

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 14, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter.
 „ 15, Monday.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 16, Tuesday.—St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 17, Wednesday.—Octave of the Solemnity of St. Joseph.
 „ 18, Thursday.—St. Venantius, Martyr.
 „ 19, Friday.—St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 20, Saturday.—St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor.

St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.

St. Peter, a native of Southern Italy, spent the greater part of a very austere life in solitude. In his old age he found himself unexpectedly elected Pope. He endeavoured in vain to decline the proffered office, but at length yielded to the importunities of kings and cardinals. Considering, however, that through inexperience of the world he was unfitted for the government of the Church, he resigned the Pontificate after four months, with the object of spending the remainder of his days in the retirement of his monastery. He died about eighteen months after his resignation, A.D. 1296.

St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor.

St. Bernardine, a native of the Republic of Siena, in Italy, gave early proof of solid piety, and particularly of a tender devotion to the Mother of God. His charity to the sick was not less remarkable than his patience in bearing his own infirmities. Having become a priest, it is incredible how much good he effected by his preaching in various parts of Italy—a result due not so much to his natural gifts as to the burning zeal which inspired his words. St. Bernardine died in 1444, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A MORNING OFFERING.

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
 Through Mary's Heart most pure,
 Each sorrow that to-day my heart is fated
 To suffer and endure;
 Each grief that shall encompass me with sadness,
 Each pang of pain and loss,
 I place upon the rugged crest of Calvary,
 Beside the saving Cross.

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
 Each thought of mine to-day;
 I offer Thee the deeds of all the hours,
 The words that I shall say;
 My heart and mind, my hand and brain I bring Thee
 With perfect love and trust,
 And beg of Thee to brighten with Thy graces
 My pathway through the dust.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! in the noonday
 And at the evening's close,
 When every sun-ray as it strikes the hilltops
 A lengthening shadow throws,
 Make strong my heart to battle for Thy glory,
 And win the sweet reward—
 A place within the shelter of Thy kingdom,
 The welcome of my Lord.

—Irish Messenger.

A kind act has picked up many a fallen man, who has afterwards slain his tens of thousands for his Lord, and has entered the heavenly city at last as a conqueror, amidst the acclamations of the saints and with the welcome of his Sovereign.—Father Faber.

Mary, as the pattern both of maidenhood and maternity, has exalted woman's state and nature, and made the Christian virgin and the Christian mother understand the sacredness of their duties in the sight of God.—Cardinal Newman.

Trifles make up life and are the ultimate test of fidelity. The best will can not ripen into permanent greatness when the fearful power of negligent habit in trivial things has given bent and character to the soul.

What if God makes use of me, rather than of another, to procure His Glory! Provided His Kingdom be established among souls, the instrument matters not. Besides. He has no need of any one.—The Little Flower.

The love we conceive toward God we must bring forth in acts of charity towards our neighbors. God Himself is beyond our reach; therefore, the service we cannot render directly to Him, He wills we should render to our neighbors.—St. Catherine of Siena.

The Storyteller

THE ADAPTABILITY OF ANTHONY

Everyone up one side of Lindean avenue and down the other knew little Mrs. Clayton, and perhaps some of them knew 'Anthony Junior' even better than they knew his mother. At the age of a year and a month he was plump and placid, with a composure of manner remarkable to behold.

'He will go to any one,' his adoring mother often remarked.

On one such occasion a neighbor was heard to sigh significantly. But that was after Anthony Junior had 'gone' to her three afternoons in the same week—a fact that offered some slight justification for her state of mind.

Mrs. Clayton had never shouldered much responsibility in her sunny rambles through life until it had been thrust upon her, as it were, in the guise of Anthony Clayton, and later, Anthony Junior; and because she was an extremely lovable and popular young person, her friends and neighbors interfered, unconsciously of course, with the progress of her education by being quite willing to relieve her of domestic burdens.

That explains why Mrs. Clayton's nearest neighbor, Mrs. Gray, was not surprised one morning in June when, glancing out of her kitchen window, she saw Mrs. Clayton running across the lawn. Under the little woman's arm was a bundle that upon a nearer view proved to be the unprotesting form of Anthony Junior.

Mrs. Gray snatched a towel from the rack and dried her capable hands just in time to receive the baby into them and adjust him expertly to a position of normal comfort while she listened to the rather incoherent explanations of his mother.

'She just telephoned me to meet her at Tyndall's. I thought she wasn't coming till next week—I've got to catch that train—'

'Get your breath, honey,' interrupted Mrs. Gray. 'You've ten minutes to spare.'

Mrs. Clayton peered at the clock and drew a breath of relief. 'Your clock is always right—I don't know what is the matter with ours. We have three, and they all keep different time—well, as I was explaining, it is Dorothy Miller. Professor Miller, you know. You've heard me speak of her.'

Mrs. Gray nodded. 'That very intellectual person you knew in college. Wrote something or other, didn't she?'

'Yes, indeed!' said Mrs. Clayton enthusiastically. 'She's most extraordinary. She goes in for psychology and all that sort of thing—environment, child culture, and I don't know what all. I've got her book on *Infantile Intellect*, and it's just full of wonderful ideas on training a child's mind. I'd understand it better if Anthony Junior didn't keep me so busy. Well, she promised to stop over with me when she came up from Florida, and I'm just crazy to have her see my baby. I hate to ask you to keep him, but I didn't know what else to do. She only telephoned half an hour ago, and of course I can't take him. I'll be back as soon as I can this afternoon and bring her to stay over Sunday.'

'Go right along,' said Mrs. Gray, with a laugh. 'Everything will be all right, and if you want that train you had better hurry.'

Perhaps an hour later the emphatic ring of the telephone bell called Mrs. Gray.

'Is this Mrs. Gray?' said the voice of Mr. Gray's stenographer. 'Mr. Gray wishes you to come in at once to sign some papers.'

Mrs. Gray gasped. 'It's about that real estate,' the stenographer went on; 'it has to be settled to-day and your signature is necessary. Mr. Gray wants you to be here before noon, if possible.'

The receivers clicked simultaneously, and Mrs. Gray sank into a chair to gaze at Anthony, who promptly ceased his tour of the living room on all fours and sat back beaming at her.

'Anthony Junior, whatever in the world shall I do with you? I've got to go to town.'

Anthony gurgled reassuringly while Mrs. Gray racked her brain. At last she rose to her feet, and announced:

'I am going to take you over to the Wellses. I'll just leave a note for your mamma, so she will know where you are. Is that all right, sonny?'

Anthony sputtered a joyful affirmative, and only a short time passed before Mrs. Gray had written the note and pinned it to the screen door of the back porch, given her guest his very early and very simple luncheon, and was on her way to the Wellses' bungalow, a few doors below her own.

Mrs. Wells' trim and smiling maid of all work answered the summons of the doorbell. 'Mrs. Wells is out for the day, ma'am.'

'O, my!' gasped Mrs. Gray, and turned to go. Then, remembering that Mrs. Clayton, guided by the note on the

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screen door, would seek her offspring at the Wells', she called to the wide-eyed girl, 'I wanted to leave this baby with her! He belongs to Mrs. Clayton, so please tell her he is at Mrs. Edwards' and she'll understand!'

Casting that rather incoherent and breathless explanation behind her, Mrs. Gray, with what dignity the fleeting minutes allowed, hastened down the avenue toward the pretentious elm-shaded dwelling of the Edwards'.

To the emphatic clang of the big bronze knocker, Mrs. Edwards herself came to the door. 'Thank goodness, you're home!' was Mrs. Gray's greeting. 'I've been peddling this child all over town!'

Mrs. Edwards' blank look soon gave way to one of amusement as her friend narrated her hurried tale of woe. They were both laughing tearfully by the time Mrs. Gray finished.

'Of course I'll take him,' said Mrs. Edwards. 'I may have to be out for a little while, but, if I do, my laundress, Emma, is here, and she can be trusted to look after him. Go right along. Come here, precious.'

Her ambiguous commands seemed intelligible to all concerned, for there was a quick transfer of Anthony, whose drooping eyelids indicated that any port that included a pillow among its mooring facilities was acceptable to him.

It was still early in the afternoon when Anthony, having finished his nap, was busily taking stock of his new surroundings; his hostess sat on the rug in front of him explaining the intricacies of a rubber lamb that had a cheerful squeak in its interior.

The squeak was suddenly drowned in the raucous note of a motor horn, and Mrs. Edwards, snatching up Anthony Junior, hastened out of the side door and down the path to the gate. An electric coupe was standing by the curb with Mrs. Edwards' correctly gowned and becomingly hatted sister beaming from the plush interior. Her expression, however, changed to one of chastened resignation as she surveyed Anthony Junior, who began to stretch gloating arms toward the shining mechanism of the car.

'So you are keeping him again, are you?'

Mrs. Edwards' tone was apologetic as she explained. 'Mrs. Clayton had to go to the city.'

'I should infer as much,' commented her sister. 'Well, you'll have to excuse yourself to him and come with me. We just have to pay this call and it won't take long. Emma's here, of course, and she can take care of him. She ought to know how, with six pickaninnies of her own. Hurry up!'

Mrs. Edwards capitulated and sought the obliging Emma, who was launching a flotilla of flatirons on the kitchen range.

'Oh, yas'm. Ah'll look aftah him!' Emma said, and beamed broadly.

By a little contriving—propping open doors and making a barricade of chairs to keep Anthony Junior from roving—Emma was able to iron and at the same time to keep an eye on her charge. The gurgles with which he answered Emma's sociable chat were not less hearty than those that accompanied his farewell salute to Mrs. Edwards.

The afternoon wore on, the last piece was ironed, and still Mrs. Edwards had not returned. Emma glanced at the clock.

'Laws!' she ejaculated. 'Whatever is keepin' Mis' Edwards this long time?'

Anthony Junior's reply was not elucidating, and Emma, who was not extensively familiar with the ways of motor cars, could not be expected to know that the electric coupe had lapsed into inaction at the most inconvenient point of a lonely road; but she did know that six kinky heads were waiting for her at home, and that she had to get dinner before Sam came in from his arduous day of janitor work.

The situation called for action of some sort, and after much cudgelling of her brain Emma hit upon a plan that sent a broad smile of gratification over her face. With the stub of a pencil and much labor, she wrote on a paper bag the following note:

'Deer mis edwards i have took the baby hoam with me i cood not wate. Pleas tell mis klaton where he is.—Yours trooly Emma Green.'

Not a few passers-by looked curiously after the rotund, smiling colored woman with her hat tilted rakishly over one eye who was carrying in her arms a fair-haired, contented baby whose pink-and-white skin looked the fairer by contrast. She finally turned down a street that was little more than an alley. As she neared the end of it, an avalanche of small pickaninnies descended upon her and her burden and virtually buried them from sight.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Clayton stepped lightly from the train and turned to her companion, whose smooth locks and gleaming eyeglasses under a frankly utilitarian hat proclaimed a mind on serious subjects bent.

'Here we are!' Mrs. Clayton cried happily. 'I'm so glad you could come at last! Now we'll start directly home.'

As they walked up the street she chatted on vivaciously. She was elated at the prospect of introducing a social lion of her own acquiring into the quiet life of the community. Behind her airy conversation her busy brain was already planning the details of an introductory tea.

Professor Miller's keen eyes were busily taking stock of her surroundings while she listened benignly to her hostess's chatter.

'I'm anxious to see your little son,' she remarked, as they passed a group of children playing in a gateway.

Mrs. Clayton gave an almost imperceptible start. 'Oh, yes! I'm rather anxious to see him myself,' she said. 'You see, I left him with a friend this morning.'

Professor Miller's 'Oh!' had an intonation that caused Mrs. Clayton to continue rather hurriedly:

'I shouldn't think of leaving Anthony Junior with a maid, even if I had one. In fact, I never leave him unless it is absolutely necessary, and then only with some one I know well.'

'Of course,' agreed her distinguished guest. 'Young children are more susceptible to influence than most people imagine. Psychologically speaking, I mean.'

Mrs. Clayton turned upon her an admiring gaze. 'Oh, if I could only grasp these great principles of child training and apply them!' she said. 'But I don't seem to have time to study. All I can do is to take good care of Anthony Junior and try to keep him away from all influences the least bit—er—contaminating, if that is the word.'

'You are doing as much as anyone could ask. I am sure your child is receiving superior advantages, for, as you are aware, environment is the great thing. I'm sorry that my arrival should have made it necessary for you to entrust him to the care of strangers.'

'Oh, he isn't with strangers!' Mrs. Clayton exclaimed somewhat hastily. Mrs. Gray is my nearest neighbor and a very superior woman. She is secretary of our home club and has served on ever so many committees. Anthony Junior always loves to stay with her. He will go to any one.'

'How fortunate!' murmured the professor, and Mrs. Clayton began to wonder uneasily whether she had said something more than she intended.

By this time they were approaching the end of the street, and, glad to change the topic of conversation, Mrs. Clayton announced: 'I think we'll take a short cut, if you do not mind passing through what we call the West End. It really isn't so bad—just a little colony where the poorer families live.'

'Oh, indeed, I do not object!' And the professor's interest brightened visibly. 'I always make it a point to see the slum district of every community I visit. I have made many interesting observations.'

They left the paved streets and began to pick their way along a board sidewalk that sagged and dipped on its meandering way up the hill. The doorways on either side were largely populated with chickens, puppies, and children. The road was full of them.

'What an environment for children!' Professor Miller remarked. 'Of course it is not so bad as the city slums, but it puts almost as great a handicap on the young.'

'Yes, indeed! Poor little mites! I never bring Anthony Junior through here, for fear he might catch something. We are trying to organise a section in our club—'

The details of the home club's ambition were, lost. At that moment, round the corner careered a procession that caused both women to seek hasty refuge in a doorway, in order to escape a collision. Heading the array were two small shouting colored boys, who grasped between them the tongue of a waggon. Seated in state in the triumphal car was a small charioteer who, beneath a generous layer of grime, had unmistakable Caucasian features. A multitude of dusky retainers and a wildly barking puppy brought up the rear.

The two women gasped simultaneously with amazement.

'A white child!' ejaculated the professor.

'Anthony!' was Mrs. Clayton's horrified cry.

The procession came to an abrupt halt. The various members of it rolled their eyes in awe at the tableau as their honored passenger waved aloft his dimpled hands, in one of which he held aloft a half-demolished 'raised' doughnut, and broke into delighted gurgles that were smothered the next instant in the ruffles of his mother's blouse.

Above the child's rumpled curls, Mrs. Clayton lifted horror-filled eyes to the face of Professor Miller. The lady, who was really quite human, surveyed the scene in one quick, comprehensive glance and then burst into a hearty and unacademic gale of laughter. In another breath Mrs. Clayton capitulated and joined her.

'I scrubbed Anthony Junior till he howled,' concluded Mrs. Clayton some time later, while 'Anthony Senior' leaned weakly against the door casing and wiped the tears from his eyes. 'Oh, yes, of course it is dreadfully funny,'—she was smiling herself—'but you don't know how awful I felt.'

Anthony Senior finally got his mirth under control. 'Perhaps a little nurse-maid might not be such a bad idea, after all. Of course you never have approved of it, but—er—you would still be able to keep an eye on Anthony Junior's environment, wouldn't you?'

'Anthony Baxter Clayton!' said his wife sternly. 'You'll go with me Monday to look for one! And I'm going to put a shawl strap round Anthony Junior and take him, too!'—*Youth's Companion*.

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THE FIRST INSTALMENT

High Mass was finished at Larmon, and the organist played a solemn march as the good country-folk and fishermen moved slowly out of the little church. The strong sunlight dazzled their eyes; the salt tang of the sea was in the air. Not far away the great blue waves danced and splashed merrily in the wind and sunlight. Some of the people paused to look out on the restless, heaving sea; others left somewhat hurriedly. There was great confusion. Little boys and girls were darting here and there among the backing, stamping horses, and everywhere there were sounds of pleasant laughter and of turning waggons.

Martin Elkin saw that his wife and daughter were comfortably seated in the waggon; then, as they drove off, he went to the door of the sacristy and stood waiting. Father Kerr had sent for him.

The old man felt somewhat nervous on being thus summoned; so many distressing things had befallen him during the past few years that he now regarded all such calls as foreboding trouble. He hoped his son Charlie was well at the seminary. Perhaps—but he shook his head by way of dispelling his fears and closed his jaws firmly.

A quick step sounded; then the priest came out through the door. He was a young man with a bright, friendly face, a kind smile shadowing his eyes. He shook the hand of the older man warmly, then opened his Breviary and took out a folded paper, smiling away the old man's fears as he slipped the book under his arm in order to read the telegram more easily.

Never had such good news come to the old father. The telegram was from the Bishop and it read thus: 'Prepare for ordination of Charles Elkin within the month.' The old man bowed his head, but said nothing. The priest gave him the telegram and then passed on to the presbytery. Old Martin gazed after him, the yellow paper fluttering in his trembling hand. Then he went back into the church and knelt down before the tabernacle, in tearful gratitude. The past few years, with their burden of trials and failures, had stooped his shoulders, but they had brought his heart very near to God.

He left the church and walked, hat in hand, towards home. His head felt a little dazed, for it was a long time since he had received good news. The great February thaw of four years before had spoiled tons and tons of fish which he had bought to ship, depending on the usual cold weather to keep them in good condition. This was the beginning of a series of disappointments and failures. Before this he had lived in comfort; but ever since it had been very hard to keep the lad in the seminary. However, he had managed to pay for his education, though, as a result, many frugal meals were eaten in the little house by the sea. And often in the long winter evenings, when father and mother and daughter sat before the fire in the little sitting-room, the lamp turned low to save the oil, they talked of still greater sacrifices they might make in order that Charlie might have the books he needed to complete his course. And, away in the Convent of the Ursulines, Mary, known as Sister St. Francis, passed many a silent vigil under the sanctuary lamp, praying to God to help her parents, so that her brother might finish his course.

In vacation time, when the lad was home, many little strategies were used to hide their poverty from him, in order that he might not learn how great sacrifices they were obliged to make for him. They succeeded fairly well; though he guessed things were not so prosperous as they seemed. And often when he was back again at the seminary, and when the wind blew about the great solid walls of stone, he would think of the three in the little white house which trembled under the force of the roaring winds from the stormy sea; and he would console himself by the thought that it would not be long till he would be able to help them a little at home. And when he would write to his father, telling him of his hopes, the old kind face would smile wisely, and he would say quietly to himself, 'Yes, Charlie, you will be able to help us; and you will pay by instalments.' But the old man had his own interpretation for the last word.

At dinner Martin Elkin told his wife and Annie the news. The mother wept quietly. Annie stood up and moved quickly till she stood behind her father's chair; then the strong young arms went around the old man's neck and the hands clasped over his chest. The head bent down and the sweet lips of the child kissed the white, wrinkled cheek of her father.

The night before the ordination old Martin walked for a long time, back and forth, along the bank above the sea.

To-morrow his boy would be a priest; and soon he would see him standing, white-robed, at the altar of God. In the hands of his son the bread and the wine would be changed into the Body and Blood of Christ. How could

he ever thank God enough? He stopped in his walk and looked far down through the darkened shore to where the great, steady beams of the Fir Point light poured themselves out over the dark sea, warning sailors of the rocks and shoals. Hundreds of times he had seen the light shining so; and he had passed on without any further thought as to its being there. To-night, however, he saw how beautifully symbolic it was. For, centuries ago, on the mountainside, had not the Master likened His followers to a light shining in the darkness? 'Ye are the light of the world,' He had said. Was not Charlie to be a successor to those followers? He supposed the lad was asleep. But away in the town, kneeling before the tabernacle in the Bishop's private chapel, Charlie was praying under the faint glimmer of the sanctuary lamp. Long after he finished his prayer he knelt there silently, thinking of something. He did not know that he was thinking of what his father called 'the first instalment.'

The 'great day' dawned, and the sun came up out of the sea clear and bright. Long before the time set for the beginning of the ceremony the little church was filled with friends of the lad. There were many—old and young and middle-aged—who were proud of him; for all through the years of his college course he had not changed his pleasant ways. He had come at vacation time with the old pleasant smile and the warm grip of the hand. They felt that he belonged to them; and as they waited there for his appearance, many a beautiful prayer went up to the Queen of the clergy, asking her to protect the lad and keep him holy all the days of his life.

Up in the little tower of the church the bell sounded, and when it stopped the door leading from the sacristy opened and the procession filed into the sanctuary. Charlie, clothed in the long white alb and gold-fringed stole, looked pale and a little thin, as candidates for priesthood usually do after their years of seminary training. He carried on his arm the other vestments worn by the priest at Mass.

Annie, who was in the pew with her father and mother, after one long look of affection at her brother, counted the clergy. Besides the Bishop and Father Kerr, there were eight priests, some of whom had come a great distance. Old Father McMullan, with his kind, spectacled eyes and double chin, had come from ten miles beyond Fir Point in a fishing boat. The mists began to gather in old Martin's eyes. Just twenty-five years ago the old priest had baptised Charlie.

The ceremony progressed. Annie watched the priests intently as they put on their stoles. She followed each one with her eyes as, after the Bishop and his assistants had imposed hands on her brother's head, they came forward to do the same. She wondered if Charlie knew that it was Father McMullan who pressed so heavily on his head.

She watched her brother as he received the vestments; and noticed that the last one—the chasuble, she thought it was called—reached no lower than his elbows. She knew that when the pins would be removed from this, and it would fall to its full length, her brother would have already received all the powers of the priesthood.

When he came down from the altar where he had been kneeling at the Bishop's knee, his hands were clasped and a white cloth was wrapped around some of his fingers. She knew what this meant; the hands of her brother had just been anointed with the oils of priesthood. She did not look at her father; she felt that the strong man was weeping. Then she heard him pray: 'O my God, I thank Thee! I thank Thee!' And then, 'A priest of God!'

When the chasuble was lowered, and when at the Bishop's command the choir had sung 'O what could my Jesus do more?' the young levite stood up, vested in all the dignity of God's holy priesthood. He came over to the sanctuary rail, accompanied by the Bishop. His Lordship invited the parents of the young priest to come to receive his first blessing.

They advanced to the rail and knelt down. The old father bowed his grey head, and the young priest, with all the love of his strong heart and all the warmth of his priestly fervor, raised his eyes and his hands towards heaven. The hands, fresh from the holy oils, came down gently, yet firmly, on the head of the old father, and rested there; and his son, for the first time, spoke the words of his priestly blessing: 'May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain forever. Amen.'

Old Martin had received the 'first instalment!'—*Rosary Magazine.*

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

The *Semaine Religieuse* of Amiens, says the Holy Father has made a gift of a large sum for the relief of the distressed in the sorely-tryed diocese. The Peronne priests, living in territory occupied by the enemy, have received 5000 francs out of it.

Reports by members of the staff of the American Embassy at Berlin indicate that conditions at the prisoners of war camps at Limburg, Giessen, Darmstadt, Mannheim, and Heidelberg are satisfactory. At Limburg there are 2045 Irish prisoners. A tribute is paid to Father Crotty for the work he has been and is doing for the prisoners in the chief camp at Limburg.

Through the intervention of the Holy Father the German Government has commuted to hard labor for life the death sentence pronounced against M. Freyling, head of the office at the Belgian Ministry of War, who was accused of espionage. The Russian Government has not only revoked at the Holy Father's prayer a sentence passed on an Austrian military chaplain who was their prisoner, but has set him free.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue intimated in his Lenten Pastoral that Cardinal Mercier had written to him suggesting that the Catholics of Ireland, with the approbation of their Bishops, should join with the Catholics of Belgium in making the first Sunday in May a day of general Communion for the intentions of the Holy Father. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Armagh recommended the pious and laudable project to his clergy and people, and hoped they would carry it out.

Private William Bigg McGowan, 97 Sandyfaulds street, Glasgow—a member of St. Francis' congregation—is one of the latest additions to the list of Scots-Irishmen who have won fame on the battlefield. He has been awarded the D.C.M. for conspicuous bravery, on April 25, 1915, at St. Julien, near Ypres. He was the only one left of his machine-gun section, but he gallantly stuck to his gun, covering the retirement of his company. He has been at the front since the outbreak of the war, and was through the battles of Mons, the Marne, and the Aisne, and minor engagements, until the second battle of Ypres, where he was badly 'gassed' and incapacitated for duty, in consequence of which he has been discharged. He has a brother and six brothers-in-law in the forces.

A BRAVE PRIEST.

The other day (says the *Echo de Paris*) the Legion of Honor and the War Cross were awarded to Father Jean Blanc, a French priest, who came from China as an army chaplain to the 152nd Division of the French Army. He was a missionary for twelve years in the district of Chang-Toung, China, which he left to take up army service in France. The official record says:—"Being greatly devoted to the soldiers he has been able to help many of them along by his ministry, both in the firing line and out of it, risking his own life all the time. He was wounded for the first time on March 10, 1915, on the Yser. After he had recovered he returned to the front once more, and continued his work among the soldiers. On 23rd November of the same year, during the battle of Loos, he was again wounded, this time losing his left eye."

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Verdun, which is now well-nigh destroyed though not taken by the enemy, has a certain interest for Englishmen; it was here that many of their countrymen were imprisoned, for some years, by Napoleon I. Among the prisoners was the brother of Miss Edgeworth, the authoress. A French officer, who before the war was quartered at Verdun (writes a Paris correspondent), assured me that some of these prisoners, who were allowed to roam about the town and the immediate neighborhood within certain limits, eventually married French women and left descendants, who were still living in the city. The English prisoners of Verdun, judging from young Edgeworth's letters, were greatly bored, but not otherwise molested; but the mere fact of the imprisonment of civilians was a flagrant injustice. Another memory, more tragical, is connected with the old fortress-town: When, in 1792, the Duke of Brunswick's army, which many French royalists had joined, marched on Paris, ostensibly to crush the Revolution and deliver Louis XVI., the inhabitants of Verdun made the soldiers welcome. Given the tyranny and injustice of the Revolutionary party, in whose hands the unfortunate king was a prisoner, their attitude is defensible. The chief industry of the town is the making of the hard, round sugar plums, called 'dragees,' that

figure at French christenings, and boxes of these were presented by the young women and girls of the place to the military chiefs. After the battle of Valmy the allied troops had to evacuate Verdun, and in 1794, when the Reign of Terror was at its worst, the young girls who had presented 'dragees' to the Duke of Brunswick and his generals were arrested, removed to Paris, and guillotined.

WHY DO WE FIGHT?

The answer to that question is very simple (remarks the *Catholic Times*). We fight to beat the Germans. And we shall go on fighting till we do beat them. We shall not make peace until they realise that they are beaten. And they must be beaten so thoroughly that they will lose all taste for military adventures, all their love for militarism. It may be, it very probably is, the fact that a broad and deep distinction should be drawn between Germans and Prussians. There is considerable evidence in favor of the belief that the German people in the mass are the victims of militarism imposed on them by the Prussian war-lords, and that they would gladly throw the yoke of military servitude from their shoulders, if they could. That is their own affair. They should have seen to it before. In the days of peace they should have educated and fostered a saner political instinct; and have refused to bow down before the Kaiser or to worship at the altar of war. It is too late now for the Germans to be distinguished from their Prussian masters. They both, Prussian master and German servant, are united in arms. And until they are both subdued there will be no peace in Europe. Germany, taken as a geographical expression, must be defeated, at all costs. Till she is, we shall continue to pour out men and money, to conduct war, to prepare for conducting it further and longer. No fierce onslaughts in one quarter or another, even though they prove more successful than we should like, will make any difference to our determination to go on fighting till we win, to our staying power of keeping up the fight till we have won. The British Empire is resolved to end this war only by victory for our arms. Where any section of the population indulges, as is the wont of Englishmen, in social or industrial or political differences, it is purely a matter of domestic debate. None of us have the slightest intention of weakening in the prosecution of the war until we have convinced Germany that there is a moral law in Europe and that militarism is not the last word in the decision of right or wrong. Put simply, we are fighting to crush Pan-Germanism, to smash Prussianism, and to deliver the civilised peoples of Europe from the over-impending peril of the Prussian sword. And we shall succeed.

ARMENIAN MARTYRS.

The fall of Erzerum, writes a correspondent of a French Catholic paper, has induced me to make an inventory of some of the crimes of the Turks in regard to the Catholic Armenians.

1. At Mardin, the Turks arrested the Archbishop, Mgr. Ignatius Maloyan, and at the same time Catholic clergy and laity. The Archbishop exhorted his spiritual sons not to betray the faith. He gave all of them absolution. He had time to celebrate Mass, gave the faithful the Viaticum, and communicated himself.

2. Mgr. Israclian, Bishop of Karpouth, had, in obedience to the Turkish Government, to abandon his residence and go to Aleppo. Despite the assurances the Government gave him that a hair of his head would not be touched and that his suite would not be interfered with, he was attacked at a solitary spot in the environs of Urfa by a band of Kurds sent thither by the Government, and he and his Armenian priests, laity, and Sisters (with one exception) were massacred. The exception was a Sister who was carried off, and what happened to her is not known. Here, too, the Bishop exhorted the clergy and faithful to give proof of their constancy and courage. He gave them absolution and was in turn absolved by one of the priests.

3. Mgr. Kascladurian, Bishop of Malatia, was strangled and the Armenian Sisters there were carried off by the Turks.

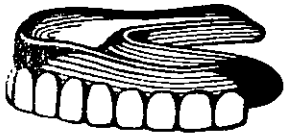
4. At Djarbekir, a horrible butchery took place. Nothing is known of what became of the Bishop, Mgr. Celebian. Probably he was burned alive.

5. At Musc all the Armenians were killed. There is no news of the Bishop, Mgr. James Tobuzian. Probably he was put to death.

6. The Bishops of Angora and Adona have been interned at Aleppo; the Bishop of Erzerum at Eghin (province of Karpouth); and the Bishop of Cascrea at Talas. This is a brief resume of the massacres that have almost decimated the Armenian episcopate and clergy.

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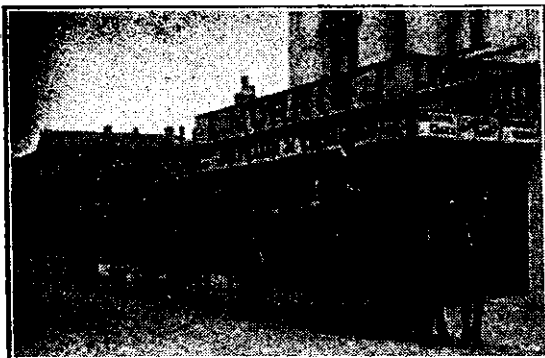
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FOR VALOR.

His Majesty the King held an investiture on March 4, and conferred five Victoria Crosses, amongst the recipients being two Catholic soldiers—Lance-Sergeant Kenny and Corporal Meekosha.

Lance-Sergeant Kenny, 13th (Service) Battalion Durham Light Infantry, received the coveted decoration for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty on the night of November 4, 1915, near La Houssoie. When on patrol in a thick fog with Lieutenant Brown, 13th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, some Germans, who were lying about in a ditch in front of their parapet, opened fire and shot Lieutenant Brown through both thighs. Lance-Sergeant (then Private) Kenny, although heavily and repeatedly fired upon, crawled about for more than an hour with his wounded officer on his back, trying to find his way through the fog to our trenches. He refused more than once to go on alone, although told by Lieutenant Brown to do so. At last, when utterly exhausted, he came to a ditch which he recognised, placed Lieutenant Brown in it, and went to look for help. He found an officer and a few men of his battalion at a listening post, and after guiding them back, with their assistance Lieutenant Brown was brought in, although the Germans again opened heavy fire with rifles and machine guns, and threw bombs at thirty yards' distance. Lance-Sergeant Kenny's pluck, endurance, and devotion to duty were beyond praise. Corporal Samuel Meekosha, 1/6th Battalion Prince of Wales' Own West Yorkshire Regiment (T.F.), obtained his distinction for most conspicuous bravery near the Yser on the 19th of November, 1915. He was with a platoon of about twenty non-commissioned officers and men, who were holding an isolated trench. During a very heavy bombardment by the enemy six of the platoon were killed and seven wounded, while all the remainder were more or less buried. When the senior non-commissioned officers had been either killed or wounded Corporal Meekosha at once took command, sent a runner for assistance, and, in spite of no fewer than ten more big shells falling within twenty yards of him, continued to dig out the wounded and buried men in full view of the enemy and at close range from the German trenches. By his promptness and magnificent courage and determination he saved at least four lives.

FAITH AND VALOR OF IRISH SOLDIERS.

The *Weekly Dispatch* prints an article by 'John Ayscough' (Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew), who is now invalided back in London after 18 months' work as a chaplain at the front. He is full of appreciation of the Irish soldier, both Catholic and Protestant. Indeed, the friendliness of the Ulster Protestants surprised him, and he quotes a young Belfast officer's tribute to his own Catholic men, who had just been hearing Mass in a loft over a farm that centuries ago had been a preceptory of the Knights-Templars. The officer but a few weeks before had been working for Sir Edward Carson. After watching the men go up to Mass, and return, he said to the chaplain: 'They are wonderful. You could see on all their faces that they had come from something that was priceless to them.'

Speaking of the Irish soldier, Mgr. Drew says:—That he is a first-rate fighting man all the world knows, but he is much more. His faith is marvellous, his loyalty to his religion unsurpassed and unsurpassable, his supernaturalness a thing to be counted on, so that with him one would never waste time in urging natural motives for goodness, as, for instance, the material loss and damage, injury, and ruin to which so many sins lead. Such arguments would leave him cold—but simply tell him God hates those sins, and that by them he would estrange himself from God, and he will listen and be moved. The language of faith is his mother tongue, and for him translation of it into the common idiom of mere profit and loss is sheer waste and stupidity.' It is very interesting to read in Mgr. Drew's article of the extraordinary places in which Mass had to be celebrated and the devotion shown by the Irish soldiers—the devotion which won rapturous praise from the French peasants and their clergy.

FRANCE HONORS HEROIC SISTERS.

Four nurses were on March 6 cited in the general orders of the day of the Army for exceptional devotion to duty. A 15½-inch shell burst within thirty feet of Sister Juliette, Perdon while she was caring for wounded at Villers Cotterets during the bombardment of that place. She was covered with mud, but without showing any emotion continued waiting upon the sick and wounded and declined to leave the hospital until every person had been taken out safely.

Sister de Saint Martin, of the Order of St. Joseph de Cluny, was the chief nurse at Auxiliary Hospital No. 11 at Senlis. She remained at her post during the occupa-

tion of the town by the Germans. She nursed the German wounded, and went through the streets in peril of her life to find a German military surgeon who was able to attend the wounded and sick in her hospital.

Mme. Carpentier, known as Sister Blanche, of the Order of St. Joseph de Cluny, superior of the convent at Senlis, remained there during the occupation, and was able by her courageous attitude to protect all those under her authority. She also worked indefatigably in assisting the doctors.

Mme. Octavie Malahieude, who is Sister Marguerite, of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, also remained in Senlis during the occupation and performed her duty continuously among the sick and wounded. Afterward she became permanently engaged in service among the hospital patients afflicted with contagious diseases, and has worked every day since, and often at night, without having had a single day's rest.

FRENCH PRIESTS AND THE ARMY.

The statistics of the French Army (says a writer in the *Catholic Times*) have shown that to the end of last year no less than 1165 priests and seminarists had fallen in battle, and that 1161 have gained distinctions, 71 the Legion of Honor, 74 military medals; 952 have been mentioned in the orders of the day. These distinctions speak for themselves; presumably the commanding officers who conferred them on their men are better judges of 'personal courage' than the editors of the *Humanite* or the *Lanterne*, who in their well-padded armchairs so bravely wield the pen. To judge from the death-roll, over 10,000 priests must have been in the fighting line, amongst them 300 chaplains, many of whom have volunteered for service. They are exposed to the same dangers as the men. At the last offensive in Champagne, of three chaplains in one division two were killed, and one severely wounded. There are, besides, 12,580 ecclesiastics in the medical service. They also are well within the danger zone. The stretcher-bearers attached to divisions and corps proceed to the front trenches, frequently under fire, to bring in the wounded. 'When the soldiers were in their shelters,' wrote a doctor from the front, 'the bearers were seen moving along the lines of communication; in one division no less than eighty were killed or wounded, a very large percentage; next to the infantry it is the medical service which has suffered most. Several of the clerical members wished to join a certain regiment. The head surgeon refused their request peremptorily. "I want reliable men," he said, "to make sure the wounded are removed under fire. With priests I am certain. They do not do their work by halves. I am going to keep them."'

There is no need to speak of the bravery of the priests; the list of honors and the death-roll are sufficient evidence. It is their Christian influence with the men, the natural result of their courage, which appears to have roused the ire of their enemies. The laws imposing military service on the clergy have had consequences very different from those which their promoters had anticipated. The seminarists, it was fondly believed, would, during their stay in the barracks, be brought in contact with indifference or free thought; at the most impressionable age they would become acquainted with all manners of pleasures, and, estranged from their vocation, many would give up their calling. It turned out that on the whole young priests did more good to their comrades than the latter did them harm. Frequently they and the comrades became fast friends. When year by year they did their twenty-eight days' military service, the uniformed cures were generally popular. They became corporals, sergeants, officers.

In danger and under fire their influence made itself felt. Men or officers, in their uniforms they remained priests. A writer tells us of three bishops who have donned the uniform. One of them, Mgr. Maury, who came from the Gold Coast, brought eleven missionaries with him. There is a story of a cure of a village in the south who on Sunday announced from the pulpit that war was declared, and on Monday bade his parishioners good-bye, dressed as a Zouave; of a Benedictine coming from Spain who entered the garrison town in his habit, with a long beard, to turn up next morning a clean-shaven and elegant cavalry officer. One of the men, recognising him, asked: 'Can you still hear confessions, Captain?' 'Certainly I can,' was the reply; 'now at once.' An officer hearing the confessions of soldiers, or a soldier giving the Absolution to his commanding officer, are no uncommon sights in the trenches. Most pathetic is the incident that took place, as he relates, in a station hall in Paris, where a number of wounded men from the front were lying, and one dying soldier gave Absolution to another, a nurse assisting him to make the Sign of the Cross.

'Oblivion will descend on the deeds of heroism as ravens descend at night on the bodies of the slain. No

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poet will describe what the seminarists of France have done. Every epic poem is a legend; and our deaths will be too true ever to become the theme of song,' wrote a young Dominican the day before he fell.

THE HOLY FATHER AND PEACE

A LENTEN LETTER.

The Holy Father, on the approach of Lent, addressed the following letter to his Vicar-General, Cardinal Basilio Pompili (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Catholic Times*):—

My Lord Cardinal,—As universal Pastor of souls we could not, without failing in the sacred duties imposed upon us by the sublime mission of peace and love entrusted to us by God, remain indifferent to the frightful conflict by which Europe is torn to pieces, or witness it in silence. Therefore from the beginning of our Pontificate we have repeatedly endeavored, in the anguish of soul which such an atrocious spectacle caused, to induce the contending nations by means of exhortations and good advice to lay down their arms and compose their differences through an amicable understanding in the manner demanded by the dignity of man. Casting ourselves, so to speak, in the midst of the belligerents, like a father in the midst of his sons who are at strife, we have besought them in the name of God, Who is justice and infinite love, to renounce their purpose of mutual destruction and, once and for all, to explain clearly, either directly or indirectly, the desires of each side, and to take account, in the measure of what is just and possible, of the aspirations of the peoples, accepting, where necessary, in accordance with equity and for the common welfare of the community of nations, the obligatory and necessary sacrifices of self-love and particular interests. This was and is the only way to put an end to the dreadful conflict according to the rules of justice and to secure a peace advantageous, not to one alone of the parties, but to all, and therefore just and enduring.

Cannot Remain Silent.

But our paternal voice has not up to the present been listened to, and the war with all its horrors continues to rage furiously. Notwithstanding, my Lord Cardinal, we cannot, we ought not, remain silent. It is not lawful for a father whose sons are fiercely struggling to cease to admonish them simply because they resist his prayers and his tears. And you know, on the other hand, that if our repeated cry for peace has not had the desired effect it has nevertheless been deeply re-echoed and has descended like balm into the hearts of the belligerent peoples, aye, of the peoples of the whole world, and has excited there a keen, lively desire to see the sanguinary conflict ended as soon as possible. We cannot, then, refrain from lifting up our voice once more against this war which appears to us to be the suicide of civilised Europe. We ought not to neglect suggesting and indicating when circumstances permit any means that may contribute to attain the desired object

Prayers and Mortification.

A favorable occasion presents itself to us now, my Lord Cardinal. Some pious ladies have manifested the intention to form amongst themselves, on the approach of the holy season of Lent, a spiritual union of prayer and mortification in order to obtain more easily from the infinite mercy of God the cessation of the frightful scourge. Such a project could not fail to be most acceptable to us who have often recommended assiduous prayer and Christian penitence as the only consolation for our heart and for every human heart in the affliction caused by this horrible fratricidal war and the most efficacious means of imploring from the Lord the peace that is longed for. We have therefore blessed the proposal with all our heart and we wish now to praise it publicly, hoping that all the faithful will make it their own. We trust, then, that not only in Rome but in the whole of Italy and of the other belligerent countries all the Catholic families will assemble, especially in the days that are approaching which are consecrated by the Church to penance, and, far from worldly entertainments and amusements, cultivate more fervent and assiduous prayer and practise Christian mortification, which makes more acceptable to the Lord the supplications of His children and which appears, under the present circumstances, peculiarly timely and in harmony with the sentiments of every pious soul.

To the Relatives of the Combatants.

We specially exhort all the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the combatants, who in their tender and gentle souls feel and realise more keenly than any others the immense misfortune of this frightful war, to use their example and kindly power in the domestic circles for the purpose of getting all the members of their families to raise to God in this 'acceptable time,' 'these days of salvation,' continuous and more fervent prayer and to present at His Divine Throne an offering of voluntary sacrifices which shall appease His just anger. We should also be glad if the Catholic families of all the combatant nations devoted themselves to this work of piety in a particular manner on the day sacred to the commemoration of the sublime sacrifice of the Man-God Who willed through sufferings to redeem and make brothers of all the children of Adam, asking from Him in those hours made eternally memorable by His Infinite Love—through the intercession of the Mother of Sorrows, His Invincible Mother, the Queen of Martyrs—grace to bear with fortitude and Christian resignation the anguish and the sad losses caused by the war, and praying to Him to put an end to a trial so long and terrible.

Almsgiving Recommended.

And since sins are atoned for and the justice of God is appeased also by almsgiving, we desire that each family, in a measure proportionate to its resources, make an offering for distribution to the poor and the unfortunate, so dear to Jesus Our Redeemer, and in a special manner for the relief of the unhappy children of those who have lost their lives in the war.

Catholics in Neutral Lands Asked to Co-operate.

Finally, in the hope that families in the neutral countries also, moved by a tender sentiment of human compassion and still more strongly by supernatural charity, which ought to unite the sons of the same Heavenly Father, will join in these works of Christian piety, we from our heart impart the Apostolic Benediction to you, my Lord Cardinal, and the Catholic ladies and families mentioned.

From the Vatican, March 4, 1916.

BENEDICT XV., Pope.

A UNIQUE GIFT FOR THE HOLY FATHER

Dr. Holm, a Dane, living in New York, recently presented Pope Benedict XV. with a unique and costly gift for the Lateran Museum (says the *Sacred Heart Review*). The gift is a reproduction of a large column bearing an inscription in Chinese that tells of the introduction of Christianity into the Chinese Empire. This column was set up at Si-ngan-fu, the ancient Chinese capital, towards the end of the eighth century by a Christian community that had formed there. On a large block of black limestone a long inscription was engraved, giving an abridgement of Christian teaching. Professor Marucchi, writing in *Rome*, gives an interesting account of this monument. It is not known how long the column remained standing, but it must have been overturned and buried in the earth before the thirteenth century, as Marco Polo, in his description of Si-ngan-fu, makes no mention of the monument. It was brought to light, accidentally, by a Chinese workman in 1625.

The Governor of Chensi caused it to be set upon a pedestal, and there it remained until a short time ago. A Jesuit missionary saw the column in 1628, and gave an account of it, that drew the attention of scholars to it. Various translations of the inscription have been made. Father Henri Havret, S.J., published an exact translation in French, 1895, in a special work, which greatly increased interest in the singular monument.

Dr. Fritz Holm, a young Danish traveller, journeyed to China, expressly to study the monument; he caused a facsimile to be made for the benefit of students. At great expense he brought the reproduction from Si-ngan-si to Shanghai, thence across the Indian Ocean and the Suez Canal, to New York—a trip of 15,000 miles—and placed it finally in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Not content with this achievement, Dr. Holm had plaster casts executed for other museums. Being aware of the importance of the Lateran Museum, he sent a cast to the Pope for that institution. The donor generously assumed all expense of transportation.

The cast arrived safely, some weeks ago, and was placed in a hall of the Museum, where it can be examined conveniently.

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Marucchi gives a description of the monument, and a summary of the very lengthy inscription. The first to preach the gospel in China were the Nestorian heretics of Syria. Notwithstanding their errors, 'they preserved a great part of the ancient common belief, as their inscription witnesses for us,' says this writer. 'Their theological errors were not understood by the people. They have not left a trace among the inhabitants of the great empire, whilst the Christianity they introduced remained to facilitate the work of missionaries in union with the true Church. These were the courageous sons of Francis of Assisi, of Dominic di Guzman and of Ignatius of Loyola, and so many others, who prosecuted the great work of the Christian apostolate through periods of toleration and of persecution and who sealed the faith with their blood, nor can it be doubted that the heroic successors of these champions of Christian civilisation will one day succeed in converting to Christ that vast people for whom is opening a new era of progress and is making of that immense empire a chosen portion of the great universal Church.'

YPRES

The name of this old Flemish town, I may remark, is pronounced as if written Eepr'. For once I heard a smart young lady call it Eepray; to our soldiers it is Wipers. In the Middle Ages it had about 250,000 inhabitants; when I visited it fifteen years ago there were some 17,000 people living a contented, happy life in it—to-day it is no more, only a solitary heap of ruins. To the old town we can never return. Still, it is a delight to remember the pleasant place it was then. We arrived in Ypres, my big brother and I, on Sunday morning, and went straight off to St. Martin's (says a writer in the *Catholic Parish Magazine*). This church was once the Cathedral; but the bishopric founded in 1559 was suppressed in 1801. The people were streaming out of the church, and happy and prosperous they looked in the morning sunshine. Now St. Martin's is roofless; the magnificent rose-window is destroyed; but the stone figure of St. Martin is untouched and still watches and waits within the four bare walls. The most interesting thing in the church is the small flat stone before St. Martin's altar. It marks the grave of Cornelius Jansenius, the famous foe of the Jesuits. Jansen was a Dutchman, a professor of theology at Louvain in 1617, and after that Bishop of Ypres for three years. It was after his death that the trouble began. He wrote a book called *Augustinus sive doctrina S. Augustini*, which was condemned as heretical after he had been in his 'resting grave' some fourteen years. A dour sect soon sprang up to propagate his heresy on Grace—they were a kind of Calvinists; and Pascal's *Provincial Letters* were written to defend the Jansenists against the Jesuits. I have always found it such a tiresome book that I have never got to the end of it; and it makes the Jesuits such villains that even the Protestant reader feels there must be much to be said on the other side.

I wonder what Jansen would say if he could see his Cathedral now. But he knew well enough that Ypres, situated as it is on the borders of France, was a likely place for sieges and alarms. It has been captured at least six times: by the Guenx (1578), by Alex. Farnese (1584), and four times by the French. But I am sure Bishop Jansen would shed a tear if he could behold the ravages which the German shells have wrought on the great and glorious Cloth Hall, begun by Count Baldwin in 1200 and completed a century later. And those beautiful houses in the town are destroyed; some of them the finest Gothic houses in Belgium. And where is the Hotel de l'Épee Royale which used to stand in the Grand' Place? They received us there kindly and gave us a fine dinner, although they modestly called it supper.

That Sunday was being observed as a feast by a Fishermen's Club or Guild. They went to Mass early in the morning, and then, after breakfast, the competition began. Each fisherman carried a large jar filled with water into which he put alive the small fry he caught after much patient waiting. Alas! these canals, so peaceful then, have been reddened with blood in recent fighting. After the morning's fishing all the sportsmen assembled in the Grand' Place armed with their long rods and jars, and, headed by a band, solemnly marched round the town. They finally disappeared into a Tavern to resume the numberless dishes of a Flemish mid-day dinner.

That Sunday evening we took high-class places at a franc each in the Circus which was tabernacling in the Grand' Place. It was the old-fashioned country circus of our childhood. There was the Master of the Ring for instance: a haughty swell in a dress-suit who cracked his whip and his jokes in a loud and lordly way as he twirled his waxed moustache. The acrobatic clown and he were

the main actors; and there were lovely ladies too, in spangled tights, who rode skittish ponies and dashed through paper-covered-hoops. During a lull in the performance the clown retired to the top of the arena and sat with the audience and made funny jokes about the Master of the Ring. That elegant nobleman pretended to wax indignant over these loud jokes and threatened to have him turned out. 'But why?' cried the clown, in accents of indignation and surprise. 'Am I not here with my father and mother and sister?'—and here he passed his arm round the prettiest girl near him. This brilliant jeu d'esprit was much enjoyed and applauded. The performance went on till midnight; the people had good value for their money—but was it not a holiday? And how innocent and charming it all was!

How sad that bloody and turbulent war should invade such a harmless, simple spot. For there, indeed, in the past months 'Death swung a fearful scythe.' Many a pilgrimage will be made to Ypres when the war is over by the relatives of the gallant British heroes, who shed their blood to defend it. They rest in their rough-made graves, our men from the Highlands and Lowlands, from the broad English shires, from Canada—lords and miners, 'high and low, rich and poor, one with another,' who died to save us and the rest of Europe from the mailed fist of brutal tyranny.

CARDINAL MERCIER THREATENED

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S LETTER.

A report from Brussels states that Governor-General von Bissing has sent a long letter to Cardinal Mercier regarding his Eminence's Lenten Pastoral. The letter contains the following:—

'There can, of course, be not the least doubt that I would never prevent your Eminence from communicating to your flock what the Holy Father wishes to let it know through you, but beyond that your Eminence, in your Pastoral Letters, indulges in political statements against which I decidedly protest.

'It is quite inexcusable that your Eminence should raise unjustified hopes as regards the issue of the war. Thus, for instance, your Eminence has mentioned the inaccurate utterances of persons who are not in touch with events and could certainly not be called experts. By such arbitrariness you cause among the credulous population a noxious excitement and induce them to oppose the work of administration of those in occupation of the country.

'Especially inadmissible in your Pastoral Letter is the hint at a menace to the religious liberty of the people of the occupied territory. Your Eminence knows best how completely unjustified is this suspicion. In these circumstances I shall henceforth sternly prosecute any political activity and any stirring up of hostile sentiment against the authority of the occupying Power, which is legitimate according to international law. If, hitherto, I have submitted offences of the clergy to your Eminence for punishment I must now desist from this procedure, because your Eminence sets an example of insubordination, and, therefore, no success can be expected from your intervention.

'Your Eminence will once more reply that I have misunderstood individual passages of the Pastoral Letter. As such controversy is wholly fruitless, I have no intention to reopen it. Moreover, I am firmly resolved no more to allow your Eminence to abuse your high office and carry on a political agitation, for which ordinary citizens will be called to account. I warn your Eminence to desist from political activity.'

According to the *Tyde's* Belgian correspondent, Cardinal Mercier has sent General von Bissing a dignified answer, asserting that what he wrote in his Pastoral Letter was entirely within his right. He recalls the illegality of the German attitude towards Belgium and towards his rights both as an episcopal authority and as a citizen, and emphasises the inaccuracy of General von Bissing's remark that the Cardinal wished to excite the population, which, as a matter of fact, had continued to preserve a calm and noble attitude.

The printer of Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral and four of his employees have been arrested.

The *Osservatore Romano* publishes without comment a news agency's telegram stating that von Bissing has denounced to the Pope Cardinal Mercier and all the Belgian bishops who signed the Letter addressed to the German bishops, that he has written to the Belgian bishops saying he hoped the Pope would take action which would spare him the necessity of 'adopting measures,' and that the Belgian Government thinks it probable he will court-martial Cardinal Mercier and perhaps also the other prelates.

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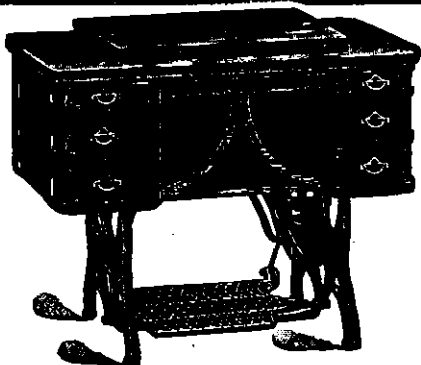
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Current Topics

The Bolt From the Blue

Coming events do not always cast their shadows before, or at any rate the shadows, in some cases, are so faint as to be scarcely discernible. It must be noted as one of the most remarkable features of the Sinn Fein rising that the rebels succeeded in keeping their plans so completely secret. A day or two before the outbreak there may have been an uneasy feeling abroad that something was afoot; but up to a few weeks before the first shot was fired the public mind in Ireland appears to have been quite at ease regarding the general situation. So much may be plainly gathered from the leading article in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* of March 4—the latest issue to hand—which is devoted to urging that, owing to the unprecedentedly quiet condition of the country, the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary ought to be allowed and encouraged to enlist. Under the heading 'Why Not the R.I.C.?' the *Dublin paper* writes: 'Why are not the Royal Irish Constabulary allowed to enlist? For long years Ireland has been over-policed. The Constabulary has not been a peace force; it has been an army of occupation. It was the outward and effective symbol of coercion and Unionist misrule. Possibly, in times of serious political unrest or grave agrarian trouble, there may have been reason for a strong force, at any rate from the point of view of a Government determined to repress Nationalist sentiment and bent on upholding landlord domination. There is no agrarian crime, not even a foolish cattle drive, to give an excuse for a constabulary display. Ordinary crime has almost disappeared. White gloves are becoming a nuisance to the judges. An air of desolation hangs around the jails filled in the days of Forster and Balfour.' And so on. Who could have imagined that a few short weeks later Sackville street would be in ruins, and the thoroughfares of the capital would be running with blood?

Bishop Nevill and the Irish Question

Synodical addresses have a tendency to be academic and 'in the air,' and in consequence they do not as a rule make any very strong appeal to the general public. The address delivered by the Anglican Primate (Bishop Nevill, of Dunedin) at the opening of the General Synod of the Church of England, held at Christchurch last week is, however, quite an exception—thoughtful, practical, and interesting in every part. Especially happy, coming at such a time, was his sympathetic reference to the Irish question and situation. After alluding to the unification of the Empire as one of the outcomes of the war, and to the indirect effect which such a development is likely to have upon the religious life of the nation, Bishop Nevill continued: 'To touch upon one illustration only of the unifying effect of a common danger. A few months ago there seemed to be but little prospect of averting civil war between the varying elements of the population of Ireland, but the trumpet call of a common danger awakened a common sentiment, and the Ulster man and his fellow-countryman from the south or west have cheerfully endured together the miseries of the same trench, or dashed together with equal zeal against a common foe. It has been said that when the war is over the weapons raised so gloriously against the King's enemies will be turned against each other. I refuse to believe it! Notwithstanding the outbreak of a seditious organisation instigated by our enemies, I believe that the horrors they have shared together will prove to both that war, entered upon from any motive less holy than that of self-defence, or the protection of the weak, is a crime against humanity.' That has always been our own view; and it is pleasant to know that that is also how it strikes a disinterested outsider.

The Religious Prospects of Ireland

It may seem strange to discuss such a subject at such a time—when some 15,000, as is alleged, of Ireland's population have been engaged in a deplorable

and utterly unjustified rebellion, when 3000 of them are awaiting trial for sedition, and when three of the leading spirits have just paid the death penalty for that crime. But these events have only given point to a question that has been more than once raised of late—the question, namely, whether, with the return of peace and the advent of Home Rule, there is danger to Ireland of such a calamity as the loss of Irish faith and morality. So far as recent happenings are concerned, it is safe to assert that they have little or no real bearing or significance in this connection. As we have already pointed out, this mad rising had behind it neither the spirit of Irish nationality nor of Irish faith. The leaders of the revolt were not followers of the faith of Patrick; and the Catholic population as a whole held steadily aloof and remained solidly loyal in this crisis. As a matter of fact it is recognised, even by the sober and ultra-Conservative *London Times*, that it was the splendid loyalty and steadfastness of the Irish people that really saved the situation, and proved the complete undoing of German hopes and schemes. The Larkins and Connollys and hot-head Sinn Feiners are no more typical of Irish manhood than the Pankhursts and their following are of English womanhood, or than our own 'Red Fed' extremists are of the working class population of this country.

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On the general question of the religious outlook in Ireland there is no need to take any panicky or pessimistic view. The only guide to the future is the past; and the Irish traditions of fidelity to the law of God and the See of Peter are too deeply rooted to be easily weakened or destroyed. Such is the firm conviction of so thoughtful and careful an observer as his Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow. Dealing with the subject in his Lenten Pastoral, his Grace remarks: 'Some of those who profess to know more of Ireland than the Irish do themselves, are always ready to point out signs of weakening faith, or declining morality. Let us consider this: and to help us to do so we may dwell for a little on the past history of religion in Ireland.' After a brief historical retrospect his Grace continues: 'So much for the past; what of the probable future? It is true we cannot prophesy: Christ did not promise continuance to any nation. Some that were at one time fervid have fallen away; in countries once faithful the supernatural has been almost blotted out, and men live only for money, for pleasure, for ambition. But though we cannot predict we can at least gather probabilities. And it is not unfair to read the future in the light of the past. . . . The expectation thus picturesquely fixed in Irish tradition seems to be solidly probable if we think for a moment of the dangers already described which have been met by our forefathers, and of the way in which they were met. If similar dangers are to return, why should we fear? The Irish race, as it has proved during the last eighteen months, is as steady, as cheerful under difficulties, as brave in the face of death, as devoted to its faith as ever it was. Is it likely to fail to do as much for its faith, if need be, as it has done and is doing for the British Empire? The question answers itself. Death, whether in war or in persecution, has no fears for those who do not merely profess to believe, but believe in their hearts that it is but the gate of eternal life to the worthy, and that Patrick's true sons dying will be welcomed and brought to the Saviour by him who prayed for them on the mount. Yes; we have good reason to hope that the future will be as the past, and this is founded on what we have just heard of the perseverance, the missionary zeal that brings God's blessing, the readiness to face individual martyrdom and even national extinction rather than lose the faith.'

The Church and the Rebellion

There have so far been only fragmentary references to priests and prelates in the Irish cables, but when the full story of the rebellion is told it will assuredly be found that the Church has exerted a wholesome and salutary influence throughout the whole of this very serious trouble. Thursday's cables record

that the Bishop of Cork was finally successful in inducing the rebels in that city to lay down their arms, and the incident has probably had its counterpart, on a smaller scale, in other parts of Ireland. In an earlier cable we were informed that the people went to Mass on Sunday to 'hear the rebels denounced.' What the attitude of the Church authorities would be may be sufficiently gathered from the utterances of the Irish Bishops in their Lenten Pastoral, some of whom seem to have had a tolerably clear vision of the influences that were at work. 'While I hope you will till your fields,' wrote the Archbishop of Tuam, 'you will also be ready to fight for them against all comers, but especially against the Germans. We till the land that bore us, and we mean to hold it at any cost: and Irishmen are able to fight. This has been proved at every battle-front in Europe, and is now admitted by all. And we want more such genuine soldiers. It is not for England but for Ireland we want them. We do not want our fertile acres seized by the brutal foe; and what is to save them and enable us to hold them but the strong arms and courageous hearts of you and your allies? I hope you will rally to the flag, not by compulsion or coercion, but from a sense of duty, as becomes free men. The man who strikes a blow against the Prussian strikes a blow for justice, freedom, and right.'

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The Bishop of Cloyne earnestly warns his people not to allow Ireland to run the risk of becoming another Belgium: 'We are not going to throw away the fruits of a long, arduous and successful constitutional struggle. The Irish people have made this clear. Ireland has shown, by the voluntary presence in the armies of the Allied nations of 150,000 dauntless soldiers from this sparsely populated little island, and by as many more of her scattered sons from abroad, that she is determined to protect herself against such a fate as has overtaken Belgium—that she is determined to defend her homes, her farms, her industries, her religious freedom, her educational institutions—in a word, her hard-won liberties. This is our citizen duty.' The Bishop of Derry is equally direct and emphatic in his comments on the guilt and responsibility of Germany in regard to the origin and conduct of the war: 'In this fierce war that day by day grows fiercer, the conduct of Germany, inspired, no doubt, by Prussian militarism, is the very antithesis of what the Catholic Church tells us is required by the law of God. To most people it is a difficulty they cannot well understand how a nation, professing Christianity, and claiming to have reached such a standard of culture and civilisation that her example should serve as a model for the rest of Europe, could be guilty of excesses without parallel even in the pages of pagan history. But the secret of it all is to be found in the fact that Germany recognises no authority superior to her own. The German mind and spirit and view of things is a law to itself. There is no objective standard of morality outside itself to which it feels bound to conform. No doubt the German War Lord and his officers talk of morality and right and justice, but the standard by which these are to be tested is not what the Divine Law or the natural law or even international law prescribes, but what the German mind is pleased to regard as such.' The people under the influence of guidance such as that could have no part or lot in the mad rising of Easter week.

Compulsion in Britain

The announcement that the Military Service Bill, involving the application of general conscription, has passed its second reading in the House of Commons carries with it little element of surprise. For a long time past it has been clear that conscription was bound to come in Britain, just as it is now clear that it is certain to come, in however modified a form, in this country also. The principal features of interest in the opening of this new chapter of Britain's part in the Great War are: (1) The magnificent results already achieved by the voluntary system in Britain. The

fact that the Empire, faced with the most profound problem it has had to deal with in the course of 800 years, has raised over 6,000,000 men by voluntary enlistment, is certainly a memorable one. The history of the past twenty-one months' war is the greatest tribute that could be accorded to the voluntary system. (2) The step marks a tremendous break with the traditions, the prejudices, and the habits of mind of the British nation. It is, in short, a revolution, and one of which not one of her enemies, and not many even of her friends, thought that Britain was capable. (3) The unanimous agreement of responsible statesmen and of the military authorities that the step is absolutely necessary to secure victory and an enduring settlement. To this point Mr. Lloyd George made emphatic reference when he declared that the military authorities had stated that it made the difference between defeat and victory that they should secure men immediately and that he would rather be driven out of public life than have the responsibility of refusing. 'We on this bench,' said Mr. Balfour, referring to the compulsory principle in a former Bill, 'who have looked into the matter are all of opinion that this Bill is a necessity. There is not one member of the Government who does not hold that this is a Bill essential to the proper carrying on of the war.' (4) The clear declaration, on the part of those responsible, that the new proposals are not to be made the thin edge of the wedge for a system of permanent conscription. On this point Mr. Balfour has said: 'I do not believe that this Bill can in any conceivable way be made the thin end of the wedge of a universal system of conscription. If in the future a Minister had to propose a system of universal conscription, if he knew his business he would not appeal to this measure as a precedent. It is the strongest argument against it. Militarism is an affair of the heart, it is an affair of the disposition of a nation, and nothing will make me believe that any revolution of fate or fortune will turn this country, whose traditions have been continuous and unchanged.' (5) The unfeigned satisfaction which Britain's decision has given to her Allies. All the leading French papers, as the cables intimate, have warmly welcomed the Military Service Bill, and have expressed unbounded gratification at the course Britain has taken. That is the general feeling throughout France. Colonel Page Croft told the House of Commons recently how he found a peasant woman in France reading the announcement of the Government Conscription policy in a French newspaper, and how she said to him: 'That means the beginning of the end; that means victory.' (6) The indication which the Bill affords of the temper in which Britain is facing the tremendous work that lies ahead. It means a tightening up of every resolve and activity to get on with the war, and to bring it to a victorious end. The Bill is, and is meant to be, a summons to a supreme and final effort, and the burden and spirit of Mr. Lloyd George's stirring speech were those of the rugged senator's appeal in *Cato*:

'Gods, can a Roman senate long debate,
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him;
Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart and free the world from bondage,
Rise, fathers, rise: 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate: the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame: our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds and cry aloud—to battle!'

The Hot Water Bottle that never leaks and lasts for years is manufactured by the 'NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY.' Fitted with 'Unique' Stopper. Look for brand on bottle. Sold by all Chemists.

AUCKLAND DIOCESAN CATHOLIC TEACHERS' CONFERENCE

IMPORTANT PAPERS AND SUGGESTIONS

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The first conference of the Catholic teachers of the Auckland diocese went into session on Easter Monday. There were present Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, V.G., Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, Rev. Father Murphy (president of the conference), and Rev. Fathers Edge, Furlong, Carran, Dunphy, Taylor, and Kelly, the Rev. Mothers of the Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of the Mission, and Sisters of St. Joseph. One hundred and forty teachers from the various convents of the Auckland diocese, and also from Christchurch, together with representatives from the Marist Brothers, took part in the conference, and attended its sessions throughout the entire week. The objects of the conference were—

(1) To bring together the teachers, that the younger members might benefit by the methods and experiences of the pioneers, who blazed the track and brought the Catholic schools up to their present high standard of efficiency. (2) To create a spirit of community of ideas, a bond of sympathy, and comradeship between the members of the different religious Orders, who have in common the Church's great work of Christian education. (3) To discuss subjects relative to school methods, text-books, organisation, and in general whatever might be of benefit to Catholic education. Finally, if possible, to point the way to other dioceses to convene similar conferences, and create a Dominion executive, so that since the members of the Orders participating in such a conference are usually interchanged between the different dioceses, a perfect unanimity in methods and efficiency might be attained.

The first three objects sought by this conference were attained beyond the highest expectation of the most optimistic members. A grand spirit of enthusiasm permeated the whole gathering, and, after noticing the zeal and whole-hearted earnestness exercised by every individual giving a lesson, or taking part in a discussion, one could come away from the conference with but one feeling—viz., 'It is all well with the child.' The attendance of the clergy, and their participation in discussions pertaining to parochial needs seemed to harmonise every department of Catholic education.

At St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, the home of the pioneer teaching Order in New Zealand, the conference began its session by assisting at High Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Taylor, assisted by Rev. Fathers Furlong and Dunphy, deacon and subdeacon respectively, with Rev. Father Carran as master of ceremonies. The Sisters of Mercy rendered the music of the Mass in a very pleasing and devotional manner.

Before the real business began, the secretary read an apology from his Lordship Bishop Brodie, Christchurch, who, for many years, had helped the teachers in Auckland, and who regretted very much his inability to attend; but sent his best wishes and blessing, stating at the same time his desire to help the conference in whatever way he could. The letter was received with great applause, and the conference expressed its sincere acknowledgment of Dr. Brodie's zealous efforts in the past, and looked to Christchurch for assistance in the work of spreading the conference movement. From Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett (Paeroa) and Very Rev. Dean Regnault (St. Mary's, Christchurch) messages of appreciation and good wishes for the success of the conference were received. Rev. Father Bartley, S.M., M.A., Nelson, whose paper on 'Catechetics' was read later, sent a message of regret at his enforced absence from the conference; he had pleasant memories of Auckland hospitality, and hoped that the conference would be the initiation of a summer school on the same lines as those in America. Rev. Brother George, now in Sydney, one of the original promoters of the conference, also sent messages of good wishes. This was followed by a long list of apologies and good wishes, together with promises of the help of their prayers, from the Sisters of almost every religious Order in the Dominion. That their kind prayers had availed much was evinced in the great success of every session, held during a week of delightful weather. Lastly, the secretary mentioned that Auckland's own beloved Bishop, though absent in body, was with them in spirit in a work for which he had labored so much; he wished them all success, and expected great and lasting good to come from their pioneer efforts in this direction.

The presidential address was delivered in a very able manner by the Rev. Father Murphy, who dwelt on the pioneer work of the old teachers and missionaries, who, with great odds against them, had put down such a solid foundation that the conference was now in the happy position of being able to come, aided by all kinds of modern mechanism, to place upon this foundation a magnificent monument of Christian education. He admired very much indeed the self-sacrificing spirit in which the teachers had abandoned all things in the past for the great cause, and had now sacrificed their rest and holidays, duly deserved, in order that they might come and place their ideas as metals in a common crucible from which all would be able to draw pure and unblemished the very

metal each needed for burnishing the glorious monument of golden labor in the great work of Catholic education. He appealed for a permanent institution of a teachers' diocesan institute, and counselled all the members, young and old, to go forth as apostles and spread the benefits of the conference in every part of the Dominion, to inspire their distant companions with their own unbounded enthusiasm, and thus raise the work of the schools higher up on the ladder of perfection.

A message of loyalty and devotion from the conference was cabled to his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Sydney, and the same day a reply from his Excellency came, imparting a special blessing upon the good work, and wishing it every success.

GENERAL RESOLUTIONS.

'That this conference, subject to the approbation of the Administrator of the diocese, adopts for use in the schools of the diocese the syllabus of Christian Doctrine known as the Salford Syllabus, 1913, with the emendation submitted by the sub-committee appointed to deal with the matter. This syllabus to come into operation from the beginning of June.'

'That the executive communicate with the Bishops of New Zealand requesting them to appoint local committees, consisting of two priests and two representatives from each teaching Order in the diocese, to act in conjunction with the executive in the preparation, etc., of a series of Catholic Readers and a history text-book for our primary schools. The executive to be the Auckland committee.'

'That this conference is of opinion that one inspector in Christian Doctrine for the whole diocese is preferable to district inspectors.'

'That it be an instruction to the executive to communicate with the editor of the *N.Z. Tablet* for a special weekly educational column.'

'That Mr. T. W. Lees be requested to bring before the City Council Public Library Committee the desirability of instituting a system of free circulating libraries in the schools, whereby the teachers would have the selection of the books composing the libraries.'

'That domestic science be taught in our own schools wherever the necessary apparatus is available.'

'That this conference commends the efforts of the Newman Society to get into touch with Catholic students attending non-Catholic schools or University colleges. It further recommends a joint conference on the subject between representatives of the clergy, the Newman Society, and the executive.'

'That the conference affirms the principle that the character of the school buildings has an important bearing on the education of the child.'

'That the first Tuesday in each month be set aside in our Catholic schools as observation day.'

'That it be a strong recommendation to the Catholic Federation to appoint in the back-blocks and country stations some suitable members to take up the catechism, and, under the direction of the priest of the district, teach the children according to the approved syllabus.'

'That the question of free places to our children be kept continually before the people, so as to make the Government realise the injustice that is being done to them in this matter.'

CATECHETICS

Cardinal Newman wrote in 1851: 'What I desire in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is. You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or light under a bushel.' 'I want a laity not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold, and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it.' 'I want an intelligent, well instructed laity.'

In these words of the illustrious Cardinal, we have a comprehensive definition of our subject, and an ideal is held up before everyone charged with the duty and dignity of teaching Christian Doctrine. That Christian Doctrine is the most important subject in a school's curriculum is a truism for Catholic teachers, and too often shares the fate of many another truism. Of the 'new things and old' that the teacher brings out of his mind's treasury, he knows that he has for the child nothing more precious, nothing more important, nothing of more abiding value than religious truth; and yet who would be bold enough to say that he knows a teacher who, on his morning way to his classroom, habitually thinks more of his catechism lesson than of his arithmetic or his civics. And who, however, met that rarity who spends a quarter of an hour over-night thinking out a lesson on the Holy Eucharist for every half-hour ungrudgingly given to reading up and preparing a lesson on the intricacies of tidal phenomena. It is one thing to understand in theory the all importance of religious instruction, but it is quite something else to realise it in practice. That directors and teachers of Catholic schools realise their responsibilities must remain a bald mis-statement until Christian doctrine claims on the time-table the same number of hours per week as are allotted to arithmetic and grammar. This

is the irreducible minimum. Is there ever a written home work on a catechism subject? Is the spelling lesson ever taken from the catechism?

The word 'catechism' is a word sacrosanct, hallowed by centuries of the Church's usage. It stands for the instruction of Christ's little ones in the truths of eternal life. 'This is eternal life that they may know Thee, the one true God and Jesus Christ Whom thou didst send,' and yet it is a word in danger of losing its real force and meaning. To catechise means to instruct by means of question and answer. We have given it a limited, dwarfed, and specialised meaning—viz., to instruct by means of set questions and set answers. However, the kernel of the method is to instruct by means of impromptu questions, the answers to which suggest new questions. The process is patient and gradual, and makes for mental alertness, and its real objective is the exhausting of the subject in hand. It combines the inquisitiveness of Socrates and the apperceptive methods of Herbert.

Before I develop this idea further, I must disclaim any attempt to belittle the usefulness of the set question method. In this—viewed as a part of a wider system—there is sound pedagogy. It trains the memory, it gives definite wording and a technical terminology, which are as the foundation to the superstructure, the scaffolding for the building, and the timber for the tunnel.

However, if we would know what real catechising is, we must hark back to the days of him, who, in the order of time at least, if not merit as well, must rank as the first of catechists,—Socrates. He claimed to practise in regard to the soul the art of midwifery, bringing to the birth of consciousness truths before held unconsciously; more important than any innovation with regard to method was his immense personal influence, and personal influence is, in a catechist, the finest asset and the most potent factor. J. B. Mayor, in his *Ancient Philosophy*, says of him: 'His force of will, his indifference to conventionalities, his intense earnestness, both moral and intellectual, contrasting so strongly with the dilettantism of ordinary teachers, and yet combined with such personal interest and sympathy, in all varieties of life and character, his warm and genial nature, his humor, his irony, his extraordinary conversational powers, these formed a whole unique in the history of the world; and we can well believe that they acted like an electric shock on the more susceptible minds of his time. For we must remember that Socrates did not, like the earliest philosophers, content himself with imparting the result of his solitary meditation to a few favored disciples; nor did he, like the sophists, lecture to a paying audience on a set subject; but obeying, as he believed, a divine call, he mixed with men of every class wherever they were to be found, cross-questioning them as to the grounds of their beliefs, and endeavoring to awaken in them a consciousness of their ignorance and a desire for real knowledge.' 'What is Justice?' Socrates would ask of some chance passer-by, who, like Coleridge's 'Wedding Guest,' could not choose but hear. He would question and cross question, qualify and requalify the definition until a full and accurate idea of the subject was made clear.

In All Education We Distinguish Three Needs:

(1) To impart positive knowledge, (2) to make such knowledge exact, (3) to clear away false impressions; and experience tells us that the 2nd and 3rd of these are more in evidence and present greater difficulty than in any subject of secular knowledge, and hence the imperative necessity of making full use of the Socratic method of catechising in order by means of impromptu questions to search out ideas formed in the mind of the students.

At New Year time, I was in the back-blocks of Nelson preparing two children for first confession. I am taking an actual case of two bright children, aged ten and twelve respectively, who, though living far from church and Catholic school, had been carefully and regularly taught their catechism by good Catholic parents, and in these children what I must call the Catholic instinct—a thing rare in the 'back o' Sunday' circuit—was strongly developed. 'What is confession?' I asked, and pat came the answer of the catechism: 'The telling of our sins to a priest approved by the bishop.' Then followed what you or I would call a lucid, masterly explanation, and I put on my Socratic air: 'What do we do when we go to confession? What sins do we tell?' etc., and 'what does the priest do?' I hazarded. 'Tells our sins to the bishop.' If we could get the children to ask questions, we are on the high road to success, but most of us will at once admit the sheer hopelessness of this, so we must interrogate and re-interrogate, not merely to complete half truths dimly grasped, but to strip the child mind of some of the weirdest notions that ever an arch-heresiarch dreamed of. Words are full often the grave cloths of truth, and this fact brings to light a serious danger in too close an adherence to the book. Thus I hold that the successful

catechist is the teacher who knows how to supplement painstaking, well-prepared explanations by questioning and questioning again, until complete inventory is taken of the child's mind. This demands knowledge, minute-class preparation, patience, and the part that comes only with prayer and fasting.

The information we impart must be exact. Bacon says: 'Writing maketh an exact man,' and I feel the lack of written work in Christian Doctrine is responsible for a great deal of mental and spiritual dyspepsia. If we get the children to set their ideas on paper, we learn, and what is more, we make the children conscious of their limitations. There is such a thing as unsound religiosity or sound, as in the case of a pious old man in a Melbourne church who prays most devoutly—in the 'De Profundis'—'May purple light shine upon them.' We are in a stage of civilisation that visualizes, and exact knowledge comes almost exclusively from sight, and therefore a catechism class without a blackboard is foredoomed to failure. (N.B. Why are our school furnishers so niggardly in the matter of blackboards?)

Spirago has some excellent hints on diagrammatic representation which are well worthy of study, and the idea may be developed with splendid results. Caution insists on simplicity, and prepare faithfully beforehand. Do not have the diagrams that call for too much explanation. The chalk should not be out of the teacher's hand, and colored chalk, used in moderation, is very useful. The mere writing of a word on the blackboard is of value, and certainly all proper names, technical word headings, and sub-headings, must reach the eye as well as the ear. Thus suppose we are giving a lesson on the sacramental character. First take the catechism explanation:—Character—Seal, mark, badge, brand. Seal, royal stamp; badge, soldier's uniform; brand, on horse, etc. Baptism—God's own children, once for all; Confirmation—God's own soldiers, once for all; Holy Order, God's own priests, once for all.

A great deal is lost if the board is always cleaned immediately. I see no use for a clean blackboard in a school. It is possible that the oral-idea may be grasped only an hour or so after the lesson—perhaps even days after—and then only because an inattentive truant eye has caught sight of the discarded blackboard. A two-fold purpose is thus served—(1) The memory is refreshed with regard to things well understood. (2) Things hitherto held only in the sub-liminal consciousness spring suddenly into full consciousness.

Newman says: 'I want a laity who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it.' In other words, the polemical side of the children's knowledge must receive careful and systematic treatment. Later on, our pupils will have to answer questions from the civil and the uncivil; from the logical and the illogical; from the sincere and the insincere, and to everyone that asketh they will have to give an answer and a reason for that hope that is in them. If we would prepare our young Catholics to withstand the truth-withering influences of the novelty-seeking press, the cheap fippant magazine, and iconoclastic socialism, we must develop their reasoning faculty, and at the same time provide them with simple proofs, well understood and committed to memory for the chief controversial subjects. And right here let it be fearlessly said that the catechism as we have it is incomplete, and unsatisfactory in this respect. It is criminal negligence on someone's part to send a child out into the world to face criticism from others, or from its own nascent doubts, on such points as the following:—(1) The existence of God; develop the idea of design. (2) The Divinity of Christ. (3) Is one religion as good as another? (4) Infallibility of the Church and the Pope. (5) The sacraments, purgatory and eternal punishment. Make a special point of proving these beliefs indirectly, i.e., by the Church's teaching, as well as directly. From the world to-day absolute truth has practically vanished. There are no dogmas, and no beliefs—we have only opinions and prejudices—hell-broth from the Witch's seething cauldron. The 'leakage' in America, Australia, and New Zealand is evidence that the Catholic schools of the United Kingdom have failed to harden with reason the faith of those committed to them, and can we flatter ourselves that the 'finished product' of our own New Zealand schools approached Newman's ideal, 'an intelligent well-instructed laity.' We know of course that much of this unbelief in the 'leakage' is but feigned, that these 'emancipated' minds are not always sceptic, but often merely septic, yet we must realise that there is a crying need for more proof in our teaching. The proof is there in plenty, why not give it to our children? In this department written work must play an important part, and a judicious selection from amongst these subjects will often aid a teacher in choosing an essay subject.

If the teacher would give an outline of the essay on

the blackboard, he will soon find the children writing satisfactory compositions. Thus we secure three ends, most desirable, and ambitioned of every zealous catechist. The child acquires—(1) Simple memorized proofs, (2) exact knowledge of his own limitations, (3) facility of expression in religious topics.

In this paper I am conscious of some glaring omissions, and doubtless the conference is conscious of still more. But I have limited myself to a treatment of methods, and my plea is that we apply to Christian doctrine the same thoroughness of preparation and methodical teaching which we, as teachers, naturally give to secular subjects. I have omitted all reference to the scope of our teaching, except for my remark on the controversial side. Much could be written on the drawing up of a systematic school programme and on the silences of the catechism, as for instance there is nothing about the seal of confession. Catechists should also include the practice as well as the teaching of religion, and there is a call for someone with experience to point out weaknesses and points for improvement in our school devotions, especially with regard to the hymns. Will not someone write a paper on school hymnology, and insist on fewer flowers and fountains, and on more virile piety and some dogma? Catholic teachers, let this subject of Christian Doctrine be given the earnest treatment sacred nature calls for, for long enough has it been the Cinderella of the schools' curriculum.

DISCUSSION AND SUGGESTIONS.

The paper was highly approved of. The suggestion of the meeting re hymns was that they be taught as prayers and not as songs; that with a view to congregational singing unanimity in the matter of certain hymns and tunes was necessary.

The meeting suggested more home work from the catechism, and passed a resolution that there be a monthly exchange of essays from Standards V. and VI. on matters of a controversial nature.

It often transpired that children were accused of being ignorant of their catechism when really the interrogator was at fault.

Questions couched in theological terms to juniors are no test of child knowledge. For instance, some questions heard by one speaker were these:—(a) What are the fundamental truths? (b) What are the three dispensations?

The meeting suggested a diocesan inspector, who would examine on the lines that the State inspector follows—viz., keeping to the amount of syllabus covered by the pupils, watching the teachers giving religious instructions, and also reporting on how the local pastor supervises and gives examples of lessons on this subject, for which he is really the responsible head teacher.

The conference recommended as text books Howe's *Catechist*, and Spirago and Clarke's *Catechism Explained*. The *Salford Syllabus* was adopted for two years' trial, when a report on its working would be drawn up.

(To be continued.)

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 6.

Ven. Archdeacon Devoy is still confined to his room, but his condition has much improved.

Everything is well in hand for the annual social of the combined parishes of Wellington in aid of the education fund. Last year this social netted £150, and an endeavor is to be made this year to raise £200. It will take place at the Town Hall on Wednesday, 7th June, and tickets are now in circulation.

Rev. Father Barra, S.M., the popular assistant priest of St. Joseph's, Buckle street, has been transferred to the Keeton parish as assistant to the Rev. Father Galerne. He is succeeded by the Rev. Father John O'Connor, S.M., of Wellington South, and formerly of Napier. The Rev. Father Mark Devoy, S.M. (nephew of the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy), takes Father O'Connor's place in Wellington South.

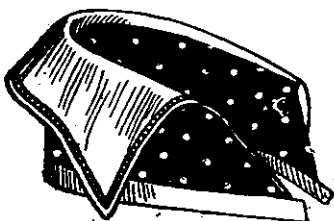
Sir Joseph Ward will unveil the 'Roll of Honor' of the old boys of the Marist Brothers' School, Boulcott street, now serving with the Expeditionary Forces. Some 300 names have been received. The function will take place at the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, on Monday, 15th instant, at a social re-union of old boys, which is being held to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the founding of a community of Marist Brothers in this city.

The boys of the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, gave an excellent concert at the Trentham military camp Catholic hall last Thursday evening. Although at all the other denominational halls, concert parties were engaged, yet the Catholic hall was thronged, being far too small to accommodate the audience. The popularity of the boys was also responsible for the distinguished presence of the camp commandant (Colonel Potter), and Captain-Chaplain Daly, on behalf of the men, was profuse in his thanks to the Brothers and the boys for the enjoyable concert arranged.

St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society met last Monday, under the presidency of Bro. F. Whitaker. The principal business was the report of Bros. McGowan and Hoskins, who attended the district annual conference at Auckland. The delegates deplored the fact that the majority of branches appeared to be apathetic in the matter of representation at such meetings, where most important business was discussed by proxies. Wellington's motion for annual meetings on a reduced representation was lost, but the matter will again be placed before branches by Wellington in the near future.

The monthly meeting of the board of the Catholic Hostel was held on Monday last, Messrs. Duggan (chairman), Corry, Halpin, Sievers (treasurer), Mrs. Cornish, Misses Kennedy, Burke, and Wheeler (secretary) being present. The reports of the matron, treasurer, and secretary showed a very satisfactory position. The board extended a hearty welcome to Miss Agnes Mulvany, the newly-appointed matron, also to Miss Nellie Burke, elected

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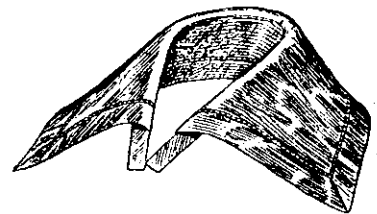
Absolutely new goods, just opened up. We have a very wide range, but limits of space preclude our showing more than two typical collars here.

On the left is a neat Collar in White Hemstitched Organdy Muslin and Satin, with white spots on sky, navy, purple, black, cerise, or saxe; also plain muslin and satin, same colours—2/6

The plain roll Collar on the right is of silk, hemstitched, in saxe, sky, vieux rose, navy, black, tangerine, and white—2/6

Also in the latest Regimental Stripes but without hemstitching—1/6

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by the C.I.C. to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. B. Ellis. As many applications are received from non-Catholics for accommodation, the board decided that each application be referred to the executive for consideration and approval. A gift of books from Miss O'Neill for the hostel library was very gratefully acknowledged. The hostel authorities would be glad to receive further gifts of suitable books for the use of residents from generous well-wishers and friends.

A social was held in the Alexandra Hall on Thursday, May 4, under the auspices of the Catholic Women's Hostel Board. The committee consisted of Mesdames W. F. Johnson and Cornish, Misses McGillicuddy, Barry, Dobyn, Whelan, Hales, Rodgers, Girling-Butcher, Burke, and Wheeler (hon. secretary), Messrs. Duggan, Sievers, Cornish, W. F. Johnson, and Dolph. There was an attendance of nearly 200 people. The piano fund, for which this pleasant function was held, will be considerably increased, thanks to the many generous friends who were present. Mrs. Oscar Johnson provided an excellent supper, and the committee are grateful for her assistance, also for the generosity of Mrs. Gleeson and Mr. McDonald for their donations of cordials. Many of those present expressed their keen appreciation of the entertainment provided, and the hon. secretary received numerous requests that similar functions be arranged monthly during the coming winter. During the evening Rev. Fathers Barra and Venning paid a visit, and signified their pleasure and approval of the gathering.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

May 5.

Through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Elwood, St. Patrick's Church is to have a very fine set of Stations of the Cross erected in memory of the late Miss Barbara Elwood. The set will cost about £100.

On Friday, May 12, the Very Rev. Dean Binsfield, S.M., will celebrate his 82nd birthday, and as almost 50 years of the Very Rev. Dean's priestly ministry have been spent in New Zealand a very wide circle of friends will be interested in the event. Dean Binsfield is now only a few years off the diamond jubilee of his ordination, and his many friends will sincerely wish him his present vigorous health to enjoy so unique an honor. Retirement from the active work of the ministry only came this year, and at St. Mary's Seminary, Greenmeadows, where 20 years ago he held the post of procurator, the Dean is enjoying his well-earned rest. It was in search of health that Father Binsfield left Home in the late 'sixties for New Zealand—a mission field which then presented anything but a favorable aspect. But the young missionary rejoiced to find so grand an opportunity for his zeal, and every day seemed to put the threatened breakdown further away. Taranaki was the scene of his first mission, and in 1870 he occupied the post of military chaplain at New Plymouth. But it was as pastor of the West Coast gold diggings that Father Binsfield became best known—a work most congenial to him, and a duty into which he therefore threw himself whole-heartedly. No visitor was more welcome at the camps of those old West Coast days, for Father Binsfield's place was always where the consolations of religion were most needed. After a very laborious life-work, the Dean has spent the last few years assisting at Napier, Reefton, and Wangamui. In spite of his age, his greatest joy yet remains to him in the daily celebration of Holy Mass. He is the longest ordained priest in the New Zealand mission, and at the same time the longest professed member of the Society of Mary, which, as a secular priest, he entered in 1861.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 8.

His Lordship the Bishop celebrated Mass at Sumner and Woolston on Sunday last.

Mr. Paul Dufault, the eminent vocalist, was a guest of his Lordship the Bishop at the episcopal residence on Sunday.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from the 11 o'clock Mass in the Cathedral on Sunday last. After Vespers there was the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament followed by Solemn Benediction, given by his Lordship the Bishop.

The season for Rugby football was opened on Saturday last. Playing on Lancaster Park the Marist Brothers' senior team made an auspicious beginning by defeating Albion by 19 points (two goals from tries, and three tries) to nil.

His Lordship the Bishop opened the May devotions in honor of our Blessed Lady at the Convent Schools, Lower High street, and at the Marist Brothers' School.

Greymouth

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

May 8.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie will make his first visit to the West Coast next week, being due to arrive at Greymouth on Thursday, May 18. The parishioners of Greymouth are making elaborate arrangements to suitably welcome his Lordship on his first visit, and at a meeting last week, they decided to tender him a civic welcome at the Town Hall on Friday night. A welcome from the Hibernian Society and other local parish societies will be held in St. Columbia Hall on Monday. The Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered on Sunday, after which his Lordship will pay brief visits to other parishes on the Coast.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

May 8.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea arrived from Wellington at the end of last week. While here he stays at the Bishop's House. His Grace was present in the sanctuary at the Cathedral at Solemn High Mass on Sunday. Rev. Father Taylor was celebrant, Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook deacon, Rev. Father Murphy, Adm., subdeacon. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock his Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 150 candidates. Next Sunday he will administer Confirmation at Onehunga and Ponsonby, at St. Benedict's and Devonport on Sunday, May 21, and on Thursday, May 11, at St. Mary's Orphanage, Hillsboro. His Grace will address the Holy Family Confraternity on Tuesday evening, May 9, and while here will visit all the local religious institutions. His Grace will stay in Auckland for about six weeks, and goes hence to Wellington via Gisborne.

Rev. Father Furlong assisted at the Cathedral on Sunday, and in the evening gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Owing to Confirmation being administered in the Cathedral in the afternoon, the usual monthly Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was postponed.

The priests who were lately transferred took up their duties yesterday in their respective parishes.

Our Mayor (Mr. J. H. Gunson) leaves to-morrow for Sydney to enjoy a well-earned respite from his trying duties since taking office.

The members of the Children of Mary and Guard of Honor confraternities received Holy Communion in large numbers at the early Mass at the Cathedral on Sunday.

(From our own correspondent.)

May 4.

The last meeting of the Holy Family Confraternity was attended by close on 140 members. The confraternity is growing in numbers, and at the last meeting the new prefects and sub-prefects were installed in office for the ensuing year by the Rev. Father Taylor (spiritual director), assisted by Rev. Fathers Murphy, Adm., and Dunphy. Subsequently thirty members were enrolled by Rev. Father Taylor, each receiving the medal and ribbon of the confraternity. Both ceremonies took place in the sanctuary, and was of a very impressive character. Rev. Father Dunphy preached a very fine discourse, taking for his text, 'Thy kingdom come.' Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. The 'O Salutaris,' 'Tantum Ergo,' 'Adoremus,' and 'Gloria' were sung by the members under the baton of Mr. P. F. Hiscocks, while Mr. Harry Hiscocks presided at the organ. The whole ceremony was most devotional. The great potentialities of the Holy Family Confraternity are manifested at the weekly gatherings. It is accomplishing fine work, and has come to stay.

The following pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Auckland, were successful at the theoretical examination in connection with Trinity College, held in December last:—Art of teaching—Cecilia Carrington, 92 (Convent of Mercy, Te Aroha); Teresa M. Ludgate, 66 (St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby); Frances Wallace, 60 (rudiments 64). Certificated pianist—Alma McGruer (rudiments 63). Intermediate Grade II.—Eileen O'Brien, 80 (honors). Intermediate Grade I.—Lily White, 85 (honors); Kathleen Hazard, 83 (honors); Sheila Kelly, 75; Beatrice Graham, 70. Junior Grade I.—Marie Mackay, 97 (honors); Annie Boenicke, 82 (honors).

ST. BENEDICT'S CLUB.

A valedictory social was tendered the Rev. Father Kelly by St. Benedict's Catholic Club last Wednesday evening on the occasion of the popular priest's departure

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from the parish to take charge of the Puhoi and Helensville districts. Mr. F. G. J. Temm (president) presided, and the following were present:—Messrs. J. F. Cloran (Sydney Catholic Club), M. J. Sheahan and W. Kane (H.A.C.B. Society), T. King (M.B.O.B. Association), F. Burns (Parnell Catholic Club), and a good attendance of members. The president explained it was with regret that the members learned of the departure of Father Kelly, who had for some time acted as chaplain to the club, during which time he had become a popular favorite on all sides. Although he had not been in the parish a great time, it augured well for him that he should be so soon appointed to take charge of a parish. He expressed, on behalf of himself and the members, sincere regret at Father Kelly's departure, and wished him every success in his new sphere. On behalf of the club he had pleasure in presenting the Rev. Father with a silver-mounted complete shaving outfit as a small reminder of his associations with the club. Messrs. Fernandez, O'Malley, and Foy also conveyed their felicitations and good wishes to the guest of the evening, after which Father Kelly responded, thanking one and all for the many kindnesses he had received whilst in their midst. The president also explained that opportunity would be taken that evening of presenting the diploma awarded to Mr. A. J. Fernandez, as winner of the essay-writing competition, recently held by the Federated Catholic Clubs. On behalf of the Wellington executive Mr. Temm congratulated Mr. Fernandez on his victory in the competitions, and, in presenting the diploma, expressed the hope that other members would emulate the example of that gentleman in the interest he always took in the literary branch of the club. Mr. Fernandez suitably responded. Mr. Frank Burns here intimated his intention of presenting to the literary branch a gold medal for competition during the coming season. The president gratefully accepted Mr. Burns' generous offer, and stated he would later confer with that gentleman regarding the conditions for the competition. During the evening the usual toast list was duly honored, and a musical items were rendered by Messrs Cloran, King, O'Malley, Owens, and Jury. Mr. M. Lillis acted as accompanist, the proceedings terminating with the singing of 'Auld lang syne' and the National Anthem. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the Misses Lillis and Dunne for the manner in which they decorated the supper room and tables.

THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY

PRESENTATION TO HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BRODIE.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

The Hibernian Hall was crowded on last Monday evening on the occasion of a reception and presentation to his Lordship Bishop Brodie—an event in which every branch in the diocese was interested. The gathering was most enthusiastic, and representatives of the society were present from Timaru, Temuka, Geraldine, Ashburton, New Headford, and St. Mary's (Christchurch North), whilst the members of the local branch (St. Patrick's) were present with lady friends in very strong force.

The president of St. Patrick's branch (Bro. J. Curry) presided, and on the platform with his Lordship the Bishop were the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (wearing the regalia of a past-president), the Rev. Fathers Long (chaplain), O'Hare, and Sir George Clifford. Also among those present were the Rev. Fathers Hoare, S.M., and Murphy, B.A. On arrival, his Lordship the Bishop was received by a guard of honor, consisting of officers and members in regalia. The stage was very appropriately decorated. On the front were the words *Cead mile failte*, whilst the Irish and New Zealand flags were suspended overhead. Quite an effective feature was the presidential honors' board, displayed as a gackground, and containing a long list of the names of all the presidents of St. Patrick's branch from the society's first beginning to the present day. An enjoyable musical and elocutionary programme was contributed by Mrs. Baxter, Misses M. G. O'Connor,

Lawlor, Donnell, and Thomson, Messrs. J. Joyce, F. Rowe, and R. Beveridge. Mrs. Baxter, and Miss K. O'Connor were accompanists.

The president, in an appropriate speech, presented his Lordship the Bishop with a magnificent 15 carat gold Celtic pectoral cross, set with four large emeralds, the cost of which, he said, had been subscribed to by every branch, and every member of every branch in the diocese. No more appropriate gift could be made, and it was one which would be an enduring reminder of the faith and loyalty of the givers, and of their love and veneration for his Lordship, now their chief pastor. He had, too (continued the president), another most pleasing duty to perform, and that was to present his Lordship, on behalf of the Hibernians of Waihi, with an enlarged framed photograph, showing the entire block of church buildings of that town, in which his Lordship so long ministered, and with such conspicuous success, as pastor. He then announced his Lordship's appointment as a honorary life-member of St. Patrick's (Christchurch) branch of the society.

His Lordship Dr. Brodie thereupon signed the register.

The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (pastor of St. Mary's) said: I look upon it as a great honor and a great privilege to be associated with the Hibernians of this diocese, so soon after my return to their midst, in wishing a hearty welcome, and making a presentation to his Lordship the Bishop. I beg to thank the Hibernians for the honor they have conferred on me. My Lord, I fully endorse all that the worthy president of St. Patrick's branch has said so well. We, the Hibernians of this diocese, welcome you with filial respect and affection, because you are the delegate of our Holy Father the Pope; we welcome you because you are our Bishop; we are proud of you because of the work you have already done, and because of your personal worth which we are learning every day to appreciate more and more. The ideals of our society, as you are aware, are religion, patriotism, and benevolence. The Hibernians of the diocese of Christchurch are true to their high ideals. In the course of the visitation of your diocese, you will meet many Hibernians; you will meet them in fifteen parishes. There is one thing you may rest assured of, and it is this: Wherever you meet a Hibernian, you will meet a man who is proud of his religion and true to it; who is devoted to his pastor, and at the same time a man who looks to Ireland with affection, and does all in his power to help her in her struggle for freedom and happiness, and sympathises with her in the hour of sorrow and trial. At the present time a cloud is passing over Ireland, and the heart of every Hibernian is bleeding. Because a Hibernian is true to his faith, true to his country, or the country of his fathers, he is also true to his adopted or native country, true to New Zealand, true to the Empire, under whose flag he has enjoyed, in this country, liberty, happiness, and prosperity. Hence, when the bugle has sounded the alarm, no one has responded to the call of the Empire with more enthusiasm, with greater generosity, than the Hibernians, or the sons of Hibernians. Their heroic deeds are recorded on the hills of Gallipoli, and their names will shine gloriously on the most glorious page of New Zealand's history. Yes; the descendants of the Irish race, have, in fairly large numbers, joined the ranks of our society, and by their contact with Hibernians, they learn to emulate the heroism of their forefathers in defence of faith and fatherland, and to emulate the young men of their race, who have played such an important, such a brilliant part in the building up of other nations. The foundations of the society in your diocese were laid in August, 1873, when thirteen Irishmen, men loyal and true, met together and decided to apply to the district board, Dunedin, for a dispensation to open a branch in Christchurch. The dispensation was obtained, and the branch was opened by Bro. Carroll (district president) on September 4 of the same year. Most of the officers elected on that occasion have been called to their reward. Bro. T. O'Connell, one of the trustees, and Bros. Pope, Nelson, and Joyce, are still amongst us, with all the signs of perennial youth. Great progress has been made since then; yet there is room for more. There are still many Catholic youths along the highways and hedges who ought to be compelled to come in.

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On the day on which your Lordship will give the signal, and speak the word of command, these dutiful sons of the Church will walk in. The Church, indeed, has need of them to promote her welfare, to fight her battles, but what assistance can they give unless they are banded together under a banner, the banner of Hibernianism. Their country has need of them, they must sit in its councils, and take their place in popular assemblies; they must help to build up this new nation on the solid rocks of religion and morality, but how can they succeed in that noble task unless united, unless they wield the influence their number and their principles entitle them to. Those amongst them who have been the victims of misfortune or sickness have need of them, they have need of their warm sympathy, of their charity and prayers; how can they bestow those blessings either by the bedside of the sick or the open grave of the dead, unless they are trained and united under the banner of a Catholic benefit society. These are the ideals to which we aspire. Under your guidance, helped by your wise counsels and your encouragement, we shall attain them, and then we may be your consolation, perhaps your joy, and certainly willing instruments in your hands to carry on the work of our Divine Master. We wish you many long years of happiness, prosperity, and a fruitful episcopate.

The Rev. Fathers Long and O'Hare, and Sir George Clifford also addressed the gathering.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie (who was greeted with prolonged cheers) expressed deep gratitude for the beautiful gifts made to him that evening, and for the spirit animating the officers and members of the society in honoring him in such a whole-hearted manner. He paid an eloquent tribute to the loyalty and faithfulness of the members of the society, everywhere in the Dominion, and said he was greatly pleased to know that in every one of the principal parishes in the diocese there was a prosperous and flourishing branch. Loyalty towards, and love of, Holy Church and its pastors were a tradition of the society, and it cheered him beyond expression as their Bishop to know that he would receive their assistance and generous co-operation in a similar measure to that extended, through a very long episcopate, to his well-beloved and justly venerated predecessor. Any misgivings he might have entertained on his entry into the diocese as their chief pastor were speedily dispelled by the truly Catholic, warm-hearted way he was received by clergy and laity alike, and especially so by the Hibernians. His constant endeavor would be to repay this devoted trustfulness, so far as was in his power. All he could do to advance the interests of the society and other Catholic organisations would be an earnest duty. His desire was to see the society multiply in membership, and its influence extend. The photograph of the church buildings of Waihi, said his Lordship, brought vividly before his mind the happy and eventful years spent in that town and parish, and its people. He would greatly prize it, reminding him, as it did, of the great work accomplished there by a faithful congregation.

Refreshments were handed round, and the gathering resolved itself into a conversazione, the whole event proving most successful and pleasing, and certainly very creditable to those who had the ordering of the arrangements.

MOUNT MAGDALA INSTITUTE

OPENING OF THE NEW WING.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

The weather conditions were not by any means auspicious on last Sunday afternoon for the opening of the extensive new wing of the noble institute of charity at Mount Magdala. The cold, driving rain, however, did not deter a numerous party of well-wishers and intending benefactors of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd from making the six mile journey out to the institution, and do each one's part to cheer the devoted band in their truly philanthropic labors, and congratulate them on the attainment of another important step forward. His Lordship Bishop Brodie was received at the main entrance to the institution by a guard of honor formed by the Marist Brothers' senior and school cadets (under Sergt.-Major Amos), and a contingent of members of the H.A.C.B. Society in regalia.

Having blessed the new building his Lordship entered the great dining hall, in which there was a gathering of visitors, numbering several hundreds, including many prominent citizens. On the platform with his Lordship the Bishop were the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Very Rev. Father Graham, S.M., M.A., Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Fathers O'Hare, Long, Murphy, B.A., Sir George

Clifford, Bart., Mr. H. G. Ell, M.P., Mr. Luttrell (architect and builder), and Mr. J. R. Hayward. The Rev. Father T. Hanrahan was also present. As a preliminary, Mr Luttrell presented his Lordship with a gold key to enable his Lordship to open the door of the new additions, but which had, unfortunately, to be opened prematurely to enable the people to come in out of the rain. The key was to symbolise the great, noble, and golden work the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were carrying on.

BISHOP BRODIE'S ADDRESS.

His Lordship spoke as follows:—The year 1815 is a memorable year in the history of the world; it was the year when the destinies of Europe were decided by the battle of Waterloo. In that same year we find a humble young woman, by name Rose Virginia Pelletier, consecrating herself to God in the community known as the Community of the Refuge, which had been founded in 1641. This event may seem of little importance, but we must remember that the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries were sad days for religion, especially in France; the fair land of St. Louis was reaping the evil fruits of the Reign of Terror, the French Revolution. The churches had been robbed of all sacred emblems, the practice of religion was made impossible, and with this sway of infidelity it seemed as if every vestige of virtue had been carried away, and vice and lawlessness reigned supreme. Then it was that God prompted this saintly religious to found the Order of the Good Shepherd, an Order in which the spirit of our Divine Saviour was so manifest, an Order which, by the self-sacrifice of its members, would dispel the scorn which had been heaped upon those who were faithful to their holy religion. The founder of Christianity had said, 'I am the Good Shepherd, and the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.' This was the motto of Rose Virginia Pelletier, in religion known as Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia, and of those who were associated with her. The noble example of these lives put to shame the persecutors of religion, and thus the Sisters of this new community were able to help many whose souls had been endangered by the avalanche of infidelity which had swept over France. The growth of the Order of the Good Shepherd gives us ample proof that its work was the work of God. From that humble beginning it has grown in numbers, and has spread throughout the whole world; it has now some 300 houses, and as many as 12,000 Sisters helping in this great work, and their homes provide shelter and a refuge for nearly 100,000 souls. In this diocese of Christchurch we are fortunate in possessing a community of this illustrious Order; its introduction is one of the many works which will redound to the lasting memory of my illustrious predecessor, the late Bishop Grimes. It is remarkable that God always sends a friend to help and encourage our religious communities in their trials and difficulties, and thus this community of Mt. Magdala in Christchurch had a friend, the late Father Ginaty, who, at the time of his becoming interested in Mt. Magdala, had two very important qualifications, the experience of age, and the vigor of youth, both of which he utilised to the fullest extent in the work of this vast institution. If to-day we see the Order of the Good Shepherd so firmly established, if we look around and see this fine piece of land secured for their work, if we see these great buildings raised to help the Sisters to shelter those who place themselves under their loving care, we see a work with which a great name must ever be associated—a name to be held in veneration not only in this diocese of Christchurch, but throughout the Dominion of New Zealand; that name is the name of the devoted and illustrious priest, Father Ginaty. It is my pleasing duty to note that the work of Mt. Magdala commends itself to all; the home of the Good Shepherd is open to all, Catholic and non-Catholic, and amongst the most generous benefactors of the institution we find the names of many non-Catholic friends. The work done here is so successful that the Government has shown its approval by an annual grant of £500. For this contribution we are deeply grateful, and we can look forward with confidence to the time when the amount will be larger, and a more adequate compensation for the valuable work done at Mt. Magdala.

Our presence here to-day is an assurance of our interest in the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. I would ask you to show your interest in a practical way. The Sisters have had to undergo much expense to provide more accommodation, we can help them by our contributions to-day, and might I suggest to those who have been blessed with an abundance of this world's goods one of the most pleasing acts of gratitude to God would be to help in the good work done by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Mt. Magdala. I, therefore, having blessed the new building according to the ceremonial of our holy faith, declare the building formally open, and as Bishop of the diocese, assure the Sisters that their work will have my hearty support, and I trust that the choicest blessings

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of heaven may continue to prosper the work of the community of the Good Shepherd, at Mt. Magdala.

Sir George Clifford, in the course of a very interesting speech, said that going through the Dominion one was simply amazed at the number and extent of the charitable institutions connected with the Church, considering that the Dominion was only 70 years old. He remembered that when he came to Canterbury in 1870 the train only went to Kaiapoi; beyond that the horse reigned supreme. Seventy years ago the provinces looked over a plain which was merely a tangled mass of indigenous vegetation, and now he asked them to think of the enormous progress which had been made in all ways. The speaker paid a high tribute to the energetic and invaluable work of the late Rev. Father Giaty, which was followed by the work of the late revered Bishop. The work they had accomplished and the inspiration they had had in bringing the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to New Zealand, had been abundantly blessed. Faith was a good thing and good works were good also, but they had the best authority for saying that charity was the greatest of all. The speaker said it was a fallacy to think that a convent was necessarily a place of gloom, and anyone who had that idea in his or her head should come up and spend an afternoon at Mt. Magdala. He paid a very high tribute to the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. H. G. Ell, M.P., said that it was a great pleasure to be present and to express his deep gratitude for the work of the Sisters. He was glad to know that Parliament was making an annual grant, for it was the duty of the State to associate itself with such missions of kindness, and nobody could estimate from an economic standpoint the amount of good flowing from the work. So far as his voice could help in Parliament in aiding the work of these noble Sisters it would be willingly raised.

Rev. Dr. Kennedy returned thanks for the Mother Prioress and the Sisters associated with her. Speaking for the clergy, he said, they were proud of the work that had been conducted by the Sisters, for it was a work closely associated with their own in reclaiming the sinner. Bishop Brodie, when in Auckland, had been a kind of unofficial agent for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and had always been a good friend of the Order, and the Sisters were very pleased to have him present. He wished to thank Sir George Clifford, whose name was synonymous with good works, and Mr. Ell and all the others who had taken part.

Mr. J. R. Hayward also spoke of the good work of the Sisters, and said that every citizen of Christchurch owed them a debt of deep gratitude.

At the close of the ceremony the Sisters served tea, and a general inspection of the new wing took place, while a section of Berry's Private Band played selections.

A *Lyttelton Times* representative thus describes the new additions:—The new buildings have been badly needed for a long time past, explained the Rev. Mother. When Mt. Magdala was first built, it sufficed for the needs of the community housed there, but the family is an ever-growing one, and the accommodation soon proved far too limited to carry on the many activities of the Home to advantage. So extensive additions were decided on, and the result is a handsome block containing a spacious dining-hall, airy dormitories, and a very complete set of kitchen, bakery, and domestic offices, besides a badly needed extension of the laundry, which is the leading feature of the institution. The new portion is built throughout of brick, with substantial concrete floors, and fresh air has been everywhere provided for abundantly. It is lighted throughout by electricity, and is built round a square which will be planted in grass and make a pretty lawn space in the centre of the block. A visit was first paid to the kitchen block, where capacious ovens, fed by big fires, were cooking the meals for the inmates. In a neat yard, just off the kitchen, there is a storage room for coal, and the big kitchen itself is a model of neatness. Off the kitchen there are rooms for preparing vegetables, store-rooms and an ample scullery, while in another corner there is a dining-room for the men engaged on the farm. There are big slides from the kitchen direct to the dining-room, and so simplified has the labor of serving the meals been made that 120 people can be served with a hot meal in twenty minutes. A feature of the kitchen is a big copper arrangement by which enough tea for the big crowd of people is easily made. The boiling water is in an urn of huge dimensions just above the infuser. It is turned on to the tea leaves, and the tea is then conducted to the dining-room by a pipe, and is drawn off in jugs as required. Off the kitchen there is a storeroom literally packed with an assortment of foodstuffs, and there is also a big larder with room for plenty of meat. All the mutton, beef, and bacon used at the Home is grown and killed there, and the fact that seventeen and sometimes eighteen sheep are used in a week will show how liberal is the supply.

Above the dining hall and approached by a big concrete stairway is a dormitory with rows of spotless white beds. It is the last word in cleanliness and airy comfort, and two neat rooms are occupied by the nuns who have charge. There is a very fine system of lavatory accommodation, with hand-basins all along the walls, and capacious linen-presses are provided. The dormitory has a very pretty stamped steel ceiling, enamelled in white. A visit was then paid to the laundry, which is much better worked with the additional space. The new portion of the building contains the engine-room, with its big steam-engine that drives everything, and all the shafting is run in an underground tunnel that minimises any danger to the workers in the laundry. The drying-room is heated by steam pipes from the engine, the steam afterwards being run into a big underground condenser and pumped to the huge tank above. Everywhere there is apparent a shrewd regard for economy of working, which reflects the greatest credit on those who planned the new buildings.

COMMERCIAL

Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, May 9, 1916, as follows:—Rabbitskins.—Our next sale will be held on Monday, 22nd inst. Sheepskins.—Our next sale will be held on Tuesday, 16th inst. Hides.—We held our fortnightly sale on Thursday, 4th inst., when we submitted a medium catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition was good, and late values were well maintained. Stout heavy ox, 11d; medium, to 10½d; heavy cow hides, to 10½d; yearlings, to 10½d; best calfskins, to 12½d; medium, to 11d; others, 3d to 7d per lb. Oats.—During this week the demand has been less. Prime Gartons meet with fair inquiry at quotations, but other lines are hard to place. Prime milling, 2s 3d to 2s 4d; good to best feed, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; inferior to medium, 1s 10d to 2s 1d per bushel (sacks extra). Wheat.—The only lines that meet with any attention from millers are choice lines of velvet and Tuscan. The bulk of the offering is medium quality Tuscan, which is very difficult to place at late rates. Fowl wheat is offering freely and meets with a fair demand at quotations. Prime milling velvet, 5s 1d to 5s 2d; Tuscan, 4s 5d to 4s 6d; medium, 4s 2d to 4s 3d; best whole fowl wheat, 4s to 4s 1d per bushel (sacks extra). Chaff.—Consignments have not been coming forward so freely and prime oaten sheaf shows a slight advance in values. Medium and inferior quality are hard to sell. Best oaten sheaf, £3 10s to £3 15s; medium to good, £3 to £3 5s; light and discolored, £2 10s to £2 15s per ton (sacks extra). Potatoes.—Consignments have not been coming forward so freely and choice table lines are meeting with a better demand. Medium lots and those effected with disease and scab are not readily sold. Quotations: Choice tables, £5 to £5 5s; medium to good, £4 5s to £4 15s per ton (sacks in).

ROLL OF HONOR

LIEUTENANT JENNINGS, NEW PLYMOUTH.

(From our Auckland correspondent.)

Mr. W. T. Jennings, M.P., has received a letter from Colonel Gubbins, R.F.A., Athlone, in which particulars are given of the death of his son at that place on February 29. Lieutenant Jennings, R.F.A., was wounded at Loos on September 29, his colonel, captain, and brother lieutenant being killed. He was sent to Dublin Castle Hospital, and after convalescence was sent to Athlone. He broke down in health a month before he died, and though the two best medical experts from Dublin were called in as consultants, he passed away, the cause of death being ulcerative endocarditis, due to the shrapnel wounds received. Colonel Gubbins writes:—'Everything possible was done for him; he had two nurses and three doctors, and I cannot speak too highly of their care and attention to your son. He was seen constantly by the acting Catholic chaplain. Your son was much liked by everyone who met him, and he was very popular with his brother officers, who thought very highly of him; and I considered him a sterling good fellow and good officer, and he is a great loss. We all sympathise with you and his mother in your great sorrow—it is too terrible for you being so far away.' Lieutenant Jennings was born in Auckland, and was educated at St. Patrick's College, Wellington. He held a good position in the British South American Bank, Buenos Aires, leaving there on the outbreak of war. Two other brothers left with the Marine Expeditionary Force, New Zealand, one (Corporal Edgar Jennings) being killed at Quinn's Post on August 3. The other brother (Sergeant Jennings) was in Egypt in February last.

J. M. J.

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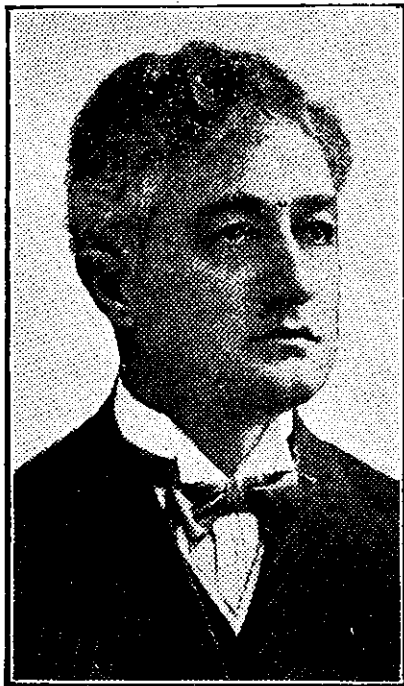
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MARRIAGE

KERIN—LYNCH.—On May 1, 1916, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by Rev. Father Kavanagh, James Kerin, Rotorua, only son of Peter Kerin, County Clare, Ireland, to Ellen Margaret Lynch, second daughter of John Lynch, Roslyn.

DEATH

O'CONNELL.—On May 5, 1916, at Oamakau, Henrietta Mary, beloved wife of Denis O'Connell, 14 Kilgour street, Roslyn, Dunedin; aged 30 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

PONINGHAUS.—In loving memory of our dear daughter, Annie Poninghaus, who died at Christchurch, on May 9, 1914; aged 9½ years.

She was a flower too fair for earth,
Sent here but for a while;
God marked her when He gave her birth,
And took her with a smile.

—Inserted by her loving parents and sister.

J. C. Dromgool, M.Sc. LL.B. P. E. Dromgool, LL.B.

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

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

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

April 4, 1900. LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1916.

THE REVOLT, AND AFTER



THE cable news from Ireland is still somewhat fragmentary, but the latest messages convey the satisfactory intelligence that the shops have re-opened in Dublin and that the situation in the capital is now practically normal. The most arresting items of the week have been those relating to the punishment of the conspirators and to the drastic political and administrative changes which have been or are to be made as one of the consequences of the trouble. In regard to the first, the authorities in the first instance acted in a reasonable and commonsense way and one to which no dispassionate or thoughtful mind could take serious exception. It was necessary that the actual ringleaders should be severely dealt with, and the infliction of the death penalty on the two or three who were the head and front of the mad movement cannot fairly be made the subject of condemnation. There were amongst them men of high education, who must have known the full significance of what they were doing. P. H. Pearse, Dublin born but of English descent, one of the signatories to and probably the framer of the document proclaiming an

Irish republic, was a man of high scholarship and undoubted ability. He had recently published a pamphlet—anti-English, of course—on the subject of Irish education, and the reviewer of *The Gaelic Athlete*, Dublin, while not professing to agree with all the contents of the publication, says of the author: 'When Mr. Pearse writes on Irish education, he writes on a subject of which he has more knowledge and experience than any of his readers, and he is besides one of the foremost thinkers of modern Ireland.' The eulogium is probably exaggerated, but it is sufficient to indicate that Pearse was a man who might easily acquire a hold over less reflecting people. James Connolly, who was at first reported killed, and later as badly wounded, is also a man of more than ordinary education and ability. He is the author of a volume entitled *Labour in Irish History*, issued by one of the leading Dublin firms, regarding which the publishers' notice says: 'This work by Mr. James Connolly, the well-known Irish-American Labor Leader, will be invaluable for those who desire to gain a knowledge as to the relations between the great political movements of the past in Ireland, and the hopes and struggles of the toiling masses. Beginning with a careful resumé of the effects of the rupture with Gaelic traditions, laws, and language, it deals with the social aspect of the various phases of the Irish National struggle for the past two centuries, and the part which the labor question played in these historical episodes. The work will form an indispensable handbook for all engaged in democratic propaganda in Ireland.' At a time of severe crisis such as the present, men like these are dangerous, and no one will complain if effective measures are taken to protect loyal and law-abiding people from their reckless deeds. But to deal out the death penalty indiscriminately on their blind and foolish dupes would be the surest way to make martyrs and to direct popular sympathy into quite the wrong channel. According to Mr. Redmond, such a tendency has already manifested itself, and from motives of policy, if from no higher considerations, it is time that the authorities called a halt in the matter of executions of the rank and file.

*

The resignations arising out of the failure of the Irish Executive to make the necessary preparations for possible trouble include those of Mr. A. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and of Sir Matthew Nathan, Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. The retirement of the latter, whose appointment was always a bitter pill for the Irish people, will give unqualified satisfaction throughout Ireland. In the case of Mr. Birrell, on the contrary, regret and sympathy will be the prevailing feeling in all quarters, not only amongst his friends, but even in the ranks of his political opponents. Genial, cultured, broad-viewed, with a wide and enlightened knowledge and appreciation of the best and highest aspirations of the Irish people, the spirit of his administration of Irish affairs was always friendly, generous, and sympathetic. His personal worth, gratitude for his past good work in Ireland, and the candor with which he acknowledged his failure adequately to grasp the trend of recent developments, all combine to disarm criticism, and constrain us to think of him always as the kindly gentleman, and lover and friend of Ireland. But these considerations cannot blind us to the fact that the Irish Executive showed a most woful laxity and a most extraordinary disregard of plain and unmistakable intimations that mischief was brewing. Though the rebels had succeeded in keeping the actual details of their plans a close secret, the signs and omens of coming trouble were open and palpable, not only in Clan-na-Gael quarters in America but even in Ireland itself. For example: After a small affray arising out of a Sinn Fein gathering, we read, in an Irish paper dated February 26, of the discovery of a quantity of explosives and ammunition in a wood on the outskirts of the village. A large number of tins ordinarily used by workmen to carry their dinners were found filled with explosives, the caps screwed down and fuses inserted. 'The County Inspector, Dis-

trict Inspector, and a large force of police,' says the paper, 'arrived in the village and carried out a diligent search. The result of their investigations is not yet definitely known, but interesting developments are promised. A military expert has examined the explosives and bombs found concealed in a drain at Leixlip. The large quantity of the former mainly consisted of gelignite, a very high explosive of the dynamite class, and gunpowder and smokeless powder in tins. There were nine bombs, constructed from small one-quart tins with handles, filled with sharp pieces of iron and heads of bolts, packed round a gelignite cartridge, into which was inserted a detonator attached to a few inches of safety fuse. Experienced officers consider these bombs highly dangerous and likely to cause widespread destruction. The bombs were of very recent construction, the tins not being rusted in any way.' 'That was two months before the rebellion broke out, but apparently no precautions were taken. About a month later, on St. Patrick's Day, 5000 Sinn Fein Volunteers, armed and equipped, were reviewed in Dublin by Mr. Eoin MacNeill, and the traffic in College Green and Dame street was suspended for the occasion. Commanders Pearse, Macdonagh, etc., were present. Shortly afterwards, the *London Times* reported the following incident: 'A number of armed men appeared about midnight outside Dublin Castle. The officer in charge posted one body of troops at the upper and another at the lower gate. A third body was sent round to hold the exits at the rear. After these dispositions had been made to the officer's satisfaction he inspected and dismissed his troops. Dublin Castle had been taken—in theory.' Still nothing was done; and when the attack on Dublin Castle was actually made there were only three soldiers at hand for its defence, and according to the cables the rebels could easily have walked in had they not been afraid that its apparent weakness was only a trap.

*

The reports and open statements in American papers gave a still more explicit indication of the intended rising. We have space for only one or two illustrative extracts. 'Ireland on the Verge of Revolt' was the heading of an article which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* at the end of March. The substance of the article was contributed by Miss Carolyn Wilson, the woman war correspondent of the paper, who wrote under date March 22 that Ireland was on the verge of revolt and that the partially armed Irish Volunteers were ready for open resistance to British authority. 'Anything may happen in Ireland any time,' wrote Miss Wilson, 'and we won't get a chance to print what happens until long after the happening.' The *New York World* of April 2 printed an article with the significant title 'The Revolt in Ireland,' in which it dealt with the openness of the Sinn Fein activities. And an *Irish World* editorial of April 1 had these suggestive words: 'The recent Convention summoned into existence the new organisation known as the Friends of Irish Freedom. Its very name is suggestive of the work it has mapped out for itself. Let us highly resolve that that work from this time forth shall be carried forward with zeal and devotion worthy of the mighty issues involved. . . . The hour for decisive action has struck. We are living in a time such as our fathers hoped to see. Shall we let it slip by without our availing ourselves of our unquestioned ability to render invaluable service to Mother Ireland?' In the face of all these premonitory signs and utterances, the Irish Executive took no steps for the protection of life and property in Ireland. Under the circumstances the claim of the broken Dublin citizens, and still more of the ruined and destitute poor, for compensation from the Imperial Treasury is one that cannot be denied.

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Notes

Irish Gallantry at Loos

As a timely set-off to the actions of the Sinn Feiners, Mr Philip Gibbs has described the splendid gallantry displayed by the 16th Irish Division in breaking up a German attack made under cover of gas. 'While Sinn Feiners,' he said, as reported in a cable dated May 1, 'were besmirching the honor of Ireland, the Irish Division in France is proving that there are no politics in the Army. The Dublin revolt is hateful to the men in the trenches. The Irish holding a chalk-pit at Hulluch experienced a hellish bombardment on April 27. Day and night the whole Loos salient was throbbing with high explosives. The officers rallied the men with the cry, "Steady, boys!" Then at five in the morning there was a sudden shout of warning of gas. The division donned gas helmets and, amid remarks such as "I wish Casement would get a taste of this," the men fearlessly awaited the oncoming cloud, behind which were German infantry. The Dublin Fusiliers fiercely replied to the attack, and a German officer and forty-seven dead were left entangled in the barbed wire at one point. In a second attack the Germans, after more gas, reached a portion of the Inniskillings' and Dublin Fusiliers' trenches, but a counter-attack ejected them in half an hour. This is the first time this Irish division has been in action, but the young soldiers were magnificently cool.'

The Man Who Dropped the Match

Home papers record the fact that the wretched Serbian student Prinzip, whose shot at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, set Europe a-fire, is dying of consumption in an Austrian gaol. An odd chance has left him to linger in prison and face death by disease while millions whose lives his shot imperilled have met their end by fire and sword. Five of those said to be implicated with him in the plot were hanged, but his age was nineteen, and as a minor he could not by Austrian law suffer the death penalty. His sentence was twenty years' penal servitude. Should he live to complete it, he would emerge to find the world still bleeding from the wounds that came of his act. 'It is arguable,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, 'that no single action in all recorded time has so changed the fate of the world as his. It may be that the Great War would have come in any case. That we can never know. But the murder of the Archduke was the immediate cause of it as certainly as a dropped match is of an explosion in the powder magazine where it falls. If Norman William had died at Senlac, if Wellington had lost at Waterloo, the conceivable consequences would have been less wide than those which might have been averted if this Pan-Slav fanatic had held his hand at Sarajevo, as he confessed he was tempted to do when he saw the Archduke's wife by her husband's side in the carriage.'

Our Lady of the Trenches

In the following simple but graceful lines, contributed to the *Rosary Magazine*, Denis A. McCarthy brings out an aspect of life in the trenches which, to the Catholic mind, at least, goes some little way towards relieving the hellish horror of the ceaseless carnage which is draining the life blood of Europe:—

Within the gloomy trenches
Where hideous noises stun,
And death's dark rainfall drenches
The gunner and the gun,—
Behold, there stands an altar
To Mary and her Son.

How strange to bring her hither,
The Virgin Full of Grace,
Where battle-tempests wither
The bravest of the race!—
But is she not their mother,
And is not this her place?

These lads from hillsides heathy,
These men from wood and wold,
From bench and shop and smithy,
From farm and field and fold,
Their hearts lay hold on Jesus
And Mary, as of old.

And prayers they used to prattle
In boyhood, have become
A prelude to the battle
More potent than the drum,
And, oh, the soul repeats them
E'en when the lips are dumb.

And lest their spirits falter,
And lest they fail as men,
They raise her here an altar
Within their darksome den,
While waiting war's wild fury
To burst on them again.

And when the strong hand clenches
In death's last grip of pain,
Our Lady of the Trenches,
Be thou there with the slain,
Nor let their heart's devotion
To thee be all in vain!

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

We are requested to state that there are several vacancies for players in the Christian Brothers' fourth grade football team. The secretary will be pleased to receive the names of those willing to join.

On Sunday there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral from the last Mass until after Vespers, when there was the usual procession, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mr. T. F. McLaughlin, who was formerly in charge of the Invercargill Tourist Office, and who has recently been temporarily in charge of the Dunedin office, has received information that he is to be stationed here permanently. The transfer means promotion for Mr. McLaughlin.

St. Joseph's Harriers held a very enjoyable run last Saturday from the Sacred Heart Home, Anderson's Bay. The trail led up the high road to half-way rock, returning via Tomahawk and Shiel Hill. Afterwards the harriers were entertained at tea by the Little Sisters of the Poor, who were thanked for their thoughtful hospitality.

On Wednesday, May 3, at St. Joseph's Hall, a large number of friends assembled to say good-bye to Messrs. C. Moloney and J. Scott, who were here on final leave before leaving for the front. A splendid programme, consisting of musical and elocutionary items, was submitted and thoroughly enjoyed. During the evening Mr. Moloney was the recipient of a soldier's outfit, suitably inscribed (the gift of the Ladies' Club), and a handsome pocketbook from St. Joseph's Harriers. Mr. Scott was presented with a diary and pocket-book, given by the members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club and the harriers respectively. Mrs. Jackson, in making the presentations, spoke of the recipients' good qualities and wished them a safe return to Dunedin. Mr. Ahern, on behalf of St. Joseph's Harriers, congratulated his fellow-members on the step they had taken, and said just as they had been a credit to their club, so also, he felt sure, they would do their duty to their King and Country. Mr. Moloney, on behalf of his friend and himself, thanked the donors for their nice and much appreciated gifts. Refreshments, provided by the ladies, were then handed round, and the evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

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Christchurch North

May 8.

The Catholic Girls' Club continues to enjoy its full share of patronage, and the accommodation during the Easter holidays was taxed to the utmost, there being visitors from all parts of the Dominion and Victoria. At the first meeting of the new committee, held on April 17, an entertainment committee was formed to take charge of the Wednesday evening amusements. The following arrangements have been made for the month of May:—May 17, a lecture by Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M.; May 24, competitions and music; May 31, a 'Dickens evening' by Mr. Dobbin. All members and their friends are invited to be present. It is hardly necessary to say that each evening will prove very enjoyable.

VISIT OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BRODIE.

On Tuesday evening, May 2, his Lordship Bishop Brodie was entertained at a conversazione in the Art Gallery by the parishioners of St. Mary's on the occasion of his first visit to the parish. Although the weather proved unfavorable there was a very large attendance, the spacious hall being crowded. The first part of the evening was devoted to a musical programme, which was contributed to by the following:—Songs, Mr. A. McDonald; pianoforte solo, Miss Ward; song, Mrs. B. B. Wood; recitation, Mr. F. Rowe. Mr. De La Cour's orchestra played selections. Judging by the applause extended to the performers, the items were thoroughly appreciated.

Very Rev. Dean Regnault, on behalf of the clergy, expressed his pleasure at seeing so large an attendance, and also referred to the large numbers who were present on the previous Sunday, when his Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 268 candidates, who felt that they were honored at being the first to receive the Sacrament from his Lordship's hands. The Very Rev. Dean congratulated his Lordship on his elevation to the episcopacy, on his priestly career, his administration, piety, tact, and love for God's House. We rejoiced (he said) when you were appointed to succeed our late beloved Bishop, and we welcome you as the representative of his Holiness the Pope. By the zeal and ability which you had shown in your parish and as administrator in Auckland, we are sure that success will crown your Lordship's episcopal administration in the diocese of Christchurch. Knowing the great interest your Lordship takes in the education of our children, and your desire to make our schools free to all Catholic children, you will be pleased to learn that weekly school fees do not exist in St. Mary's parish. The higher education of our boys does not receive the same attention as that of our girls, and provision for this will be made by the erection of St. Bede's College in Papanui in the near future. In conclusion the Dean said his sincere wish was that his Lordship's next visit would be to lay the foundation stone of the new college, and not far from it the new church. On behalf of the clergy of St. Mary's he extended to the Bishop a hearty welcome.

Mr. H. H. Loughnan, on behalf of the laity, said:—While the people of St. Mary's joined in that great wave of welcome extended to you on your consecration as Bishop of Christchurch, they did not feel satisfied till they had an opportunity to meet and speak to you themselves. Soon after your arrival you had won the hearts of all by your sympathetic references to our late Bishop. He (the speaker) felt assured that their presence in such large numbers spoke more clearly and eloquently than any words of his of the esteem and love felt for his Lordship. He hoped that the present gathering would be the forerunner of many others. His Lordship could rely on receiving a thousand welcomes to St. Mary's parish.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie, who was received with applause, said:—Very Rev. Dean, Rev. Fathers, and dear people of St. Mary's parish, I thank you very heartily for the very kind welcome extended to me this evening. The people of St. Mary's had done themselves great credit by their attendance on Sunday last when severe weather conditions prevailed. It spoke volumes for their faith. Their attendance that evening was also greatly to their credit. He was like a general, who had a great task before him and who searched for his men and munitions. He realised the greatness of his task. It was his intention to go through the diocese collecting information and finding out the resources. He was greatly impressed by the grand and noble work accomplished by his illustrious predecessor, and especially so when he entered the splendid Cathedral which Bishop Grimes had labored so hard and so successfully to build. When he saw what his priests, the good Sisters, and the people themselves had done, he felt that the task God had allotted to him was greatly lightened. It would be his first consideration to treat education in a manner which would appeal to the priests and laity of the diocese. He admired what had been done

in St. Mary's, and wished to compliment the people. It was hardly necessary for him to urge the people to rally round their priests in any undertakings which they had in hand. Everywhere he saw evidence of a spirit which convinced him that he would enjoy the help of his priests, his religious, and his people. He desired specially to thank the performers for their enjoyable musical programme, the people for their attendance, and all those responsible for the pleasant evening's entertainment, and concluded by saying it would always give him great pleasure to visit St. Mary's.

The ladies of the parish provided a very dainty supper, after which his Lordship moved about among the people, making their acquaintance.

WEDDING BELLS

KERIN—LYNCH.

On May 1, a pretty wedding took place at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, when Mr. James Kerin, only son of Mr. Peter Kerin, County Clare, was married to Miss Ellen Lynch, second daughter of Mr. John Lynch, Roslyn. Rev. Father Kavanagh performed the ceremony and also celebrated a Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a costume of white merv silk, the usual veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white flowers. The bridesmaids were Misses Lizzie and Teresa Lynch (sisters of the bride), who were dressed in cream serge costumes, and carried pretty bouquets. Mr. Peter Fallon was best man, and Mr. James Lynch (brother of the bride) was groomsman. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold brooch, and to each of the bridesmaids a gold bangle. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a silver-mounted walking-stick. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the Waratah Tearooms for the wedding breakfast, at which Rev. Father Kavanagh presided. The usual toasts were duly honored. The happy couple left by the second express for Invercargill on their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Kerin were the recipients of many useful and valuable wedding presents, including several cheques.

McNAMARA—MOODY.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Patrick's Church, Lawrence, on April 26, when Miss Hannah Moody, second daughter of Mrs. and the late Andrew Moody, of Lawrence, was married to Mr. Neil McNamara, fourth son of Mrs. and the late Patrick McNamara, of Napier. The Very Rev. Mgr. O'Leary, assisted by the Rev. Father Kaveney, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her mother, looked very charming in a richly embroidered voile, with the usual bridal veil and orange blossom, and was attended by her sister (Miss Bella Moody) as bridesmaid, who was attired in a pale pink crepe-de-chine. Mr. J. O'Farrell, of Dunedin, acted as best man. As the bridal party left the church the 'Wedding March' was played by Miss Woods, of Lawrence. After the ceremony a large number of guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was served. Monsignor O'Leary proposed the toast of the 'Bride and Bridegroom,' and other customary toasts were duly honored. The happy couple left by motor for Southland, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents, including a number of substantial cheques; and telegrams of congratulation were received from all parts of the Dominion, showing the high esteem in which the young couple are held.

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A correspondent writes as follows:—'Your Auckland correspondent has made a mistake in saying that the late Mrs. H. M. McGuire was a native of Clare. She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lee, of Cahirleheen, Tralee, County Kerry, and sister of Mrs. Martin Ryan (Hastings), and of Mr. M. J. Lee (Kumara).'

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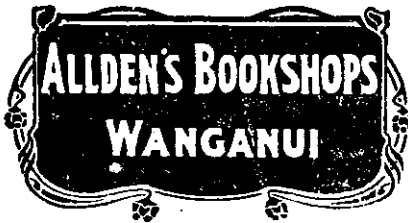
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Irish News

GENERAL.

Mr. John Kavanagh, late of Broadford, Limerick, has five sons with the colors. His sixth son is too young to join.

An enthusiastic reception was given to Lord and Lady De Freyne on their return after their marriage to the family seat, Frenchpark House, Co. Roscommon. The road was spanned with arches of evergreens. At night bonfires were lighted. The houses in the town were brilliantly illuminated, and cheering crowds, accompanied by the local band, assembled to greet the young pair.

The Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, in the course of his Lenten Pastoral, said that the man who struck a blow against the Prussian struck a blow for justice, freedom, and right. Every acre the Prussian rules over has been acquired by injustice and rapine. Albert of Brandenburg laid the foundations of his kingdom in perjury and fraud, and his successors enlarged it by the same means.

The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, in his Lenten Pastoral said that Ireland had shown, by the voluntary presence in the armies of the Allied nations of 150,000 dauntless soldiers from this sparsely populated little island, and by as many more of her scattered sons from abroad, that she was determined to protect herself against such a fate as has overtaken Belgium—that she was determined to defend her homes, her farms, her industries, her religious freedom, her educational institutions—in a word, her hard-won liberties.

The little community of Irish nuns from Ypres safely reached their new home at Merton, Co. Wexford, on March 3. The Sisters numbered thirteen—the Laddy Abbess, the Mother Prioress, seven Choir Dames, and four lay Sisters. They were accompanied by Rev. Father Lambert Beau-duin. Dame Teresa (Miss Howard) is a niece of Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., the Irish leader; Dame Placid is Miss Druhon, member of a well-known family in the Lady's Island, County Wexford; and Dame Aloysius is her cousin, Miss Rossiter, of an old Kilmore family, County Wexford.

The death has occurred at Portlaw, Co. Waterford, of the Very Rev. Richard Henebry, D.Ph. Born in 1864, he was at one time on the mission in Manchester, and went from there to become Professor of Irish at the Catholic University, Washington, U.S.A. He was regarded as a leading authority on the ancient language. For some years after resigning this appointment he was a much-loved and highly-esteemed personality in Irish circles in Cork city and county, especially at Ballingearry, and in his capacity of Professor of Irish at the University College, Cork, was extremely popular with the students and staffs of the institute, and, too, of the Irish College at Ring, Co. Waterford, where he taught during the summer months.

IRISH LEADER'S OPTIMISM.

On the evening of St. Patrick's Day, Mr. John Redmond visited the King Edward Hospital, in London, where are a large number of wounded Irish soldiers. A concert had been arranged for the men of Lady Tree, and the Irish leader sounded a note of cheery optimism in a short speech, in which he said: 'We in Ireland are proud of what Irishmen have done fighting side by side with Englishmen, Frenchmen, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, and Belgians, and the consolation to all of you is that you have fought in the noblest cause that tongue or sword of man ever defended, the cause of true religious liberty, your own liberty, and that of others, the protection of small and weak nations against the most wicked oppression that has ever been attempted in the history of the whole world. Men who have fought and suffered in so noble a cause have earned the eternal gratitude of the whole civilised world. You can carry that consolation in your souls.' Mr. Redmond went on to say that he had recently visited France, Belgium, and Flanders, and had seen what soldiers had to go through. 'Since then,' he said, 'I have been thinking day and night of what our troops have been going through out there. I congratulate you men that your lives at any rate have been spared. I congratulate you on your honorable wounds. We are reaching, I believe, the turn of the tide in this war, and the time is at hand when we shall be able to pay those villains and bullies out for the way in which they have attempted to pull down the liberties of the world.' Mr. Redmond added that he had seen no pessimists or depressed men at the front. He was told they were all on this side, and he wished such people could be sent out to see for themselves the cheeriness of men who were defending their lives and their liberties.

MR. REDMOND'S VIEWS.

Mr. J. E. Redmond, in an interview, said that his first feeling on hearing of the Sinn Fein revolt was one of horror, discouragement, and almost of despair. In forty years Ireland had emerged from pauperism and slavery to prosperity and freedom. When the war came she sided with liberty and democracy—any other course was impossible. 'That same section which to-day is the catspaw of Germany,' he added, 'has throughout the Home Rule struggle thwarted and opposed us. This wicked move is their last blow at Home Rule. It has been plotted, organised, and paid for by Germany, and is equivalent to a German invasion of Ireland as cynical as that of Belgium. It is not Germany's fault that Ireland is not a second Belgium. What can I say of those men in America who aided the movement while they remained safe in remoteness? They are guilty of treason to America, which gives them a home, and to Ireland, their birthplace.' Mr. Redmond commented on the fact that while the Dublin Fusiliers were being shot in Dublin, the Irish Brigade re-took some trenches at Loos. 'The German plot, however, has failed,' said Mr. Redmond. 'Home Rule has not been destroyed. It is indestructible.' Mr. Redmond placed himself at the disposal of the authorities, with whom he was in constant touch. He instructed the Nationalist Volunteers throughout Ireland to hold themselves at the disposal of the military authorities. The Volunteers had already of their own accord, mobilised in support of the troops.

A MISSIONARY FAMILY.

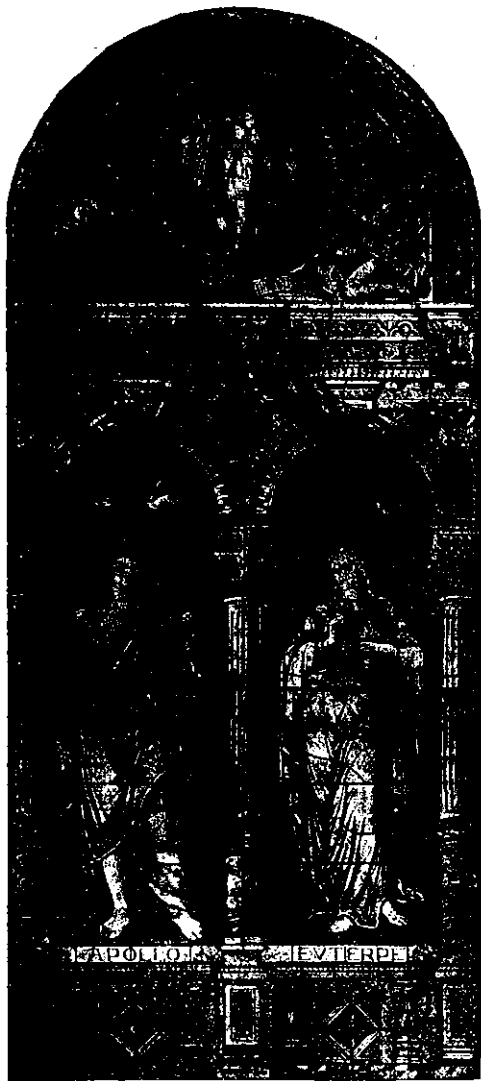
'Ireland's glory is Ireland's faith,' is a saying we have often heard. And 'tis true that the thing a good Irish family glories in most is its faith and that faith's evidence in the family (says the *Catholic Standard and Times*). The story here told of an Irish family—a story that abounds in cheerful sacrifice for God's faith and God's Church—a whole family of five sons and one only daughter giving themselves to the service of religion—this is a story that could be told of many a family in dear old Erin. We give the story in the words of one of the priest-sons, Father Laurence Rogan, of the Philippine Islands. 'By this mail,' writes Father Rogan, 'I am sending you a photograph of the family to which I belong. It is a veritable missionary photo., and hence I know it will interest you. Four of the sons on this photo. are now foreign missionary priests, while the fifth is still studying for the foreign missions. St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, is our alma mater. The only daughter, Kathleen, is a professed Redemptoristine nun in Drumcondra, Dublin. Our dear father, now going on towards seventy, lives all alone in dear old Ireland, and is most happy, hard at work, hale and hearty. His farm and house are situated some three miles from the church, yet for years and years—in fact, as far back as I can remember—he has never failed to attend daily Mass. In truth, this has been his custom since boyhood—always to go to daily Mass if it were at all possible to get there. Daily Mass has been his practice all through life, and for many years he has been a daily communicant. Small wonder, then, that he raised a family of missionaries! With wonderful mastery over self, and with wondrous cheer and readiness did he make each new sacrifice as each newly ordained son bade him farewell to go forth and follow that Divine command. "Preach the Gospel to every creature." One solace was still left him here on earth, the company of his only daughter Kathleen, when, lo! she, too, heard the same gentle, constant voice and left all to join her Divine Spouse in the enclosed cloister of the Redemptoristine nuns. God be praised, and may His will be done. Even good people used sometimes remonstrate with him and say it was too much; that he should not allow all to go. His answer was always the same: "God gave me these children; if He want them for Himself, He shall have them."'

THE NEW BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

The late Dr. Sheehan's successor in the See of Waterford and Lismore, the Right Rev. Bernard Hackett, C.S.S.R., was consecrated at the Cathedral, Waterford, on Sunday, March 19. The sacred building was not large enough to accommodate all who sought admission. Thousands travelled long distances in unfavorable weather to be present. Special trains were run from Limerick, where the Bishop labored for many years. Dungarvan, his native place, was represented by a very large contingent.

The Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, was the consecrating prelate, and the Assistant Bishops were Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, and the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne. The other members of the hierarchy present were Right Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick; Right Rev. Dr. Mangan, Bishop of Kerry; Right Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Assistant-Bishop of Cork; the

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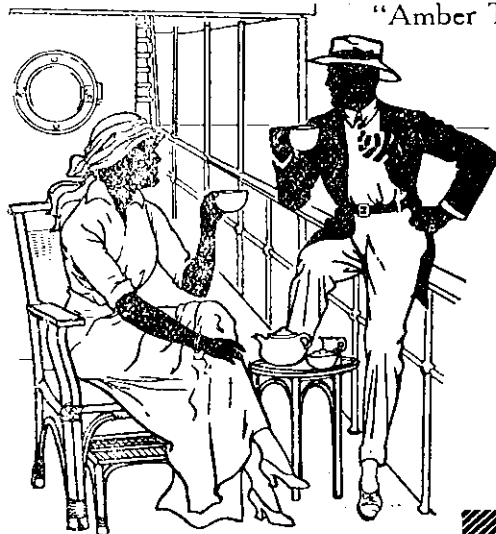
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MANAGER.

Right Rev. the Abbot of Mount Melleray; and the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, Auxiliary Bishop of Tuam.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Limerick, who was responsible for the consecration sermon, over twenty-four years ago, when Dr. Sheehan was raised to the Episcopate. After having paid a warm tribute to the late Bishop, he said that no episcopate could begin under happier omens than that of Dr. Hackett. 'We all know your young Bishop,' he continued 'and to know him is to love and to respect him. Amongst the devoted sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori he had little thought of becoming Bishop of Waterford, but God can work out the designs of His providence in other than human ways, and now the Holy See, with its unfailing providence, has made its choice and given you Dr. Hackett for your Bishop.' Around the throne of Benedict XV. (continued Bishop O'Dwyer) there gathered a few weeks ago a number of Cardinals, amongst whom were Cardinal Mercier, the patriot Primate of Belgium; Cardinal von Hartmann, of Germany; Cardinal Bourne, of England, and Cardinal Begin, of Quebec, each of them, he dared say, as enthusiastic for the cause of his country as any soldier in the trenches, but all of them drawn together in the higher and holier union which binds them to the Chair of Peter. Their own Bishop (Dr. Hackett) was the evidence and the symbol of their place in the union with Rome.

After the religious service, the Blessed Sacrament was removed from the altar, and addresses of congratulation were presented to the new Bishop by the priests of the diocese; the priests of the diocese laboring in the archdiocese of Glasgow; the new Bishop's class-fellows; the Corporations of Waterford, Limerick, and Clonmel; Waterford County Council, and many other representative bodies. The Limerick Boys' Confraternity presented an umbrella with their address, and the Men's Confraternity a costly chalice.

Dr. Hackett replied feelingly. He said it would be hard to conceive how a man could enter on the high office of Bishop under brighter auspices. He found himself confronted with a sight that only in dear old Ireland would be possible. He found himself welcomed on all sides by priests and people. He envisaged the work of the Christian Brothers and the National teachers, and though unable to speak Irish himself, promised to do all that he could for the teaching and speaking of the language, a language that entered into the nation's life.

Invercargill

The principal speaker at the send-off to Southland's quota for the 16th Reinforcements was the Very Rev. Dean Burke, V.F. On the occasion, the Municipal Theatre was crowded to the doors. The Very Rev. Father O'Neill, of Waikiwi, who occupied a seat on the stage, was called on by his Worship the Mayor to say a few words, and delivered an impromptu and humorous address. In a lengthy report of the proceedings, in which the speeches were fully reported, the *Southland Daily News* said, *inter alia*:—The proceedings throughout were characterised by the utmost enthusiasm, everybody being put in excellent humor by the clever and impromptu speech of the Very Rev. Father O'Neill, who had the whole house rocking with laughter during the quarter of an hour or so that he occupied the platform. So delighted were the audience with the amusing remarks of Father O'Neill, that they persistently applauded when he resumed his seat, and did not desist until he bowed his acknowledgments. The speeches of the Very Rev. Dean Burke and the Rev. R. M. Ryburn were easily the most eloquent, the most entertaining, and the best adapted deliverances yet heard at a function of the kind in Invercargill, and both gentlemen are to be congratulated on their particularly impressive rhetorical efforts.

The arrangements for the re-opening of St. Mary's Church, are now completed. A public reception will be given the visiting prelates and dignitaries at the railway station, when the 2.15 p.m. train arrives on Saturday. The congregation, the Hibernian Society, and the Hibernian Band will take part. On Sunday the various societies will attend the procession before and after the High Mass. His Grace Archbishop Redwood, as already mentioned, will be the morning preacher, and the Very Rev. Father O'Neill, of Waikiwi, will preach the sermon at Vespers. On Monday evening a conversation will be held in Victoria Hall. An address of welcome will be presented to his Grace the Archbishop; his Lordship Bishop Verdon and visiting clergy will also be welcomed, and speeches, instrumental music, and song will while away a no doubt pleasant evening. Such, in a general way, are the arrangements for the coming religious festivity, which will be a memorable one for Southland.

People We Hear About

The late Carmen Sylva knew Greek, Latin, English, French, and Roumanian; she had composed poems in the last three of these languages; she was a brilliant musician and composer and a skilled artist, shining especially in the illumination of manuscripts which would have done credit to the miniaturist of a medieval scriptorium.

Mary Anderson (now Madame De Navarro) returned to the stage recently for the first time since her marriage twenty-five years ago, playing at Worcester in a charity performance for a disabled soldiers' fund. The *Times* critique says that the acting of this great Catholic actress still shows 'magnetic charm and unimpaired power.'

The Countess de Markievicz, who had taken a leading part in the trouble in Dublin, is a sister of Sir Josslyn Augustus Richard Gore-Booth, and a daughter of the late Sir Henry Gore-Booth. She married the Polish Count Casimir Dunin de Markievicz in 1900. Her sister, Miss Eva Gore-Booth, is a suffragist, but is much better known for her charming poems.

The Nobel prize for the most useful scientific achievement of recent days has been awarded to Dr. Barany, a leading surgeon of Austria, who is now a prisoner of war in Russia. Dr. Barany discovered a new treatment for severe skull wounds which, it is reported, has proved to be of great value from the viewpoint of suffering humanity as represented by soldiers wounded in the head. The fact that Dr. Barany is one of the numerous men of science who are also devout members of the Church should be of interest to Catholics.

A new edition of *The Dream of Gerontius* causes the Dublin *Review* to recall the first publication of the poem. Aubrey de Vere testified to the fact that the manuscript had been pigeon-holed and practically forgotten by Dr. Newman, until a request came from Father Coleridge for a contribution to the *Month*. He looked into all his pigeon-holes and found nothing theological, but in answering his correspondent he added that he had come upon some verses which, if as editor, he wished to have, were at his command. The poem was published in the *Month*, April, 1865.

In neutral Switzerland men of the races on opposing sides in the great war are occupying governmental places of honor and power. Three Catholics hold the most important positions in Swiss affairs at the present time. The president of the Helvetic Senate, M. Python, is a veteran Catholic of Fribourg. The vice-president of the Council of State, M. Landermann Bueler, and the actual president of Switzerland, M. Motta, who comes from the Italian canton of Ticino, are also Catholics. Thus the three races of the Swiss confederation, the French, the German and the Italian, are all represented by Catholics in the government of the republic at the present time.

Information has been received in London that Major and Adjutant Lord Desmond FitzGerald, Irish Guards, brother and heir-presumptive to the Duke of Leinster, had been killed at the front. Lord Desmond was 27 years of age last September, was twice wounded, and in addition to having his name mentioned in despatches, he was awarded the Military Cross. Lord Desmond did not know what fear was, and, like all his countrymen, faced the greatest dangers with a joke on his lips. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he joined the Irish Guards as a second-lieutenant in 1909, got his captaincy in October, 1910, and was made a major last July. He has been adjutant since 1913. His family goes back to the beginning of the thirteenth century. The escutcheon of the FitzGerald has three apes upon it, and they figure there because in 1306 the heir of the House, when quite an infant, was saved from death by a monkey. According to tradition, a fire occurred at Woodstock Castle, and in the confusion which ensued the child was forgotten. Soon afterwards servants returned to look for him, and found the room in ruins, but, hearing a strange noise in one of the towers, they looked up and saw an ape, which ordinarily was kept chained, carefully guarding the infant in his arms. The present Duke of Leinster, who was born in 1887, is unmarried, and has never been strong in health. His next brother, Lord Desmond, who has just been killed, was, as just stated, the heir-presumptive to his Grace, who, it may be remarked, is the premier Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ireland. The Duke of Leinster's only surviving brother, Lord Edward FitzGerald, now becomes the heir-presumptive to the honors, titles, and dignities of this famous family.

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ROME LETTER

(From our own correspondent.)

March 3.

POLAND AND THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

The General Committee of Aid for the Victims of the War in Poland have, through M. H. Sienkiewicz and M. A. Osuchowski, sent the following letter to the Holy Father:—

Holy Father, penetrated by sentiments of the most profound gratitude for your Holiness's generous gift—a fresh proof of your feeling towards our country—we cast ourselves at your feet to express to your Holiness our warmest thanks, with those of our unfortunate compatriots, strengthened again by your fatherly help and your compassion.

Acting as we are doing, all Poland prostrates itself before your Holiness—Catholic Poland, now ensanguined and trampled down by military hordes, exhausted by hunger, buried beneath her ruins—and feels that, nevertheless, all is not lost for her because she desires to live and because your hands are laid on her martyred head to bless her.

Sustained by the paternal affection which you show us, by the hope and the faith with which you inspire us, we shall be able to await with confidence the new day that will dawn for us; and at the same time will arise again in the world that peace which is the object of your prayers and the reign of love and of justice for the oppressed.

In this unshakable certainty we lay at your feet, beloved Father and Vicar of Jesus Christ, the expression of our veneration, our attachment, our profound gratitude, and we are always faithful sons of our holy Mother the Church.

HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.
ANTHONY OSUCHOWSKI.

February 24, 1916.

THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF RELIGIOUS.

The Religious Orders and Congregations, and in a special manner the Orders of English-speaking countries, ought to feel well pleased at having Cardinal Falconio, sometime Apostolic Delegate to the United States, as Pre-

fect of the Sacred Congregation of Religious, inasmuch as he is one of themselves, and understands their organisations as perhaps no other Cardinal in Rome does.

CARDINAL MERCIER.

Why did Cardinal Mercier remain a whole month in Rome? Not a few have asked this question. On one side it was thought not improbable the Holy Father would retain his services altogether in Rome. And months ago (before the nomination of Cardinal Bisleti) it was thought the Primate of Belgium might be appointed Prefect of the new Sacred Congregation of Seminaries. The fact is Cardinal Mercier was engaged in drafting a scheme of regulations on studies, etc., for the guidance of the new Congregation, and only the very day before he left Rome was the result of his labors examined by the Cardinals of the institution. Needless to say, the Holy Father is too keen a statesman to think of removing from his post the Primate of Belgium at such a crisis in the history of his country.

NOTES.

The Roman press highly lauds the *Social History of the Church*, in two volumes, from the pen of the Right Rev. Mgr. Benigni, who has returned to the Chair of History in the Propaganda.

In the Church of Ara Coeli the first centenary of the martyrdom of Blessed John of Trionza, a Friar Minor of the Roman Province, who died for the Faith in China in 1816, is being observed this week.

Rev. Father Battle, diocese of Lismore, Australia, after passing some weeks as patient in the hospital of the Little Company of Mary, has left Rome for Ireland, where he hopes to recuperate before returning to Australia.

It is the wish of all M.P.'s
To catch the Speaker's eye.
By perseverance they may all
Be Speakers by-and-by.
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To catch another's cough,
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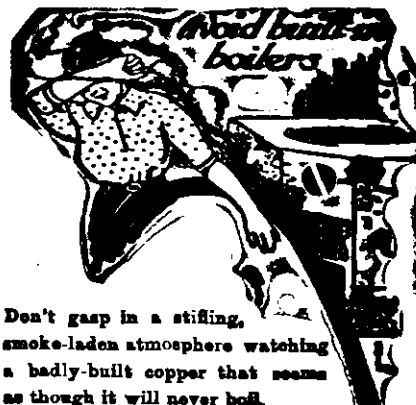
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The Catholic World

ENGLAND

A GENEROUS GIFT.

His Grace the Duke of Norfolk and the committee of Catholics of the diocese of Southwark, who are raising £100,000 to commemorate the silver jubilee of the ordination of the Right Rev. Bishop Amigo, have just received an anonymous gift of £1000. The donor expresses the wish that £500 shall be allocated to Walworth and £500 to Tooting, for the reduction of the debts on those missions.

THE NEW CARDIFF ARCHDIOCESE.

Following on the recent erection of the archdiocese of Cardiff, the vicar-Capitular, the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly, has received unofficial notification of the issue of a Papal Bull elevating the Pro-Cathedral of Belmont, in Herefordshire, to the full rank of a cathedral, and making the Church of St. David, Cardiff, also a cathedral. Thus the new Archbishop will have two cathedrals. The dignity conferred on Belmont is due to the fact that, on the appointment of the late Dr. Hedley as Bishop of Newport and Monmouth, Belmont Priory Church, being the property of the Benedictine Order, of which the Bishop was a member, was fixed upon as his Pro-Cathedral till such time as he could found a Cathedral. But that time never came. The Archbishop of Cardiff, being a Benedictine, will retain Belmont Cathedral, but St. David's Cathedral, situated in a great centre of population, will be more convenient for many purposes, especially to the secular clergy. Though St. David's was built more recently than St. Peter's Cardiff, it serves the oldest parish in that city, the Fathers of the Order of Charity having begun work there in 1846, Father Castaldi, subsequently Archbishop of Turin, being in charge. From their labors came developments which resulted in the building of the churches of St. Peter, St. Mary, St. David, and St. Patrick, which serve half the city. The present St. David's, built by the secular clergy, of whom the first to take charge of the parish was Mgr. Williams, has been selected for the new dignity because it serves the premier Cardiff parish. Amongst the clergy, it is considered that the elevation of St. David's to Cathedral rank will make it unnecessary to consider the question of erecting a Cathedral for some years to come.

ROME

THE HOLY FATHER AND BELGIUM.

M. Auguste Melot, the well-known Catholic Deputy for Namur, who recently returned from Rome, where he had the honor of being received by the Pope, delivered a lecture to the Paris students belonging to the Association of the Conference Saint Paul. He treated the delicate subject of Benedict XV. and Belgium. He said he knew that some people had been tempted to reproach the Pope with not having, immediately after the violation of Belgium by the German armies, fulminated against the crime. He was not, however, one of them, because he contended that neither from a natural nor from a supernatural point of view has anyone the right to pronounce on the silence of the judge. From a natural point of view, men of the present day have not the right to judge him, because they do not possess the distance of time necessary to historians, and from a supernatural point of view, because they are not the teaching Church. It was, he admitted, nevertheless true, that in the confusion which characterised the beginning of the war, everyone turned eyes towards the Vatican, expecting the sentence hoped for by some and dreaded by others. M. Melot declared that fact merited the attention of all Catholics, as it constituted an implied homage to the Papacy. It was impossible to doubt, said the orator, that certain personages surrounding the Pope thought that Belgium might have contented herself with offering a purely formal resistance, but he was able to certify that Benedict XV. never shared that view, and that he approved the action of the King of the Belgians, who could not believe there was more than one way of keeping an oath. M. Melot knew that personally, because the Holy Father told him so in so many words.

SCOTLAND

DEFENDING THE WORKERS.

The Most Rev. Dr. Maguire, Archbishop of Glasgow, has shown on various occasions that his hearty sympathy goes out to the humble and hard-worked toiler, especially

when he is subjected to any injustice. Naturally, therefore, he expresses in his Lenten Pastoral satisfaction that the charges made against the Clyde munition workers have proved baseless. These charges, he states, were made by interested persons enjoying large profits from the work of their men, and unfortunately they were believed and repeated, without proper enquiry, by other persons in responsible positions. It has become clear from a formal investigation that the failure of some of the men to attend regularly was largely due to their being overworked, and the investigating Commission have recommended the shortening of the hours of labor. 'We may now hope,' says the Archbishop, 'that the calumniators of our working men will be silent, and that if they do repeat their charges public men will be less ready to listen and make thoughtless speeches founded on false information.' His Grace (says the *Catholic Times*) is to be congratulated on having spoken out so emphatically in defence of working men, misrepresented and wrongly attacked. Too often the workers have few friends in high places to defend their rights and interests.

GENERAL

THE CLERGY AND MILITARY SERVICE.

The Bishop of Northampton, in his Lenten Pastoral, brings out the fact that the earliest legislation on the subject of the exemption of the clergy from military service dates back to the year 803, and was promulgated by Charlemagne in answer to a petition from the whole of his subjects. It was felt by the Catholics of that day that warfare was not consistent with the clerical character, and that owing to the engagement of the clergy in military service religious interests suffered. Experience of what has happened during the present war teaches the same lesson. The valor of the French clergy who have been enrolled as combatants is indisputable. They have magnificently upheld the national reputation for bravery. The renown they have won has induced some Catholics to think that it would be to the advantage of religion if the priests everywhere became liable to military service. But that is not so. In a considerable number of the parishes in France it is now found extremely difficult to meet the religious requirements of the people in consequence of the lack of priests. If in every country the priests were compelled to undergo military training and to fight in the event of war, the damage to religion would be incalculable, and a severe blow would be struck at the bases of social order.

THE POPE AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

It is already clear that when the time for the Peace Conference comes a number of influential Protestants will unite with Catholics in demanding that the Holy Father shall be invited to be present or send a representative (says the *Catholic Times*). An important expression of opinion on the subject has appeared in *De Herant*, the chief organ of Dr. Kuypers, a Protestant, who was formerly Premier of Holland. The editor of the paper published an article the writer of which contended that the Catholic Church was the most influential agency making for peace, inasmuch as she was a 'world Church' and stood outside and above all parties. Another Dutch paper asked if he had forgotten the differences between the Catholics in the countries that were at war with one another. 'Such differences,' replies the editor, 'appear to us quite natural and, under the circumstances, well-nigh unavoidable. But the Roman Church, as a whole, has kept herself strictly neutral. As a 'world Church' her system is sufficiently pliable to withstand these sympathetic quarrels without hurting in the least her unity of belief. For this reason the Pope could very properly admonish the nations to cease the bloody struggle, and for this same reason many do look up to him as the sole arbiter on behalf of peace. It is useless for us Protestants to minimise or smooth over realities. It is a fact that the present war has disrupted all international ties heretofore existing in the social, scientific, and artistic life of the various nations. The Roman Church alone is maintaining her international unity, a brilliant proof of the stability of her organisation.' The editor of this Dutch Protestant journal is not a victim of the prejudices which blind writers in so many of the Protestant religious papers of this country.

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Airships are Expensive.

Airships are an enormous item of expense in the accounts of an army. Zeppelins, for example, cost £100,000 to build. Their construction takes a year, yet they can be totally wrecked by a high wind in half an hour. To fill a Zeppelin with gas costs £600 every time a full head of hydrogen is pumped into the 500ft envelope of the airship. The great motors of the vessel drink up petrol at the rate of thirty gallons an hour. Moreover, these delicate machines require a £22,000 shed to house them if they are to be safely anchored away from the presence of boisterous weather.

Any Old Bones.

Bones are not wasted. The chief product is glue, and among other materials which are obtained from them are soap, glycerine, and fertilizers. After being carefully separated by workmen they are soaked in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. From the soaking tanks the bones emerge white and perfectly clean. They are then placed in steam tanks, where, after being subjected to a pressure of steam for several hours, a trap-door is opened at the bottom of the digester, as it is called, and the liquid glue that has been extracted is drawn off. The liquid glue is partly evaporated and a portion is allowed to harden for commercial use as glue, and a part is refined and sold for gelatine for table use. Floating on the top of the glue in the digester is a quantity of fat that has been also extracted from the bones by the steam. This is drawn off into cooling tanks, where, in its crude state, it is made into scouring soaps. By refining and adding vegetable oils and perfumes, toilet soaps are made.

The Making of Big Guns.

One of the chief sources of strength in big guns lies in the miles and miles of steel ribbon with which the tube is reinforced. This ribbon, one-sixteenth of an inch thick and about a quarter of an inch wide, is wound round the tube or core of the great cannon. On a 12-inch gun about 130 miles of the ribbon is wound, a weight of fifteen tons. The ribbon has a tensile strength of 100 tons per square inch. From the time the ingots of steel, some of which are nearly 100 tons in weight, are taken from the steel foundry, where they are cast as octagonal masses, to when, as a complete weapon, the gun is tested to prove its power and accuracy, scores of intricate processes are gone through. After being taken from the foundry, the mass of steel is dealt with by the machine-shop, where a hole is made in each ingot in what is known as a trepanning machine. Under a hydraulic press of 10,000 tons power, it is next forged to reduce it to a tube or jacket of the required length and thickness of metal, whereon it is passed to one of the large machine shops, there to be finished to internal and external diameters in machines ranging up to 180ft in length. The tube is next reheated and tempered or hardened in oil-baths which are under the ground level and of great depth, so that the tube may be suspended vertically in a bath while the heat is steadily maintained at the required temperature by carefully controlled gas-jets. The tube is lowered into and lifted out of these baths by cranes capable of dealing with weights of 100 tons and with tubes 75ft in length. The same plant is used in the subsequent operation of building-up by the shrinking-on process the various tubes or jackets required to form the complete gun, the outer tubes being heated before being fitted over the inner tubes, so that with the subsequent contraction due to the reduction of temperature the outer tube tightly fits the inner. The innermost tube of all is inserted as one of the later operations, and in very accurate machines the bore is rifled in order that the shot as it leaves the gun will have the gyratory motion essential to accuracy of fire.

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Intercolonial

The Rev. John Barry, the respected pastor of Balclava, met with a most generous response in the parishes of Numurkah and Yarrawonga. The collection for the Catholic College within the University of Melbourne in each of these parishes reached nearly £1100, or a total of close on £2200.

His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney has made the following pastors irremovable rectors:—The Very Rev. Father Peter Byrne, P.P. (Strathfield), Very Rev. Dr. H. McDermott (Leichhardt), Rev. Father Richard Collender (Surry Hills), Rev. Father James Furlong (Enmore), Rev. Father Richard O'Regan (Redfern), Rev. Father J. J. O'Driscoll (Kogarah).

By last mail his Grace received a letter from Father Fahey, D.S.O., who has rejoined the famous 11th Battalion. He is in the best of form, and sends kindly greetings to his many friends (says the *W.A. Record*). In the course of an interesting epistle, Father Fahey says:—'I have to thank your Grace for the congratulatory cable sent on behalf of yourself and the priests while I was in Ireland. I also had one which I value very much from General Birdwood, the brave and capable little General whom all Australians love.'

The annual conference of the Catholic Federation (says the *Catholic Press*) was opened in the Southern Cross Hall on Easter Monday night, in the presence of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, and a large number of delegates from the various country centres. The president, after welcoming the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop of Sydney, made a short statement of the work done during the past year, and outlined the programme for the coming year. To organise and inspire 264 branches in all parts of the State meant continuous and vigorous work, he said. Members of the executive addressed 239 general meetings and eight public meetings, and most of these meetings were fully reported in the local papers. This amount of work would have been impossible if we had not at command a staff of capable speakers, the fruit of our fine colleges, ready to sacrifice their time in the cause of justice.

Rev. Father E. Pigot, S.J., has been conducting experiments recently with a view to devising some means for the photographing of the earth's motion. At Riverview College the other day, Father Pigot gave an interesting demonstration relating to the measurement of the earth's rotation in the presence of a small gathering, which included Mr. Nangle, F.R.A.S., Director of Technical Education; Professor Vonwiller, Professor of Physics, Sydney University; Mr. L. F. Heydon, M.L.C.; and Mr. G. H. Halligan, F.G.S. On the principle that a pendulum set swinging from north to south will gradually change its direction in relation to those points of the compass, owing to the rotation of the earth, Father Pigot has been experimenting with a 45ft pendulum at Riverview, and recently, by permission of the Lord Mayor, with an 85ft pendulum at the Queen Victoria Markets. He has placed in the specially-constructed ball of the pendulum accumulator cells a small electric lamp, which shines through a lense in the bottom of the ball, striking a sheet of sensitised paper spread beneath the pendulum. An electrically-timed exposure takes place every five minutes, clearly tracing the movement of the earth on which the paper rests as compared with the plane on which the pendulum swings.—*Catholic Press*.

As Sergeant Larke patrolled the park,
He heard two sneezes in the dark.
With staff gripped tight, he flashed his light,
His stern tones echoed through the night.
'Kape ahf th' grass! ye coople there;
Yure dith av cowl'd yo'll get, fr shure!
Come! hurry home, ye love-sick pair,
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CHRISTCHURCH NORTH

May 1.

On April 25 (Anzac Day) Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's at 9 o'clock for the repose of the souls of the soldiers who lost their lives at Gallipoli. The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., was the celebrant. The Dean, in a short address, said that it was to the honor of England that three hours after the violation of Belgian territory she had declared war on Germany. The Dominions were one with Britain, and had rested under the shadow of her Empire and were bound to her by a thousand ties. When the call of Empire came the sons and daughters of New Zealand responded with noble effect. How our sons had borne themselves the history of Gallipoli would tell. Though their graves on the Peninsula have no mark—they died and were not even buried—yet, in the annals of New Zealand their names are written in letters of gold. He asked the congregation to pray for those who had fallen on the battlefield. The memories of that day had brought sorrow into many homes. We had a duty to fulfil to Almighty God on behalf of those who had given up their lives for us.

Devotions in honor of our Blessed Lady during the month of May will take place every evening at 7 o'clock in St. Mary's.

The first official visit of his Lordship Bishop Brodie to St. Mary's parish, which had been looked forward to with considerable interest, took place on Sunday last. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Seymour, S.M. His Lordship Bishop Brodie occupied the throne. The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Rev. Father Bowden, S.M., and Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., were present in the sanctuary.

Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., in extending a welcome to his Lordship, said:—It is a great joy for the parishioners of St. Mary's to have their first pastor in their midst to-day. In their name, and in the name of the Marist Fathers attached to this parish, I beg to extend to you a most hearty welcome, and to express the hope that your Lordship's visits will be repeated frequently. Your presence and your kind words will be an encouragement; and with the grace of God, we shall strive to be, in the words of St. Paul, 'your hope, your joy, and your crown.' The parish of St. Mary's is still in its infancy, for 27 years do not count in the life of a parish. In 1889, the cottage, which had served as the cradle of the now flourishing institution of the Good Shepherd, became also the cradle of this parish—that is, a residence for the priests, a sanctuary for the Blessed Sacrament, and a place of worship for the faithful. The zeal of the pastors, Very Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais and Rev. Father Marnanc, was marvellous, but the faithful were few, the resources were slender, and for some time it appeared as if progress would be slow. However, the faith of priests and people moved mountains of difficulties. The foundation stone of a new church was laid, and on August 16, 1890, the church was blessed by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, and opened for public worship. The erection of a church necessitated the erection of a school, as the Catholic school is the cradle and the nursery of future members of the Church. Hence, a school was erected, the services of the devoted Sisters of Mercy were secured, and thus were laid the foundations of the splendid schools and flourishing institutions which are the glory of this parish. As time went on, a new presbytery replaced the old cottage, and new churches soon enabled the people of Hornby and New Brighton to fulfil their religious obligations in their own suburbs. The congregation has increased in numbers, but greater than the numerical progress are the growth of the Catholic spirit, the solid piety, and the steadfast loyalty which characterise the Catholic people of St. Mary's. Hence in a thorough Catholic spirit of faith and loyalty they tender your Lordship a most hearty, most affectionate welcome to their midst, and pray that you may be able to say of them: 'You are my hope, my joy, and my crown.'

His Lordship in replying said: 'I have to thank your pastor and his assistants for their very kind welcome extended to me. I am here this morning to discharge a duty assigned to every Bishop by the Holy Father. The visitation of a parish is a matter of great detail, and it was necessary when visiting Rome to report on the state of the whole diocese.' He had heard (continued his Lordship) of the devotedness and piety of the people of St. Mary's, and good proof of this was the fact that nearly 600 had approached the Holy Table at the early Masses that morning. His Lordship complimented the parish on having such an excellent religious community in their midst—the Sisters of Mercy—who were doing such splendid work. His Lordship also referred to the various societies of the parish. In conclusion, he said he would not detain them, as he would have an early opportunity of addressing

them more fully on Tuesday evening. In the afternoon his Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 269 candidates, which included about 50 adults. The sponsors were Mrs. G. T. White and Mr. E. Hayward.

On Sunday morning, in addressing the congregation, Very Rev. Dean Regnault asked for prayers for Ireland, and said he deprecated the rebellion and that those responsible and their followers were neither friends of Ireland, the Catholic Church, nor the Empire. He hoped that peace would soon be restored.

ST MARY'S COLLEGE, WESTPORT

The following is a list of the successes gained by the pupils of St. Mary's College, Westport, at the January examinations:—

Teacher's Certificate—Three teachers of the staff.
Passed in five subjects for C—Myrtle Bell.
Partial pass for Class D—Mary Powell Parsons.
Passed in first and second sections, Class D—Dorothy Moroney.

Passed in first section, Class D—Mary Maloney, Nora Martin.

Partial pass, first section, Class D—Margaret Corby.
Passed in Public Service Senior (three subjects)—Mary Powell Parsons.

The college has to record also the gaining of an Associate diploma of Trinity College, London, for singing, by a Sister on the staff.

MAORI MISSION, JERUSALEM (Wanganui River).

On Tuesday, April 25, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, accompanied by Rev. Father Maillard (Superior of the Maori Mission), paid his first episcopal visit to the Maori Mission at Jerusalem (Wanganui River). Rev. Father Ginisty, S.M., met the visitors at the wharf, and on arriving at the 'Pa' they were greeted by the Maoris with a haka, after which his Grace gave his blessing to the people, and all repaired to the church for Benediction.

In the evening at the parliament house, after the night prayers had been said by the catechist, the two tribes—Ngatihau (Jerusalem) and Ngatiruaka (Ranana)—welcomed his Grace in Maori way.

On Wednesday his Grace celebrated Mass at 8 a.m., after which he gave a short sermon (interpreted by Rev. Father Maillard) on Confirmation. His Grace questioned the children in English on the catechism, and was very pleased with their answers. He then administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the children and a few adults—48 in all. At the conclusion of the ceremony some beautiful Maori mats were laid on the altar rails by the Ngatiruaka tribe. In the afternoon the Maoris received his Grace in the marae, and members of each tribe spoke and put before him some of the needs of the Maori people in that district. The Ngatihau tribe presented mats, which his Grace delighted the people by putting on. In his reply his Grace thanked the people for the reception they had given him, and promised to come again as often as possible.

A concert was given in the evening by the children of the two schools—Jerusalem and Ranana—in honor of his Grace's visit. The programme consisted of songs (Maori and English), drills, and fancy marches, which were all appreciated by the audience. During the evening an address was presented to his Grace by one of the pupils on behalf of the children. His Grace congratulated the children on their performance, which he said would do credit to any school in the archdiocese.

Although the people of Ranana had come to Jerusalem to take part in the ceremony of reception, his Grace on Thursday afternoon paid a short visit to that village to see the church and school buildings. He was met by some of the leading natives, who had returned from Jerusalem for that purpose, and he declared himself well pleased with everything he saw. The Archbishop accompanied by Rev. Father Maillard, returned to Wanganui on Friday.

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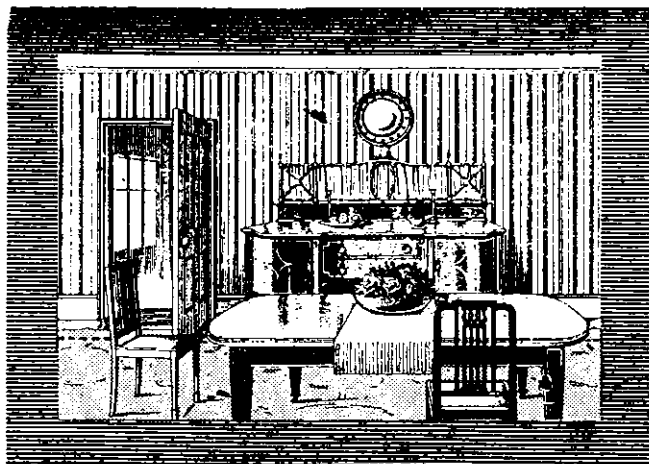
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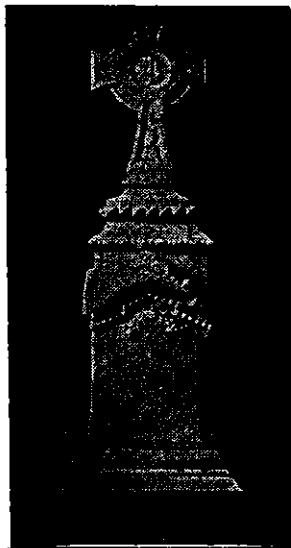
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NOTES ON HEALTH

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GARDENING NOTES

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

May, the first month of winter, was preceded by some early frosts towards the end of the last month, which gave us notice that another flower season was drawing to a close. Therefore, the work of the gardener for some time will be the cutting away of all the dead vegetation, and a general cleaning up of the refuse of plants which have finished their season of growth. Leaves will now be falling in quantities from the trees and shrubs. These should be removed and, when a suitable time offers, they should be dug in to enrich the beds and borders, so as to prepare them for another season's display. Nothing is more conducive to the growth of plants than to enrich the ground with the leaves which they shed. On that account leaves should be always carted away to the compost heap, and occasionally turned over to prevent them from fermenting and getting musty. The lawns must be kept constantly rolled, as this is the time the roller will have a chance of making an impression on the uneven patches, and of giving the grass an opportunity to make fresh roots after the drought of summer. If bare patches, through the ravages of the grub or other causes, appear, they ought to be sown with fresh seed, and top-dressed with nice fine soil and rolled. This work should be done at once, as it will give the seed a chance to germinate before the frosty weather sets in. All tender plants should be placed under cover at once—such as the old bedding geraniums. When taken up they ought to have the leaves removed before re-planting, as, if left on, they only rot, and injure the plant. They may be planted under the shade of old trees, or a fence where the frost or too much wet cannot injure them. Now is a good time to propagate trees, shrubs, and roses, by cuttings. They require a nice cool shady aspect. The soil, if possible, should be of a sandy nature, and the cutting firmly inserted about from six to nine inches in the ground, leaving an inch or two above. The great mistake many amateurs make is that they do not put the cuttings in deep enough, and do not make them firm in the soil. It is generally the other way about. The cuttings are placed two inches in the soil and six inches or a foot above it, with the result that not one out of a hundred treated in this manner will succeed. Keep planting out bulbs; also cut up clumps of herbaceous plants so as to multiply the number, and plant them in nice fresh soil. Treated in this manner they give better results than if left to starve themselves out growing in the same spot year after year. Now is the time to consider about the planting of any new additions to the beds, borders, plantations, etc. The preparing of the ground for this work should be proceeded with at once; holes for the trees should be made, and the soil left to sweeten by being turned up to the action of the sun, frost, and air for some time before the plants are inserted. The sooner the planting is done the better, provided the weather is suitable for the operation. Every plant should have a good watering before the soil is filled in. This gives the plant every chance to succeed. I usually water every plant at the time of planting, and where water is convenient it will pay to water young trees on the farm at the time of planting. Now is a good time to separate primroses, daisies, auriculas, and other plants of this nature. In fact preparations for all planting in the flower garden should commence at once.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Everything is now preparing for a season of rest, and there will be very little growth for the next few months. The gardener, who has given a little forethought to planting during the past months, will now be sure of a good supply of vegetables during the dormant season of growth. If there is any spare ground it should be manured and dug up roughly to let the sun and air do their part. It can remain in this manner until the spring. A plot treated thus would be ideal ground for planting early potatoes in. The asparagus bed should have all the dead branches cut away, the surface of the bed forked over, and some of the loose soil raked into the furrows. Give the bed a good coating of rotten stable or farmyard manure, whilst a sprinkling of agricultural salt over the manure will be beneficial. The rains will wash the fertilising constituents of the manure into the soil. Do not let any of the seed drop on the bed, as it grows up when it is not wanted to the detriment of the permanent plants. The Dutch hoe should be kept going among the crops on all fine days; this will keep the weeds in check. Some cabbage and cauliflower seed may still be sown in a favored spot, where the young plants will not get too much rough weather. A garden frame would be a suitable place, if one is convenient. Leeks should be moulded up, also celery. Seakale and rhubarb may be planted in well-manured patches.

Old clumps of rhubarb can be cut up into parts, and transplanted. They will renew themselves, and give good results.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.

There is little to be done now except picking and storing away fruit. Towards the end of the month, pruning may commence. If any old trees have to come away and give place to others, this would be a good time for the work, so as to give the soil a chance to get a little frost, sun, and air, before they are replaced by young ones. Work that is needed to be done will suggest itself as required, such as cleaning up, clipping of fences, and lopping down branches, which are intruding in quarters where they should not be. The strawberry beds may have a good dressing of stable manure. Some people take up the old plants, and put them back again with good results. They make a fresh start with new root action, which revives them for another crop.

KING'S TRIBUTE TO IRISH GUARDS

HEROES OF MONS AND YPRES.

Their Majesties the King and Queen paid a visit to the Irish Guards in London on St. Patrick's Day, and presented sprigs of shamrock to the officers and men.

Lord Kitchener accompanied their Majesties. Mr. John Redmond was also present, and his Majesty entered into animated conversation with the Irish leader, who also conversed with the Queen, and her Majesty presented Mr. Redmond with a special sprig of the shamrock. After the parade the Queen presented the officers and men of the battalion with shamrock, each man standing to attention before their Majesties, saluting, and then receiving the gift.

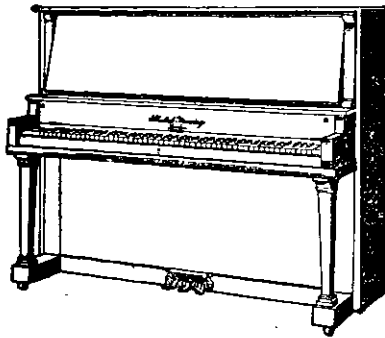
In a speech to the Irish Guards the King said:—

On St. Patrick's Day, when Irishmen the world over unite to celebrate the memory of their patron saint, it gives me great pleasure to inspect the reserve battalion of my Irish Guards and to testify my appreciation of the services rendered by the regiment in this war. The regiment was created by Queen Victoria in 1900 to commemorate the heroism of the Irish regiments in the South African War. By the splendid achievements in your first campaign you have proved yourselves worthy of this proud tribute to Irish valor and have fully maintained the high traditions of my brigade of Guards. I gratefully remember the heroic entrance of the 1st Battalion in the arduous retreat from Mons. Again at Ypres, on that critical November 1, when Lord Cavan, your brigadier, wrote: 'Those who were left showed the enemy that the Irish Guards must be reckoned with, however hard hit.' After twenty-eight days of incessant fighting against heavy odds the Battalion came out of the line less than a company strong, with only four officers—a glorious tribute to Irish loyalty and endurance. The graves that mark the last resting place of your gallant comrades will ever remain the monument of your resistance. In conferring the V.C. on Lance-Corporal, now Lieutenant, Michael O'Leary, the first Irishman in this war to win this coveted distinction, I was proud to honor a deed that, in its fearless contempt of death, illustrated the spirit of my Irish Guards. At Loos the 2nd Battalion received its baptism of fire, and confirmed the high reputation already won by the 1st Battalion. I deeply deplore the loss of so many brave officers and men, including, alas, three commanding officers, but the splendid appearance of the men on parade to-day, among whom I am glad to see many who have recovered from wounds and sickness, tells me that the spirit of the Irish is unquenchable. Be assured in all trials that my thoughts and prayers will ever be with you all. Good luck.

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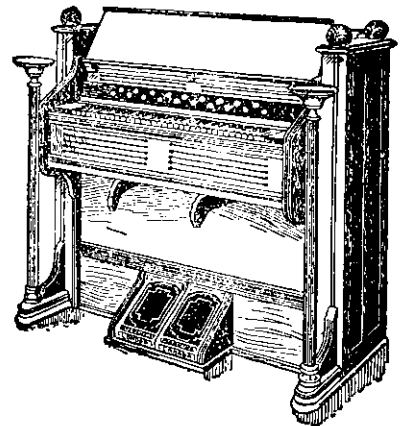
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Domestic

(By MAUREEN.)

Prune Cake.

One egg, one-half breakfast cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of treacle, one cupful of brown sugar, four cupfuls of flour, three and one-half cupfuls of chopped prunes, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, spice to taste. Bake in a slow oven.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.

Three-fourths cupful of breadcrumbs, two cupfuls of scalded milk, three squares of chocolate melted, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one-fourth cupful of cold milk, and three-fourths cupful of sugar. Mix all the ingredients in the order given. Pour into a buttered baking-dish, set in a pan of hot water, and bake one hour in a moderate oven; stir twice during the baking to keep chocolate from rising to the top.

Preserving Vegetable Marrow.

Take a small green, hard marrow, about eight pounds in weight. Pare it and cut in half. Put the marrow into a pan of boiling water, and boil rapidly for eight or ten minutes. It must on no account fall to pieces. Remove from water and weigh. Cut into pieces about three inches in length and two inches in width. Place in deep dish and cover with sifted sugar, allowing one pound of sugar to one of marrow. Let stand until next day. Strain syrup from marrow, and place in enamelled jam pan, bring to boil, throw the chunks in, and boil rapidly for five minutes. Remove from fire and let chunks stand in syrup until following day. Strain the syrup and again bring to the boil; add the marrow and enough lump ginger to suit taste. It is difficult to give quantity, as some people prefer it hotter than others. Boil again for five minutes. Remove from fire and again let stand until next day, when proceed in same manner as before. Let stand till cold. Then place carefully in glass jars and tie down with bladders. This preserve is delicious as a tea jam, and the longer it is kept the more it improves, age giving it quite a different flavor.

THE CHARM OF THRIFT.

Economy, as understood and practised by Latin nations (says *Farm, Field, and Fireside*) is not irksome.

It is part of the game of life, a limitation accepted in good faith, and managed with such dexterity that, although it may rub now and then, it seldom pinches hard. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* gives a vivid and sympathetic sketch of a French middle-class household, with its assured comfort, its touch of elegance, its carefully balanced expenditures. The picture was as accurate as it was pleasing. A Frenchwoman takes an honest and just pride in making every penny of her money bring its fair equivalent; and she knows that her family keenly appreciates the results of her excellent management. She goes to market. The artichokes are big and green and beautifully fresh. Her husband likes artichokes. Very well, then, there must be no salad, and no cherries. Artichokes represent that day's extravagance, and the rest of her marketing deals with the necessities of life. It no more occurs to her to buy both the artichokes and the salad than it occurs to her to be sorry for herself, because she cannot do so. Her good dinner represents heights achieved, and difficulties overcome. She has sense enough to relish the situation. Does an Alpine climber want to be carried in a Sedan chair? What charm, after all, encircles the mountain top but the supreme sense of triumph?

In England economy is still ill-understood and distasteful. Housewives ignore it, servants despise it. A lady whose daughter had lived for two years in Italy lamented whimsically that the girl could no longer be permitted to run the house at home. 'She did fairly well before she went away,' sighed the amused parent; 'but now she asks the cook what has become of the other half of the onion, and the cook gets up and goes.'

In Italy, where everything can be purchased in small quantities, half an onion looms large on the horizon. If a customer chances to want one egg, she buys one egg. No dealer looks askance at her because she does not take a dozen. If she wants a pat of fresh butter and a tiny flask of cream, she buys them for a few pence, and has the comfort of knowing that both are superlatively good. Italians are more intolerant of stale eggs than we dare to be, and they abhor the salted butter that we contentedly consume. But no food is wasted, and no one considers wasting is a privilege. You seldom hear economy preached in France, or Italy, or Spain; instead it is universally practised.

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THE CHILDREN ENJOY

On the Land

GENERAL.

About 14lb of raw carrots can be supplied to horses twice or three times a week. The amount of grain may be lessened by 5lb or 6lb on the day that roots are given.

The peanut farm started at Frankston, Victoria, last September by Mr. C. E. Liardet promises to give successful results. About £2000 has been expended in experiments, and 58 acres are under cultivation. Mr. Liardet brought the seed from farms lately held by him in China.

The best cropping-potato this season at Weraroa Experimental Farm has been Maori Chief, yielding 14 tons per acre, the tubers being of good size and quality for table use. Gamekeeper was a good second with 12 tons per acre, and proved the best blight-resister. Seasonal conditions generally have been adverse for potato-growing at the farm.

On April 21 the New Zealand Dairy Association distributed amongst its suppliers the sum of £47,003 0s 9d (says the *Auckland Star*). This covered 740,236lb of butter-fat supplied during the month of March. The payment per lb butter-fat was 1s 3d, plus premiums, for daily supply and direct delivery. The amount distributed for the corresponding month last year was £38,415 9s 8d. Thus, the increase for the month was £8587 11s 1d.

The thrashing returns on the high country at the back of Matakura are very gratifying to the farmers (says the *Matakura Ensign*). Mr. John Waugh, Windsor Downs, thrashed a 45-acre crop recently which gave 70 bushels to the acre, and in addition he cut 10 tons of chaff from the crop. The oats were a nice bright sample, and were grown from seed from the Edievale district. Mr. Waugh also has a 15-acre crop of Dun oats from which he anticipates cutting between 40 and 50 tons of chaff.

A caterpillar is attacking the cruciferous plants in various parts of Southland, preferably broccoli and swedes (reports the *Times*). A farmer said he had thought at first that it was the diamond-backed moth, which is making havoc of the swedes in some parts of Canterbury; but Mr. Lennie, who has a chart of various insect pests compiled by the Government entomologists of the Australian States and New Zealand, has convinced him that it is the cabbage moth. The insect is a very small one, and it deposits its eggs at the underleaf of the plants. These hatch out into green caterpillars, which burrow down well towards the heart of the plant, after attacking the upper part of the leaf.

At Addington last week the entries of stock were large, especially store and fat sheep, and fat lambs, the last-named forming the largest yarding this year. There was a good attendance. Fat cattle met with a brisk demand. Store sheep sold well, and fat lambs were firmer owing to a keen demand for export. Freezing sheep were rather firmer. Fat lambs: 5598 were yarded. Prime lambs, 22s to 26s; medium, 19s to 21s 6d; lighter, 14s to 18s 6d. Fat sheep: Prime wethers, 25s to 32s; others, 17s to 24s 6d; extra prime ewes, to 35s 3d; prime ewes, 24s to 29s 6d; medium, 19s to 23s 6d; others, 12s 3d to 18s 6d. Fat cattle: Extra prime steers, to £18 15s; ordinary steers, £8 10s to £12; extra prime heifers, to £16 5s; ordinary heifers, £6 17s 6d to £9 10s; extra prime cows, to £16 5s; ordinary cows, £6 10s to £9. Pigs: Choppers, 50s to 85s; baconers, 57s to 84s (equal to 6d to 6½d); porkers, 35s to 46s (equal to 7d per lb); medium stores, 22s to 26s; smaller, 18s to 21s; weaners, 4s to 14s.

There were large yardings at Burnside last week and a fair attendance of buyers. Fat cattle: 195 yarded. A large yarding of medium-weight bullocks and heifers. There was a good demand for all prime beef, prices being on about a par with previous week's rates. Quotations: Best bullocks made from £16 to £17; extra, £18 12s 6d; medium to good, £13 to £15; others, to £12 10s; best cows and heifers, £12 to £14; extra prime heavy, to £15; others, up to £11. Fat sheep: 3200 penned. A large yarding, comprised chiefly of medium quality ewes and wethers, very few prime heavy sheep being forward. There was a keen demand for all good quality sheep, and prices were fully up to late rates. Prices for medium and poor-conditioned ewes, however, were not quite up to previous week's quotations. Best wethers made from 28s to 31s; extra, 33s 3d; medium, 24s to 26s; others, up to 22s 6d; heavy ewes, 26s to 29s; extra prime, to 34s 9d; medium to good, 20s to 24s; others, 10s to 15s. Fat lambs: 1500 penned. Owing to there being a few days' killing on hand at the Burnside works, the export buyers were not operating to any great extent. Notwithstanding there was good competition between butchers and graziers, prices were about 1s per head below previous week's rates.

Best lambs made from 22s to 24s; extra heavy, to 31s 9d; medium to good, 18s to 21s; unfinished, 14s to 17s. Pigs: 150 fats and 40 stores yarded. There was a good demand for both stores and fats, and prices were firm at late rates. Quotations: Heavy baconers, up to £5; light, to £4; porkers, to £2 17s 6d; slips, to 28s; suckers, 10s to 18s.

SELECTION OF SOW.

A point of importance in the selection of sows for breeding purposes is the number and disposition of the teats. It is possible to have sows too prolific by half, and to have the reproductive capacity in advance or in excess of the milking capacity. It is of very little use a sow producing seventeen or eighteen pigs if she has only ten or eleven teats. The little pig does not suck promiscuously; he selects his own teat and sticks to it—indeed, he has to. The strongest pigs get the best teats and grow stronger; while the weak grow weaker.

A well-formed udder is most necessary, and no sow should be bred from unless she has at least twelve teats, and all the better if she has more, placed equi-distant, and not blind. They should commence as near the fore leg as possible—it is said that the best pigs of a litter are those which get the teats nearest the fore arm—and extend quite along the belly, so that when distended they show between the hind legs. Small or 'blind' teats, which are generally placed in close proximity to a full-sized teat, give but little milk, and the animal to whose share one of these happens to fall is certain to fall behind in growth and development.

LUCERNE-GROWING.

A remarkable example of the value of lucerne as a fodder crop, and its adaptability and productiveness under most unfavorable conditions, has been furnished during the past season on the farm of the School for the Deaf, at Sumner, near Christchurch (says the *Journal of Agriculture*). An account of how, with bare grass-paddocks, the half dozen cows of the institution were kept in good condition and yield during a droughty spell of four months and a-half by means of half an acre of lucerne growing practically on sand is contributed below by Mr. J. E. Stevens, Director of the school. The majority of dairymen and other farmers in Canterbury men depending in summer on grass, with perhaps some of the commoner forage crops have had such a hard experience this past season that no excuse is needed to point a moral from this Sumner object-lesson. Dealing first with the establishment of the lucerne plot Mr. Stevens says,—

Our first trial in lucerne-growing was made in the autumn of 1908, when we sowed down a quarter-acre, which germinated well, but which was soon smothered with weeds. In the following spring the same plot of ground was prepared again, to see if better results could be obtained at that season of the year. The lucerne again germinated well, but so did the fat-hen, and the result was again a failure. The plot was put back into grass, and nothing further was done in the way of lucerne-growing until the spring of 1913. Then, on the advice of officers of the Department of Agriculture and following out their instructions to the letter, we selected for a further experiment the most worthless piece of ground on the school farm, a quarter-acre of sand hummocks covered by a very thin coating of soil. This area was levelled, what soil there was being kept on the surface, and a dressing of 4cwt of lime applied. The seed was sown in rows 15in apart, not broadcast as in our previous experiments. The seed germinated well, and when the rows could be easily distinguished the hoe and the Planet Junior cultivator were kept going between them. When the crop was about 6 or 8 inches high it was cut and left on the ground for a mulch. After that, beyond resowing one or two bare patches, we had no further trouble. The following spring, 1914, we increased the size of the plot to a little less than half an acre, and it is now well established. With both these sowings inoculated soil was used.

As showing the value of lucerne as a fodder crop, I may say that the past year was the driest we have ever experienced, and, in consequence, from the beginning of October until the middle of February, when the rains came, our paddocks were almost devoid of grass. Yet during the whole of that time we were able, with our lucerne as almost their only feed, to keep our six cows in splendid condition. During that time four cuts were taken from the plot, each averaging 3ft in length. A fifth cut was made in March. No manure was used, and the land has not been irrigated. The plot has been kept scrupulously free from weeds by regular cultivation between the rows, and this has been, I think, the main reason why the growth has been so good.

This season we are laying down a further area in lucerne, and are experimenting with nine varieties of seed supplied by the Department of Agriculture—viz., Turkistan, Peruvian, Poitou, Provence, Russian, Spanish, Dryland, Hungarian, and Arabian.



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The Family Circle

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying
That is altogether true:
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And grey so deep and bright—
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter, whether field or glen
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you,
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave, and true;
And watchful more than mortal kind
God's angels pure and true.
In gladness or in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high!
You do whatever thing you do
Beneath some seeing eye;
Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon this round, round earth
Is ever out of sight.

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

Mohammed Ali, the son of Ilderim, made a handsome bit of profit selling silks one day to a party of Giaours, and so resolved that he would acquit himself of a certain debt which a kinsman held against him.

Writing a letter to Nahib, therefore, and tying the money in a small bag, he called to Hussein, the faithful servant of his house.

'Go you from Teheran to Balsora and give my kinsman Nahib greeting for me. Tell him I wish him a thousand good healths. Guard this money as thou knowest, and I shall reward thee upon thy return.'

So, behold, there travelled from Teheran to Balsora the faithful Hussein, servant to Mohammed Ali, mounted on a donkey and bearing in his saddle-bags the five hundred kerans and a letter, both of which he was to deliver to Nahib, his master's second cousin.

The first night Hussein remained in the swamps, fearful of the robbers upon the public roads. But here the mosquitoes nearly ate him and his donkey alive, and the next day, remembering the ill-usage of the little pests, the donkey decided to vent her spite upon Hussein. She threw him head over heels, which fall damaged both his person and his dignity to such an extent that he, being a wise man, traced the donkey's action to its source and resolved never again to remain a night in the swamps.

He also resolved to stop at the blacksmith Ibrahim's half way to Balsora, and have his water-bag and the saddle-straps mended. These two had been injured when the revengeful donkey caused him to turn a somersault. He gave his instructions to Ibrahim, and went away for a short walk.

'Did you notice how suspicious he is?' whispered Masuda, the wife of Ibrahim, when the stranger had left the house. 'As sure as anything he has maney in his saddle-bag.'

'Foolish night owl!' murmured the blacksmith. 'How do you know?'

'He has spent an hour in the room we gave him; he has buried it and thrown his prayer-rug over it! Her husband's eyes gleamed.'

'O, my master!' said Masuda, coming nearer. 'We ought not to take it from him—since he is our guest. But think in what horrible clothes I go to the baths on Fridays! And that fig-garden which we can buy for three hundred kerans—'

'Thou art a serpent,' said Ibrahim. 'What is this you would lead me to?'

'I do not want to lead you into anything,' said she. 'Who would hurt the laws of hospitality by deeds of violence? But if he were to forget that money to-morrow—'

'Forget it? How?'

'I will attend to that. Don't you know that everybody who eats the magic soup in the evening has forgotten, by morning, all that he had done the night before? Ah, ha, now am I a wise woman?'

Ibrahim stroked his long beard, then gave her a pat upon the cheek. With that all was settled. Returning, the faithful Hussein was welcomed with great show of friendship. His things had been mended well and carefully and before his eyes were placed a tempting dish of figs, a bowl of matzoon, and the 'magic soup.'

'Begin dear friend, begin,' cried the blacksmith. And the faithful Hussein had not to be told twice, but ate and drank, and slept gloriously all night.

Early the next morning Masuda was kneeling in the hut where the faithful Hussein had reposed, and she was digging deeper and deeper into the earth with her long fingers. But no matter how far down she went, she could find nothing.

At last she looked up into her husband's face.

'He has forgotten nothing, the vile being,' she hissed. 'Nothing!'

'Yes,' said the blacksmith.

'What?' cried she, springing to her feet.

'He forgot to pay me for my work. Yes, truly, you make a magic soup!'

TWO SALESGIRLS.

Alma Drake looked in vain for a price mark on the bolt of braid that she was showing a customer, and turned to the girl beside her with the question:

'What's the price of this braid, Miss Kirkman?'

'Forty-five cents a bolt,' the other said. 'It seems to me, Miss Drake, that if you weren't very stupid you would have learned the stock by this time!'

Miss Kirkman was tired. It was a 'braid season' and all day long the counter was thronged. There were half a dozen women clamoring for her attention now. She saw the hot flush that sprang to Alma's cheeks at her hasty words, and turned away half ashamed of what she had said. After all, three weeks was hardly enough to make one very sure of prices. She began to wish that she had not spoken so hastily, and to wonder how Alma would take it.

'Will you tell me the price of this piece of braid, please?'

A tall girl in a brown suit held out a remnant of wide black silk braid.

'Have you any more of this?'

'We have more braids similar to that at sixty-five and eighty cents a yard,' Mary Kirkman answered and turned to take down a box from the shelf behind her. But just at that moment the floor man called her. She was detained for five minutes or more, and as she came back to her customer she was just in time to see the girl in brown holding out a piece of braid to Alma Drake.

'Oh, you're waiting on her, are you?' she said coldly to Alma and swung on her heel.

'The young lady was in a very great hurry, so I thought you wouldn't mind my getting her what she wanted. But you must make the check,' said Alma.

'I don't care to,' was the curt answer.

'Oh, but you must,' Alma insisted. 'She is your customer, and you have a right to the check. I just waited on her as an accommodation to you and to her.'

A dull flush colored Mary Kirkman's cheeks as she wrote the check and added the amount to her own book. For an hour she had no chance to speak to Alma except to answer an inquiry now and then or give hurried directions as to where certain stock was to be found. But later in the afternoon there was a lull, a space of a few minutes when not a single customer stood at the long counter. In that lull Mary Kirkman came slowly to Alma's side, the dull flush coloring her face again.

'Why did you insist on giving me that check?' she asked. 'I couldn't have said anything if you had kept it yourself.'

'She was really your customer, and I had no right to the check,' said Alma.

'How can you feel that way after the answer I gave you a while ago?' Mary persisted.

Alma's eyes met the other's in evident surprise.

'That doesn't count. The check belonged to you, because that girl was your customer, and I wouldn't think of keeping it.'

'I know plenty of girls who wouldn't be so square as that after what I said. Say, Alma,' catching Alma's hand impulsively and giving it a close pressure, 'I oughtn't to expect you to know the stock as well as I do. Forget what I said and be friends.'

Alma gave an answering pressure of the hand.

'Indeed I will,' she said heartily. 'It's a lot pleasanter to be friends with people.'

And so the little flash of temper that might have made two girls uncomfortable for days was vanquished by the generosity that thought only of what was the right thing to do.

WHY HE WASN'T WARNED.

A Chicago publisher registered at the Hotel Cecil in London recently, and was assigned to a room on next to the top floor. The following morning he rang for a bell-boy. When there was no response to the second call

he lifted the telephone receiver, and waited in vain for 'Are you there?' Failing to establish any communication with the office, he dressed and started for the office to register indignation. The elevator wasn't running. He began to walk down. On the fourth landing he met a housemaid, and asked in strong Chicago language what was the matter with the hotel.

'Well, sir, you see, sir,' came the answer, 'the Zepelins were reported, and we were all ordered to the cellar for safety.'

'—' After which the American said: 'Well, I'm on the next to the top floor, and I wasn't warned.'

'No, sir,' was the bland reply; 'but you see, sir, you don't come under the Employers' Liability Act, sir.'

JIM DID IT.

The waggon was heavily laden with great bags of meal, too heavy for a single horse to draw, one would have thought.

It turned into a side street, and half way down the block, again turned into an alley at the rear of a livery stable. It required considerable tugging on the part of the horse to pull the load up the incline of the alley driveway, but he did it, and the driver looked pleased when the back wheel had made the rise and settled down to level ground. At the barn door it was necessary to turn the waggon around completely and back in. Surely one horse could not do that. The turn was made easily enough, but there the waggon remained.

'Back him up, Jim!' said the man, pulling lightly at the reins.

The horse braced his fore feet and shoved.

The waggon didn't move.

The man got down from the seat and went around to the back of the truck and pulled. 'Back!' he commanded. The horse put every muscle to the strain. 'Back!' The waggon moved, this time at least a foot. Two more, and the back wheels would be over the threshold of the barn door.

'Back!' The command moved the horse to exert his greatest effort. There was a crunch of splintering wood, and the waggon rolled back.

Not a blow had been struck the animal. Only gentle words had been spoken, and the horse had done the rest.

And when it was all over the man did not go on unloading the waggon without a further thought of the great, obedient animal standing still between the shafts. He went to him and took his nose in his hands, and patted him between the eyes, and said: 'Good, old Jim! You did it, didn't you? I knew you would.'

And the horse rubbed his nose against the man's neck.

It is pleasant now and then to see such things.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

When the conductor came to collect the young lady's fare she discovered she had left her pocket-book at the office where she worked as stenographer.

'Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me,' she said, looking very much embarrassed.

The conductor said nothing, but stood there and waited.

'I guess I'll have to get off,' said the girl, 'I have left my pocket-book at the office.'

'Here, lady,' said a boyish voice from across the aisle. 'I got a nickel I'll lend you.'

She looked at the boy and took the nickel.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name.'

'Don't worry 'bout that,' he replied. 'I'm the kid you give the half-dollar to last Christmas when you see me sellin' papers down by the Savoy. I ain't forgot you. I'm sellin' papers there yet.'

She smiled at him when he left the car and he was about the proudest boy in town.

TO LET 'SOMEWHERE' IN FRANCE.

There is a prince among humorists 'somewhere in France.' The following is a copy of a notice posted in the dug-out he formerly occupied:—

'In one of the choicest localities in Northern France, to let. (Three minutes from German trenches.) An attractive and well-built dug-out, containing one reception kitchen, bedroom, and up-to-date retiring room, 4ft by 3ft. All modern inconveniences, including "gas" and water. This desirable residence stands one foot above the water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy's trenches. Excellent shooting ("snipe" and "duck"). Particulars of the late tenant, Base Hospital.'

TOO CARELESS.

The editor in charge of the personal inquiry column opened his seventieth letter with a groan.

'I have lost three husbands,' a lady reader had written, confidentially, 'and now have the offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?'

The editor dipped his pen in the ink. This was the last straw.

'If you have lost three husbands,' he wrote, 'I should say you are much too careless to be trusted with a fourth.'

HOW TO 'ECONOMISE.'

'I think we ought to have someone in to cut up that old tree for logs,' said the wife.

'Nonsense,' replied the husband. 'It'll be fine exercise for me. I'll go out and saw the logs myself.'

For one half-hour he persisted. The net results were two logs, a broken saw, a pair of trousers scarified by saw. It was at this point that he went indoors and said:

'My dear, after all, I think at this time of the year the jobbing gardeners will need work. I'll ask a man to come round and finish the job.'

'Yes,' said the tactless wife, 'and at the same time you might leave those trousers at the tailor's and see if you can get a new handle fitted to our only saw. The worst of this war is the way you men will economise.'

A USE FOR HIS HEAD.

A Washington man had in his employ a faithful but at times stupid servant in the person of an old darkey named Zeke.

Recently when the employer had vainly endeavored to get something done in a certain way, he gave up in despair, exclaiming:

'Zeke! Zeke! Whatever do you think your head is for?'

Zeke, who evidently thought that this was another of the troublesome questions that his employer was always asking, pondered deeply. Finally he replied:

'Well, boss, I guess it's to keep my collar on.'

'GUILTY OR INNOCENT.'

The game called 'guilty or innocent' is interesting.

One of the company gets himself up to represent the old man of the woods; the rest take the names of various animals, such as lion, tiger, leopard, and so on.

The players seat themselves around the room, and the old man, standing in the centre, tells them that some one of their number has committed a crime, and he is about to question them in order that he may discover the guilty one.

He then begins, 'Now, Mr. Lion, where have you been hunting, and what have you eaten to-day?'

'I hunted in the forest and caught an antelope.'

'Then you are twice guilty and must pay two forfeits,' says the old man, and the lion must pay his forfeit without being told the crime he has committed.

The old man passes on to a polar bear, 'Where did you hunt, and what have you eaten?' he asked.

'I hunted in the water, and had a fine fish to eat.'

The polar bear is pronounced innocent. The real game is that no animal may bring in the letter 'o' either in his hunting ground or the food he eats. 'Forest' and 'antelope' both have an 'o' in them, so the lion has to pay two forfeits, whereas, 'water' and 'fish,' having no 'o,' the bear was declared innocent.

The great fun is for the old man to keep the secret of 'guilty' or 'innocent' to himself, but even if the other players know the secret it is very difficult not to make a slip, as the answers must be given promptly.

When the game is over the players must pay for their forfeits in any way the old man decides.

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