sons and one son-in-law serving in the army. I am commanded to express to you the King's congratulations, and to assure you that his Majesty much appreciates the spirit of patriotism which prompted this example in one family of loyalty and devotion to their Sovereign and Empire.

The recent election contest in North Louth had in one respect a remarkable result. The Nationalist majority was 489, the figures being:—Whitty (Nationalist), 2299; Hamill (Independent), 1810; majority, 489. At the previous election Mr. Healy polled 2021 and Mr. Hazleton 2509; majority 488—just one vote less than the Nationalist majority in this election. In Nationalist circles in Great Britain surprise was felt that the Healyite candidate should have polled so many votes. Although Louth is overwhelmingly Nationalist there has always been a considerable dissident Nationalist vote in the constituency, and a Nationalist M.P. who was through the fight states that the Tory minority voted solidly for the Independent candidate, as indeed it is the habit of Tory minorities in Ireland in such cases always to do.

YPRES NUNS RETURN.

Cardinal Bourne, in sending a subscription to Mr. Redmond towards the fund being raised to provide a home in Wexford for the Benedictine Nuns exiled from Ypres, begs the Irish leader to let it be known that the project has the blessing and hearty sympathy of his Eminence of Westminster. Among other recent subscribers to the fund are Bishop Dewachter, the Auxiliary of Cardinal Mercier. Generous Protestants are also subscribing to the fund, Mr. Samuel Young, M.P., having sent a donation of £10. Mr. H. W. Dillon, a London Protestant of Wexford birth, in sending a substantial contribution of £25, and promising a further subscription if necessary, recognises the good work done by Irish nuns not only in

Flanders and in France, but also in London. Mr. J. D. Nugent, M.P., has also subscribed, as has the A.O.H., in Wexford. Other Irish members figuring in the subscription list include Messrs. Condon, Law, Hackett, Boland, Doris, and O'Shee, M.P.'s.

TYRONE LANCE-CORPORAL'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

A remarkable instance of how a soldier suddenly recovered the use of his speech has just occurred at the Tipperary Depot. Wounded in the heel by a bullet at the Dardanelles, Lance-Corporal Crossett, a native of Cookstown, County Tyrone, was sent back to Netley Hospital. Very shortly after his arrival at Netley he completely lost his speech. After several months he was sent to Tipperary still dumb. Here one of the masseuses put him through a course of lip reading. One morning on getting out of bed, Crossett, to his unbounded joy and amazement, found that his speech had returned. His first use of it was interesting and characteristic. Skipping in ecstasies about the floor, he started singing 'It's a long way to Tipperary.'

BELGIANS AND PROSELYTISING.

Cardinal Logue has the reputation of well weighing his words before he speaks, and it is therefore a matter of grave concern that in his Lenten Pastoral, his Eminence, after describing the horrors of the war, and commenting on the recent massacres of Armenians, which have shocked humanity, and observing that the instigators and abettors of such deeds are strange allies for a Christian nation, goes on to speak about the splendid effort which Christian charity is making to relieve suffering; an effort which he describes as the one bright feature amid the general gloom. But even in this there is a fly in the ointment of his satisfaction, for his Eminence regrets that this charity towards sufferers from the war should have been in some instances 'marred by a narrow-minded craze for proselytism.' Then he makes this strong observation:—'It is unfortunate that the Belgian exiles, who have little left, except what is their most precious inheritance, the Catholic faith, should be induced to sacrifice this for some passing temporal benefit. It is questionable how far the general committee which is charged with the care of the Belgian refugees is free from all responsibility for this lamentable occurrence.' Such words, coming from such a source, should, we (*Universé*) think, receive the serious attention of the authorities. We can imagine nothing more reprehensible, nothing so low-minded as any attempt on the part of those who are the dispensers of what is, after all, the nation's alimony to the nation's honored guests, to attempt to detract from the nobility of a free offering by imposing any terms of barter whatever, and particularly with regard to religious belief, be it what it may.

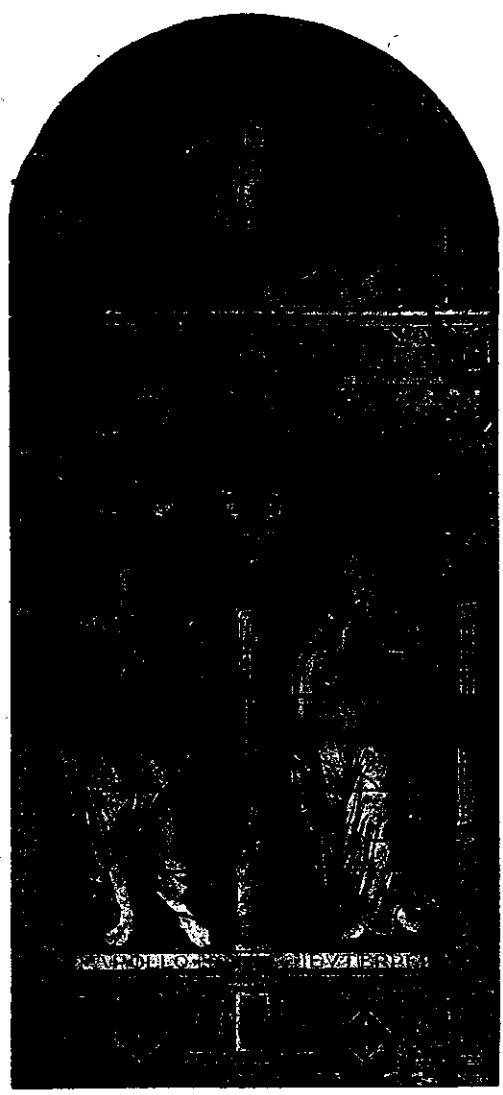
CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

The centenary of the founding of the Christian Brothers in Thurles was impressively celebrated on February 16, the town being en fête and all the business establishments closed. Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, presided at High Mass in the Cathedral, and there was a large attendance of clergy, while the congregation included members of various local societies, confraternities, colleges, etc. An eloquent sermon was preached by Right Rev. Monsignor Ryan, Dean of Cashel. Telling of the origin of the schools he said that a few pious laymen, who conducted their ordinary business of trader or mechanic or farmer, used to give their services 100 years ago, off and on, as teachers of the young and ignorant. Amongst those so-called 'monks' were two young men named Cahill—Thos. Baptist, of Callan, and Wm. Joseph, of Thurles, who, with the approval of Most Rev. Dr. Bray, the then Archbishop of Cashel, placed themselves under the direction of Bro. Edmund Rice, made their novitiate and studies in Mount Sion, Waterford, and, returning to Thurles in 1816, opened the Christian schools. At the public meeting Most Rev. Dr. Harty read a telegram from Cardinal Gasparri conveying the Pope's congratulations, best wishes, and the Apostolic Benediction, and a filial message was sent in reply. His Grace delivered a well-merited eulogy of the noble work in Thurles for faith and fatherland by the Brothers. To show that their pupils were holding their own in education, his Grace mentioned that of the County Council University Scholarships seven were held by their pupils; and in the report of the examiners last year on the University Scholarship examinations they found that the results of the examinations in Tipperary were the best in Ireland. They had been successful in the past under an alien Government, and he trusted they would be successful in the future, when he hoped they would have their own Government, a Government that would foster education, that would not be opposed to their faith, that would be the friends of the Christian Brothers, who had done such noble work for their country. The Rev. Brother Coffey thanked his Grace for honoring them with his presence and for his eulogy, and also thanked the public bodies for their congratulations. Rev. Brother Duggan also spoke.

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IRISH-AMERICAN OPINION.

Mr. M. J. Crimmins, of Madison, Wisconsin, is one of the leaders of Irish thought and action in the Western States; he is a staunch Nationalist, and his influence and practical efforts have never been lacking when the Irish cause demanded them (says the *Irish Weekly*). Writing from Madison under the date of February 9, Mr. Crimmins deals energetically with the contentions advanced by those who oppose the Irish National policy. 'As an Irishman and a friend of liberty,' he declares, 'I say there is no sentiment to speak of among the Irish race in America in favor of Germany—only a few discredited politicians and would-be leaders, who never had any standing as representatives of the Irish race either in Ireland or America. How can any Irishman who loves liberty and hates oppression sympathise with Germany in her brutal and wanton destruction of life and property in Northern France and Belgium? How could Mr. John Redmond do otherwise than support England and her Allies to crush Prussian militarism? The Kaiser and his war clique have stopped at nothing that is inhuman and fiendish in their efforts to terrorise their enemies.' After a few scornful references to alleged Irish 'patriots' in the U.S. whose personal interests are involved in the prevention of an Irish settlement, Mr. Crimmins points out that if the Kaiser won the war 'there would be no liberty—the sword would rule.' He holds that 'all that is good and true to Ireland is behind Mr. John Redmond,' and that at the end of the war 'Mr. Redmond's name will be glorified by millions of the Irish race throughout the world.' The practical remarks at the close of the Irish-Wisconsin man's letter may be set forth fully:—'The Germans to a man are in favor of their leaders in Germany; and so are the Germans in America. Why should Irishmen at home or abroad favor the Kaiser in preference to the chosen leader of the Irish people? Put Germany in Ireland's place, and you may believe me she would not go back on her leaders. Why cannot Irishmen the world over be a unit in favor of Mr. John Redmond and his policy? In my estimation, Mr. Redmond has done more for Ireland than any Irishman that ever lived, and I trust in him implicitly.' These are the views of a thoroughly representative Irish-American, a Nationalist, and a proven friend of his country's cause. Ninety per cent. of the Irish Nationalist people at home are at one with Mr. M. J. Crimmins; the remainder may well ponder over his words of wisdom.

General Pau, the French one-armed hero and Joffre's right-hand man, is 67. Sir William Robertson, the British Chief of Staff, is 65, the same age as General von Falkenhayn, who holds a corresponding position in the German armies. General Foch, the Frenchman who broke the Germans at the Marne, is 64. King Peter of Serbia, who personally took the field at the head of his army directly war broke out, had turned 70. Amongst those responsible for the conduct of the war at sea, Admiral Lord Fisher is 74; Sir Arthur Wilson is 63; Sir Henry Jackson is turned 60; while Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, the man whose policy is responsible for the Lusitania crime and the baby-killing raids on Scarborough and elsewhere, is 66.

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People We Hear About

Mr. Samuel Young, Nationalist M.P. for the East Division of County Cavan, has recently celebrated his 94th birthday. He is not a Catholic, but his nephew, Rev. Urban Young, C.P., is a valued member of the Passionist Congregation, being rector of Broadway, Worcestershire.

In Mrs. Hugh Fraser's latest book, *Storied Italy*, the gifted sister of Marion Crawford gives a most interesting glimpse at the present Pontiff, Benedict XV.. He was known as a simple priest in Rome attached to the entourage of Monsignor Rampolla, to lead the ascetic life, and but for his generosity to the poor might have passed as one of the poorest priests in all Rome. As a boy at Pegh, his home near Genoa, he used to puzzle his schoolfellows by one strange trait. In the midst of the wildest games he would suddenly pull up, rush off to his room and, shutting himself off from everyone, would commence to study for dear life. Through all the years when his father was preparing him for a lawyer's career, he never spoke to his most intimate friend, but once, of his deep-rooted desire to enter the priesthood, but that friend, crouching in the gardens sometimes below his room, when he had retired from games, would hear him preaching impassioned sermons to the trees and flowers. When he went to Bologna as its Archbishop, he instituted a rigid discipline, which raised the archdiocese to a very high standard of exactness and zeal. Once, soon after his arrival in his new See, his anger blazed out when he found that his servants, with a great impression of his new dignity as Archbishop, had kept various poor clients waiting for hours without apprising him of their presence. 'How dare you treat these good people so,' said the Archbishop. 'Never keep poor people waiting again.'

The London correspondent of the *Glasgow Evening News*, discussing recruiting, makes this reference to Ireland and the Irish Party:—'Her sons have answered the call nobly, and if the Nationalist leaders are sincere in their declarations of loyalty, why do they not give their nation a lead?' This query suggests that such a lead has not already been given (says the *Glasgow Observer*). But of course it has. The brother of the Irish leader, Captain W. H. K. Redmond, was one of the first of recruiting orators to say 'Come!' instead of 'Go!' Mr. John Redmond's son, Lieutenant W. Archer Redmond, M.P., quickly followed suit. Private Stephen Gwynn, M.P., joined as a ranker. Captain J. L. Esmonde, M.P., is the son of Dr. Esmonde, M.P., who died in service since the outbreak of the war. Mr. D. D. Sheehan, M.P., was among the earliest of our legislators to lead as well as point the way. All these are Irish Nationalist members. Lieutenant Kettle may also be reckoned in the list of 'Nationalist leaders,' so that the *News'* innuendo simply recoils on its author. What would he have? Does he expect Mr. John Redmond, aged 59; to join the colors? Or Mr. Dillon, aged 65? Or Mr. T. P. O'Connor, aged 68? Or Mr. William O'Brien, aged 64? Or Mr. Healy, aged 61? Or Mr. Swift MacNeill, aged 67? Or Captain Donelan, aged 70? Or Mr. Pat O'Brien, aged 63? Or Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde, Bart., aged 54? These are the principal Irish M.P.'s—the Irish Cabinet, so to speak, and not one is of military age or would be accepted by Kitchener for military service of any kind. Except to generate racial hatred, built on malicious falsehood, where is the sense, utility, or warrant of taunting the 'Nationalist leaders' with having failed in their duty. They have not failed, and only ignorant malice would venture such a suggestion.



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THE NEWMAN SOCIETY

SUGGESTED EXTENSION OF ITS WORK.

At a recent meeting of the Auckland branch of the Newman Society, the following paper by Mrs. Mary C. Goulter was read:—

It is now many years since the following words were addressed by a zealous French layman to his contemporaries, in an endeavor to rouse them to serious and self-denying effort in the cause of religion and charity:— 'Every day our friends, our brothers, are killed as soldiers or missionaries on the soil of Africa or before the palaces of the mandarins. What are we doing meanwhile?' Seriously, do you imagine that God has appointed for some to die in the service of civilisation and the Church, while others walk about with their hands in their pockets, and lie down on roses? O gentlemen, you, toilers of science, and you, Christian men of letters, let us prove, one and all, that we are not cowardly enough to believe in a division which would be an accusation against God Who would have made it, and an ignominy on us who would accept it.'

These inspiring words were spoken several decades ago, in much less stirring times than ours. Frederic Ozanam used them to depict the ordinary state of the Catholic Church, which is never without heroic souls and great virtues in its fold. And by means of them he urged on the young Frenchmen of his own day to the efforts in the cause of charity which materialised in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a branch of which is well and honorably known in Auckland to-day. But how much more forcible and to the point are these words of Ozanam's to-day than when they were originally spoken. To-day our friends, our brothers in nationality or faith, if not in blood, die hourly on the battle-field. To-day the world is confronted with the most serious issues of life and death, annihilation or salvation; nations are locked in the deadly grip of battle, and a mighty wave of earnestness and high purpose has swept over the modern world, laving it pure from frivolity and dissipation in tides of fresh-flowing blood. Into every home has come a messenger from the unseen world, with a call to renunciation, to self-denial, and often to bitter loneliness. And into many homes that we know, instead of the youthful presence which brightens them, the Angel of Death has come, and life is darkened by the sad, if glorious, remembrance of a battlefield in Europe or Gallipoli, and of the young life there laid down. Even among us there are many vacant places, of those who have gone to take their share of the burden laid upon the manhood of the Empire, and our genial chaplain himself has left us to perform his priestly duties in the midst of scenes of war.

Taking all this into consideration, is it not time for us, who are left at home, to reconsider this organisation to which we belong, and to see whether it is really fulfilling any serious and useful purpose in the community, or whether it is merely a pleasant mode of spending a Sunday afternoon from time to time. When the most light-minded have been forced into a realisation of the sombre side of life, it is not a time for us to fritter away time and mental energy on dilettante literary pursuits. Rather is it an epoch for stripping ourselves and our lives of the useless appendages of habit and convention, which so easily gather round them, and of seeing to it that we, who are precluded by sex, age, or home ties, from taking part in the life-and-death struggle waged in the world of to-day, shall at least employ our time and mental energy in a manner calculated to benefit in some way that world, be it big or small, in which we move.

What, then, is this Newman Society to which we belong? It is the foremost, almost the only Catholic intellectual and literary society in New Zealand. And that means that we are the direct representatives in this new country of true intellectuality as distinguished from the false; that we are the heirs of Catholic culture, the favored children of that ancient Church which has been the teacher of the nations of the earth. We stand, clear-eyed, in the opening years of this 20th century, knowing that we can place an unerring finger on the weaknesses and digressions of contemporary civilisation. Through the midst of the arid desert of scepticism and uncertainty around us, we carry with us the Ark of the Lord on our journeyings. These are large assertions, but they follow in logical sequence from the short, simple sentence pronounced daily by each one of us: 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' For that implies an infallible, unique Church to which we belong; and in that Church we happen to hold the fortunate position of recipients of higher educational advantages which circumstances have denied to many of our brethren. Surely, these facts entail responsibilities of some kind, both towards the Catholic body as a whole, and towards the outside world. Even at this serious and critical time of the world's history, could we be gifted with a nobler destiny than that of trustees of Catholic intellectuality in our country; or, could we possess a vocation more deserving of our best efforts to fulfil it? What are we doing with the heritage committed to our care? Is it not true that in the past we have looked upon the Newman Society in the light of a recreation, a relaxation; not

considering the immense possibilities for good lying dormant within it? We gather together, month after month, under the patronage of John Henry Newman, a 'burning and shining light' who, if we may presume in any instance to interpret the designs of the Almighty, seems to have been raised up specially to enlighten the spiritual darkness of England, by showing that deeply Protestant country that a mighty intellect, nurtured during its most impressive years by her national Church and her greatest University, could find ultimate peace and light only in the arms of Rome. If our chosen title means anything, it means that in admiring and affectionate remembrance of that great man, we endeavor to be in our small way to the New Zealand of our day, what he was to the England of his. What he was, indeed, to his generation, none of us can ever be; but we can make our own his ideals and his self-devotion; his love for the Church of his adoption, and his dedication of his God-given share of mental power to the highest and holiest cause he knew. Newman was, through a long span of years, a living example of the highest intellectual possibilities of Catholicism, in the midst of a nation which had long denied and forgotten the historic supremacy of the Church in the realms of intellect. And that, in one word, is the *raison d'être* of our society: to be an example of the intellectual possibilities of Catholicism, in the midst of surroundings where these possibilities are ordinarily not recognised or admitted. If we look facts in the face, we must realise that hitherto our society has existed practically for itself alone, and that we who belong to it seek at its gatherings congenial company and intellectual enjoyment, rather than the good of any section of the community. The purpose of this paper is to urge upon members a more vigorous policy in the future, and a greater solicitude for the welfare of the many, both Catholic and non-Catholic, who are without the many advantages so liberally bestowed upon those to whom I speak.

And in writing in this strain, I hope to be acquitted of the presumption which would attach to any effort on my part at laying down a policy for the society—a task for which I am unfitted either by age, scholastic honors, and diplomas, or length of service in the organisation which I address. This paper is not in any sense an attempt at taking the initiative, it is merely a plea for the outside public, coming from one who was for one season a working member of the Newman Society, and who desires gratefully to acknowledge the many courtesies tendered to a stranger by that body. Being not even a matriculated student, much less a university graduate, the writer is conscious of representing the outside world rather than the members of your society; and she therefore considers herself peculiarly fitted by circumstances to plead the cause of the great mass of Catholics, as well as of that greater company of our separated brethren.

Speaking, then, for those who stand outside the ranks of Catholics with the secular advantages of a university education, I would ask this body to consider whether it has not a double duty to perform, a duty towards Catholics and non-Catholics alike. To take our own first, and to follow out the Church's wise policy of caring first for the children, what are the Catholic graduates of our universities doing for the children who are growing up around them to be the future Catholic population of New Zealand? Our Catholic school system, though a marvellous product of faith and sacrifice, is, like all human institutions, far from perfect; it needs expanding and strengthening in various ways which will suggest themselves at once to the many religious and lay teachers among the members of the Newman Society. If, say, a debate or discussion on our Catholic schools was inaugurated as an item on every year's syllabus, much good would surely result from this interchange of ideas between men and women specially qualified to understand their subject. We number amongst us scholarly members of the priesthood, religious of both sexes whose lives are spent in the cause of Catholic education, and whose most earnest hopes are bound up with it, teachers in the State schools who have daily opportunities of gleaming hints from Government methods and incorporating them with Catholic ideals, parents to whom the proper education of their children is one of the most important things in life, and young people whose memories and impressions of our New Zealand Catholic schools are still vivid and valuable. What more promising atmosphere could be found for the discussion and the solution of the many problems which constantly beset the path of the Catholic educator in this Dominion? There is no more important branch of Catholic activity than this of education, and none upon which it is more necessary that an assemblage of highly-educated Catholics should bring to bear every faculty of their minds, and every energy of action within their control. Even were our primary and secondary school systems all they might be—that is, were every Catholic child in the Dominion to possess an opportunity of acquiring knowledge suited to its faculties, under suitable Catholic auspices, there would still be the question of University education to consider. Despite the handicaps of war time, the cause of Catholic University education is at present making great strides in Victoria; £60,000 is in hand towards the building fund and the establishment of bursaries; and plans for a residential college are already under way. It may freely be

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admitted that the time for this is not yet ripe in New Zealand; but while, for instance, the immense majority of our Catholic boys have to do without secondary education, or go to a non-Catholic college for it, and while a large proportion in the smaller towns have no chance of attending even a Catholic primary school, we cannot afford to rest on our laurels and say that our Catholic educational system is capable of no further development at present. It is our duty, as members of the Newman Society, to take a prominent part in obtaining the necessary funds, and setting the necessary forces in motion. How this can best be done is one of the many points which might be benefited by ventilation at our meetings.

Next, there is the task of attracting to our ranks the young men and women who leave our Catholic schools and go out alone into an intensely Protestant and even atheistical atmosphere. No section of the Catholic community needs a helping hand more than these boys and girls thrown in their most impressionable years into the midst of a civilisation alien from the ideals to which they are bound in loyalty to adhere. Even taking the most favorable cases, when these ideals have been carefully instilled into their minds in good Catholic homes and in their school life; when they have been initiated into the historic glories of Catholicism in the realms of literature and art, the trial of after years is very great. But in the early lives of many, alas, home training in Catholic ideals has been conspicuous by its absence, and their education has perforce been obtained at a State school; their only defence against the insidious influences of later years being a knowledge of the bare shell of Catholic doctrine, a cold outline unbeautiful by any of those marvellous splendors of color which for us illumine the ground-work of our faith. In any case, there comes, as we all know, a period in the life of the most ideally educated Catholic, when outside influences appeal with almost irresistible force, when the old familiar ideals and beauties of Catholic and even of Christian literature pall upon the mind, which craves for the exotic and the pagan. It is at this period that the youthful mind turns to such authors as Marcus Aurelius, Omar Khayyam, and the Protestant poets, for inspiration and companionship, finding in their pages a mental stimulus absent from the familiar household gods of literature. Less thoughtful minds, indeed, may do themselves considerably more harm by browsing amongst the works of Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, and other modern novelists of that ilk; but in any case, it is a phase which with proper treatment will pass away in time, and which leaves the mind with a deepened and more intense appreciation of Christian and Catholic literature, an awakened and intelligent enjoyment akin to that which an inhabitant of scenes of great natural beauty experiences when he returns to his birthplace from an expedition into less favored regions. The Newman Society is singularly well adapted for shortening this peculiar phase of mental adolescence and encouraging the return of the young Catholic mind to its appropriate pastures. Instead of joining a non-Catholic literary or reading club, the boy or girl joins the Newman Club, and there the mind is naturally and inevitably directed into Catholic channels of reading and thought; and it is brought home to the youthful member, what an inexhaustible field for profitable study is contained in the Catholic authors even of the English tongue. Religion, instead of remaining at the school-day level in the mind, and inevitably stagnating there, rises with the development of the mental faculties, and becomes a vital and essential part of life. But to fulfil this ideal will take time as well as energy. The Newman Society must gain the ear of the Catholic girls and boys before they leave school, and interest them in its work, either by means of juvenile branches, or by an extension of the present principle of holding meetings at the various schools, and admitting the elder scholars to them. It must somehow make itself felt as a vital force in Catholic school life, either by means of offering prizes for essays on literary subjects, or by other methods. And above all it must spread to the other towns in New Zealand, in order to embrace all our Catholic young people, and not merely a section of them.

Having thus established a salutary influence in Catholic circles we would still have to consider our peculiar responsibilities towards the general public. For it is in no degree presumptuous of us to recognise and to act upon the fact that our viewpoint, as distinguished from that of our contemporaries of other creeds and of no creed, is infinitely purer and more reliable; and that by virtue of our acquaintance with Catholic theology and philosophy, we can put them right, not only in religious matters, but in countless everyday problems, social, philanthropic, and political, which perplex the world of to-day. Needless to say, I do not suggest that we should forthwith assume the air of dictators in the State, and set out with a flourish of trumpets to show the world the path wherein it should tread. But there is no truer saying than—'Magna est veritas, et praevaleret,' and it is our business to make the truth stand out so prominently and convincingly before the eyes of men, that it may prevail by virtue of its

own strength. If we were to institute lectures and debates on matters of public interest, treating them from a Christian standpoint, and keeping the standard of proceedings sufficiently high to guarantee their value, non-Catholics would speedily be attracted, first by the discussions themselves, and then by the views put forward. This presupposes, of course, that we throw open a proportion, at least, of our meetings to the general public. At first, doubtless, the results would be discouraging, but by degrees, if our meetings were really worth coming to, thoughtful men and women would find it out, and would come, if only to hear the ideas of new speakers and thinkers on the burning questions of the day. And, even putting aside the probability of influencing a proportion of our hearers to think with us, we should at least be showing them that Catholics in New Zealand are not, as is too frequently imagined, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. On the contrary, they are a section of the community capable of supporting an intellectual club of a calibre to interest at least, if not to convince, the outside thinking public.

The success of this branch of activity would, I venture to think, be much furthered by co-operation with two existing organisations—the Catholic Federation and the English Catholic Social Guild. One object of the Federation is to aid in the education of Catholics and non-Catholics in the principles and ideals of our faith, to provide for the delivery of public lectures on questions of public interest, and to foster the growth of Catholic literature. It is obvious that the Federation, being a union of all Catholics, would benefit much by enlisting for these special objects the services of specially qualified Catholics; and as our society professes to consist of such specially qualified Catholics, it ought to be a simple matter to interweave the work of the two bodies, and utilise to the fullest extent the strength of both. As to the growth and encouragement of Catholic literature, that is a matter distinctly within the province of the Newman Society, the chief aim of whose members is to study appreciatively the masterpieces of Catholic literature. The literary talent of young Catholic New Zealand will naturally gravitate towards us in the future, if we make ourselves a living force in the community, and it is our business to see that talent turned to the best possible account. For the present, perhaps, our role must be, as has been happily phrased, like that of the man who emptied water down his well to moisten the dry ropes, before he could get anything out. We make it easier for the young Catholics of to-day to refresh their minds from the living fountains of Catholic literature; and it may be that we see little result from our labors. But the time will come when we shall get something out of the well; when the thoughtful study and appreciation of the immortal classics of Catholicism will bear its own fruit in a young, fresh, and genuinely Catholic New Zealand school of literature. Then we shall reap the reward of our efforts in the increased power of the Catholic press, and in the influence brought to bear on the secular press, fed as it will be with valuable articles written by Catholic journalists from a Catholic standpoint.

But in order that our writers may be firmly grounded in true principles on present-day problems, it is necessary that they should carefully study these problems from Catholic authors and textbooks. And how can this be more effectually done than by encouraging them to follow the courses of the English Catholic Social Guild, which for the past two years have been available for study in this Dominion? It is now possible, through the efforts of the editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*, and of the Federated Catholic Clubs of the Dominion, for New Zealand students to sit for examination under the same conditions as Home candidates, and for them to gain the various certificates and diplomas awarded by the Catholic Social Guild of England. The value of these different courses of study may be gathered from a brief summary of the subjects, which I take from the syllabus of the guild:—Elementary courses—Economic theory, social and economic history, including the industrial history of England, and general medieval economic history, the housing problem, with special reference to the present state of the housing of the working class in Great Britain, the ideal of the Christian home, and the various possible methods of reform, eugenics, positive and negative, the Catholic ideal in the matter, the use of the sacraments and sacramentals in their application to race culture. Advanced courses—Economic theory, social and economic history, comprising the mercantile system, the *Laissez-faire* system, the domestic system, the industrial revolution, agriculture, social relations, increase of legislative control, the living wage, theories of wages, human rights, duties corresponding to the rights, etc. It will be seen that a thorough and conscientious study of these courses provides an eminently trustworthy foundation for consideration of the questions of the day, and attunes the mind to regard them from a sound Catholic point of view. Surely we could form study clubs connected with our society, which would provide mutual help and encouragement for those members desirous of taking up the lines of study mapped out by the Social Guild.

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All these wide and far-reaching schemes, however, imply that we must bestir ourselves. We must 'increase and multiply,' and fill, if not the earth, at least the Dominion, with branches of our society, or we shall accomplish scant good. This will mean much energy and effort, but it is no use blinking facts—unless the Newman Society develops considerably, and justifies its existence, it will infallibly go to the wall, amongst the ever-growing multitude of fresh and energetic organisations around it. We have to choose whether to go forward or back, for we cannot any longer remain stationary. And, speaking in the name of those who so sorely need its help, I ask the Newman Society to choose, as their illustrious patron would have chosen under similar circumstances, and to take the path of effort and toil for a good cause. I ask them to imitate his zeal, his singleness of purpose, his purity of aim, and his renunciation of ease and intellectual pleasures; and to go forward to the work which awaits them, to fields of this young country lying white to the harvest. May it be said of the society which bears his name, as it might well have been said of the grand old man who battled for the truth of God with tongue and pen:—

'Evil stands not crowned on earth while breath is in him.'

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

April 25.

A crowded congregation was present in St. Mary's Church at the Solemn High Mass on Anzac Day. Very Rev. Dean Holley was celebrant, Rev. Father Mahoney deacon, Rev. Father Vibaud subdeacon, and Rev. Father Seymour master of ceremonies. The altar was beautifully decorated, and the choir rendered the music of Winter's Mass.

Rev. Captain-Chaplain Segrief gave an intensely interesting address. To-day (said the rev. preacher) we celebrate a great anniversary—a day which brings to our minds great deeds of heroism, done in a foreign land by our very own men. The victories of our race and nation are always a joy and a glory to us. Trafalgar, Waterloo, Inkerman, and Alma fill us with pride and admiration, but to-day, while those feelings well up within us as we think of Gallipoli, there is a tinge of sorrow and sadness on account of the heavy toll that we have paid. While we rejoice with the brave heroes, we equally honor the brave dead; and as we praise the parents of the living, we extend our hearty sympathies to those who have lost their near and dear ones. Time will heal their grief and wounds, but as Anzac Day comes round each year our pride and love will increase. Let your imagination drift back, not one year only, but forty, fifty, or sixty years, and see those bands of emigrants quitting the Home lands to do the pioneer work in these little-known parts; see them clear the forests, open mines, build roads, and lay the foundation of a vigorous colony; and as time rolls on we hear the bugle call ring out, and the sons of these pioneers rally to pay the debt they owe to older lands. How wonderfully our people responded to that call—mothers, sisters, sweethearts bravely gave their strongest and best, preferring dead heroes to living cowards. These are the folks who deserve our heartfelt thanks. This anniversary is for us a very great day, for it reminds us that until this day last year we were as a child tied to our mother's apron strings. New Zealanders rose nobly to the occasion, and burst into manhood—a vigorous young nation riveting the attention of the whole world on its natal day. What other people had taken generations to achieve, our boys performed in those terrible days of Anzac—fame, honor, and manly independence. They were the new Crusaders, fighting the hereditary foes of Christianity; fighting a nation which had allied itself with our enemies. They had a noble cause, and nobly did they sustain it. Think of the awful strain the night before the landing, of the countless deeds done on the steep and rugged hills along the cove of Anzac. Nothing could daunt our men, nothing could stop them. How nobly they fought! how bravely they succored their wounded mates! how calmly they died, aided by the Sacraments of their Holy Church! Great deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice were performed, and the saying of our Divine Lord was often proved—'Greater love no man hath, than to lay down his life for his friend.' And here I may say that a schoolfellow of mine was wounded, and was carried by his mate in the face of shell and shot fire, when, exhausted, he laid the wounded man on the ground, and threw himself over him so as to protect him. Gallipoli is past and gone as a battlefield; it exists no more; but was it a failure? Was it an error? Is it a blot on our country's fair name? Far from it. Our men did all that was allotted to them; they did not fail their leaders. An oversight it may have been, or a misadventure, but blot, or stain, it was not, for Anzac stands for bravery and self-sacrifice. It will be a standard, a battle cry, a shibboleth for all colonial action. Nothing now is good enough unless it reaches the Anzac standard. In school, in sport, we have the leaders we must follow, the goal to aim at. Anzac did more for this young land

than half a century's civil progress could do, for it blazoned forth our quality, and gave birth to the national standard that we must cultivate, and, as the very word attests, it has bound New Zealand and Australia together with an everlasting bond, which was strengthened and consecrated by the shedding of their blood. While we praise the living, we must honor the dead; while we ask God to reward the valiant ones, it is our bounden duty to supplicate His mercy and pardon for the dead. Thus the day has a true meaning for us. Patriotism is next to the service of God, and we blend these two essentials when we beg of God His blessing on our armies, and that honorable victories may be the forerunner of a lasting peace.

At the conclusion of the Mass the congregation remained standing while the organist played the 'Dead March' from 'Saul.'

On Easter Sunday evening the Children of Mary assembled in their clubroom to bid farewell to Rev. Father Seymour, who has acted as their spiritual director during his stay in Wanganui. The following address was read by Miss M. Kennedy, president of the sodality:—

'Dear Rev. Father,—It is with sincere regret that we hear of your departure from Wanganui. Although your stay in Wanganui has been very brief you have by the untiring energy and zeal displayed in behalf of our sodality endeared yourself to every member, and it will always be with the fondest recollections that we will look back on the time we were privileged to have the direction of our sodality in such zealous and capable hands. From our first association with you we were given to understand that your stay would not be a long one, but we have always hoped for the contrary, and now that your time for departure has come we feel the loss as keenly as though you were leaving us after an association of several years. As a mark of our appreciation of your efforts we ask you to accept the accompanying gift, and trust that it will serve to remind you of the Children of Mary in this town, one and all of whom wish you every success in your new surroundings, and sincerely hope that they may one day have you with them again.'

'Signed on behalf of the members—M. Kennedy (president), A. Aramburn (secretary), M. Ball, L. Roche, M. Donnelly, M. Quirke.'

Very Rev. Dean Holley expressed himself as heartily in accord with the sentiments contained in the address, which had such a ring of sincerity about it. No one, he said, regretted Father Seymour's departure more than he did, and he felt that the parish was indeed sustaining a severe loss.

Rev. Father Seymour in reply thanked the Children of Mary for their thoughtfulness in coming to say good-bye to him, for the kind sentiments which they had expressed in the address, and for their gift, which would always bring back fond memories of the short but happy time he had spent with them in Wanganui. He said he certainly had taken an interest in them, and found it a very hard task indeed to say good-bye. He asked them to give the same loyal and hearty support to his successor as they had given him, and which had helped to make his stay in Wanganui such a pleasant one.

The Holy Week services were carried out with befitting solemnity in St. Mary's Church. On Wednesday evening the Office of Tenebrae was held, when the Lamentations were chanted by Very Rev. Dean Holley and Rev. Fathers Seymour and Mahoney. On Thursday Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Seymour, when a large number received Holy Communion. After Mass a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place to the Altar of Repose, which was artistically adorned by the Sisters of St. Joseph. On Thursday evening Rev. Father Seymour preached on the 'Blessed Eucharist,' and during the night relays of men from the different societies kept watch. On Friday the Mass of the Presanctified was celebrated, and there was Veneration of the Cross. On Friday night Rev. Father Mahoney preached on the 'Passion.' On Easter Sunday large numbers approached the Holy Table at the early Mass. High Mass was celebrated at half-past ten o'clock by Rev. Father Mahoney, Rev. Father Seymour being deacon and Very Rev. Dean Holley subdeacon. A word of praise is due to the choir, under Mrs. Spillane, for their rendering of the music at the various services. In the evening Very Rev. Dean Holley preached on the 'Resurrection.'

The Rev. Father Seymour leaves on Wednesday for St. Mary's, Christchurch. He takes with him to his new sphere of duties the best wishes of the parishioners.

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ROME LETTER

(From our own correspondent.)

February 18.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN ITALY.

Since Italy unsheathed the sword the world has heard a great deal of the religious revival among her 40,000,000 people. Her churches are crowded, her confessionals are besieged, human respect seems dead or dormant; between the priest, the soldier, and the layman one sees in public that comradeship so eloquent of the healthy spirit which ought to exist in every Catholic country. All this causes no surprise to anyone knowing that at bottom Italy is a Catholic country, no matter what impression many of her emigrants make by falling off from religious practices on leaving her cathedral-covered land.

But does this mean that the Church can expect any appreciable diminution at the end of the war in the hostility of her enemies? I do not believe it. No one who watches current events can believe it, either; for the anti-Catholic societies (secret and open) now labor even more energetically than ever to thwart the clergy, to represent the Holy See as hostile to the nation. Only his week the clergy were prevented by the Mayor of Ravenna from officially officiating in the funeral cortege of the victims of the aerial bombardment. To such a pitch can the anti-Catholic obstinacy of a few miserable cliques go in beating itself against the Rock unshakable.

After all, reader, is it not natural for this kind of gentry to witness all nations hearkening to the voice of the Holy Father? In *L'Eclair* this week, M. Gudet upholds the thesis that none is so well adapted as the Pope to save the world from brutal solutions of differences in opinion. What has he not done for individual prisoners, and for Belgium, Poland, Armenia? And at present, Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, is carrying out the Pope's mandate to go through the dioceses of France and make spiritual and material provision for the parts most overrun by troops. M. Briand, Premier of France, though making no effort, needless to say, to see the Holy Father during his recent visit to Rome, found it to his purpose to meet Cardinal Mercier. So that Church and State, no matter how many Separation Laws are passed, go hand in hand. Truly the Pope's influence is felt by all—even those most reluctant to recognize it. No wonder every ruse is adopted to represent him as not being neutral in the war.

But what a charming little note has come to Benedict XV. from the four children named Hollande, to thank his Holiness for, as they ingenuously put it, 'saving their father's life.' The little ones who sign the letter vary in age from two to fourteen years.

'Most Holy Father,' they write from Paris, 'we are four French children, very grateful to your Holiness for the initiative which you had the goodness to take on behalf of the sick prisoners. Our father, after seventeen months of hard imprisonment in Germany, having been seized with pleurisy, has been interned in Switzerland. As he is the first officer of the French army who has been conducted there, we regard it as our duty to thank your Holiness for all our family and for our dear France, and beg you to please accept the expression of our profound respect and devoted attachment.'

This charming note has been aptly called in Rome 'a lily among thorns.' About the same time as it appears, some curious statistics come to hand. Will it be believed that in Paris alone the number of clairvoyants, mediums, witches, and others of the pythonesque genus come to the pretty total of 34,607? These are the professionals; those who exercise their calling privately are not included. It is calculated the annual receipts of the tribe amount to 73,000,000 francs. And one daily alone pockets from 250 to 300 francs a day for advertisements of the birds of prey and their dupes.

THE IRISH MARTYRS.

There is no man with a drop of Irish blood in his veins who will not join the Most Rev. W. J. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in thanking Cardinal Vannutelli for the recent advance in the Cause of the Irish Martyrs, and for the care with which he guarded its progress these past ten years. Ever since the vast quantity of documents compiled in the diocesan courts of Sydney and of Dublin were placed before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli has guided the Cause as a true friend. In the February number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Archbishop Walsh writes of the debt of gratitude due to Cardinal Vannutelli, not only for the manner in which, as Cardinal Ponente of the Cause, he pushed forward the examination of the Ordinary Process which the chief pastor of Sydney and of Dublin sent to Rome to Mgr. Murphy, but also for his steering the case clear of postponements. Dr. Walsh's tribute is well merited.

Acting in the name of the Holy See, the Archbishop of Dublin is now taking the next great step in the case, technically known as the Apostolic Process, which will take to complete anything from two to four years. The desire of every Irishman at home and abroad is that both Cardinal Vannutelli and Archbishop Walsh may be spared to hear one day the Vicar of Christ proclaim in St. Peter's the elevation to the honors of the altar those 280 men and women who died for the faith. And in Rome

the one great regret is that two are not alive to share the expression of thanks tendered to Cardinal Vannutelli—viz., Cardinal Moran and Mgr. Murphy.

NOTE.

In the recent issue of the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* publication is given to the warm letter of encomium written by Benedict XV. to Viscount D'Hendecourt on the flourishing condition of the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Science Siftings

By 'VOLT.'

Discovering Earthquakes.

Though the man in the street might easily mistake a slight seismic disturbance for the rumbling of a traction engine or an explosion, the marvellously delicate instruments which record earthquake shocks are immune from such deceptions. Sunk in the earth on solid foundations, the recording pen of the seismometer ignores any local tremblings which have not a seismic origin; but the faintest real earth quakings, though they have travelled thousands of miles through the earth, set the pen tracing the tell-tale graph by means of which the seismologist calculates the place, time, and magnitude of the happening. Years before the genius of the Japanese gave birth to the science of seismology, a very rough record of a Scotch earthquake was obtained at Comrie by means of a basin of treacle. The basin was about half-full of treacle, and by noting the magnitude and direction of the treacle marks made on the inside when the 'quake' disturbed its normal level, a fair approximation was obtained as to the magnitude and movement of the seismic waves which caused the earth disturbance.

A Surgical Magnet.

A strong magnet for lifting weights is not an unusual engineering operation, but it is not customary to enlist a surgical one for the purpose. This is being done by one of the most powerful magnets in the world, and has been installed by the Westinghouse and Electric Manufacturing Company in the relief department of its East Pittsburg works. The magnet is mounted on a box containing the resistor, which is used to regulate the amount of current flowing through the coils. It requires 4000 watts for its operation, or enough power to supply one hundred lamps of thirty-two candle-power each, and is designed for operation on seventy volts. It is not an infrequent occurrence for steel and iron workers to get bits of metal in their eyes or hands. Previous to the installation of a magnet the only means of removal was by probing, a method which is as uncertain as it is painful. Since this machine was put in operation, it is a very simple proceeding to extract such particles. The portion of the body in which the foreign particle is embedded is placed near the pole tip of the magnet, the switch is closed, and the magnet does the rest. Some remarkably small pieces have been extracted in this way. The pole, piece is removable, a number of different shapes being supplied for various classes of work.

Measuring Starlight.

There are only two ways of learning anything about the stars; one of them is to measure their movements, and the other to examine their light. This phrase occurred in the introduction of a lecture given by Dr. F. W. Dyson (Astronomer Royal) at the Royal Institution, London, on measuring the brightness of the stars. He explained that there were other methods of examining starlight besides measuring its brightness, but he wanted to confine his remarks to the single property that had been greatly investigated of late and had led to important results. Measuring the luminosity of a star is a very different problem from that of measuring the candlepower of a lamp or an electric light, because of its wonderful minuteness. The lecturer gave an idea of the difficulty by saying that there were somewhere between one and two hundred million stars within telescopic vision of the earth, and yet all the light that the world received from the stars was about one-hundredth part of that received from the full moon, or, measured in more definite terms, the light given out by a 16-candlepower lamp when viewed at a distance of 47 yards. The standard by which one could measure these small lights was performed an exceedingly small one, and many had been proposed, of which the most successful—before the introduction of photography—had been made by reflecting moonlight so as to form an artificial star, with which others could be compared. Nowadays, the effect of the light on a photographic plate led to very important results. Amongst others, the inspection of the photographs had shown us how the stars thin out in various directions through space, the fainter and more distant stars being exceedingly numerous in the direction of the milky way, but comparatively few in other directions. This seemed to show that our solar system was very nearly in the middle of the stellar universe, and that the stars, so far as we could observe them, were spread out in an oval of which the long diameter was eight and a half times as long as the short one.

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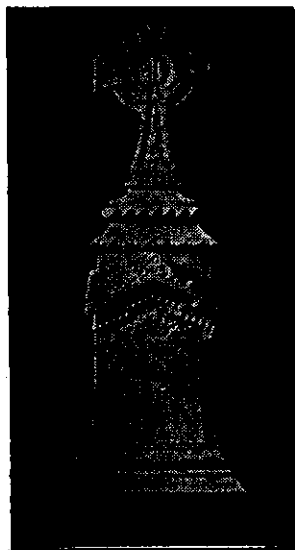
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The Catholic World

ENGLAND

DEATH OF MR. LISTER DRUMMOND.

The news of the death of Mr. Lister Drummond, K.S.G., the well-known police magistrate, came as a great shock to the Catholics of London. Born in 1856, the son of Maurice Drummond, C.B., and the Hon. Adelaide, daughter of the second Baron Ribblesdale, he was not always a Catholic, as he was received into the Church when he was 19 years of age. Four years later he was called to the Bar. He has always been a most earnest Catholic, and he founded, with Father Philip Fletcher, the Guild of Ransom, and worked most zealously to increase the scope of the Guild. In 1892 he acted as secretary to the Evicted Irish Tenants Commission. For four years he was chairman of the Westminster Catholic Federation, and he resigned in 1914, much against the wish of the members, but remained a member of the Council, and gave them the benefit of his advice. He was also chairman of the Central Council of the Catholic Confederation in 1913-14. He received the Order of Knight of St. Gregory from Pope Leo XIII. in 1901.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

Mr. Henry Hives Lee, of Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington, W., who died on December 31 last, aged 58 years, son of Captain J. Hutchinson Lee, J.P., of Balsdon, Torquay, left estate of the gross value of £87,539 3s 8d. In addition to a number of family and personal bequests, he left:—£5000 to found a charity to be called 'The Mary Florence Lee Charity,' for the aged poor; for granting small annuities to poor aged women, to be of any religious persuasion, but resident within five miles of Boyn Hill Church, Maidenhead, for a space of five years or over prior to election—no annuity to exceed £25. £1000 to Brompton Oratory for their schools and work, and to found a scholarship in his name. £550 to the Servite Church, Fulham road, S.W. £1000 to the Carmelite Church, Church street, Kensington. £1000 to Westminster Cathedral, to found a scholarship in his name. £1000 to the Boy Scouts' Association. £500 to his wife's cousin, Agnes E. Weston, of the Royal Sailors' Rests, Portsmouth, to be devoted to some building to be called 'Mary Florence Lee,' in memory of his wife. £200 to the Rev. Mother Superior of the Convent at Beaufort street, Chelsea, S.W., for the benefit of the convent. £800 (free of duty) to Rev. Mother Catherine, of St. Pelagia's Home, Bickerton road, Highgate, for the use of herself or her work. £600 to the priest in charge of the Catholic mission, Bow Common (Church of the Holy Name), as an endowment fund. To the Prior of the Carmelite Church, Church street, Kensington, he also bequeathed two Sheffield plate vases for the church altar, and, subject to bequests to relatives and friends, he left the residue of his estate to the Nazareth House, Hammersmith, W., desiring that a memorial shall be endowed in memory of his wife and himself.

ITALY

THE HOLY FATHER'S SORROW.

In a letter to the Archbishop of Ravenna, Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, expresses the Holy Father's 'bitter sorrow and profound regret' at the sufferings and loss of life inflicted by the Austrian air raids. Referring to the recent bombardment of the city, the letter says:—'This fresh raid has not only plunged a certain number of families and the whole city into grief, but has caused bitter sorrow to the heart of the Holy Father, who feels profound regret for the innocent victims and at the same time is sorely troubled on account of the danger to the splendid monuments and the damages they have sustained. His Holiness, as a vigilant guardian of the supreme interests of religion, history, and the arts has not failed to recommend and insist again to the Austro-Hungarian Government that the war should be conducted in conformity with recognised principles, according to which open, undefended towns should be exempt from attack and the monuments and churches which constitute the precious treasures of those towns should be respected. The Holy Father would, moreover, like that in the Italo-Austrian war, the dropping of bombs from aeroplanes was altogether abandoned. If this noble intention has not been achieved it is not from any want of warm interest on the part of the common Father of the faithful, but for reasons which I shall be able to explain personally when opportunity offers. Will your Grace, in the name of the Holy Father, express his affectionate condolence with the unfortunate families of the poor victims, and be kind enough also to inform the families of the fervent prayers which his Holiness offers up for the happiness of the departed? Meanwhile, as a token of heavenly graces and a comfort in such a disaster, your Grace will please receive and communicate to your beloved people the Apostolic Blessing which his Holiness grants from his heart.'

SCOTLAND

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED CATHOLIC.

A notable and distinguished character has just passed away in the person of Colonel John Andrew Macdonald, C.B., of Glenaladale, who died at Betley Hall, near Crewe, which had for some years past been his chief place of residence (says the *Glasgow Observer*). Colonel Macdonald was born in 1837, at Borrodale House, Inverness-shire, eldest son of Angus Macdonald, of Glenaladale, and succeeded to the family estates in 1870. He was Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 3rd Cameron Highlanders, 1887-97, and was created C.B. at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. In his native country of Inverness he held the offices of Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant, in addition to other positions on various public bodies, and by all with whom these offices brought him into contact he was held in the highest esteem and respect, no less for the geniality of his disposition than for his unswerving integrity and devotion to duty. The family of Colonel Macdonald is one of the best-known and most celebrated of the old Highland families, being the oldest off-shoot of the great and powerful family of Clanranald. The Glenaladale family itself has had an intensely interesting history, bound up as it was with the fortunes of the late Stuarts, and in particular with those of Prince Charles Edward in the momentous events of 'the 45.' John Macdonald, of Glenaladale, set on foot the emigration of Catholic Highlanders to Prince Edward's Island in 1773, and there later, during the American war, raised the Royal Highland Regiment in support of the British Crown. The British Government afterwards offered him the Governorship of Prince Edward's Island, but, owing to the objectionable oath which had to be taken in those days, Glenaladale, Catholic to the core, declined the honor. Of such were the forbears of Colonel Macdonald, and he himself was no unworthy holder of the traditions of a noble race. A man of the highest honor and integrity, and above and beyond this, a staunch and earnest Catholic in every fibre, sincere and zealous in the practice of his faith, and holding it as his most precious heritage—a model Catholic layman in short. Touching reference was made at the Church of SS. Mary and Finnan, at Glenfinnan, when Father Macdonald, in asking the prayers of the congregation for the soul of their departed chief, reminded them of his many virtues, calling particularly to mind the late Colonel's extreme devotion and reverence in the matter of serving Mass, which was a thing to be remembered by all who had ever witnessed it. His two brothers, who predeceased him, were both distinguished members of the hierarchy of the Church, one being Bishop of Argyll and the Isles—later translated to the Archiepiscopal See of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, and the other Bishop of Aberdeen.

GENERAL

THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

Writing to Viscount Louis d'Hendecourt, President-General of the Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Holy Father in a letter given in the *Acta Apostolica Sedis* says:—'Charity is never extinguished, but, miseries and calamities becoming greater, its ardor increases each day. We were already aware of this and we found a striking confirmation of it in the letter which you lately sent to inform us of the growth of the number of Conferences within recent years and of the manifold forms of their charity.' His Holiness goes on to say that the picture of the Conferences presented in the President-General's letter is worthy of the Church's best days. He praises the members of the Conferences the more willingly because he finds them ready for every initiative calculated to serve and develop such a salutary work and to extend its benefits as the requirements of the present time demand. 'Exactly at times which call for Christian charity,' continues his Holiness, 'we find greater activity than ever; but we desire that in exercising it the children of light should be an example to others, that they should not be satisfied with mere humanitarianism, but should aim at higher results and draw their proteges to the love of God, that they should, so to speak, constrain them to this by the sweetness of their fraternal charity.' His Holiness recognises that the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul do not need any exhortation in this respect, so manifest is their zeal. He contents himself therefore with giving them a pledge of divine grace by blessing all the members of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul throughout the world.

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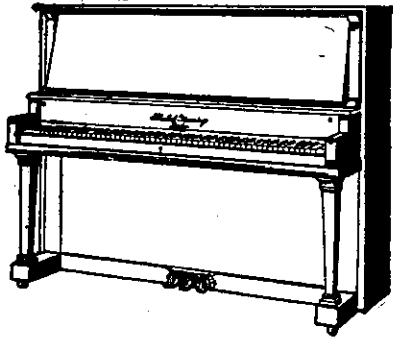
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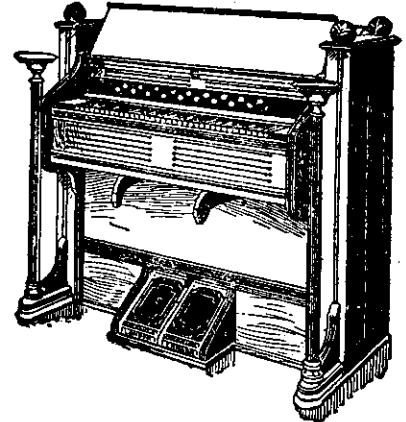
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Domestic

(By MAUREEN.)

Russian Pilaf.

This is an especially nice way of serving the remains of roast lamb or chicken. Cook half a cupful of rice until dry and fluffy; set a saucepan over the fire, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in it; add the rice, toss two minutes; stir in a half-pint of stewed tomatoes, and a pint of minced lamb or chicken, simmer till very hot, and season with salt and cayenne.

Chocolate Raisin Pudding.

One and one-half breakfast cupfuls of fine crumbs, two and one-half cupfuls of milk, one-third cupful of treacle, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one egg, one cupful of stoned raisins, one-half cupful of cocoa, or two squares of chocolate, melted. Soak bread crumbs in milk, add remaining ingredients, turn into a buttered pudding dish, and steam four hours. Serve either hot or cold with cream sauce.

Mutton Sausages.

One-half pound of cold mutton, one egg, one and one-half cupfuls of boiled rice, two ounces of suet, salt and pepper, bread crumbs, and minced parsley. Mince the mutton, suet, and rice; mix and season with the pepper, salt, and parsley, bind with the yolk of the egg, and form into sausages. Dip them in the white of egg, roll in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Place on a hot dish and serve with gravy or tomato sauce. These make a nice dish for breakfast or luncheon.

Apple Jelly.

Take one pound of good sound apples, peel, core, and cut them into small pieces, and put them in a saucepan with three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of cold water, the grated rind of half a lemon, and a squeeze of the juice. Put the saucepan on the fire, and cook the apples very gently till they are tender, stirring occasionally to prevent the fruit sticking to the bottom of the pan. When tender rub them through a sieve, and add a few drops of red coloring and two heaped tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine, dissolved in one gill of boiling water. Wet a mould with cold water, ornament the bottom with preserved cherries, and pour in the apple mixture. When firm turn out and serve with whipped cream.

Stewed Pears with Rice.

Peel five medium-sized pears, but leave them whole. Make a syrup with one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of water, and the strained juice of half a lemon, and cook the pears in this until they are tender. Lift them out and allow them to cool. Then cut a thick slice off each lengthwise, scoop out the inside, and fill up with a mixture of chopped preserved fruits and bound together with a little raspberry jam. Cover with the pieces of pear cut off, so as to give the pear its original shape. Have ready some boiled rice, sweetened and flavored to taste, and to which a little milk has been added. Arrange this in a square shape on a pretty dish, placing the pears on the top. Reduce the syrup in the pan to a nice consistency, and when cool pour over the pears. Decorate with strips of angelica and whipped and sweetened cream. Serve cold.

Uses of Borax.

This is one of the most useful and inexpensive articles a housekeeper can be supplied with, and one should always have a large can of it in the house. When used in the bath it will improve and whiten the skin. Borax water will remove all stains from the hands and heal all scratches. For this purpose prepare in this way: Put some borax into a bottle and fill with hot water; when this dissolves, add more borax until the water will dissolve no more. When wanted for use, pour enough from the bottle to soften the water in the wash bowl. Borax is much better than soap for washing windows. Nothing whitens the clothes or softens hard water like borax. Use a handful to ten gallons of water. It will not injure anything and will remove the yellow cast on garments which have been laid away.

Using Cotton Reels.

You can make hanging baskets for ferns, flowers, etc., of cotton reels. A circle or square of wood is used for the bottom, and the reels make upstanding supports. Wires are, of course, run through the centres of the reels. The earth is enclosed in moss. The baskets are hung by wires. The reels and woodwork are painted green. Another way of using cotton reels is in home-made furniture. The reels, with a thin rod running through five or six of them, make supports for the tiers of hanging bookshelves, and they can be used for the legs and cross-pieces of afternoon tea-tables or progressive whist tables. In each case a stout wire support should be run through the reels; the latter should also be glued together, and the whole should be stained or painted. Another idea is to make, with cotton reels, toys for children. The reels can be used as wheels for little waggons or toy wooden horses.

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IN buying a Gem Ring one should remember that Value depends not on Size alone, but on Size plus Quality. A stone of the 'STEWART DAWSON' grade may be worth several times as much as a stone of similar size if the latter be imperfect or 'off colour.' For 45 years we have been selling Diamond Rings, and because every gem, large or small, has been of the highest quality, a 'STEWART DAWSON' RING has a prestige that makes it doubly prized. Our Beautiful Assortments of New Designs are Unrivalled for Variety, Beauty, and Value. They comprise the Most Beautiful

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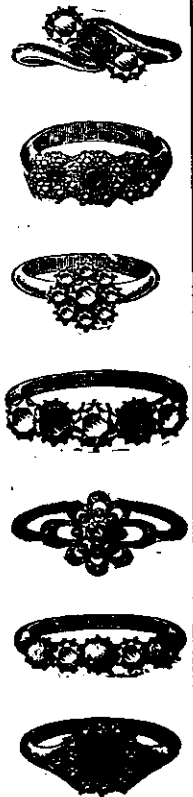
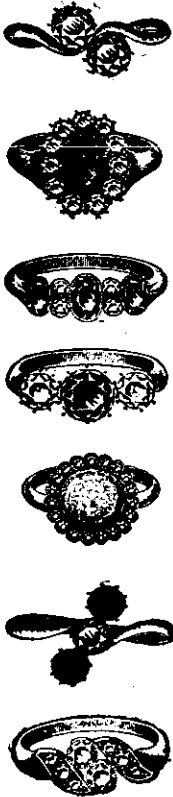
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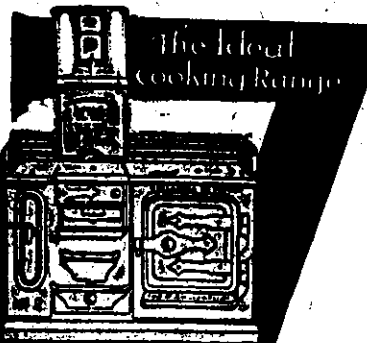
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Do you drink

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ?

If not, why not ?

On the Land

The successful keeping of fowls in confinement requires that each bird should have not less than five square feet of space.

By marketing the products of the farm in the form of butter or cream, only 5 per cent. of the fertility contained in farm crops is sold in the produce.

As a general thing, when confined fowls lay soft-shelled eggs the cause is due to an over-fat condition. When the soft shells are noted, the shell-grit supply should be examined. If there is plenty of shell, cut the food down by from 25 to 50 per cent., feed plenty of green stuff, and provide scratching litter for purpose of exercise.

Several North Otago farmers have now sufficient pasture to maintain part of the flocks sent to Southland, and are bringing back a small portion of their sheep (says the *Oamaru Mail*). Whether growth will forestall the frosts depends upon weather conditions, but even this partial recovery of the district is encouraging.

Feed is now abundant in the Gisborne country districts, owing to the early rains, which came before the grass roots were burned up (says the *Times*). Every circumstance points to an abundance of feed throughout the winter, and the only thing to be feared by the farmers is a succession of heavy frosts, which might have the effect of killing the grass as effectively as a long drought.

Poultry manure has approximately twice the fertilising value of cattle manure if a comparison of the two products is based upon the nitrogen contents. The nitrogenous compounds contained in poultry manure, however, are very unstable, and decompose readily into ammonia and volatile ammonium compounds. Consequently, unless proper care be exercised, large quantities of nitrogen which might be used for fertilisation are lost. Which means that the manure should be mixed with an absorbent substance, or an acid compound, which will chemically combine with the ammonia as fast as it is formed. Experiments have proved that when the excrement is mixed with an equal amount of gypsum, and about one-fifth of its weight in sawdust, it will retain all of the original nitrogen:

At Addington last week there were small entries of stock in all departments, and a much reduced attendance. Store sheep sold well, also fat lambs, and fat cattle sold rather better. Fat sheep were a little easier at the opening of the sale, but they firmed towards the end. No business was done for export. There was a very small yarding of store cattle. Dairy cows sold well, but pigs were easier owing to a limited demand. Fat Lambs.—Prime, 21s to 24s 3d; others, 18s to 24s 6d; merino wethers, 20s 3d to 23s; prime ewes, 24s to 27s 1d; medium, 19s to 23s 6d; others, 14s 7d to 18s 6d; merino ewes, 13s 10d to 16s. Fat Cattle.—Extra prime steers, to £20; ordinary, £9 to £13; extra prime heifers, to £13; ordinary, £7 12s 6d to £9 10s; extra prime cows, to £14 15s; ordinary, £6 10s to £9; dairy cows, £3 10s to £15 15s. Pigs.—Choppers, 50s to 80s; heavy baconers, 75s to 90s; light baconers, 58s to 70s—price per lb, 6½d; heavy porkers, 44s to 48s; light porkers, 34s to 40s—price per lb, 7d to 7½d; medium stores, 28s to 31s; small stores, 16s to 25s; weaners, 7s to 12s.

There were only small yardings at Burnside last week, and consequently prices showed an improvement on late sales. Fat Cattle.—One hundred and twenty yarded. This was a small yarding, mostly of medium quality. Butchers' stocks were light, and the trade secured the total yarding at prices about 15s per head higher than at previous sale. Values were well over exporters' limits. Best bullocks, £16 10s to £17 10s; extra heavy, to £18 5s; medium, £13 10s to £15 10s; light and unfinished, £8 10s to £12; heavy cows, £12 to £14 10s; medium, £9 10s to £11; light, £7 10s to £9 10s. Fat Sheep.—1815 penned; a small yarding. The sale opened at prices much on a par with previous week, but values gradually hardened, and at the close of the day prices were up about 1s 6d. Prime wethers were in short supply, and sold especially well. Heavy wethers, 27s 6d to 31s; extra prime wethers, to 35s 3d; medium, 24s 6d to 26s 6d; light, 19s 6d to 21s; unfinished, 15s upwards; heavy ewes, 27s to 30s; extra prime heavy, 31s 6d to 34s 3d; medium, 20s to 23s; light, 14s upwards. Lambs.—815 penned. Quality was above the average of late, and there was keen competition throughout the sale, prices being up about 1s per head compared with last week. Best lambs, 22s 6d to 24s; extra heavy, 24s 6d to 27s 9d; medium, 18s to 21s; light and unfinished, 13s to 15s 6d. Pigs.—There was a small yarding of fat pigs. Prices were exceptionally high

owing to the short supply. Best baconers sold to £4 15s; medium stores, 28s to 31s; small stores, 16s to 25s; weaners, 7s to 12s.

VALUE OF BRAN.

Among wheat 'offals' bran takes the principal place. The digestible feed constituents in bran are albuminoids 10 per cent., oil 3 per cent., and carbo-hydrates 37 per cent. Barley bran is somewhat higher in quality, and oat bran considerably lower. For comparison, it may be mentioned that good clover hay contains 5 per cent. albuminoids, 1½ per cent. of oil, and 37 per cent. of carbo-hydrates. The residue manurial value of bran is estimated in England at 8s 6d per ton.

Bran, as is pointed out in the *Journal of the British Board of Agriculture*, is particularly rich in mineral ingredients (lime and phosphates), and is therefore specially suited for young growing animals and for brood animals of all kinds, both before and after parturition. It is a very palatable food, and this fact, coupled with its well-known laxative influence, peculiarly fits it for feeding in association with such concentrated foods as cotton cakes, bean meal, and maize, or with coarse fodders, such as wheat, or barley straw, when the supply of roots is restricted. In experiments conducted by the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture, with two-year-old fattening bullocks, bran proved equal to linseed cake in respect to the quantity and quality of the beef produced, and was slightly the more profitable feeding stuff. In America bran has been extensively used as a partial substitute for oats in feeding heavy horses, and has resulted in a very considerable saving in the cost of maintenance. It was found that these two foods might suitably be mixed in equal proportions for horses.

GYPSUM AS A FERTILISER.

Gypsum (sulphate of lime) is composed of lime, sulphuric acid, and water in the following proportions:—Lime, 32.56 per cent.; sulphuric acid, 46.51 per cent.; water, 20.93 per cent.; total, 100.00. In the actual nourishment of plants it plays a small part, but it makes itself felt by exerting an influence in rendering the plant-food constituents in the soil more soluble and available. Superphosphate contains a large quantity of gypsum, as the result of the action of the sulphuric acid on the lime in the raw phosphate.

An application of 5cwt of superphosphate to the acre involves the supply of 2cwt. of gypsum. The application of gypsum to clover, vetches, peas, and beans is attended with very good results, especially on clay soils. It should be applied at the rate of 2 to 3cwt an acre in the spring, and its effect is increased if it is mixed with about an equal quantity of kainit.

Besides the value of gypsum for application to the soil, it can be used with advantage for other purposes in agriculture. Sprinkled about in stables and cowsheds, it is said to have the effect of preventing the evaporation of ammonia, thus improving the fertilising value of the manure, and at the same time rendering more wholesome the atmosphere of the stables. With the same object of preventing the escape of the valuable ammonia, gypsum should also be spread over manure heaps.

JERSEY CATTLE.

The butter-making properties of the Jersey breed of cattle were well illustrated at the St. Louis Exhibition, that breed winning every contest that was open. The rations allowed, however, were more than liberal, and would appear to point to the fact that the cattle were rather large specimens of their breed. It is pretty generally believed, and has been proved, that the amount of food consumed varies according to the output, so to speak, rather than the size of the animal. The amount of food consumed by the Jerseys in that test was upon the average 21½lb of hay, 12½lb of silage, and 16½lb of grain per cow per day, which is an extraordinary consumption for such cattle. In spite of the heavy cost of feeding, however, the milk yield of the Jerseys was so superior, both in quantity and quality—the former aided very much by the persistent milking of the breed—that the only cow that made a net profit of £10 was a Jersey. With this good feeding and heavy milking, however, it is rather remarkable that the cows should have made a gain in their own weight. Jerseys are not ordinarily great gainers of flesh whilst they are in milk, though when young and healthy they fatten as rapidly as other breeds when they have nothing better to do in the way of making dairy produce. Jerseys are a dairy breed, however, and the making of beef should not be encouraged beyond the constitutional point.

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LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON

The Family Circle

THE FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken, with a queer little squirm:
'I wish I could find a fat little worm.'

Said the next little chicken, with an odd little sigh:
'I wish I could find a fat little fly.'

Said the third little chicken, with a sharp little squeal:
'I wish I could find some nice yellow meal.'

Said the fourth little chicken, with a small sigh of grief:
'I wish I could find a green little leaf.'

Said the fifth little chicken, with a faint little moan,
'I wish I could find a wee gravel stone.'

'Now, see here,' said the mother, from the old garden patch,
'If you want any breakfast, just come out here and scratch.'

WHAT KEPT RUTH.

'Mamma, may I go to see Ada to-day?' said Ruth as she tied on her sunbonnet. 'You know she is going to visit her Aunt Emma to-morrow, and I won't see her for a whole month.'

'Why, yes, I think so,' said Mrs. Naylor. 'Your dress is clean and you have all your chores done. Yes, you may go and stay a little while. You will miss Ada very much.'

'What if Ada's mamma asks me to stay to dinner?' asked Ruth, twisting her bonnet strings.

'Well, I think you'll have to stay then,' laughed Mrs. Naylor. 'Be a nice, polite little girl, and if she doesn't ask you come right back home. Remember, I can trust you.'

So Ruth kissed her mother good-bye and skipped down the lane and toward the little woods pasture that separated her father's farm from that of Mr. Gilbert. It was a pleasant walk and the two little girls had worn a path going back and forth visiting. The distance was not long, but she was not in sight of home on account of the little hills that shut out the view.

Mrs. Naylor was very busy that day, but along about four in the afternoon she thought Ruth ought to be coming home. 'Something may have happened,' she said. 'I can always trust Ruth and she never was gone this long before.'

'Now, don't worry,' said Mr. Naylor, who had been away from home helping a neighbor thresh. 'Ruth is past eight and she can be trusted. Most likely the girls are having a good time and Mrs. Gilbert has forgotten to send her home.'

But to satisfy her he started down toward the woods pasture saying he would meet her on the way home. Ruth was such a trusty little girl that he walked rather slowly, thinking to give the little girls more playtime since they would not be able to play together for so long.

'Papa! Papa! Papa!' cried a very joyful, but rather faint, little voice as he reached the woods pasture. 'I thought nobody would ever come.'

Poor little Ruth! As she went singing through the woods in the morning she found the cattle in their neighbor's woods breaking down the fence and about ready to get into her father's corn field. She drove them far back into the woods calling for help as she did so, but nobody could hear her at that distance. Every time she thought she had the cattle safe from the field and started to run for help they came plunging back, eager for the fresh green corn. So the poor child had to stay at the broken place all day.

'And never a bite of dinner!' said her father, gathering her up in his arms and kissing the tear-stained face. 'I am so sorry, little Ruth. You are a brave girl to care for your father's corn so well. Sit here in the shade and I'll mend the fence in a few minutes.'

He brought some rails and repaired the place until he could come back with hammer and nails and materials and then they hurried to the house. You may be sure Ruth ate a great big dinner-supper as soon as her mother could put the good things on the table.

Ruth did not get to see Ada until she came home from her visit, but she thought she was well paid for her hard day when her father took her to town and let her pick out the dearest little blue and gold watch you ever saw.

'For only one day's work!' said Ruth happily as the lady in the store pinned the watch to her new blue dress. 'My, but that was a good day's work!'

'It certainly was,' said her father. 'It saved me hundreds of dollars, my brave little Ruth.'

GOOD FOR EVIL.

One day last summer a dear little girl in a white frock and with a great bunch of flowers, passed by a boy who was playing in the dusty street. Somehow the sight of that dainty figure stirred the spirit of mischief in the boy's heart, and suddenly a handful of dirt struck the edge of the white dress, and fell in a shower upon the kid shoes.

The girl stood still. Her face flushed pink. Her lips trembled as if she might cry. But instead a smile broke over her face, and taking a flower from her bunch, she tossed it at the boy who stood waiting to see what she was going to do.

A more surprised boy no one ever saw, nor one more heartily ashamed. He hung his head, and his cheeks reddened under their tan and freckles. His unkind fun was quite spoiled, just because in return for a handful of dirt someone had thrown him a flower.

What a changed world this would be if everybody, big and little, was as wise as this six-year-old maid. How quarrels would go out of fashion if for angry words we threw back gentle answers! How ugly looks would become scarce and disappear, if for frowns we always returned smiles.

In some lands where flowers are very plentiful, every year they have festivals when the people on the street pelt one another with blossoms. If we fell into the way of scattering about us bright looks, sweet words, and loving deeds, the whole year, even the cold, snowy winter would be like one long festival of flowers.

POLITE CONVERSATION!

There were some visitors at the door, and, as mother was not just ready to make her appearance, little Johnny was told to let them in and show them to the parlor.

This he did, and while they all waited for mother to finish doing up her back hair, the small boy sat very still and embarrassed.

Presently, seeing the visitors taking stealthy glances round the cozy little room, he remarked politely:

'Well, what do you think of our furniture?'

RARE FRIENDSHIP.

A touching story of two friends is told by William Beatty-Kingston in his *Journalist's Jottings*. They were two officers in the English army who quarrelled about some trifle, and although they had been the closest of comrades, became in consequence entirely estranged. The fact of their separation was extremely bitter to both of them, and one Christmas Day one of them received from the other a card bearing a dove with an olive branch.

The recipient kept the message by him for a twelve-month, and on the following Christmas sent it back to his fellow officer, who in turn laid it aside for a year, and then dispatched it on the next anniversary.

Through three successive decades, at each Christmas-tide, the mute messenger was regularly sent in token of continued friendship, until a year came when it was forgotten because the present possessor was too harassed by financial losses to remember it. In the course of the Christmas week, however, his wife came upon the card and sent it off to her husband's friend, with a newspaper cutting referring to her husband's bankruptcy. The returning post brought her a letter, enclosing a thousand pounds, and explaining that the sender had just come into a fortune, and that in return for this trifling sum, intended for his old friend's rescue, he should keep the Christmas card as his most precious possession.

KITCHENER STORIES.

Those who know Lord Kitchener like to remember an incident when, during the South African War, the young scion of a noble house, who had joined the Imperial Yeomanry as a trooper, could not understand that he was not on terms of perfect equality with the members of the staff. Having been summoned one morning to carry some despatches for the Commander-in-Chief, he entered the room with a jaunty air. 'Do you want me, Kitchener?' he asked, calmly. The rest of the staff gasped for fear of what would happen next. Kitchener, however, merely looked at him with a smile. 'Oh, don't call me Kitchener,' he remarked, gently; 'it's so beastly formal. Call me Herbert.'

Even more crushing was the reply of 'K. of K.' to an effusive individual who met him in Whitehall shortly after the South African War. He started, 'Halloa, Lord Kitchener! I bet you don't know me?' His lordship gazed at him unmoved. 'You win,' he replied, laconically.

Perhaps Lord Kitchener's pet aversion is effeminacy in the Army, and many a hard knock has he given to young officers of the eyeglass-and-haw-haw type. It is rather a chestnut, but one may recall, as characteristic of Kitchener's manner on such occasions, the story of the young subaltern who begged for his autograph on a dainty

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handkerchief. Kitchener picked up the scented handkerchief and sniffed it. 'Your sister's, I presume?' he questioned, fixing the gilded youth with a scornful eye. 'No, sir; my own. A very pretty pattern, isn't it?' 'Very,' was Kitchener's dry response, as he passed the handkerchief back unsigned. 'What is your taste in hairpins, by the way?'

No story, perhaps, illustrates Kitchener's sense of humor more than that of an incident which occurred when a pompous individual claimed old friendship with him on the plea that their families were friends two generations ago. 'Oh, yes,' Lord Kitchener said, with a twinkle in his eye; 'if your grandfather lived and worked with mine he must have been selling tea in the same shop.'

A DEFINITION.

A couple of dusky pupils in a primary school in the South were encountering difficulties with their *First Reader*.

'Rastus,' asked one of the other, 'how kin I tell which is a "d" and which is a "b"?''

'Don't you know?' asked Rastus; 'why de "d" is de letter with its stummick on its back.'

COLUMBUS UP TO DATE.

Teacher: 'I'm surprised at you, Sammy Wicks, that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America! What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?'

Sammy: 'Columbus—1492.'

Teacher: 'Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you never see it before?'

Sammy: 'Yes'm, yes'm; but I always thought it was his telephone number.'

NOT SMART ENOUGH.

Tommy: 'Talking of riddles, do you know the difference between an apple and an elephant?'

His Sister's Young Man (benignly): 'No, Tommy, I don't.'

Tommy: 'You'd be a smart chap to send out to buy apples, wouldn't you?'

EASILY EXPLAINED.

The late Pierpont Morgan was one day showing a friend his magnificent dog-kennels, when suddenly the visitor stopped to admire a particularly fine pointer.

'That's a beautiful dog!' he exclaimed. 'What do you call him?'

'Lord Rothschild,' answered Mr. Morgan.

'Why on earth do you call him that?' asked his friend in surprise.

'That's easily explained,' replied the millionaire. 'It's because he never loses a (s)cent!'

A FATHER'S PRESCRIPTION.

Anxious Mother: 'It was after 9 o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?'

Father: 'Good idea!'

Anxious Mother: 'What kind of iron had she better take?'

Father: 'She had better take a flat-iron.'

HE TESTED IT.

The politician was making a speech when he was annoyed by the frequent interruptions of an opposition voter, who seemed bent on causing trouble.

'My friend,' said the speaker, determined to suppress the disturber, 'haven't you heard the story of how a braying ass put to flight the entire Syrian army?'

'Don't be afraid of this audience,' shouted back the disturber of the meeting. 'There ain't no danger of it stampeding. You've tested it.'

A SHAKESPEARE STORY.

William Dean Howells, the well-known American critic, tells a Shakespeare story.

'In Stratford,' he says, 'during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock and said: "Who is this chap Shakespeare, anyway?"'

'"He were a writer, sir."'

'"Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such an infernal fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What the deuce did he write—magazine stories, attacks on the Government, shady novels?"'

"No, sir; oh, no, sir," said the aged villager. "I understand he writ for the Bible, sir."

WELL-BRED DOGS.

Sam was reading the paper when suddenly he snorted and addressed Mrs. Sam:

'What tomfoolery, Maria! It says here that some idiot has actually paid a thousand guineas for a dog!'

'Well, my dear, those well-bred dogs are worth a lot of money, you know,' answered his wife.

'Yes, of course I know that. But a thousand guineas! Why, it's a good deal more than I am worth myself!'

'Ah, yes, Sam. But those dogs are well bred!'

A JOKE ON HIMSELF.

Sir George Reid is never afraid of telling a story against himself, and he is always repeating remarks that have been made on his huge bulk. His favorite concerns an occasion when he paid a tribute to a chairman by saying,

'I saw him give his seat to a feeble old man in an omnibus.'

The chairman chipped in, 'That's nothing. I once saw you give your seat to three ladies in a tramway car.'

WHERE HE OUGHT TO BE.

Sir Herbert Tree once, during the rehearsal of a certain play, asked a very young and by no means brilliant actor, who fancied himself greatly, to 'Step back a little.' The actor did so, and Tree went on rehearsing. A little later the famous manager repeated his request, and the youth obeyed again. Shortly afterwards Tree once more asked him to 'Step a little farther back.'

'But if I do,' complained the youthful one, ruefully, 'I shall be completely off the stage.'

'Yes,' answered Tree, quietly, 'that's right!'

HOLD FASTS.

'There is but one thing in all the world we can put our faith and reliance in with perfect confidence,' said the Sunday school teacher. 'Can any little girl tell me what it is?'

'Safety pins!' promptly answered a little miss who had ideas of her own.'

WILLIE'S COMPOSITION.

Willie's composition on soap: 'Soap is a kind of stuff made into nice-looking cakes that smells good and tastes awful. Soap pieces always taste the worst when you get it into your eyes. My father says the Eskimos don't ever use soap. I wish I was an Eskimo.'

THE QUAKER'S APT REBUKE.

An elderly Quaker went into a book store, and an impertinent salesman, wishing to have a joke at his expense, said to him:

'You are from the country, aren't you?'

'Yes,' quietly answered the Quaker.

'Then here's just the thing for you,' said the clerk, holding up a book.

'What is it?' asked the Quaker.

'It's an essay on the rearing of calves.'

'Friend,' said the Quaker, 'thou hadst better present that to thy mother.'

NOT MUCH.

A well-known country violinist was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in a local paper.

'I told your man three or four times,' complained the musician to the owner of the paper, 'that the instrument I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and in his story there was not a word about it, not a word.'

Whereupon the owner said with a laugh: 'That is as it should be. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddle advertised in my paper you come around and let me know.'

HE OPERATED.

'You're in a bad way, my man,' the surgeon said. 'I'll have to operate.'

'But, doctor,' said the patient anxiously, 'I'm a poor working man. I've got no money to pay for operations.'

The surgeon frowned.

'Humph,' he said. 'You carry life insurance, don't you?'

'Yes, but I don't get that until after I'm dead.'

The surgeon smiled.

'Oh, that'll be all right,' he said in a soothing voice.

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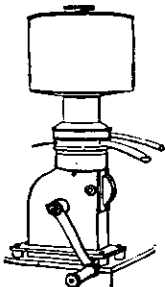
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