

deceives anyone, and it is an insult to an honest man's intelligence. I ask three questions:—

1. Does the New Zealand public know this?
2. Does the New Zealand public approve of it?
3. What does the New Zealand public mean to do about it?

Can it be that the health of the public school child is of paramount importance and that of the Catholic child of none? Are we to be allowed to pay our share of the medical fees and denied the right to participate in the advantages? Our money is right enough, the life-blood of our soldiers is red enough, but for the rest the State has lost interest in us.

We have played the part of Cinderella too long, and our Fairy Godmother is late-coming. Our pumpkins are still pumpkins and our slipper is all too hobnailed for our liking, and wrongly applied. Sufferance has been the badge of all our tribe, and it is up to the honest, fair-minded democracy of New Zealand to grant us the full measure of those liberties which are ours by right and which our kith and kin are sacrificing their lives to defend.

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

### GENERAL.

Beaumont is well represented in our fighting services, and has a long roll of honor. From the latest issue of the *Beaumont Review* we learn that the total number of her old students serving with the Colors is 509, of whom 47 are in the Navy and 462 in the Army. The roll of honor is made up as follows: Killed, 58; missing, 5; prisoners, 2; wounded, 71. War honors have been distributed as follows: C.B., 3; C.M.G., 4; R.V.O., 1; D.S.O., 2; D.S. Cross, 1; Military Cross, 14; Territorial Decoration, 1; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 1; Legion of Honor, 1; Croix de Guerre, 1; Ordre de la Couronne, 1; Order of the Rising Sun, 1; and Mentions in Despatches, 31.

Mlle. Emilienne Moreau, the eighteen-year-old heroine of Loos, was decorated by Lord Bertie a few weeks ago at the British Embassy, Paris, with the British Military Medal, and the silver medal of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. Miss Moreau, a pathetic figure in black, her father and brother have fallen in the war, after thanking Lord Bertie, drew from her pocket the French Cross, which she pinned beside the recently received decorations. The ceremony was touchingly simple.

We welcome the names of two Catholic chaplains in the War Honors published this week (says the *London Tablet* of August 26). Both are recipients of the Military Cross. Father William Fitzmaurice, S.J., attd. Royal Irish Regt. (Beaumont and Stonyhurst), is decorated under the following circumstances:—'For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He assisted the medical officer in tending the wounded under heavy fire regardless of his own safety. He remained for 24 hours after the battalion had been withdrawn, and assisted to rescue the wounded who were lying out.' The Rev. Ambrose Madden, Canadian C.F., attached Canadian Headquarters Staff, has the Military Cross 'For conspicuous bravery under heavy fire. He assisted to dress wounds and conducted men who had been blinded to dressing stations. He did much to cheer up the men, and undoubtedly saved lives by digging men out of buried trenches.'

### OUR LADY'S TRENCH CHAPEL.

In Champagne, France, close to the firing line, some French soldiers have constructed an underground chapel in honor of Our Lady of the Trenches. These men have done the work entirely themselves, and it was completed in eleven days. One man, a corporal sapper, undertook the making of the door; another corporal—a carpenter by trade—the carpentry and the belfry; a mechanic, the bells, with the assistance of a musician; a decorator the painting of the walls; a

joiner, the Tabernacle, which is a real work of art; an engraver, the sanctuary lamp, cut out of the socket of a shell; a gardener arranged the ground outside in pretty flower beds. The soldiers were desirous of having a nice church, and they have succeeded. It was blessed on Passion Sunday, when the chaplain explained that this church, dedicated to Our Lady of the Trenches, was a Christian and patriotic act, and offered entirely by the men themselves. Since then there is Mass every morning at five o'clock. Confessions are heard in the sacristy, and there have been many conversions. On Easter morning the church was full, and large numbers of Communicants. The pious soldiers who constructed the little chapel are very pleased to know that they have the Blessed Sacrament so close to them.

### THE BISHOP OF VERDUN'S CONFIDENCE.

In a letter to the Abbe Teissier, a friend and former professor, who had suggested that Providence had chosen the right man for the trial through which the city is passing, Mgr. Ginisty, Bishop of Verdun, writes in a strain of high confidence:—'Alas! Providence has but too truly flung me into the furnace, and you are good enough to think that I may be counted on to get over my difficulties. I hope you will help me to do so by your prayers. All is ruins and horrors. "Germany over all" is on the way to becoming "Germany under all." We are more and more confident in regard to Verdun. I should not like to see this old ruined city for any consideration befouled by the presence of the barbarians. I admit that I cannot share the blessed resignation of those who say that the capture of Verdun would henceforth be of no importance. Its capture by the Boches would go down in history as the "defeat of Verdun," whilst its resistance is already and will be "the great victory of Verdun." And I should like a few years hence to become again, dear Father Superior, your pupil, in order to hear you deliver from your chair of history at Saint-Gabriel's the impassioned description of it. Meanwhile, you will come to see the battlefield, and I shall have the happiness to welcome you in a Bishop's house of planks built among the ruins of Sion.'

### A SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

A young French priest, who was ordained on October 31 last year and is now working as a hospital orderly and chaplain, writing to a friend, thus describes the death at Autun of his brother, whom he attended after a mortal wound received at Verdun at the end of February:—'I had the consolation of giving him Communion every day and of assisting him to die. I did not weep, for he died a victim; he was conscious to the end, in spite of his awful sufferings, and made the sacrifice of his life for Catholic France. One day, when suffering acutely, he said: "My God, it is Thy passion that I undergo; the shell in my head is Thy crown of thorns; my paralysed arm and leg are Thy hands and feet nailed to the cross. Thy will be done!" Another time he slowly repeated the words of Christ on the cross. A few hours before he died he repeated in my presence the "Suscepit" of the Mass, and in his last moments he said the Hail Mary many times, and died with its words on his lips. Since his death I have learned from a letter which has fallen into my hands that he had prayed that he rather than I should die on the field of battle, so that there might be a priest the more for the service of religion. Tell me all about you and yours, and of all whom you know who have fallen. What a splendid generation ours is, and what a time to be living in!'

### THE SOMME.

The River Somme, along the banks of which much history is at present being made, is the classical Samara that played an important part in the earliest recorded annals of old Gaul. It gave the ancient name of Samarobriua to modern Amiens, where Caesar held a meeting of the Gaulish tribes in the autumn of B.C. 54, and where he made his headquarters during the fol-