

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

- February 11, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.
 „ 12, Monday.—The Seven Founders, Confessors.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Valentine, Martyr.
 „ 15, Thursday.—SS. Faustinus and Jovita, Martyrs.
 „ 16, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 17, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

SS. Faustinus and Jovita, Martyrs.

These two Saints were members of a noble family of Brescia; the elder brother, Faustinus, being a priest, the younger, a deacon. For their fearless preaching of the Gospel, they were arraigned before the Emperor Hadrian, who, first, at Brescia, and later at Rome and Naples, subjected them to frightful torments, after which they were beheaded at Brescia in the year 120.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Meek Virgin Mother, more benign
 Than fairest Star, upon the height
 Of thy mountain set to keep
 Lone vigils through the hours of sleep.
 What eye can look upon thy shrine
 Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang
 In sign of misery relieved,
 Even these, without intent of theirs,
 Report of comfortless despairs
 Of many a deep and careless pang
 And confidence deceived.

To thee, in this aerial cleft
 As to a common centre, tend
 All sufferers that no more rely
 On mortal succor—all who sigh
 And pine, of human hope bereft,
 Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
 Though plenteous flowers around thee blow
 Not only from the dreary strife
 Of winter, but the storms of life,
 Thee have thy votaries aptly stiled
 Our Lady of the Snow.

Even for the man who stops not here,
 But down the irrequous valley hies,
 Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
 O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
 A tender sense of shadowy fear,
 And chastening sympathies.

—Wm. Wordsworth.

MAXIMS BY ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

The end of reading (as of everything else we do) should be self-improvement.

Though you think all the world's a stage, learn to act well your part.

Education which does not promote conduct bears within it a moral taint.

It takes time and pains to learn what it is most profitable to do.

The spirit and love of dogmatism characterises the imperfectly educated.

Live thy religion; then, shalt thou not need to argue or dispute about it.

We begin with studying how to learn, and end with learning how to study.

Principle is more than knowledge; a loving heart is better than much gold.

The Storyteller

PHILEAS FOX, ATTORNEY

By ANNA T. SADLIER.

[By Arrangement with the *Ave Maria*.]

(Continued.)

XVII.

Father Driscoll secured for Phileas a notification to wait upon John Vorst for a second interview. The worthy priest, glad of an opportunity to pay a friendly visit to the lawyer from New York, brought the message himself to the hotel, in the big empty drawing-room of which the two were enabled to speak quite unreservedly. After a few moments of desultory conversation, during which no allusion whatever was made to the matter in hand, Phileas himself told what had passed at his interview with John Vorst; and Father Driscoll evinced the liveliest satisfaction at the prospect of an amicable settlement of the long-standing difficulties.

'John Vorst deserves,' he said, 'if ever a man deserved, to have a few years of tranquillity before his final departure. He has had such a long, harassing time of it. And I may tell you that I regard him as an ideal layman. But what is the next step to be taken?'

'I should advise,' answered Phileas, 'that Mr. Vorst return to New York with me. I am quite satisfied that Mrs. Wilson is growing very feeble, and the sooner matters are settled the better for all parties.'

'I am altogether of your way of thinking,' said the priest. 'But can you make the necessary arrangements for his return in so short a time?'

'I think so,' declared Phileas. 'I chance to have been brought into contact, professionally, with Mr. Vorst's former landlady, and his room at her house is still vacant. If he consents, I shall wire her. Then there need not be much delay in "fixing up things"; for Mrs. Wilson is only too anxious for a final adjustment. In fact, as a measure of precaution, and acting on my advice, she signed most of the important papers before my departure.'

'Good!' said Father Driscoll. 'Then you will call upon Mr. Vorst to-day, as he has expressed a desire to see you. But, if you wish, I shall go to the hotel now and prepare him for your suggestion.'

'I shall be very grateful,' said Phileas; and he accompanied the priest to the door, where they stood a few moments, commenting on the buildings and the streets of the Puritan city.

Father Driscoll said, in parting:

'You have a good profession, my boy. Honor it and it will honor you. It needs ideals, you know: the higher the better. Then he added, softening the admonition by a laugh: 'You ought to change your name when you're dealing with honest men. I was a little afraid of you when I glanced at your card.'

Phileas was somewhat sore upon that point, but he joined in the laugh.

'You will be quite a *rara avis* then: an honest lawyer, and a fox that is not predatory.'

When Phileas was ushered into John Vorst's presence that afternoon, he found the old gentleman quite reconciled to the proposal, and even anxious to return to his old quarters.

'That good creature, Susan O'Rourke, made me so comfortable,' he said, 'she quite spoiled me for anything else; and, then, at my age one sighs for the old places that were familiar to one's youth. I don't know precisely why that should be so, Mr. Fox,' he went on, reflectively. 'One place ought to be quite as good as another to those who have almost finished the great journey. For, wherever we are, the mighty pageant—in which we no longer have part—goes on

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very well without us. But I suppose it is in the same manner that we go back to read the pages of a well-thumbed volume. Its familiarity is its charm.'

It was with evident reluctance that John Vorst entered upon the pecuniary details of the approaching contest.

'I will confess,' he said, 'perhaps to my shame, that I have never had any great aptitude for affairs. It is true, at one time I hotly contested that claim,—or, rather, my counsel did,' he added with a smile. 'But that was on abstract grounds of justice, in order not to prove myself a swindler; and also because of a sentimental attraction toward that old house in Monroe street, where my boyhood had been passed. Moreover, then, as now, there were others to be considered,—a widowed sister, since dead, who has left children. I have never seen them, because I faded out of active life before they had entered thereupon. There is also a brother of mine, who has taken Holy Orders and resides in England. For their sakes nothing must be left to chance.'

It was, therefore, agreed that Phileas should wire at once to Mrs. O'Rourke; and that, two days later, the two men should travel together to New York.

Phileas Fox was fairly treading on air, in the height of his satisfaction. That long and tedious case, which he had fancied might stretch out interminably, was thus in the way of being settled almost immediately. He sent from the office of the hotel a wire addressed to Mrs. O'Rourke. It ran thus:

'Have front parlor prepared for your old lodger, who returns on Thursday.'

'PHILEAS FOX.'

Then he went over to the Cathedral, and knelt in fervent prayer for the successful issue of what remained to be done. After which he permitted himself the luxury of a carriage, and drove out to Mount Auburn and to those other lovely suburbs which have made Boston famous.

His mind, relaxed and at rest somewhat from the strain of anxiety and suspense, turned instinctively to pleasanter things; and he recalled, amongst others, that trip to Staten Island which he had so recently made with the most charming girl in the world. For by this time he had come to regard Isabel in some such light; and he felt a real gratification at the thought that he was so soon to see her again, and to be brought into active relation with her. It occurred to him, with a sudden sinking of his spirits, that the cessation of the case would no doubt bring about the cessation of their intercourse. Their ways led so far apart; he a briefless barrister; while she had been brought up in a wealthy and exclusive sphere, to which he in no sense belonged. Then, with the optimism of youth that gilds all things just as the sun was then gilding and bringing out the iridescent colors of the lovely groups of flowers, he began to wonder if she were, after all, so far removed from him; or if she would be content in a year or two, or when he had made his way somewhat, to share his fortunes and struggle upward at his side. He smiled at the swiftness with which his thoughts had gone forward; and, awaking from his reverie, he strove to give his whole attention to the sights which the driver was showing him.

That evening he dined at the hotel with John Vorst; and, in fact, was so much in his society during those two days that he felt as if he had known him for years. On board the boat returning to New York, the two, who had been so strangely brought into each other's life, talked with a freedom which is not always the result of long acquaintanceship. Upon one subject alone John Vorst maintained an inviolable reserve, and that was wherever the plaintiff in the famous lawsuit was concerned. The name of Martha Spooner Wilson was never so much as mentioned; the relation in which the two had stood to each other, the reason of their separation, and all the rest of that tragic story, remained as a sealed book. If he were aware that the attorney had been informed of all those things, he gave no sign. And it was on only one occasion that he spoke of another matter that was dear to his heart—

that religion which he had so faithfully loved and practised for nearly man's allotted span.

'Our faith,' he said,—'what a splendid heritage it is, and how worthy the consideration of reasoning man! It meets us at every point during the journey of our life, and sets up landmarks. It controls, directs, satisfies and brightens intellectual aspirations; it feeds the heart. Envious the young man who sets out in life under the guidance of that true pilot, that alone can weather storms.'

They sat and conversed thus until the night was far worn. The lights in the saloon were lowered, and the groups had gradually dispersed. There was a solemnity there, under the stars looking down from a deep, calm, azure, where the white clouds scudded here and there like wandering spirits in search of a haven.

'I have often said to myself,' continued the elder man, "'Look up at those stars and doubt if you can." That sidereal world seems the vast witness of truth.'

'And,' thought Phileas, 'some men, like this one before me, are likewise witnesses of truth in the various positions which they fill in life.'

In the early morning, the two men breakfasted at a place on Broadway where the most delicious cream-topped coffee could be had, together with Vienna rolls, crisp, delicate bacon, strawberries and cream. It was an enjoyable meal, over which the pair lingered. John Vorst rejoiced at being back once more in the city which he had known and loved.

'I have been a traveller in my time, Mr. Fox,' he said, 'but I am always well content to find myself in this curious, cosmopolitan thoroughfare, which boasts no beauty, and which, with its feverish bustle and haste, is unendurable to the cursory observer. But there are quiet portions of Manhattan, where tranquillity is almost as obtainable as in the country; and I see it, besides, through the glamor of years. I fancy myself once more thrilling at thought of exhibiting my new topcoat or beaver, my patent-leather boots, or any other article of finery, on the avenue of a Sunday morning. I always see Broadway as I first consciously remember it half a century ago.'

When Phileas rang the bell at Mrs. O'Rourke's door, it was opened by Susan herself. Her face was fairly beaming, though her eyes were streaming with tears. Every trace of care, of weariness, or of cynical doubt, was momentarily gone.

'You see I have brought him back to you!' exclaimed Phileas, indicating his companion.

'And may God in heaven bless you for that same!' answered Susan.

To her late lodger, who was somewhat slower in reaching the upper step, she began a series of curtsies, as though the newly-arrived had been her feudal lord and she his tenant at will.

'Is it yourself, sir?' she cried.

'It is indeed, Mrs. O'Rourke,' replied Mr. Vorst, with corresponding warmth, and seizing the toil-roughened hand of the landlady in a cordial grip. 'I'm glad to see you again.'

'And I'm as proud and glad as—'

She could find no apposite comparison, so she left her sentence unfinished, and fell to wiping her eyes with her apron.

'But of course you got Mr. Fox's telegram?' John Vorst inquired.

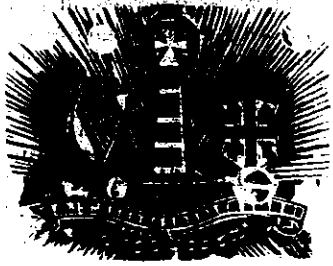
'I did indeed, sir; and here's your room ready for you just as the day you left it.'

She threw open the door of the same apartment into which upon a former occasion she had ushered Phileas, and showed the spacious room, clean, well-aired, and as shining as two days' good cleaning could make it.

'It's myself is glad to see you in it once again!' the poor creature repeated enthusiastically.

'You may thank Mr. Fox for that,' laughed Mr. Vorst, expanding, under the warmth of her greeting.

'I do thank him; and morning and night, when



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I go on my knees, I'll always remember him for that same, as well as for the kind acts he did to me.'

John Vorst turned a glance of warm approval upon the young attorney.

'You must tell me all about it,' he said to Susan; for you and I both are feeling very grateful to him.'

'I can not wait for that recital,' said Phileas, joyously. He, too, was in excellent spirits at the result of his journey. 'I have to get back to sober life, and I must not have my head turned.'

Phileas, having seen his new friend, for whom he felt a real attachment and a boundless admiration, installed in his old quarters, took the subway down town to his long-neglected office. He threw open the door with a new feeling of importance; he aired the room, which had a close smell, as though it had been long unused; he arranged the chairs and tables, and dusted the folios.

When at last he sat down at the desk, he felt as if he had been dreaming, and was still a briefless barrister, with no work to do save dozing over an imaginary case. He reviewed in swift succession all that had taken place since that first day when he took possession of this legal sanctum; and his thoughts lingered oftenest and longest upon Isabel Ventnor. He brought her image before him with a delight which no longer left him any illusion as to his sentiments toward her. Her face, fresh, laughing, yet mobile and sensitive, had a far greater charm for him—or so he said to his impressionable heart—than many a one more perfect in coloring or outline. Her slender, well-proportioned figure, dressed always with that harmony of detail that far surpasses costliness of material, seemed to him the most delightful and the most attractive in the whole range of femininity. He hoped that he should see her again very soon and very often.

He was roused from his reverie by the opening of his office door, and a voice demanding if Mr. Fox was back yet. He answered that question in the affirmative; and during the next few hours the door continued to open and to admit an almost continuous stream of people. They were mostly petty clients such as build up a practice. Each was, however, in as great a hurry as though his particular affairs were of paramount importance, and as if it were impossible for him to wait an instant. Hence there was not a moment wherein the lawyer found himself free to wait upon Mrs. Wilson: but he decided that if he did not go thither that evening, he would certainly go the following day. And the following day he went under circumstances which he could not have foreseen.

It was immediately after luncheon; and Phileas had just come in from the crowded streets, hot, dusty, and tired, when the telephone rang. Isabel Ventnor, in a voice so agitated as to be barely recognisable, asked:

'Has Mr. Fox returned?'

'Yes,' said Phileas. 'He is speaking.'

'For God's sake come at once! Don't lose an instant. It is Isabel Ventnor.'

Before he could ask any questions the instrument was shut off. It took Phileas scarcely an appreciable time to reach the street and hail a passing cab, in which he caused himself to be bowled along at a breakneck pace by the quietest ways, through which there might be the least obstruction.

The mansion lay in a sort of repose that seemed more pronounced than usual. The sun fell in long, slanting beams over the trees where they stood in their prim rows or waved in swaying curves. Cadwallader, with face that was ashen gray and eyes rolling wildly, opened the door without a word. He brought the lawyer to the library. Phileas paused, spellbound, upon the threshold.

Isabel, with pallid, terror-stricken face, pointed to a figure in the chair,—the same that had fascinated the young man on the opening of the door. Seated before the table, as he had seen her last, her eyes wide open and burning in their sockets, with their unseeing gaze fixed upon an unoccupied corner of the room, was the mistress of the mansion.

Ghastly in the extreme was the appearance she presented. She was clad in a rich gown of brocade, and fairly ablaze with jewels, which, as Phileas quickly surmised, belonged to the dowry cases that he had seen in the safe. Those receptacles, in fact, lay empty upon the table; while their glittering contents, chiefly diamonds in the form of necklaces, tiaras, bracelets, rings, and aigrettes, had been employed to deck the shrunken frame of Mrs. Wilson. The resplendence of the stones fairly dazzled the eyes that looked at them. The lawyer's glance wandered to the safe in the corner, which stood wide open, staring with desolate blankness, its long-guarded secrets displayed to every comer. From the lips of the strangely bedizened figure came forth inarticulate sounds, apparently addressed to some shadowy presentment of overwrought fancy. It was a singular, a weird scene, that sent a shudder through the attorney's frame and shook his healthy nerves.

'What should we do?' inquired Isabel, who, though white to the lips, stood ready for any emergency. 'I thought it better to wait till the doctor comes before making any effort to disturb her.'

'Has she been long like this?' Phileas asked.

'I scarcely know myself,' the girl answered. 'I went out, as I often do, for a walk; leaving Mrs. Wilson, apparently in her usual health, taking her afternoon sleep upon the couch in her own room. I was not gone long; and when I came in Cadwallader told me that she had dressed alone—a thing she never does,—and had come downstairs, also without assistance. The Negro met her, and offered his arm; but she had passed him by without a word, walking very straight, as he had not seen her for years. She had come into the library and closed the door, so that he had been afraid to follow. Of course I rushed in here as soon as I heard his story, and found things as you see them. I tried to bring her back to consciousness and to make her hear my voice, but it was all no use. I telephoned for the priest and the doctor. Both were out, but I am expecting them every moment. Then I thought of you, and I thank you so much for coming promptly.'

'I wonder,' said Phileas, 'if it would be better to try to rouse her, or to wait a little longer?'

'Perhaps we might try again,' declared Isabel; and, kneeling down, she put her arm around the aged figure and said: 'Don't you know me, dear? It's Isabel.'

But the eyes looked past her with the same wild stare, and the lips continued to murmur inaudible words.

'Perhaps if you were to try?' said Isabel; and Phileas, bending down, took Mrs. Wilson's withered hand, now burning with fever, into his own, so cool and firm. He spoke very distinctly.

The unseeing eyes were turned on him an instant, and the voice, thick and husky, and altogether unlike its ordinary clear enunciation, managed to form the question:

'Are you John Vorst?'

'No,' answered the young man. 'I am your attorney, Phileas Fox.'

For an instant the face became disturbed, as with some effort of memory; it seemed as if reason were struggling back into the unnaturally distended eyes. But the expression almost instantaneously faded, though the hand rested in the cool, strong grasp.

'Are you tired, Mrs. Wilson?' asked Phileas, soothingly.

The genuine pity and tenderness in the tone fell gratefully upon Isabel's ear. It likewise seemed to please the delirious patient, whose gaze became less unnatural, while something like a smile hovered about the lips.

'If we could get her upstairs it might be better,' Phileas declared to Isabel.

But at that moment the door opened, and the old family doctor entered, closely followed by Father Van Buren. The former examined the patient carefully.

'It is a singular case,' he said; 'but I do not think there is any immediate danger of death. It would be well, however, if she could be put to bed as

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soon as possible, without unduly exciting her. It is of the utmost importance that she be kept quiet.

It was Phileas who took from her the jewels—though she at first resisted the attempt,—and gave them into Father Van Buren's keeping, that they might be locked away. Then the young lawyer raised his client in his strong arms, as though she had been a little child, and carried her upstairs.

(To be continued.)

SOULS SHALL MEET

They closed the door ever so softly behind him, and he stood alone in the dim bed chamber. He did not move a step. Every power of mind and body seemed stricken with a fatal listlessness, a languor that numbed all but the terrible sense of pain in his heart. Four calm candles burned with a motionless yellow flame; he noted irrelevantly that not the slightest flicker stirred their oval contour, and that the light they shed upon the tall silver crucifix and on the calm face of the woman in the canopied bed was steady and meltingly soft.

In spotless white they had layed her body, the shimmering folds of her delicate wedding gown. She looked much as she had looked then; the smile was almost the same. But now the hand which had rested so trustfully in his lay in maternal pressure upon the still child at her breast.

A terrible sense of loneliness swept over him, and he fell heavily back against the closed door, his hand to his eyes. Gone, the wife of a blissful year; gone the child he had never kissed; gone, into the inky blackness called death, like shadows that vanish in the fall of a winter twilight. The rush of memory flung over him the thousand trivial details that had made her infinitely precious: her quick sympathy, her sweet forgiveness, the blush that sprang so swiftly to her cheeks; and all were gone forever. She had died because she had loved him in the child at her breast. The flame of the candles swayed as he rushed forward in the wild impetuosity of grief. The smooth folds of her wedding gown fell in disorder as he buried his face in her dress, sobbing in gasping masculine sobs: 'Gone, gone, gone!'

Time passed unnoticed, swallowed up in the fathomless abyss of grief. Then a gentle knock at the door roused him slightly, and kneeling he bade the visitor enter. The door swung without sound, and he struggled to his feet, her dress still clasped in his hand, turning to greet the intruder.

It was a small, smoky-complexioned man with the nervous step of a student, and in his eyes burned keen intelligence, but a keener despair.

'I had heard of your loss,' said the stranger, 'and I came to offer my sympathy.'

The man stretched forth his hand to this friend. He had not seen him since the days when, a callow but clever youth, he had sat at the elder man's feet in a musty room, and listened to his enthusiastic explanation of the works of Buechner, Haeckel, and their school. The old man had turned the youth from religion to a materialistic philosophy, and then vanished into the maelstrom of a great city, always pitiless toward the dreamer.

Now he moved across the room and stood over the quiet woman and her babe.

'She was fair,' he murmured. 'You were happy to have possessed her even for a year.'

The man almost tore the dress he still clasped, in his gesture of passionate repudiation.

'No, no; that was not enough. We had just begun to love. I want her still; I shall always want her. Shall I never see her again?'

The look of despair in the old man's eyes deepened. He slowly shook his head.

'To believe that is to hug to your heart a beautiful dream. It cannot be. The physical forces cease to act; the chemicals are dissolved; atom slips from

atom and the eternal cycle of nature's laws proceeds. But she has gone forever.

'Not that! cried the man; 'you cannot talk of her as a meaningless jumble of atoms and forces. It was not the atoms, the laws I loved. It was a personality, a woman. You offer me sympathy, you whom I counted among life's few friends, and you say she is gone forever? Give me hope of her, or I want neither you nor your philosophy of despair.'

He sank to the ground, his face buried in her dress, his body throbbing with the rhythm of his sobs.

And then a hand rested upon his shoulder. He shook it off angrily, but when its reassuring pressure was renewed, he turned his face up through the faint light, and then, from force of habitual respect, sprang to his feet.

The tall, stately man, whose hair shone white and silken in the candle light, was little changed since the days when he had thrilled the youthful undergraduate with his spectacular reasoning, his daring speculation. Now as then his eye was kindly, his hand clasp reassuring.

Side by side, professor and former pupil stood above the peaceful woman. The man felt his visitor's silent sympathy too vast to be couched in the broken utterances of a death chamber. The professor's eyes dwelt long on the beautiful face before him and then travelled inconsequently toward the silver crucifix.

'She was a Catholic?' he asked. 'It is a beautiful faith—if it were only true.'

The man's agony burst forth afresh. 'But you believe in immortality, do you not? I cannot give her up; love like her's cannot die. Her purity, her devotedness, her gentleness cannot be lost forever.'

He felt once more that reassuring pressure on his arm.

'We are immortal,' said the low, firm voice that had so often gripped him with its vibrant power, 'but not as personalities. The great world soul, whose fragments form our thoughts, our emotions, is immortal. We live forever because the world shall never die. But as individuals death ends all.'

'But it is she I want. I did not love a world soul; I loved her. Shall I not see and recognise the wife I loved again?'

'I wish I could say yes; but it cannot be.'

'Then,' cried the man, 'what do I care for your world soul, your great, selfish monster that swallows up all we love and sinks them in an ocean of oblivion? I want the woman I loved, the woman who died because she loved me. If you cannot give me her, you cannot give me anything but black despair.'

Once again he sank to his knees, borne down by an overwhelming sense of desolation. Then, of a sudden, he felt upon his hair the touch of a loved hand.

'Mother!' he cried, turning his face upward in wide-eyed surprise; I thought—'

The white-haired woman whose face bore his own features softened and feminised, smiled.

'Death,' she said, 'is the mother of miracles.'

He leaped to his feet, and, quite unafraid, placed his arm about her waist. Together they looked into the calm face of death.

'My son's wife,' she said, and her voice fell soothingly on his wrenched heart. 'She was beautiful and, better still, she was good.'

'But she has gone from me forever.' Anguish made poignant his tone. But the mother's hand closed upon his as it rested on her waist.

'My son has forgotten much as a man that he knew as a child. Can death end love? Do not the good deeds begotten of purity and self-sacrifice and gentleness cry out for a reward? Shall son be torn from mother and wife from husband when a lifetime of service shall have linked them together with bonds stronger than steel? My son, is the cold, lifeless form before you your wife? Was it merely this that you loved? Was it this only that loved you? Or was it rather the warm, vital soul that has left you and that waits and watches for you beyond?'

'Mother,' he cried, 'shall we then meet again?'

'As surely as heart cries to heart, as love demands

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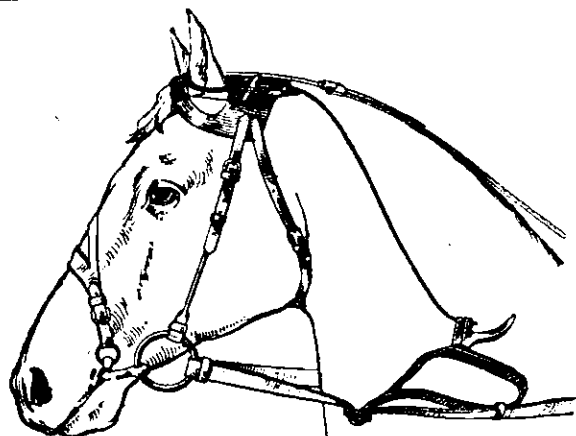
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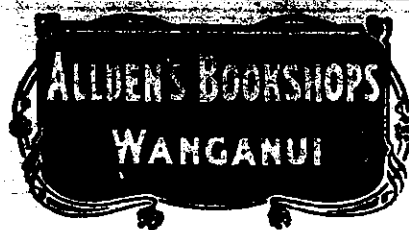
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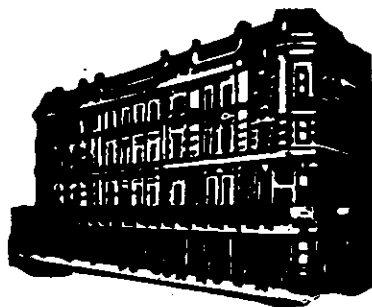
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fruition, as goodness and purity cannot perish in vain. Faith joins hearts separated by the abysses of death. Faith unites time with eternity. The woman you loved lives and loves you still.

They found him crouched at the side of his dead wife, his lips close to her free hand. Grief, they said, had mercifully been swallowed up in sleep. Then they noted how like to the smile of the dead woman was the smile which softened his lips. And they said:

'Perhaps even in death their souls shall meet.'—
Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in *America*.

READINGS IN IRISH HISTORY

BY 'SHANACHIE.'

ST. CIARAN AND THE SCHOOL OF CLONMACNOISE.

'How solitary now she sits by the great river that once thronged City! Her gates are broken, and her streets are silent. Yet in olden times she was a queen, and the children of many lands came to do her homage. She was the nursing mother of our saints, and the teacher of our highest learning for a long six hundred years. The most ancient and the most accurate of the annals of Erin were written in her halls; the most learned "Doctors of the Scots" lectured in her classrooms; the noblest youth of France and England crowded her halls, and bore the renown of her holiness and learning to foreign lands. Even still her churches, her crosses, and her tombstones flourish, the best and most characteristic specimens of our ancient Celtic art in sculpture and in architecture. View it as you may, Clonmacnoise was the greatest of our schools in the past, as it is the most interesting of our ruins in the present.

'How well St. Ciaran chose the site for his monastic city in those turbulent and lawless days! It reposed in the bosom of a grassy lawn of fertile meadow land on the eastern bank of the Shannon, about ten miles south of Athlone. Just at this point the majestic river takes a wide semicircular sweep first to the east and then to the south; presently it widens and deepens into calm repose under the shelter of that grassy ridge, which Ciaran chose as the site of his monastery.' (Dr. Healy.)

Ciaran, the founder of Clonmacnoise, is sometimes called Ciaran the Younger to distinguish him from that other Ciaran, the patron of the diocese of Ossory. His father, Beoit, though a carpenter by trade, came of high descent, and his mother, Darerca, was a daughter of the race that gave its name to the County Kerry. Beoit lived at Larne, in Antrim, but being greatly harassed by the exactions of the king of the district, he migrated to the province of Connaught, and settled in a place called Rath Crimthann, near Fuerty, in the County Roscommon. Here Beoit married Darerca. They were a holy couple, and trained up a holy family, for they had no less than five sons and three daughters who were great servants of God.

Ciaran was baptised by the Deacon Justus at Fuerty, in the year 512 A.D., which we take to be the date of the saint's birth. He received his early education from the same holy man, and in his turn was not too proud to tend the herds of his tutor at Fuerty. We are told, too, that while tending the cattle he was much given to study and prayer. It is probable that young Ciaran went directly from home to the great school of Clonard. While he was there he gave himself up with great zeal to the study of Holy Scripture under the direction of the wise and learned Finnian. He was much beloved both by his master, who called him the 'gentle youth,' and by his companions, whom he was ever anxious to oblige. Books were then very scarce, and on one occasion when St. Ninnidius of Lough Erne was vainly searching for a copy of the Gospels, Ciaran gave him his own copy, saying that we should do to others as we would have others do to

us—the text which he was studying in St. Matthew at the moment. Ciaran once made a present of corn to his master and the brotherhood, which sufficed for their wants during forty days—it was said, too, this blessed food given by Ciaran had virtue to heal the sick, who partook of it, and a portion of it was reserved for that purpose. Finnian in return blessed his generous and holy pupil, and foretold that his Church in the coming years would be fruitful of 'nobility and wisdom'; that it would have much glory and much land; and that half Ireland would one day be subject to his rule. When the master was absent, Ciaran was deputed to take his place, which shows the high opinion then entertained by Finnian of his learning and holiness. One day Finnian saw in a vision two golden moons in the firmament of Erin. One he said was Columba, to illumine the North with the lustre of his virtues and high descent; the other Ciaran, who would shine over central Erin with the mild radiance of charity and meekness.

At length the time came for Ciaran to leave Clonard. Both masters and scholars were sorry to part with the gentle youth. Finnian even offered to resign the master's chair in his favor; but Ciaran wisely declined the great honor, for he was too young and inexperienced for that office. Columba, who was then at Clonard, was greatly attached to Ciaran, and followed him afterwards to Aran. We have referred to Ciaran's sojourn in Aran with St. Enda. On his departure from the Aran Isles Ciaran told the venerable Enda that he saw in a vision a large fruitful tree planted in the midst of Erin, and its branches sheltered all the land. Its fair fruit was borne over land and sea, and all the birds of the air came and ate thereof. 'That tree is thyself,' said Enda; 'all Erin shall be filled with thy name, and sheltered by the grace that will be in thee, and many men from all parts will be fed by thy prayers and thy fastings. Go, then, in God's name, and found thy church on the Shannon's banks in the centre of the island.'

So Ciaran left Aran and journeyed towards the centre of Ireland till he found a suitable site for a monastery. He selected, as we have seen, Clonmacnoise, and there laid the foundations of Ireland's greatest school and monastery on the 23rd of January, A.D. 544. St Ciaran lived only four months after this date. Ciaran's death was very touching. 'Take me out a little,' he said, 'from the cell into the open air.' Then looking up into the blue sky, he said: 'Narrow indeed is the way which leads to heaven.' 'Not for you, Father, will it be narrow,' said one of his monks who was standing by. 'It is not said in the Gospel that it will be easy for me or for anyone,' said Ciaran. 'Even the blessed Paul and David were afraid.' He would not allow the stone pillow to be removed in order to give more ease to his head. He had kept it during life, and he would rest on it in death. 'Blessed are they,' he observed, 'who persevere unto the end.' The brethren now saw God's angels hovering in the air around them awaiting the moment of Ciaran's departure. The end was now at hand, so his monks took Ciaran into his little oratory, and left him alone with his soul's friend, St. Kevin of Glendalough, whom he had known and loved at Clonard. Kevin blessed holy water according to the rite of the Church, sprinkled therewith the little oratory and the couch of the dying saint. Then he gave Ciaran the Holy Viaticum and blessed him once more before he died. So died St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise, truly a wonderful man, who in a short time fulfilled a long space. He was called to his reward at the sacred age of thirty-three, as all our Annals tell.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes of the School of Clonmacnoise thus:—'It is almost incredible that here once was a true and living centre of European culture to which men's thoughts turned from among far-off events and cities of illustrious Kings. Yet the fact is demonstrable in many ways—in none more clearly than by the extant letter from Alcuin to Colchu. Alcuin, it may be as well to explain, was a Northumbrian noble, born about 735 A.D., who became a favorite pupil of Archbishop Egbert of York, and, after a distinguished

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career in Britain, was induced to attach himself to the Court of Charlemagne as a kind of director of religious studies—perhaps one should say, rather, as Minister of Education. However one phrased it, Alcuin was among the foremost men of Europe, both for learning and influence. His correspondent, Colga, or Colchu the Wise, was lector in the great school of learning which flourished among the buildings whose grey ruins now stand on the bare slope by the lonely stretch of river, in as desolate a spot as can be found in all Ireland.' (*Fair Hills of Holy Ireland*, p. 266.)

'In a quiet-watered land, a land of roses,
Stands St. Ciaran's city fair,
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

'There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbré sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Ciaran's plain of
crosses
Now their final hosting keep.'

OPENING OF NEW CONVENT AND SCHOOL, MORVEN.

The opening of the new convent and school at Morven (writes our Waimate correspondent) took place on Sunday, January 28, his Lordship Bishop Brodie performing the ceremony. The weather was perfect, and fully 500 people assembled in the grounds. The Rev. Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph, together with Sisters from Temuka, Kerrytown, and Waimate, were present, and among the visiting clergy were Very Rev. Dean Regnault, Very Rev. Dean Tubman, Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, Rev. Fathers Gilbert, Kerley, Burger, and Gondringer.

After the blessing of the buildings by his Lordship the Bishop, Rev. Father Aubry congratulated the contractors upon their work. The cost of the work was somewhere in the region of £2000, and there was £120 still owing on the building and £160 for the furniture; to say nothing of fencing, etc., that remained to be tackled. He looked for such a good collection that day that the place would be opened free of debt. He spoke of the early work of Father Goutenoire, who held a catechism class in the little buildings on the Waihao, and the succeeding labors of Dean Regnault. He also mentioned the work of Father Burger, Chaplain Macdonald, Father Quinn, and Dr. Kennedy in furthering the Morven Convent.

Dean Regnault said he wished to right one neglect of the previous speaker. That was Father Aubry's own important part in the work. (Applause.) He praised the services of the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose trainees were in request in Canada, and elsewhere, and of whom the Australian bishops spoke in terms of the highest praise. Thirty or forty years ago the four or five Catholic families of Waihao liberally supported the convent school at Waimate. Names like those of John Hanley, Nicholas O'Toole, Edward Crone, and P. Burke, would not be forgotten. He felt sure the Morven people would not only house the good Sisters, but would keep the wolf from the door. The pupils of St. Joseph's Convent, Waimate, were known among business men in Waimate, Timaru, and Temuka for their thorough training. Moreover, people told him that they were always to be trusted. (Applause.)

Is not the State providing for the youth of New Zealand that we should be obliged to erect such buildings as these? (asked the Dean). I say 'No.' The system is not a national system. It does not cater for everybody. It caters only for those who are indifferent in matters of religion themselves, or careless as to the religious education of their children. Since the year 1876 the non-Catholic child in this Dominion is educated entirely at the expense of the State. No fees to pay; even school books are supplied, to a certain extent, to that child. Therefore that is done out of moneys

to which the Catholic people contribute their full share. What about the Catholic child? Owing to the objections to the system, the Catholic child cannot avail itself of State education; because we Catholics do not believe in a secular system of education. We believe that the child must be educated in a religious and not in a secular atmosphere. The Catholics, in view of this, have erected their own schools; they have provided their own teachers. They have done everything purely at the dictates of their conscience, and at the same time provided a system in no way inferior to that given by the State. Our grievances are these—that we not only have to pay for our own education, but the tax for the general education in which we have no share. We have to pay even for the *School Journal*. Now, these *Journals* are supplied in such numbers that the unused copies alone would suffice to supply the Catholic schools. We would be satisfied with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table—the rich man being the State, of course. No Catholic child is entitled, according to the State, to take out a free place at a Catholic secondary school. These free places are only tenable at a State secular high school or college. We have proved that we can educate our children so that they can obtain proficiency certificates, but the Catholic child is debarred, because of his refusal to continue his education in a secular school, from taking any advantage of the State's expenditure on secondary education, for which the Catholic people are taxed. We are penalised, therefore, because of our faith. The State also looks after the health of the Protestant children. They are medically examined for defective eyesight, nasal organs, teeth, etc. But when we Catholics ask for medical inspection, it is to be granted only at so much per visit. Also, in the question of swimming capitation. According to the Minister of Education, we are not entitled to this, although our scholars qualify. What does this mean? Apparently that the lives of Catholic children are not considered to be worth saving in this country. Why are we treated like this? We are surely as good and efficient citizens as other people! Surely we pay up our taxes as well as others do! And we are the most loyal of the subjects of the King. Our Catholic boys were amongst the first to land in Samoa, on Gallipoli, and in Flanders, and they are doing their duty now in Egypt. Our Catholic boys are devotedly loyal to their country, because of the civic education they receive in their schools. 'Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and the things of God to God.' Why, then, should they not receive as fair treatment as others? Now, some time ago at a meeting of the Teachers' Institute, one of the delegates said that the Catholics were out to destroy the State system of education in New Zealand. Now, I say 'No.' We have nothing to do whatever with that system of education in New Zealand. We know it is necessary in New Zealand. It is necessary for those who are Agnostics, for those who are Atheists, and for those who are indifferent. But it is abhorrent to the Catholic community; and it is abhorrent to a large section of the non-Catholic community. Bishop Julius lately gave expression to the Anglican complaint, and at a meeting of the Presbyterian Assembly recently a similar attitude was assumed. There is no true education that is not based on religion. Therefore, my friends, as long as that unfair treatment is extended to us I ask you to organise and agitate for justice and fair play.

Bishop Brodie also referred to this question. He said: We are assisting at a function at which one is tempted to speak somewhat on the subject of Catholic education. I would like to say this to those who wish to destroy religion in this young country: An attempt was made to banish religion from France a hundred years ago. Christian schools were banished. They said: 'Let us have neither master nor God.' If the enemies to any form of Christianity wish to destroy that Christianity, let them start on the school. We have no quarrel with the teachers of the State system of education. We have no quarrel with the system itself. I say that this

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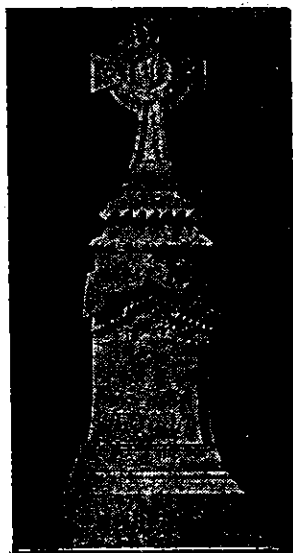
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State system of secularism is bringing about a condition of anarchy. These I.W.W. men in Australia, who went the length of committing murder, were a product of this secular system. God has said, 'Thou shalt not kill.' This system of godlessness is coming over the whole world, bringing anarchy in its wake. It is a serious statement to make. But I was at Waihi at a time of very serious trouble, and I can say from experience that the State system of education is blotting out the fear of God. An inspector of schools lately told me that there is a certain district in this country in which State schools hold sway; and in which there were no Christian schools at all. Not many months ago a clergyman went there, and he found the whole community were pagans. They did not want a clergyman at all. The man came away disheartened. The State system of education is undermining not only religion, but society itself. And the people will live to regret the day that the State took up the programme of banishing religion from our schools. The Church would sacrifice all it possesses for the sake of the soul of one little child. We are very much encouraged by the fact that the members of other denominations are joining with us in starting schools of their own. The Anglicans and Presbyterians are rejoicing in the success which is attending the establishment of their secondary colleges. But let them not overlook the fact that there are 180,000 children receiving education in the primary schools of New Zealand, and only 12,000 receiving education in the secondary schools. Thus, of all the children in the schools, 94-15ths are without Christianity. We hope that the day will come, as it came in England, when the other denominations will fully realise that we are fighting their battle as well as our own; when the sects will stand shoulder to shoulder and the party dissensions which have made us distrust one another will be removed, and a common danger will teach us to trust one another.

The Very Rev. Dean Tubman was the last speaker and he also reminded the people of the good work done by the Sisters.

Afternoon tea was provided in the schoolroom. The Waimate Brass Band played several selections during the afternoon.

The collection for the day totalled over £200.

In the evening his Lordship Bishop Brodie preached at the devotions in Waimate on the necessity of parents giving a good example to children.

A UNIQUE GIFT

Dr. Fritz von Holm, of New York, formerly an officer in the Danish navy, who recently was decorated by the Pope with the Order of St. Sylvester for his explorations in China, will present to the Pope, on behalf of Mrs. George Leary, of New York, the two-ton tablet patterned after the eighth century Chinese Nestorian tablet, which was exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of New York from 1908 to 1916. The tablet is now on its way to Rome.

The tablet, which measures 10 feet, was brought to Boston by Dr. Fritz von Holm on the steamer Kennebec in May, 1908. It is a copy of the famous Nestorian tablet of Sainfu, the original of which is among the most interesting of Chinese antiquities. In obtaining and bringing it out of the Province of Shensi, in Southern China, Dr. von Holm was confronted with the strong opposition of the superstitious inhabitants and the imperial customs officials. At one stage of his journey he was attacked by a band of Chinese peasants, to whom the making of the copy seemed a sacrilege.

LADIES!

A new style of dressing the hair is quite in order, but the purchase of a delicious appetiser, like **MILITARY PICKLE**, is sound judgment. Sold by all Grocers. Buy it now.

FAREWELL TO REV. FATHER BOWDEN, S.M., M.A.

LEESTON

Eloquent testimony as to the high regard in which the Rev. Father Bowden is held in the Leeston Catholic parish was afforded by the large and representative gathering of parishioners which assembled in the parish hall on last Thursday evening to bid him good-bye on the eve of his departure from the district (states the *Lyttelton Times*), Father Bowden having been obliged to resign his position as priest in charge of the parish of Leeston owing to ill-health. All parts of the district were represented, and it was evident that the people were genuinely sorry to have to bid farewell to a priest who had won his way into the hearts of all. Mr. A. T. Robertson presided, and the Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., Father Bowden's successor, was also present.

A musical programme was submitted, including songs by the senior Convent pupils, pianoforte solos by Misses Nellie Holley and J. McMahon, a duet by Misses Josephine Holley and P. Smith, and songs by Miss Smaill and Mr. T. Delaney. Father Hoare entertained the audience with some sleight of hand tricks.

At the conclusion of the entertainment several eulogistic speeches were made.

The chairman said that no words of his could convey to Father Bowden the sense of regret felt by the people at his departure from the district. Father Bowden had endeared himself to all and he would long be remembered for his ministrations amongst the sick and distressed and for his sympathy and practical help. The speaker sincerely regretted that ill-health had caused their beloved guest to give up his work in the Canterbury diocese, and earnestly trusted that the change would result in an improvement in health and that Father Bowden would be spared for many years to continue his priestly duties.

Mr. A. Twiss voiced the regrets of the Southbridge congregation at Father Bowden's impending departure. He had always looked upon the departing priest as a dear friend. Before Father Bowden's arrival in the district, the speaker had been told that the new priest was one of the best they could find in New Zealand; in fact, one of the best educated men in the priesthood. They had since found that this statement was no exaggeration. He sincerely trusted that Father Bowden would soon enjoy better health. Mr. Twiss extended a cordial welcome to Father Hoare, the new parish priest.

Father Bowden was received with prolonged applause on rising to reply. He said it had been a surprise to him to find that they had made such preparations to bid farewell to him, seeing that he had been farewelled on a previous occasion from the Leeston parish. He thanked them all very much. It was with sincere regret that he had handed in his resignation owing to ill-health, but he felt that he should do so in justice to his people as well as to himself. They were getting an excellent priest in Father Hoare, who would show greater activity than he had been able to do. They had all heard about the splendid work Father Hoare had done in St. Mary's parish in Christchurch. In conclusion, Father Bowden said he intended to spend the winter in the warmer climate of the North Island.

Father Hoare also made a short speech, in the course of which he said that the warm reception he had received from the people of the Leeston parish had made him forget that he was practically a stranger amongst them. They might well be sorry to lose Father Bowden, who was one of the most pious and learned priests they had. Father Bowden had taught him at college, and they had always been the best of friends. The presence of such a large number of people that evening was sufficient to show their love and fidelity towards their late priest and what they would do for his successor.

Supper was served by the ladies in a large marquee, and a pleasant hour or so was spent in social amusements.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

Sergeants Brennan and Redmond and Privates Callaghan and O'Brien, of the Irish Guards, were recently decorated with the D.C.M. by the Duke of Connaught at an inspection of the regiment.

An Italian decree places under Government control the consumption of meat from January 1. On Thursday and Friday of each week all sale of meat will be prohibited.

Lieut. H. E. Bulbeck, Royal Fusiliers, killed in action in November, came of an old Hampshire Catholic family, the name appearing in the Recusant Roll of that county in the second year of the reign of James I. (says the *London Tablet*). His great-grandfather, Dr. John Bulbeck, was a fellow-collegian of Daniel O'Connell, and was one of the thirty-two Douai students who suffered the full term of imprisonment after the seizure of the college at the French Revolution.

Lieut. Lucian Chabard, of the 54th Battalion of Chasseurs Alpins, who, after being mentioned three times in dispatches and gaining the military medal of the Legion of Honor, fell gloriously on the field of honor, was a young Jesuit scholastic born in the diocese of Chambery. The official mention of his death is in the following terms:—'An officer of remarkable courage and dash, his moral and professional value were above all praise. A real leader of men, and a model of courage, conscience, and devotedness. Fell gloriously for France whilst viewing from the top of his trench the ground over which he was a moment later to lead his men.'

A Canadian exchange announces that the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario, at their recent half-yearly meeting at Toronto, gave serious attention to the question of supplying more chaplains for the Canadian Expeditionary Force. 'At present there are 41 Catholic chaplains attached to the Canadian armies, but of this insufficient number some are obliged to return home, broken in health from the fact that they have been on active service since the war began; and recently an urgent request was received for five more chaplains for immediate service overseas. Seized of the seriousness of the situation, the Bishops decided to make every effort to release more of their diocesan clergy, although every diocese is undermanned, and to hold no missions during the continuance of the war other than those already arranged for.'

The Captain Mackenzie mentioned in the account of the anti-Ally disturbances in Athens in Saturday's papers (says the *Glasgow Observer* of December 16), is the novelist Compton Mackenzie, who was recently received into the Catholic Church. Capt. Mackenzie has been in the East for many months, and has seen service in Gallipoli. He was in Athens as Chief of the British Intelligence Department there. He escaped from the Athens mob by a ruse. All lovers of literature will rejoice to hear of his escape. He is one of a group of young writers who interrupted brilliant careers at the outbreak of the war to serve with the British forces in the East. When war broke out Compton Mackenzie was writing novels in his retreat at Capri. The war has interrupted the composition of his long and delicately elaborated *Sinister Street*, a sensitive reflection of modern life in London and Oxford. For a time he acted as war correspondent at Gallipoli.

A young French priest stretcher-bearer, in a letter home from the Front at Verdun, dated August 28, writes:—'My letters are getting less and less frequent because of the frenzied uninterrupted work we have to carry on at the front. My time is absorbed in transport work. The affair of Verdun has revolutionised the technique of war. We have at last decided to carry it on scientifically like our enemies. . . . Motor and horse waggons come along in thousands in unbroken succession with light and heavy guns, shells of all calibres, trunks of trees, food, forage, petrol, planks,

and rails. All these things have to be dumped down, and the waggons refilled. All available men, of every tribe, tongue, and people are combined and brigaded into a vast organisation. One must see with one's own eyes to understand what an amount of material a hundred determined men can handle in a day of sixteen or eighteen hours.'

THE LATE SERGEANT PATRICK DEVINE.

The following letter, dated November 18, 1916, has been received by Mr. Thos. Devine, Howe street, Dunedin, giving particulars of the sad death of his son, Sergeant Patrick Devine. Some details of deceased's short life appeared in our issue of October 26:—

Though at a somewhat late date, I write to convey to you my sincere sympathy, and the sympathy of all my battery, in the death of your son, Sergeant Devine, killed in action on October 10, 1916.

Sergeant Devine was with me right through from the formation of the battery, and was always a capable gun sergeant, and very popular with his men. He had been in action with the guns for five weeks without a rest, and always carried out his duties cheerfully, and encouraged his men to do the same. He was killed by an explosion of ammunition, during the shelling of the battery position. A fragment struck him in the body, causing a severe wound. He was at once got away to the cover of a trench near by, where I put a dressing on the wound, before he was taken to the dressing station; but although he made a game fight for it, he died on the way. One of my officers went down to the dressing-station, and made all arrangements for the funeral. Your son was buried next day near Lonqueval, together with one of my officers, who was killed at the same time, and the grave was marked by a cross made by his comrades in the battery.

Your son's personal effects were collected by his friend, Bombardier McDonald, and were posted to you. I trust they have reached you safely. I regret that I was unable to write to you sooner, but the continued stress of constant action rendered it impossible while in that locality, and since leaving, between moving and taking up new positions, we have had our time fully occupied.

Assuring you once more of our deep sympathy,
Believe me, yours very sincerely,

R. MILES, Capt. R.N.Z.A.,

O.C. 15th Battery.

NEGRO ARMIES.

The suggestion of Mr. Winston Churchill that we should raise a great army of black troops in Nigeria ready for the campaign of 1917, and the statement that the French are already employing nearly 100,000 men from Africa in the lines in France, calls attention to the use which has been made in the past of the fighting qualities of the negro.

The French have always recognised the splendid fighting qualities of the blacks. The number of Senegalese in the French army had risen to 22,000 as far back as 1911.

It was in that year that the raising of 300,000 blacks was strongly advocated by French military authorities, who suggested that they should be used in the coming European struggle, to redress the balance which the greater population of Germany gave to the Kaiser's army. Of course, says the *Star*, the Zouaves, Turcos, and Spahis have all been employed in the French wars from the time of the Crimea; but these natives of Tunis and Algeria are not really blacks. They are Arabs, and are not open to the reproach of color to which the negro is subject.

During the American Civil War many negro regiments were raised, and when the war ended in 1865 there were still 123,000 negro soldiers in the Federal armies, though after the war their numbers were greatly reduced. There are still several negro cavalry regiments in the United States army.

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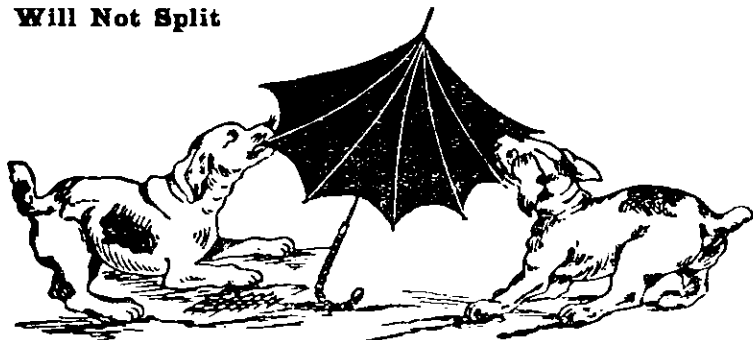
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Lord Wolseley had a great opinion of the military value of the negroes as soldiers. The black regiments in the Egyptian army, he once said, were the best portion of it, and the West Indian regiments of the British army, when they were recruited from the newly-liberated slaves, men fresh from the West African forests, were splendid fighting material.

REMARKABLE DEATH FROM SHOCK.

A story was told me the other day (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times*) that brings home to us the minor tragedies of the war. In an Alsatian family a mother and her two sons had French sympathies, and when the war broke out one son made straight for the frontier and enlisted in the French army. His brother intended to do likewise, but, owing to some delay, was unable to carry out his project and had to take service in Germany. He fought in Alsace, then at Verdun, and, having gone home on leave, discovered that his brother was a prisoner in a German camp and obtained permission to go and see him. He broke unannounced upon the unfortunate soldier, who, no doubt weakened by suffering and ill-health, started violently when he saw his brother in German uniform, uttered a cry, and fell dead! Our German fighting man returned to his regiment, deeply impressed by what had taken place, and secretly resolved to do his best to join the French army. One night, close to Biaches, the young friend who told me the tale saw a German soldier, unarmed and dripping with water, being taken to headquarters. There he told his story in excellent French, and related how, under cover of the darkness, he swam across the Somme and gave himself up as a prisoner. Since his brother's death, he found it impossible to remain in the German lines! My informant added that he has now joined a company of Alsations, who cannot be employed at the front, where, if taken, they would be shot as deserters, yet whose peculiar position entitles them to be treated otherwise than the ordinary German prisoners.

ALARM IN THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF.

The reappearance of Mr. Philip Gibbs's descriptive articles on the Somme fighting may be taken as a welcome announcement that he is back again at British Headquarters, restored to health. In a recent article in the *Daily Telegraph* he deals with the effect of our artillery on the moral of the enemy. Of the German Staff he writes:—

'The German generals and their staffs could not be quite indifferent to all the welter of human suffering among their troops, in spite of the cold scientific spirit with which they regard the problem of war. The agony of the individual soldier would not trouble them. There is no war without agony. But the psychology of masses of men had to be considered, because it affects the efficiency of the machine. As I shall show, the German General Staff on the Western front were becoming seriously alarmed by the declining moral of their infantry under the increasing strain of the British attacks, and adopted stern measures to cure it. But they could not hope to cure the heaps of German dead who were lying on the battlefields, nor the maimed men who were being carried back to the dressing stations, nor to bring back the prisoners taken in droves by the French and British troops. Before the attack on the Flers line, the capture of Thiepval, and the German

debacle at Beaumont Hamel, the enemy's command was already filled with a grave anxiety at the enormous losses of its fighting strength, and was compelled to adopt new expedients for increasing the number of its divisions. It was forced to withdraw troops badly needed on other fronts, and, as I shall point out, the successive shocks of the British offensive reached as far as Germany itself, so that the whole of its recruiting system had to be revised to fill up the gaps torn out of the German ranks.'

THE ROSARY AT THE FRONT.

It is almost unspeakable what consolation the Catholic soldiers of the different nationalities, facing the battle, have drawn from the Rosary. There is something simple and sweet about that devotion; it revives faith and enkindles fervor just as it did when the sainted Dominic first taught it to the multitudes as they swayed toward the Albigensian heresy. No Catholic soldier will come back from this terrible war with but an increased love and reverence for the beads. An officer writes in the *London Chronicle*:—

'At one side of the hill where the men lay a fife and drum band was playing well-known Irish airs, and they were listened to with keen appreciation and followed by cheers. At the same time, these men, so gay and light-hearted, are filled with the deepest and purest feelings of religion. On the particular night the writer refers to, just as the camp fires were dying down and the men were preparing to wrap themselves in their coats for the rest which they might be able to snatch, an officer came over the hill and down to the centre of the camp. It was the Catholic chaplain—a devoted priest who had been with the Irish troops in Ireland, in England, and in France, and whose never-ceasing work is keenly appreciated by all ranks. In a moment he was surrounded by the men. They came to him without orders—they came gladly and willingly, and they hailed his visit with delight. He spoke to them in the simple, homely language which they liked. It was a simple yet most moving address, and deeply affected the soldiers. When the chaplain had finished his address he signed to the men to kneel, and administered to them the General Absolution given in times of emergency. The vast majority of the men present knelt, and those of other faiths stood by in attitudes of reverent respect. The chaplain then asked the men to recite with him the Rosary. It was most wonderful, the effect produced as hundreds of voices repeated the prayers and recited the words, "Pray for us now and at the hour of death. Amen."—the hour of death now approaching on swift wings for many a gallant son of the "ould land."

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Current Topics

A Time'y Warning

'Read and reread the catechism for your own enlightenment and sanctification.' In a recent discourse to an immense audience America's greatest orator, Archbishop Ireland, could think of no better piece of advice than this, and he illustrated his point by a very apt reference to an experience of Cardinal Newman's. Newman, whilst still an Anglican, met three Anglican parsons who told him how, having taken as their guide in a recent tour through the mountainous districts of the West of Ireland, a boy fourteen years of age, they had not resisted the temptation to heckle him on his Catholic faith. The boy's only answer was: 'I tell you what my catechism tells me, and the teaching of the catechism is the teaching of the Catholic Church.' Happily the travellers were intelligent enough to see and open enough to confess that the quotations from the catechism met their objections and opened up to them new mental visions.

The Dangers of the Picture Shows

Despite the official censorship of pictures—for which our Catholic Federation is to be thanked most warmly—we are not sure that all our picture theatres are quite free from suggestive and dangerous films. These films come from England and America for the most part, and in both these countries it were much to be desired that a higher standard of decency should prevail. The young especially are the sufferers. The Home Secretary (according to the *Month*), in view of the startling increase of juvenile crime,—charges for punishable offences have grown by nearly a thousand, comparing the records of 17 large English towns during last December, January, and February with the corresponding previous period—has announced that the whole question of the censorship of films is under consideration, much of the youthful depravity being traceable to these performances. 'A census taken lately in Birmingham disclosed the fact that from eleven to twelve thousand children attended in one afternoon some 24 picture palaces. In eleven cases the programme included films of murders and stabbings, in twelve cases robberies and burglaries, and three dealt with illicit sex-relationships.' The Governor of a Michigan State Prison recently complained that it was a hard job to get moving picture films clean enough to show to his convicts. Things are not so bad in New Zealand as elsewhere, but there is room for improvement, and the censor should know that in his efforts to purify the cinematograph he has the sympathy and support of all decent-minded people. The innocent need to be protected, and Catholics especially, remembering how much good Christian principles and influences have done in the past, will second with all their might the efforts of the State in this direction.

Progress of the Church in Australasia

It is refreshing at times to leave the narrow valley and climbing some lofty hill drink in the wide expanse of the mountain and dale, sea and plain. It is inspiring also to forget for a moment the petty round of one's own life and to take a broad view of the world. The recently published statistics of the Church in Australasia unfold a tale of continued progress that should bring joy and courage to the most despondent. In Australia itself there are 1731 churches, ministered to by 857 secular and 285 regular priests. Three ecclesiastical seminaries train candidates for the priesthood. Higher education is provided for Catholic children in 37 boys' colleges, 183 boarding schools for girls and 177 superior day schools, whilst 918 schools are used for the primary education of no fewer than 138,335 pupils. This magnificent work of education is carried on by 570 religious Brothers and 6240 nuns. Charitable institutions of every conceivable kind number no less than 101. The Catholic population stands

at 924,627. Turning to New Zealand, we find the figures equally impressive in proportion to the population of the country. The 141,500 Catholics of the Dominion possess 349 churches, in which the never-ending sacrifice of Calvary is renewed by 135 secular and 104 regular priests. Educational and charitable work is placed in the skilful and highly successful hands of 67 religious Brothers and 1126 nuns. The number of aspirants to the priesthood in our two ecclesiastical seminaries runs up as high as 87. There are 4 colleges for boys, 22 for girls, 37 superior day schools, and 140 primary schools, the total number of children who receive a full Christian education being 17,311. Fifteen charitable institutions, kept going by the generosity of priests and people and by the unselfish devotion of many Sisters, include such useful institutions as orphanages, homes for the aged poor, Magdalen asylum, industrial and preservation schools for girls, industrial school for boys, homes for incurables, and hospitals.

*

In view of these figures who can doubt that God's rich blessings have fallen on the Church in Australasia? It has been blessed in the cruel misgovernment which drove so many thousand Irishmen and Irishwomen from their own dear country into exile. *O felix culpa!* It has been specially blessed in that happy bond of charity and unity, which is the characteristic of the true Church, and—shall we not say it too?—in the bitter prejudices which have helped to keep it awake.

Religious Vocations

It is the privilege and glory of the Catholic Church, with the fame of whose mighty influence the world is filled to-day, to have been the first to understand woman's right to the highest education, to provide for her the opportunities of obtaining it, and, apart from a perfectly negligible number, to be the only religious society to press into her service thousands upon thousands of young men and women for numberless and ceaseless works of education and mercy. We Catholics whose ancestors in the faith first uplifted to the eyes of the world Mary, the Ideal Woman, who have ever been the foremost in proclaiming the infinite worth of chastity, the mother-virtue of womanhood, we naturally feel a thrill of joy when we behold the Church throwing wide open the doors of educational and charitable work not only to men but also to those fair maiden souls that are drawn to God by the love of truth and goodness and beauty. Men and women enter religious communities for different reasons. Experiences are endless, and yet the fact that all find happiness in the state of their choice confirms the regularity of their entrance into religion. On being questioned some can only say they entered because they wished to give themselves to God in the most perfect service they could offer Him. Long, serious, and vexed considerations, novenas, retreats, puzzled spiritual directors, changes of purpose, earthly ambitions and spiritual attractions, with accompanying worry of soul and even moments of desperation, blaze the paths of others until enlightenment comes and a peace beyond words floods the heart of the novice. Some have had the experience of the poet in the *Hound of Heaven*:

'For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.'

Yet it was impossible to escape 'from those strong Feet that followed, followed after': 'fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue'; and the harassed soul found in the end that what their Heavenly Master took from it was taken,

'Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!'

FOR UP-TO-DATE FOOTWEAR GO TO

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(A DOOR ABOVE MAIN'S HOTEL.)

Centuries ago the Maker of hearts, as He walked the golden sea-shore and preached amidst the busy haunts of men, threw out this invitation, 'Whosoever will be perfect let him leave all and come and follow Me.' It was a very general invitation, but in practice we know that, as He Himself explained, all take not the word. All do not receive the grace. And grace in this connection means inclination, desire, joy, and happiness, a clear light to estimate the value of hard poverty, complete obedience and austere celibacy for His sake. It speaks of greater love and greater security. Thus we can say that 'a religious vocation is a great grace, a concentration of the best graces, of the brightest mental illuminations and heart-yearning aspirations. The word "come" is heard that thrills and fascinates. It is faith and hope and love superabounding. It may be pain and even anguish to old attachments not yet dead and even rivals in their attractions. Still it is a grace that wins the heart and is not merely conscience making one a victim to a sense of duty. Thus a religious vocation is an individual experience as all graces are, and is easily distinguishable from sentimental emotions, natural generosity, or neurotic impulses; it is a direct communication from the spirit Who breathes where He wills.' The emotions of the candidate for the priesthood, a religious Brotherhood or Sisterhood are one thing; the life, duties, and services of these states are another. The latter is the test. The touchstone of sane thoughts and noble emotions is the object in which they centre. A religious is noble in spirit because of life's noble object: life for fellow-men and for God. Vocation indeed means a call, but it is the call of God coming from the orphan, the sick, the old, the poor, the child's budding soul—frequently from the benighted savage in a remote land or more often in the diocese at home. It is a call, too, from the Master to imitate Him in personal holiness of life and self-sacrifice, in view of the hundred-fold reward—and even to win the special crown of the religious teacher or martyr.

We may surely regard it as the most favorable of omens for the future of the Church in this young country that vocations to the priesthood and to religious communities are so plentiful. The latest statistics inform us that sixty-seven religious Brothers and one thousand one hundred and twenty-six Sisters spend their sweet lives in God's service. What a noble army! Honors do not come their way at present—they do not look for any—but at the end of the march the roll-call will be read out and the King's right hand will pin on their breasts the cross of unfading glory.

The 'Anglo-Saxon' States

To many readers of the daily papers one of the standing puzzles of the war has been the attitude of the United States of America. The headlines and editorial columns of our newspapers have insisted so much in days past of the Anglo-Saxon origin of Americans and of America's debt to England, that careless readers and perhaps editors themselves by dint of repetition have come to think of the United States as an England beyond the seas. Dr. Austin O'Malley, a very distinguished writer of Philadelphia, has recently been throwing some light on the subject in the December number of *Studies*. 'A few English of the New England States and the old southern States did influence our foundations, but the French Revolution influenced them far more; and the German, Irish, Dutch, and other early settlers were the material influenced. The War of the Revolution was not won by the Anglo-Saxons. They were the Tories that opposed the Revolution. Major General Robinson, English Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners after the American Revolution, testified in 1779, that Washington's army consisted of one-half Irish, one-fourth natives, and the rest were Scotch, Germans, and English. In 1850 twelve per cent. of the immigrants here were English; in 1910 only six per cent. were English. In 1910 there were 13,516,000 foreign-born people in the United

States, and of these only 878,000 were English.' This cannot be a very weighty influence in a population of 101 millions. 'Even in 1850,' continues Dr. O'Malley, 'there were four times as many Irish here as English, and many more Germans than Irish. We are so slightly Anglo-Saxon that there is scarcely one man of English race among our multi-millionaires, that peculiar American product.' And if, as there is excellent reason for believing, it is the moneyed man with his money-bags that counts in the making and ending of war, we would be foolish to look for much practical sympathy from that quarter in the States.

Curiosities of Literature

By way of relief from the wearisome work of refuting oft-repeated slanders against the Church, Mr. James Britten, of the English Catholic Truth Society, is fond of wandering along the less frequented paths of literary effort, and some months ago presented the readers of the *Month* with a bouquet of the flowers he had plucked on his way. Apparently there are many thousands of little-known poets who feel driven by some inner necessity to put their feelings into verse: they sing because they must. And having sung their little songs these Impossible Poets insist—for the benefit of their fellow-men, of course,—on publishing them. Here then are some of the flowers.

Police Constable George H. Mitchell found that his *Ballads in Blue* met with a generous reception from the public and accordingly lost no time in getting out a second edition which (as he avers) 'has the advantage of being larger than the former and better bound.' The preface informs us that 'not a few persons have been interested by the fact that long spells of prosaic police duty in some of the most squalid districts of the great Metropolis have been unable to subdue the instincts of an aspiring Constable.' His own opinion is that this was the very place for developing latent power, and stirring the mind, as it had the advantage of placing one in close touch with human suffering.

It is not surprising to find Mr. Mitchell praising the work of the 'men in blue':

'At midnight's darkest hours, when all the world is hushed in sleep,
The fierce garotter prowls around his harvest rich to reap;
But Robert, with his smarter mind, his eye so bold and bright,
Just closes with the savage brute, and puts his hope to flight.'

Mr. John Bradford was slow in publishing. He long cherished 'a desire to see the scattered bantlings of (his) brain gathered together and housed under the covers of a book, so that (he) might be able, by referring to them, to live over again, in a certain sense, the hours of gaiety and gloom in which they were written.' The opening lines of the sonnet 'To Clare's Eyebrows' illustrate his style:

'Thou art a lucky thing, dark bar of hair!
For it must be a most delightful lot
To have a home in such a lovely spot
As is the base of Clare's bright forehead fair.'

'The poetical genius,' Mr. Alfred Macey tells us, 'awoke within me on a gusty December afternoon in 1897, and from that day until now it has unceasingly dogged my steps—in the muddy dock, the train, the shipyard, the wayside, etc.' It seems to have gone to sleep again on the occasion of the following visit to Hexham:

'I am staying now in Hexham
Just three days a married man,
I am rambling now in Hexham
Over scenes where once I ran.
Oft I've thought of thee, dear Hexham,
Oft I've longed to see thy scenes,
Now I'm with thee, bonny Hexham,
And a wife on thy greens.'

The past calls for remembrance, but it must not be too close:

'Well I mind that day in Hexham
Chased by man and dog as well—
All my deeds of yore in Hexham
Wisdom bids me not to tell.'

There are other equally delightful poets and poems, over which one would fain linger, but space is limited and our readers must be content with this present selection.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CLEARY

INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

FINE SPIRIT OF OUR TROOPS.

The following very interesting circular letter from his Lordship Bishop Cleary has been received:—

Dear Rev. Fathers, dear Friends,—There was so great need of spiritual assistance for our New Zealand troops in hospitals and training camps in England, that I felt it to be my undoubted duty to do what I personally could to afford them greater facilities for the performance of their religious duties.

Our one military chaplain in England, though not very strong in health, overworked himself greatly in his zealous endeavors to get around among our scattered New Zealand troops there, and he is immensely respected and beloved by all ranks of our gallant men. Through the goodwill of the Jesuit Fathers, of Farm street, I succeeded in relieving him of the care of a large convalescent camp, and, by arrangement with the War Office, I also secured for another large military hospital of ours, the, at least temporary, services of an Imperial chaplain, on Imperial pay. The situation was also considerably relieved in England by my taking over the spiritual charge of two of our large camps in the South, seventeen miles apart—one of them being out largest training camp, the other a smaller training-place and a hospital of 350 beds. For the benefit of the patients I resided in the latter place, and was formally appointed military chaplain. A light motor car, which I had used occasionally in Ireland, was of immense service to me in my trips between these two camps, and in my occasional visits to other centres of New Zealand military life in England. It would be quite impossible for me to speak in terms of too high praise of the splendid courtesy and helpfulness of the General Headquarters and of the local Headquarters Staffs to me, and of the devotion of the New Zealand nurses and doctors to their patients. The parents of sick and wounded men at the front and in the hospitals in England can rest assured that no better care could be bestowed upon patients in private hospitals. This is, indeed, one of the most gratifying features of this great and tragic war. Apart from the treatment of the wounded, what may be described as the Health Department of the war is managed with great skill and care. Camp sanitation is carried out with scrupulous and most minute care, and, under my eyes here in France, our New Zealand medical men (some of them personal friends from Auckland and elsewhere) are assiduously working, over wide areas, to overcome the unhealthy conditions prevailing in numerous small towns and villages, around where I write, that have no drainage whatsoever, and in many cases no wholesome drinking water, and in no case any water supply but from the pumps or open wells, in a country that has been closely tilled and fertilised with farmyard manure for ages. In these latter cases, notices are posted at each such well or pump cautioning the men against drinking the water, while wholesome drinking water is supplied in abundance—sometimes brought from safe supplies elsewhere in long strings of water carts, while sometimes doubtful liquid is filtered and chlorinated

so as to be quite safe and wholesome both for drinking and cooking. The front lines are also supplied with pure water in large sealed tins. Our sanitary corps also undertake (partly with the hired labor of French boys and old men, and partly with the vigorous arms of their own men) the difficult task of cleansing the town and village streets, into which household refuse is daily thrown by the inhabitants. These are but a part of the beneficent activities of our medical and sanitary departments; and the brilliancy of their success, and that of their confreres in all the other branches of the Imperial Army, is well demonstrated in the fact that, wounds apart, there is an extraordinarily small percentage of sickness among the Empire's fighting men. In fact, I have met practically no disease in our hospitals and camps except two kinds: those arising from what may be called climatic causes (such as colds, bronchitis, rheumatism, and pneumonia), and those brought on by bad conduct on the part of an extremely small number of men: a very few indeed among the great body of New Zealanders, whose general good behaviour is the subject of high praise on every side both in England and in France.

The near arrival of another Catholic chaplain from New Zealand, and the kindly promised help of a local Australian chaplain left the two New Zealand camps under my charge in England sufficiently provided for some three weeks ago. I was, therefore, free to devote myself, for a time, to a brigade of our troops that had been left without Catholic spiritual assistance owing to its chaplain having been invalidated to a hospital in the South of England. The need of the Catholics among those troops was very pressing, as they were taking their full share of the trench work, in which they were engaged when I first met them at the front. The Catholic men are greatly pleased at the arrival of a Catholic chaplain, and are very responsive indeed. In some places formerly occupied by the Germans there is difficulty about finding accommodation for the Catholic soldiers at Mass on Sundays, as the German troops seem to have made the destruction of churches (there are only Catholic churches here) something like a systematic practice. Even within easy range of the German field and machine guns many villagers still cling to their (often greatly battered) homes, and the close and systematic tillage of the country is carried on by women, children, and old men, right up to our subsidiary lines, with the boom and crash and rattle of the guns all around and the bursting of shrapnel and high explosive shells quite easily visible a little way off.

But the people go on about their daily work quite serenely. From villagers and country-folk at or near the front I learned many curious and interesting things about German methods in war. So far as I have been able to learn, the Hun method of dealing with our churches went generally along the following lines in the region of France: When a retreat from a village or town seemed to them an early likelihood, they requisitioned all the kerosene and benzene around about, introduced inflammable materials into the church, piled up chairs, forms, etc., and flooded the place and its contents as best they could with the liquid, and then set the whole thing alight. In many cases, it was quite evident to the most casual observer that the building was quite useless for purposes of observation or offence, being without tower, spire, or other such feature, and being overlooked (in some cases which I saw) by taller buildings, such as factories or town halls. Occasionally one sees only one building in a village burned down—it is, of course the church. More numerous still are the churches destroyed by German guns firing high explosive shells. It is quite possible, and indeed probable, that the towers or spires of a few of these may have been used for observation purposes by some or other of the Allied troops. In such case, the destruction of the observation point would have been quite a legitimate military measure. The value of towers or spires, however, for such purposes, is comparatively slight on established fronts, as both sides depend for observation most largely on 'sausages'

(captive balloons of sausage shape), on look-outs in the lines, and on the wonderful work of the aeroplane photographs, which give the changes in enemy works day by day. Our Air Service has brought this mode of observation to a really wonderful perfection, as I can personally testify. In one small area visited by me close to our lines, six churches were destroyed only two of which could have been of the slightest use for observation purposes, and they (it seemed to me) not in a good situation for overseeing the scene of actual conflict. Two of the priests were killed in these churches, and a third had an extremely narrow escape. Mention might be made of a practice commonly followed by the Germans in destroying the churches by shell-fire in this district. After a vigorous, accurate, and destructive bombardment of one church only (other buildings around being left comparatively intact), the firing suddenly ceased for a time, until the people (a very pious population hereabouts) felt sure that the trouble was over. The parishioners then assembled in and around their church to see and estimate the damage done. Then, without warning, the German guns broke out again in a furious storm of shrapnel and high explosive with results to the civilian population (almost exclusively, women, children, and old men), which you can well imagine. I was informed of this method of attack by the local clergy, villagers, peasants, and (as regards one considerable centre) by some of our own officers who were present as well as by one of our New Zealand Catholic chaplains who was also present, and witnessed the destruction of one church of great beauty from his billet in the same square.

One hears many stories of German atrocities against the civilian population in this part of France. Many of these stories are, however, rather vague and indefinite, and told in a form which does not at all aid investigation. On this account one has to receive them with a great deal of reserve. And, in any case, it is a rather difficult matter for a Catholic chaplain to spare time from more pressing duties for the purposes of such investigation. But besides the class of statements to which I have just referred, there is a much more definite order of statements made by, or on the authority of, persons of responsible occupation and position, which cannot be lightly passed by, and which impose a strong and decided conviction that hereabouts as well as in Belgium, the settled German policy of 'frightfulness and terrorism was carried out against the civilian population. I have had an opportunity of examining into one such case of 'frightfulness' on the testimony of direct eye-witnesses. The censorship regulations forbid the mention of places in France, but I will briefly state the facts as they were set forth to me. A few days ago I visited a New Zealand Catholic chaplain who is billeted, with two other New Zealand officers, at a better class of farmhouse quite close to the trenches. I was informed that the house-mother there was witness of a tragedy which had been reported to me. I found her to be an extremely pious Catholic woman, of middle age, fairly educated, and speaking better French than is common among the peasantry of this region. She confirmed even in most details the story which I had heard, and they told me in substance, what follows: Her brother, a farmer, lived near by—a quiet, inoffensive man, very industrious, extremely careful not to mix himself up in military or political matters, not guilty of spying or any civil or military offence, and immensely devoted to his wife and three children. While my informant was on a visit to him, there entered some German officers. One of these drew his sword and severed the farmer's hand at the wrist, the hand dropping to the floor. They then fired three revolver shots at him, two of the shots penetrating the victim's abdomen and the third his throat. All this took place in the presence of the victim's sister (my informant) and of his wife and three children, all of whom were frantic with horror at the sudden tragedy. The poor man's sister cried to him: 'Oh, brother, you are dying;

make an act of sorrow for your sins and of love of God.' He replied faintly: 'I cannot, sister; say them for me.' Then his sister knelt beside him and began to recite the prayers. While she was so engaged the dying man cried out, 'I am done for!' and made a big sign of the cross over himself, began to recite the acts of sorrow for sin and of love of God, and so he died. At our corps headquarters yesterday the officers told me of the shooting, by the Germans, of the old parish priest of a neighboring village, who was counselled, beforehand, to dig his own grave. But I have not been able yet to investigate this case.

Many things have struck me with interest and surprise since coming to the trenches. One thing is the serene indifference of everybody in or near the fighting front to the crash, boom, and rattle of the various kinds of guns and trench mortars and the bursting of the different missiles, from shrapnel and 18 pounder shells up to 'plum-puddings' and other considerable high explosives. In a day or so you learn their various notes, as well as their different appearances when bursting, and the appearance of the different German shells, etc., all of which have received their nicknames from our troops. Not alone are our soldiers and the rural and village population serenely indifferent to these sounds and sights of war, but even the wild birds, and domestic fowls and animals, pay no attention to the ear-splitting bang of our 18 pounders when fired fairly close at hand, or to the vaster boom and crash of heavy ordnance that sets even the air a-tremble. The first afternoon of the arrival of our party, we were all (being new-comers) intensely interested in two lively fusillades against aeroplanes overhead—one by British anti-aircraft guns, the other by German. The curving line of extremely rapid British fire (with big white puffs of smoke) made a much prettier picture than the slower German fire, with fuzzy black smoke, against our airmen. The 'old hands' in camps simply took no notice, as they took no notice also of the booming of near-by guns and the hoarse bursting of high explosives on the fighting lines a little distance away. When passing up to the lines to visit our men, it interested me mightily to see men moving to and from the front or subsidiary lines (in small groups, for safety) smoking, laughing, singing, jesting, apparently oblivious to the sights and sounds of war. At some exposed points, roads are screened by branches, scrim sheets, or other contrivances, but at times you are cautioned to keep near a fence and go in single file, and occasionally you come across a point with the warning sign 'fixed rifle'—meaning that a German rifle is sighted on that spot, gets into action at irregular periods, and that loitering there is not good for the health. But our men take such minor risks with the serenity, if not the contempt, which is said to be born of familiarity. In such an atmosphere, one learns, I should say, to be equally free from care. Personally, my first crossing of a danger-space—'one at a time'—was to me no more than the crossing of Upper Queen street in Auckland; and on the return from the trenches, on the same day, our little party of three (two veterans and myself) joined in merry jestings at an official direction to 'be very careful' going along that road, as machine guns generally played on it at this hour in expectation of catching our supports or food supplies coming to the front lines. When, in fact, a short burst of machine-gun fire came that way, not one of us seemed in the least to realise it as a source of danger to limb or life, and the present writer's sole feeling was one of curiosity, which stopped him to see just where the bullets had struck the brick work close by and over head. This is not bravery, but merely the lack of a realisation of danger. Of course, high explosive shells, bursting close to one, produce by their mere crash and air concussion a physical effect upon one, which it is not possible entirely to disregard; and shell shock represents a very severe and palpable blow, even though it may be quite unaccompanied by wound or bruise. I have seen a few such cases in the hospitals.

Taken altogether, there could hardly be a more pleasant, care-free, and jovial lot than our New Zealand troops. They seem to find food for humor and jest even in the most tragic and gruesome side of war. Nothing struck me more forcibly in the demeanor of our officers and men than this fact, which (so far as my experience goes) is common to all those who have been through the most terrible fighting of the war, on the Somme; their memories of those fearful days are almost wholly filled, in their conversations thereon, with hundreds of big or little incidents of a humorous (sometimes grotesquely humorous) kind. Another noteworthy feature in the demeanor of both officers and men is their feeling of superiority to the German troops. Even in the fairly quiet parts of the Western line, we hold a visible superiority in aeroplane scouting and artillery fire; and both the English hospitals and here in France the unanimous feeling of the men is one of a personal superiority, man against man, as fighting material, and especially in bayonet fighting. Throughout this war, the bayonet has been a great Allied weapon that the Hun simply cannot and will not face. Our men, of all the Dominions and the British Isles, simply long to get at the Huns with the bayonet, but at sight of the levelled blades and the fierce, yelling faces of our men, the enemy either beats a hurried retreat or throws up his hands and shrieks 'Kamerade! Kamerade!' Out of a group of twenty-two dead Germans counted by an informant of mine in a place not far from here, eighteen were killed with bayonet thrusts, mostly ghastly wounds in the neck. And quite a number of ambulance and hospital doctors have assured me that, in a long experience they have met with no British fighter showing a bayonet wound. The feeling everywhere prevalent among the army (so far as I have come into contact with it during the past few months) is that, despite occasional local reverses, such as that in Rumania, the Allied armies can quite surely win the war, and lay the evil spirit of Prussian militarism, if only the party politicians give the fighting men a fighting chance. I am here recording facts and feelings as I find them.

I am immensely impressed by the courage, zeal, and devotion of our New Zealand Catholic army chaplains. None more bright and cheerful than they, none more heedless of danger. Those who have been decorated have won their decorations scores of times; those who have not yet been so recognised have, according to their opportunities, done likewise. They have nobly shared the trials, the hardships, the perils of the men, and the various firing lines are as familiar to them as the paths leading to their own doors in Auckland, or in the Wellington archdiocese, or in the Christchurch diocese, or elsewhere. The first of them whom I met in France was one of my own priests—he has been

lately through the greatest trials of the Somme, but, despite his sickening experience, he is strong, cheerful, unshaken, and knows no fear. On every side I have heard him spoken of in terms of the highest praise. He has indeed borne well and bravely the war-burden of his sacred calling and the honor of the fine body of clergy to whom he belongs. May God and His holy angels ever have him in their keeping! I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the other two chaplains at the front, but am counting on this advantage to-day. I twice just missed seeing a former Auckland diocesan missionary who is military chaplain a few miles from here; each called on the other, and each failed to find his man. Nothing can exceed the happy relations that exist everywhere among the chaplains of various religious denominations.

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Sale commences on Monday, January 22nd, and closes Saturday, February 10th.

I have told you how well and skilfully the sick and wounded among our soldiers are cared for in this war. It all represents a wondrously successful piece of organisation. But I wish I could tell every father, mother, brother and sister of our brave boys, the full details of how these gallant fellows are kept fit, in the matter of food, clothing, and comforts, for the strenuous work in which they are engaged. This war, forced suddenly upon a peaceable and ridiculously unprepared people, has provided us with several big surprises in the matter of improvised organisation. One of the greatest of these is, undoubtedly, that of the commissariat—the one thing that failed most lamentably in the principal British wars of the nineteenth century. I have had a pretty intimate look, in various places in France, at the machinery for supplying food, clothing, and sundries to the men. It is really very wonderful in its extent and variety. Here are a few random samples taken from the ordinary store: For every man leather vests, flannel-lined, reaching to the legs; shrapnel-proof steel helmets and leg-long rubber boots for all men going into the trenches; blankets, braces, note-paper, pens, ink, envelopes, needles, sewing-cotton, buttons, underclothing, the latest and best things in gas-masks (these masks have to be carried by all military near the front, ready to put on at the clang of the gas alarm signals), and a hundred other sundry objects for the use and comfort of the soldiers. At the divisional and other canteens many sorts of edible and drinkable comforts are provided at about cost price; and every little village near the front has sundry estaminets and refreshment rooms open to the soldiers for short and specified periods of each day, under stringent military regulations. The town mayor (a military officer) rules as monarch of all civilians in the villages and towns, in place of the once all-powerful mayor, who is now little more than the shadow of a name. But the generally excellent conduct of our troops gives very little work indeed for our military police or military tribunals. For war-time, I can, perhaps give you no better evidence of the good behaviour of our military than the fact that every village and farm has its quota of unprotected domestic fowls flourishing in undiminished numbers with commendable egg-laying activity. The inhabitants hereabouts have duly noted, and appreciate, this remarkable immunity of their ducks and hens and geese, and compare it with the wholesale raidings that took place during the German occupation. At short intervals, all our soldiers enjoy hot baths on a great scale, with complete changes of clothing. Dry woollen socks are supplied each morning to every man in the trenches.

This letter has run on to such a length that I cannot do more than say, in regard to the trenches, that pretty nearly everything humanly possible has been done to make them dry, safe (as far as the trenches may be), and comfortable for the fighting men. One really wonders at what has been done in this direction, how wisely and how well, to diminish the wetness, the sense of winter cold, and the other discomforts inseparable from campaigning in these northern climates. The dug-outs even when small, are wonderfully dry, all things considered; there are duck-boards to walk along nearly everywhere possible; and the men are vastly better protected from wet, cold, and exposure than in the previous winters of the war. And they are relieved at fairly short periods from trench-work and sent to comfortable billets. Our high command is certainly doing everything it reasonably can to promote the comfort and maintain the health and efficiency of the men.

If I may say a parting word to the relatives and friends of our soldiers it is this: People in our far away Dominions can scarcely understand how eagerly letters, newspapers, and parcels are expected by the men here. Inward mail-day is a day of mighty hopes and fears here, and anyone with a heart would pity the New Zealander who receives nothing on that recurring day of days. In this connection, a word to the wise, and the kind, should be sufficient. One thing more:

we all need your prayers—the men and the cause. Our hearts are all in New Zealand; give our gallant men the kindest thoughts and supplications that your hearts can find. In a few months, when sufficient Catholic chaplains have come to our dear boys, I shall be able, if God wills, to follow the track my heart is ever in fancy making, back to New Zealand. For the moment, medical orders and a sense of sacred duty, prevent this. As I write those of my immediate care are resting behind the lines. Soon, once more, we move up where duty and danger call. We are, all of us, in the hands of our first and greatest of all Friends. Many of our dear boys, thank God, understand Him, because they trust Him fully and know that He knows best. And so, with confidence and love we await, from day to day, whatever He may send, knowing full well that it must be good.

Wishing you and yours every best blessing, I remain, always sincerely your friend and servant in Christ,

* HENRY W. CLEARY,

Bishop of Auckland.

December 8, 1916.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 3.

Mr. Fred Bourke, of Auckland, and Mrs. R. A. Power, of Dunedin, both well-known singers, have been engaged for the St. Patrick's Night concert.

Chaplain-Captain Richards, formerly parish priest of Hawarden, who joined the Main New Zealand Expeditionary Force in Egypt, and who was through the Gallipoli campaign, and is now in France, has been awarded the Military Cross.

The Rev. Father Walsh, who for many years has been assistant to the Very Rev. Dean Lane at the Lower Hutt, has been placed in charge of the parish of Eltham. The Rev. Father Forrester, of Palmerston North, succeeds Father Walsh at the Hutt.

The Marist Brothers of Newtown and their pupils have shown their practical sympathy with the poor and distressed in Ireland by forwarding the handsome sum of £15 to the *Tablet*. This is in addition to the sum of £8 raised for the Belgian Fund. The Rev. Brother Egbert, his colleagues, and the boys are to be congratulated on their praiseworthy efforts for a cause so deserving.

An interesting ceremony took place at St. Bride's Convent, Masterton, yesterday, when Miss McKenna, daughter of Mr. James McKenna, of Newman, and a niece of the Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna, of Masterton, and of the Rev. Father T. McKenna, of Pahiatua, received the habit of the Order. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop O'Shea in the presence of a number of clergy and friends.

Private information has been received of the death in the Randwick Military Hospital, Sydney, of Private Frederick M. Marshall, of the 4th Battalion, Australian Expeditionary Force. Private Marshall, who was a brother of Mr. Frank Marshall, of the *Post's* literary staff, was a native of this city, and was educated at the Marist Brothers' School. He joined the Australian army at the outbreak of the war, and was in the first landing on Gallipoli. Private Marshall was buried by a shell-burst in the assault on Lone Pine by the Australian First Brigade in August, 1915. He was invalided to Egypt, and subsequently returned to Australia, where he received his discharge a few months ago. The shock from the shell resulted in heart trouble, and from this he died on the 23rd ult. in Sydney.

At the half-yearly meeting of the St. Aloysius branch of the H.A.C.B. Society (Bro. J. Redican presiding), the secretary (Bro. Giles) submitted a report of the year's work. The members of the branch being mostly single had contributed a large number of members to the Expeditionary Force, and in consequence the numerical strength of the society was practically at a standstill. The financial position of the branch was extremely satisfactory, the sick pay for the year being the lowest on record, the total being £29. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Bro. J. Redican; vice-president, Bro. J. Heavey; treasurer, Bro. J. Stratford; permanent secretary, Bro. W. H. Giles; warden, Bro. C. Hannan; guardian, Bro. W. Dougall; sick visitors, Bros. T. Murphy and J. Fagan; auditors, Bros. J. L. Murphy and J. Heavey; delegate to Dispensary, Bro. J. Stratford; delegate to Medical Institute, Bro. W. H. Giles.

An interesting ceremony took place at St. Francis of Sales' Church, Parade, Island Bay, on the evening of Sunday week, the occasion being the presentation to the church by Mrs. T. Connell of a valuable monstrance. The monstrance was received by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy and placed by him. The occasional sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Kimbell, who spoke of the origin and meaning of the ceremony of Benediction. The ceremony concluded with Benediction, given by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy. The altar and sanctuary were very tastefully decorated by Misses M. Hennessy and A. Charlton, and the music for the occasion was provided by the choir, under the conductorship of Mr. W. Elliott, Mrs. Elliott presiding at the organ. A collection taken up on behalf of the Altar Society resulted in a considerable sum being received. The new monstrance, which was used for the first time on the occasion, replaces a silver one of exquisite workmanship and design, which was presented as far back as 1839 to the Rev. Father O'Reilly, of what is now known as St. Mary of the Angels', but previously was known as Church Street Chapel. The inscription on this, which is now in the keeping of the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, reads as follows:—'Presented to the Rev. J. P. O'Reilly by his attached and sincere friends as a testimony of their high appreciation of the zeal and truly Christian spirit with which he discharged clerical duties whilst guardian of the Church Street Chapel, 1839.' On Monday morning special services were held at St. Francis' Church, being the pastoral feast of the church.

The Dominion treasurer of the Catholic Federation acknowledges the following donations to the Catholic Field Service Fund:—

Amount previously acknowledged	£1014	4	9
Auckland Diocesan Council, parish of Ormond		2	0
The Rev. Father Le Pretre, Wairoa, further instalment, making total subscribed by Wairoa £79/8/-		0	10
	£1016	14	9
Less amount remitted to chaplains, as previously detailed		309	1
Balance	£707	13	3

ST. MARY'S FESTIVAL.

A festival in aid of St. Mary's parish funds was opened on Saturday afternoon on the tennis courts at the back of St. Patrick's Hall, Boulcott street. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea performed the ceremony of declaring the fete open, while the Rev. Father O'Connell made the introductory speech. He stated that the funds raised were to be devoted to paying off the debt on the parish. Already by two previous fairs and Sunday donations £700 had been paid, and he hoped by this festival and the good work which everyone had put into it, that the sum required to pay off the remainder of the debt—namely, £500—would be forthcoming. After the opening speeches a short programme

of music and dancing was given. The Marist Brothers' drum and fife band played selections, and Miss Dorise Guise's pupils gave a short programme of dances, those taking part being the Misses Cecil Ellis, Kathleen Reece, Violet White (who did a clever toe solo), Ngaire Williamson (who gave 'The Whirlwind'), and Dorothy Richardson (who danced a scarf dance, as well as the Waltz Coppelia). The children took part also in a military ballet.

There were a number of stalls, which were arranged in different places—a good idea, as it prevented too much congestion at one part of the grounds. Tea was in the schoolroom, then the conservatory housed one stall, and two others were placed on the verandah. Outside was a soft drinks fountain, arranged very prettily with pot-plants and greenery, and there were plenty of sweets for sale, which seemingly always find a ready market. The work stalls contain many pretty articles, and an art union is being carried on during the festival, many good prizes being available for the lucky winners. The stall-holders are:—Tea kiosk—Mesdames Pearce, McKeowen, Holmes, Healy, Carney, O'Reilly, Misses Pearce, Grey, Ross (2), Jennings, Gregory, Fuller, and Steedman; Children of Mary's stall—Mrs. Millington and the Misses Whittaker (2), Worsh, Tudor, Hickey, Mitchell, Lenehan, Curtis, Smith and Tarabonchie; children's stall—Mrs. Compton and the Misses O'Brien, Little (2), Driscoll, Ryan, McMurrish, Smith, Black, and Moran; Altar Society's stall—Mrs. Scott, Mrs. O'Driscoll, the Misses Kenny, Walker, Smith, Doherty (2), Ward, Corby, Pearce, Little, and Marshall; H.A.C.B. Society—Mrs. Dalton, assisted by Misses B. Craig, K. and M. Griffin, McCarthy, M. and B. Delaney, O'Donoghue, M. Brennan, A. Lyons, M. Morrison, B. McNaughton, and L. Daly. There are a number of side-shows, hoop-la, nail-driving, etc., and various competitions, and the assistants are very busy with raffle tickets, surprise packets, etc. Another feature of the festival is a children's queen carnival. Each stall nominated a candidate, as follows—Altar society, Miss Loretto Driscoll; H.A.C.B. Society, Miss Doris C. Hoskins; Brooklyn, Miss Lucy Carney; children's, Miss Phyllis Warren; Children of Mary, Miss Rita Ryan. These were all present in their colored robes and crowns, worn with white frocks, on Saturday afternoon, and the selling of tickets for the first place as queen was very brisk. This carnival will be carried on up to the last night of the carnival, when the winner will be announced. A stage has been erected at one end of the tennis court, and on Saturday night, when an entertainment was given, it was brilliantly lit with colored electric lights. The Patriotic Society's band played selections during the evening, and a programme of song and dance was opened by Miss Guise's pupils, who repeated their clever performance of the afternoon and were much applauded. The second half of the programme was supplied by the Sports Pierrots, who gave a number of amusing songs and choruses. Those taking part were: The Misses Simons, Buller, and Read, and Messrs. Eller, McKeon, Clements, Kearney, with Mrs. O'Brien at the piano.

The festival was continued each evening, and concludes on Monday, when the winners in the art union will be announced. Every night there was a change of programme—the Charley's Aunt Club, the Trentham Camp boys, the Brooklyn Serenaders, and the Pierrots providing first-class entertainments.

There was also, during the week, a competition in National dances for boys and girls under 16, first and second prizes being given, a Highland fling, Irish jig, and sailor's hornpipe being competed for. Judging from the attendance and enthusiasm shown the financial results should be satisfactory.

It is cheering to see so many thrifty families paying spot cash for seven weeks' supply of NO RUBBING LAUNDRY HELP—total amount, 1/-.



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DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

February 5.

The Very Rev. Father Price, who left about a year ago on a health visit to the United Kingdom, via Eastern ports, Manila, and America, reached Sydney on his return voyage last week. He is expected back in Christchurch this week.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral on Sunday last from the 11 o'clock Mass until Vespers. There was the customary procession, followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which his Lordship the Bishop officiated.

The 'garden party,' which is being promoted by the Rev. Father O'Hare and the congregation of the Sacred Heart Church at Addington in aid of the local Catholic school fund, is to be held on Saturday, February 17, in the church and school grounds, and not at the Metropolitan Trotting Club's ground as previously arranged.

The Marist Brothers' School, the Sacred Heart Girls' College, and parochial schools conducted by the Sisters of the Missions were all re-opened last week for the new scholastic year, with good attendances. St. Bede's College is to re-open on next Monday. Parties of new students for St. Patrick's College (Wellington) and the Sacred Heart College (Auckland) go north next week from this city.

The Rev. Mother Maristella, the newly-appointed Mother Superior of Nazareth House in this city, accompanied by three Sisters of Nazareth (one of whom is returning after accompanying the previous Mother Superior to England), arrived in Christchurch last week, and was cordially welcomed by the local community, profound thankfulness being felt and expressed at the happy termination of a voyage necessarily fraught with great risks in these troublous times.

Ashburton

(From our own correspondent.)

In addition to pupils' names already published in the *Tablet* as passing proficiency examinations, there should appear the names of E. Hanrahan, J. Meeking, and F. McCormick. The teachers of the local convent schools are deserving of congratulation for the singular success of their pupils. The annual exhibition of work done by the pupils of the convent school was opened for inspection to the public. The display, although not large, was elegant and attractive, and no visitor with a taste for the artistic could fail to be charmed by it. The work in general bore evidence of careful tuition by the Sisters, and of no small degree of ability on the part of the pupils. The exhibits ranged from plain needlework to delicate embroidery and fancy covers for cushions, tables, etc. Oil paintings, water color studies, and brush drawings were ranged about the room, and before each one the spectator might pause with genuine pleasure. The subjects were chiefly drawn from nature, and included several landscapes, which were treated in a style that would have done credit to more advanced students of art. Prominent among the pictures was a figure drawing in sepia. The above exhibition of work was done by the day and board pupils, while an exhibition of cardboard modelling by the kindergarten pupils was also included. It was the intention of the Sisters to have exhibited specimens of wood-carving, but owing to the stands not being ready only one exhibit of chip-carving was shown.

The pupils of the convent school, assisted by several friends, gave their annual break-up concert in St. Stephen's Schoolroom recently (says the *Guardian*) before a very large audience. The gathering was arranged in aid of the fund for the relief of Belgian children. The items were of a most enjoyable nature, and particularly those given by the pupils. One item, an exhibition of hoop drill by the junior girls, calls for special mention. The girls went through their drill

keeping excellent time, and the effect produced was charming. Another item which was warmly encored was the character song 'The Three Little Orphans,' sung by Misses A. Hannigan, Bailey, and C. Laffey. During the chorus a large number of pennies and other coins were thrown on to the stage. The kindergarten pupils danced a sailor's hornpipe, which found public favor, and a repetition of the dance had to be given. These pupils also gave a character song, 'The Three Little Dairy Maids,' which was also well received. The senior girls, attired in appropriate costumes, sang the chorus song 'The Mountain Horn,' while senior boys and girls joined in singing the patriotic song 'Obedient to the Call.' Both these items were warmly applauded. The voices of the senior girls were harmoniously blended in the singing of 'Somewhere a Voice is Calling.' The comic element was introduced in Madame Tussore's wax-works exhibition, and the audience enjoyed several hearty laughs at the various characters represented. Mr. Todd gave several humorous recitations, including his popular number where he impersonated a curate. He was obliged to respond to several encores. Master Meeking creditably recited 'The Incident.' Mrs. Chapman was in good voice, and for her singing of 'Ave Maria' was encored. She also received an encore to her selected item. Pianoforte solos were played by Misses Boddington and V. Halliday. A well-balanced orchestra, consisting of Mrs. Chapman, Misses K. and D. Cullen, Beech, Brophy, Terris, Langley, and Master Paul Cullen, played several enjoyable selections. The finale was in the form of a parade of the Allies. The pupils were dressed in the costumes of the Allies, and the tableau effect was particularly good. The march of the representatives of the various nations was accompanied with its own national anthem played by the orchestra. The various accompaniments were played by Misses Fletcher, Halliday, Cullen, and Boddington. At the close of the performance the Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, on behalf of the Sisters, thanked the friends who had assisted to make the concert a success. He also thanked St. Stephen's Church members for having placed the schoolroom at their disposal free of charge.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

February 5.

The following pupils of the Convent of the Sacred Heart were successful at the recent examinations:—Matriculation, Madeleine O. Hooker (Hawera). Intermediate honors, Margaret Craighead (Waimate); Intermediate pass, Veronica Ward (Christchurch). Those presented in the sixth standard obtained 'proficiency.' In the commercial course the following results were awarded by the National Commercial College, Sydney:—Shorthand honors—Kathleen Wareing, 96; Gertrude Kane, 96; Edith Daly, 93. Book-keeping honors—Bernardine Goulter, 96; Edith Daly, 90; Gertrude Kane, 90. Typewriting (speed), pass—Kathleen Wareing, Eileen Fitzgerald. The school re-opens on Tuesday next, February 13.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

February 2.

His Grace Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, and the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan, Bishop of Sale, are to arrive in the city from Te Aroha to-morrow. Bishop Phelan speaks at the Cathedral on Sunday evening.

The following cable message, dated London, January 27, has been received by Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, V.G., from his Lordship Bishop Cleary:—'Just returned from the trenches, and have placed four chaplains at the front. More required in England. Two students ordained; two more soon. Hope all and myself will sail within two months. Passage difficult now. Harley street experts report my health very satisfactory.'

In my letter of January 18, I inadvertently stated that Mr. D. Sullivan, sergeant at Mt. Eden Gaol, Auckland, had been promoted chief warden of the Wellington Gaol. The promotion in question was won by Mr. Henry Foreman, an officer with a good and honorable record of over 29 years' service in the Prisons Department.

A meeting, presided over by Mr. D. Flynn, was held in St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, on Wednesday evening in connection with the forthcoming bazaar in aid of St. Mary's Convent. Many ladies attended, and much interest was shown. It is proposed to open the bazaar on March 7, and to continue it to the 14th. It will be held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall.

The altar boys connected with the Cathedral had a most enjoyable water picnic on Anniversary Day, January 29. They left the city in a motor launch, accompanied by Rev. Father Taylor (spiritual director of the sodality), for Islington Bay, Mototapu Island. Rev. Father O'Brien, of Devonport, was also one of the party, which comprised 27 boys. There were swimming contests, foot races, jumping competitions, into all of which the boys entered with the greatest enthusiasm. Every one of the party voted it the most pleasant day spent for a long time. They arrived back in Auckland at 7.30 p.m.

The Epsom District has amalgamated with Auckland City, not before an infinite amount of red tape had been spun out by the Minister of Internal Affairs. Even though a majority of the Epsom ratepayers at a poll voted for amalgamation, the Minister set up a commission of enquiry, and after tortuous proceedings he graciously acceded to the wishes of the majority, not, however, before delaying unnecessarily the Epsom representatives from taking their seats at the Auckland City Council Board. This is the second glaring instance in recent times, where our central government has unwarrantably interfered with our local government bodies. The position is intolerable and should be abandoned.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee met last Sunday afternoon in the Hibernian Hall. Mr. P. J. Nerheny in the chair. There were also present Rev. Father Murphy, Adm., Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, D.S., and Rev. Fathers Brennan, Dunphy, and Taylor. The balance sheet of last year was read and adopted, and it was shown that there now stood to the credit of the account from several celebrations the fine sum of £1557 odd, all of which is out on mortgage at 5 per cent. This fund is ultimately to be used to free the schools of the city. Preparations were made for this year's celebration, and it was decided to hold the next meeting on Sunday next, when the new officers for the year will be elected.

The half-yearly meeting of the Auckland Diocesan Council of the New Zealand Catholic Federation was held in St. Benedict's Clubrooms on Friday evening last. Mr. A. Rose (president) occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance of priests and delegates from all parts of the diocese. The half-yearly report disclosed that vast strides in Federation activities had taken place during that period, the membership showing a considerable increase. This was due to the large number of branches established, there being now no less than 44 in the diocese. The financial position showed receipts to date considerably exceeded the whole of last year. The work of the diocesan executive covered the publication of a monthly bulletin, special campaign for members, inauguration and establishment of a Catholic girls' hostel in Auckland City, the promotion of social study, the devising of a scheme to assist the Catholic Field Service Fund for the benefit of Catholic soldiers with the Expeditionary Force, the holding of quarterly conferences, and the promotion of a Catholic convention to be held in Auckland this month. A number of important remits were adopted for the consideration of the Dominion Council, which meets in Auckland on February 21.

'DOMINICAN WEEK' AT WASHINGTON

THE ORDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

The week has been 'Dominican Week' at the Nation's capital—the central celebration of the 700th anniversary of the approval of the Order of Friars Preachers by Honorius III., in 1216. The ceremonies of the celebration (says the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Pilot*, under date November 16), began on Tuesday, and will continue until Sunday, culminating in a Solemn Pontifical Mass at 9 o'clock and a monster civic celebration in the afternoon.

Seven hundred as an abstract number applied to years means little to us Americans. We think so consistently in terms of days and dollars that a period of time as long as seven centuries may convey no concrete idea. The year 1216 saw the approval of the Order of Friars Preachers. That was 276 years before the discovery of America; it was 300 years before the so-called Reformation; it was 414 years before Plymouth Rock became a historical byword; it was 560 years before the Declaration of Independence.

The Dominican Order has seen the rise and fall of States, the passing of a long line of Pontiffs, the upgrowth of a large number of new Orders and Congregations in the Church, and to-day, despite the ravages of time and custom, of hardship and persecution, of historical misrepresentation and political intrigue, it stands forth before the world as virile and enterprising, as scholarly and saintly, as unassuming and loyal as in the days of its inception.

Dominicans Among Saints.

The Dominican Order has given to the Church fourteen canonised saints, one of whom, St. Rose of Lima, was the first canonised saint in the new world. In the order of their deaths (or as the Church so aptly puts it in the order of their birth into eternal glory) they are: St. Dominic, St. Peter Martyr, St. Hyacinth, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Antoninus of Florence, Pope St. Pius V., St. John of Gorcom, and St. Louis Bertrand. The women saints beside St. Rose of Lima are: St. Catherine of Siena, St. Catherine of Ricci, and St. Agnes of Montepulciano.

The Blessed of the Order number many hundred. Among these the most celebrated is Blessed Albert the Great, whose erudition was so great that it embraced practically all the then known sciences. Among other blessed are the prince of mystic theologians, Blessed Henry Suso, the Venerable Bartholomew las Casas, the Apostle of the Indians. Two Dominican Popes, Benedict XI. and Innocent X., also are Blessed of the Order, while the Patroness of First Communicants is the Dominican Child Saint, Blessed Imelda.

In the first three centuries of the Order's existence it gave 30,000 martyrs to the Church. To-day these noble traditions are being exemplified by the following missionaries in the fields afar: Right Rev. Isidore Clementi and Right Rev. Francis Aguirre, in China; Right Rev. Bishops Arellano Mungor and Valasco, in Tonkin, and Right Rev. Gregory Vuylstecke, Vicar Apostolic of the Dutch West Indies.

Theologians in the Order.

In the field of theology the Dominican Order has held first place since the time of the Angelic Doctor, whose masterpiece is still the model of all theological works. Since the days of the Order, the Pope's theologian, or as he is called, the master of the Sacred Palace, has always been a Dominican.

Among a host of brilliant thomistic scholars and authors, the Dominican Order is proud of Father Albert Lepidi, S.T.M., master of the Sacred Palace. Father Edward Hugon, who by reason of his many contributions to the theological, philosophical, and scientific world is justly ranked among the foremost scholars; Father Albert Weiss, Pere Mandonett, Father Schapcote, Father McNabb, Father Jarrett, Pere Lagrange, Consultor of the Biblical Commission, Pere Jansen,

Pere Vincent, Peré Dhorme, and Pere Abel, are a few of the prominent European Dominicans whose names are familiar in the United States.

Entry into United States.

The Dominicans came to the United States to establish a permanent foundation in 1804. Since then they have given seven Bishops to the Church in America. They were the first two Bishops of New York—Bishops Luke Concanen and John Connolly; Bishop of Cincinnati, Dominic Fenwick, Archbishop Grace of St. Paul; Archbishop Alemany, First Archbishop of San Francisco; Bishop Richard Pius Miles, first Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee, and James Whelan, second Bishop of Nashville.

There are four Provinces of the Order in the United States. The Province of St. Joseph, which embraces all territory east of the Rocky Mountains; the Province of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, all the territory west of the Rockies; the Province of St. Dominic of Canada has foundations in Lewiston, Maine, and Fall River, Mass., and the Province of the Most Holy Rosary of the Philippines has its House of Studies at Rosaryville, Louisiana. The Fathers of this Province also have a number of parishes in the diocese of New Orleans.

The Fathers in the Province of St. Joseph minister to 23 parishes and in various parts of the country and conduct a college at Columbus, Ohio. The Province of the west has nine parishes.

Priests, Novices and Lay Brothers.

The number of the Dominican priests, novices, and lay Brothers in the world approximates 5000. Of these there are 500 in the United States. The number of Dominican Sisters in this country is upward of 600. They conduct colleges, schools, and academies in the thirteen archdioceses and in forty-six dioceses. Parochial schools, hospitals, and orphan asylums are a few of the other institutions in charge of these women of God.

Under the able administration of Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, O.S.D., two modern hospitals have been fitted up to serve the needs of the destitute and incurable cancer cases and patients in New York. In the same metropolis is a community of Dominican Nuns known as the 'Sisters of the Sick Poor,' whose lives are spent in aiding materially and spiritually the destitute sick in their own homes.

The work of the Dominican Fathers in the United States covers a diverse field of activity. Large parishes are under their direction; many teach in colleges; theological chairs are filled by them in seminaries and universities; while the great end of the Dominican Order—namely, the salvation of souls by preaching—is being carried on with phenomenal success.

Among the American theologians of national and international fame may be mentioned Father Daniel J. Kennedy, O.P., S.T.M., Dean of the School of Sacred Sciences at the Catholic University of America, who holds the chair of Sacramental Theology at the same University, and who is also Regent of studies at the Dominican House of Studies. Here also mention must be made of Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O.P., S.T.M., whose ability and affectionate esteem are evidenced by the fact that he has thrice been elected Provincial of St. Joseph's Province; Very Rev. Raymond Meagher, O.P., S.T.L., Provincial of the Province of St. Joseph, who is recognised as a scholar of rare attainments and an orator of great force and power. Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P.S., T.M., ranks high among the historians of this country. Very Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., S.T.L., is known throughout the United States as the editor of the *Holy Name Journal* and as a theologian, canonist, and preacher. He is soon to go to Rome as Socius to the Master General.

Work of the Missions.

The great work of the missions in this country is under the direction of Rev. J. H. Healy, O.P., in the East; Rev. J. M. Stanton, O.P., in the West; Rev. M. J. Ripple, O.P., in the South, and the Rev. W. D. Noon, O.P., S.T.M., west of the Rockies. An esti-

mate of the work of these missionaries may be gleaned from the fact that during the past year the Eastern Band preached missions in over twenty dioceses to 250,000 people, while on the mission over 500,000 partook of the Bread of Life. The Western Band preached to 75,000 people, while the Southern Band preached to 65,000 and distributed 125,000 Communions. Their labors were distributed over a territory of 33 States of the Union. They were forced to refuse large numbers of Lenten sermons, missions, retreats, and triduas because of the shortage of missionaries. The request for missions was double the number the missionaries could accept.

PAPAL LETTER TO CANADIAN BISHOPS

THE LANGUAGE QUESTION.

A late issue of the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* contains a letter which the Holy Father has addressed to Cardinal Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec, and the other members of the Canadian Hierarchy.

His Holiness says the contentions which have, for some years past, been enkindled amongst Canadian Catholics, otherwise so renowned for their faith and piety, are to him a cause of intense anxiety. That these contentions have grown more bitter and have now been made public he knows from many and from the best sources and also from the bishops' reports. The cause of disagreement was fully manifest. There were Canadian Catholics of French origin and language and there were those who, though not all of one race, made use of the English tongue, and this constituted for them a ground of contention and of strife.

Referring to the question of the use of the French language in the 'separate schools' of the province of Ontario, which was the subject of two judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Holy Father thus gives the arguments of those who oppose the French-Canadian contention, and going on to deplore the bitterness which has been imported into public discussions on this question, he exhorts the archbishops and bishops to meet and discuss ways of restoring peace. 'If,' he says, 'the question cannot be settled and finished by their ruling let them bring it before the Holy See.' He then mentions 'some special points' about 'the bitterest controversy'—that 'concerning the Catholic schools in Ontario':—

Nobody can deny that the civil Government of Ontario has the right to exact that children should learn English in the schools; and likewise that the Catholics of Ontario legitimately require that it should be perfectly taught in order that their sons should be placed on the same level in this respect with non-Catholic children who frequent the neutral schools, and that they should not be eventually less fitted for the higher schools or be disqualified for civil employments. Nor on the other hand is there any reason to contest the right of French Canadians, living in the province, to claim, in a suitable way, however, that French should be taught in schools attended by a certain number of their children; nor are they indeed to be blamed for upholding what is so dear to them.

Nevertheless, let the Catholics of the Dominion remember that the one thing of supreme importance above all others is to have Catholic schools and not to imperil their existence, in order that their children, whilst receiving a literary education, should be taught to preserve the Catholic faith, to openly profess the doctrine of Christ and to live in the exact observance of the Christian law. Love for our children, the good of religion and the very cause of Christ demand as much.

His Holiness urges the bishops, in their earnest care for the salvation of souls, to exert their utmost activity to make counsels of moderation prevail with a view to obtaining that which is fair and just should be granted on both sides.

J. M. J.

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DEATHS

HART.—On February 1, 1917, at his residence, Wetherstones, Benjamin Joseph Hart; aged 84 years; comforted by the last rites of the Church.—R.I.P.

KELLY.—On January 2, 1917, at his residence, Gorge road, Queenstown, Philip Kelly; aged 74 years.—R.I.P.

STACKPOOLE.—On January 30, 1917, at Dunedin, Michael Stackpoole; aged 49 years.

On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

WARD.—On February 6, 1917, at 33 Bealey street, Christchurch, Mary Frances, the dearly loved wife of F. J. C. Ward, and daughter of the late George and Annie Wall; in her 50th year.

May her soul rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM

CARTWRIGHT.—In loving memory of Thomas, beloved husband of Ellen Cartwright, who departed this life on February 12, 1915, at Awamoa, Oamaru.—R.I.P.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Have mercy on his soul.

—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

FAHEY.—In loving memory of Margaret Fahey, who died at 112 Melville street, Dunedin, on February 2, 1916, late of St. Bathans.—Inserted by her loving husband and family.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1917.

TRUE AIMS OF EDUCATION



It has become a commonplace with Catholics that given any fair opportunity their schools in New Zealand are more than able to hold their own with the pampered favorites of the State. Year in and year out, since our primary schools first received the benefit of inspection by the Education Board's inspectors, they have been almost invariably singled out for the highest praise by these impartial judges. One instance in point may be quoted. Last year the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, which has some 300 boys on its roll, succeeded in winning two Junior National Scholarships, three Free Places, twenty-five Sixth Standard Proficiency Passes, whilst eight boys passed Junior Civil Service and two Matriculation. And this fine success is but a type of that yearly won by many other Catholic schools throughout the land.

Fortunately this proud record of outward success is in the eyes of teachers and parents alike the smaller part of the work of education going on in our Catholic schools. The real vocation and work of our religious Brothers and Sisters is to awaken, purify, and enrich the spiritual endowments of the young, to make them understand and feel that duty is happiness, that virtue is its own reward, that the supreme law and good of men is God's will. And they succeed in their noble work because they have great aims and make large sacrifices, because they do what they say. If Catholic children at school learn reverence, obedience, gentleness, and purity, it is because these virtues inspire the words and deeds of their guides in learning. Herein is the honor, worth, and blessedness of the Catholic teacher, who, having himself learnt the lesson of life set by the Eternal Schoolmaster, tries to help others to learn it too.

No nation, indeed, that wishes to be worthy of the name can be content with a purely utilitarian education. A nation, like a man, has a soul and must cultivate the higher things of the spirit. 'We should, as far as it is possible,' wrote Aristotle centuries ago, 'make ourselves immortal, and strive to live by that part of ourselves which is most excellent.' For everything that touches the soul leaves its impress, and we are, consciously and unconsciously, fashioned little by little into the image of all we have seen and heard, known, and meditated; and if from childhood we learn to live with what is good and fair and pure, it shall become stuff of the

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very stuff of life. Instruction alone will make clever, but not good men, and what any country wants is the good citizen more than the clever one. 'The old [secular] education,' writes the Anglican Bishop of Carlisle in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, 'had its ideas. Whether these ideas were ideal is, at least, questionable; for its ideas were chiefly limited to "the gospel of getting on," and by getting on was generally meant getting on materially—making money; achieving industrial success; controlling the markets of the world; winning the race in competitions in which truthfulness, sympathy, and generous feeling were almost hindrances; competitions not for excellence in work or the noble uses of wealth, but for higher wages and higher dividends, for comfortable sloth and luxurious indulgence. I do not mean—far from it that these were the intentional ideas of the creators and promoters of the old education; but that these have been its effects, or, at any rate, that the old system has not arrested the flow of these effects, any observer of the world around him can plainly see. And to those who have any yearning whatever for the enlightenment and elevation of their fellow-men, these effects must surely seem deplorable. And they all spring, at least so it seems to me, from the radical vice which deems education to be merely a thing of the head, instead of including, as it ought, the heart and the whole nature of the child. Heart and head must be educated together, else the result will be either frothy sentimentalism or clever callousness.' Catholic schools, and Catholic schools alone in this country, are providing this complete education for the head and the heart.

*

Who, then, it will be asked, is to provide this all-round education which a nation needs? We do not claim that the Church alone can do it, for the Church in these days lacks two essential conditions of success—money and the power of coercion. Still less can we admit anything in the shape of a State monopoly of education, for that would be an unjust invasion of the inalienable rights of parents and the death-knell of liberty, the soul's noblest birthright. Even so ardent a secularist as John Stuart Mill saw the grave danger of State monopoly: 'One thing must be strenuously insisted on—that the government must claim no monopoly for its education either in its higher or lower branches, must exert neither authority nor influence to induce the people to resort to its teachers in preference to others, and must confer no peculiar advantages on those who have been instructed by them. . . . It is not endurable that a government should either in law or in fact have a complete control over the education of the people. To possess such a control and actually exert it, is to be despotic.' In these days when we hear so much of the rights of small nations, let us Catholics not forget these wise words of a clear thinker. We would welcome State co-operation—and a wise and just government would hasten to supplement our valuable work,—but it will never be at the sacrifice of our conscience.

*

When we probe to the heart of the question of the State's attitude towards education and religion, we find it to be the menace of secularism, for this persistent ignoring of God and religion, however cleverly masked under the guise of neutrality, is nothing less than hostility to man's noblest possession. And such a course of action spells ruin in the end, national and individual. 'Let us,' Washington gravely warned his fellow-countrymen in his 'Farewell Address,' 'with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.' Dr. Fenlon, of the Catholic University of America, writes in the same strain, and his words, though applying directly to his own country, hold good of any other land which tries to educate its children without religion. 'It is indeed strange that a

practical and level-headed people like the Americans can fail to see that religion and morality are the foundation of abiding national security and prosperity, or, seeing this, can believe that religion and morality can be vital elements of our national life if they are excluded from our schools. Especially is it remarkable that religious people can fail to see the importance of religious education. . . . We desire to see a more enlightened public opinion which will recognise that you cannot gather the harvest unless you first sow the seed; nor reap wheat unless you sow wheat; that you cannot have a strong morality in public and private life unless you train the children in morality; and that you cannot train them in morality unless you implant in their hearts the love and fear of the Eternal Lawgiver and Judge. We desire, also, to have an historical truth recognised—namely, that we Catholics have preserved the true original American principle of education, professed by Puritan, Cavalier, and Catholic, and by the fathers of our country, which maintained that the chief and most important element in education is the training of the young in religious and moral principles. It is not we who have left the channel of true Americanism and are willing to drift recklessly on an unchartered sea; it is those men who do not fear the experiment of training a whole nation without the knowledge and fear of God.'

Notes

Irish Distress Fund

We desire to thank one and all who have subscribed with such marvellous generosity to our appeal for the distress in Dublin. We would ask those individuals or parishes who have not yet sent their donations, and who intend to give something, to send along their subscriptions as soon as they can, so that we may be able to close the fund at an early date.

Our Schools

If the progress of our Catholic schools is to be measured by the bulky and beautifully printed and illustrated school annuals sent out from our leading Catholic colleges, it would be great indeed. We have received two such publications this week—*Our Alma Mater*, from St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney, and the *C.B.C. Annual* from the Christian Brothers' College, Adelaide. Ex-students in khaki account for most of the illustrations in both annuals, and a perusal of their pages gives ample demonstration of the extent to which our Catholic colleges have contributed men and officers to every arm of our great Army. The pupils of our Catholic schools, who have received little encouragement or assistance from the State, are laying down their lives in defence of it. This is the result of the spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish patriotism instilled into them by the teachers in our Catholic schools and colleges.

Catholic Emblems

A wise and opportune suggestion comes to us from America—viz., the advisability of getting our Catholic people to restore the crucifix and the statues and images of the Blessed Mother of God and the saints to their legitimate place in our Catholic homes. It is said that a century ago a visitor could recognise a Catholic home immediately he entered it, because the moment his eyes wandered round he saw the sign of his redemption and the pictures of the saints on the walls. To-day his eyes will probably alight on the hockey club or the golf sticks, because it is they that hold the place of honor in the home. Our Catholic young ladies are so imbued with the materialistic spirit of the age, and they have become so extremely sensitive of hurting the feelings of their non-Catholic friends that they will hide the Catholic emblems away in the bedrooms. It would be well for them if they felt the

same sensitiveness towards hurting the feelings of God and the Blessed Virgin and the saints which they do by being ashamed to place statues and holy images in the place of honor in their homes.

The foregoing reminds us of an incident which came under our notice years ago. In the course of our work we had to put up frequently at hotels in the country. On one occasion we arrived at a hotel kept by a practical Catholic, on a Saturday evening. In the public sitting-room we found any amount of current literature—daily and weekly papers,—and amongst them the *War Cry*, the *Outlook* (Presbyterian), and the Anglican paper, but we searched in vain for the *Tablet*. Later on we asked the proprietor had he the *Tablet* in the house. 'Yes,' he said, 'but I would not think of leaving it on the common table for every visitor to read.' His respect for the *Tablet* may be great, but it would scarcely receive the commendation of our Holy Father or the bishops of his Church.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

We sincerely regret to learn of the death, at Holy Cross, Tipperary, Ireland, of the father of Rev. Wm. Corcoran, recently appointed to the Roxburgh parish.

A meeting will be held in St. Joseph's Hall on next Sunday evening for the purpose of forming a committee to take steps to secure the due celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

Sunday being the first Sunday of the month, there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Cathedral from the last Mass until after Vespers, when the usual procession was held, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The following students of St. Philomena's College, South Dunedin, were successful in the N.Z. Education Department's Intermediate examinations for Senior Free Places in secondary schools:—Kathleen McDevitt, Agnes Carroll, Moana Poppelwell, Williamena Harty.

In the public examinations held in November last, Zella Henderson passed the Public Service examination; Hyacinth Collins, Ruth Biggins, Alice Bell, Mollie Cotter, and Margaret Clarke secured passes in the Intermediate examination; H. Collins's name appears on the credit list. The above are all pupils of St. Dominic's College.

Of the ten candidates presented by the Christian Brothers' School for the Public Service entrance examination the following were successful:—Sebastian S. Vallis (credit), Terence J. O'Brien (credit), Vincent J. Pledger, John J. Noonan, John Miller, Francis M. Kennedy, Kevin T. Thompson, Fabian M. Dawson. They also qualified for Senior Free Places.

The annual school picnic for the Catholic children in Dunedin and suburbs was held at Evansdale on Wednesday. A very large number went by the special train, which left town at 9 o'clock. The weather, which had been very unpropitious during the early part of the week, cleared up somewhat on Wednesday morning and gave indication of a fine day for the outing.

The stormy weather on Tuesday was no doubt responsible for keeping many of the more faint-hearted in their homes.

OBITUARY

MR. PHILIP KELLY, ARTHUR'S POINT.

Another of the fast diminishing band of old identities has passed away, in the person of Mr. Philip Kelly, at the ripe age of 74 years (writes a correspondent). The late Mr. Kelly came to New Zealand in the year 1867. He followed up the occupation of gold mining till 1887, when he came to Arthur's Point and bought the Gorge Farm, where he remained farming and fruit-growing up till his death. He was a man of sterling qualities, his word being his bond, and he was held in high esteem by all with whom he came in contact. He was a practical Catholic, and ever ready to assist in the cause of religion and education: The late Mr. Kelly was born in Knockbride, County Cavan, Ireland. He leaves a wife and family of five sons and four daughters to mourn their loss. The interment took place at the Queenstown Cemetery, the funeral cortege being exceedingly long, testifying in a marked manner to the respect in which the deceased was held. The Rev. Father O'Donnell officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

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Mr. Berry, Oxford (sent on a previous occasion and not acknowledged), £1 1s.

Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, £15; A Sympathiser, Dunedin, £1; Mr. Alexander McDonnell, Waikaiti, 10s; Mrs. Tubman, Dunedin, 5s.

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THE NEW EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA

With the advent of the new Empress Zita, wife of the Emperor Charles of Austria, curiosity is naturally aroused as to her personality and accomplishments (says the *Catholic Bulletin*). From her early days she has been studious; she is an accomplished musician and is well versed in literature, history, and philosophy. She also is fond of society. Empress Zita was born in the Villa Reale at Pianore, in the Italian province of Lucca, on May 9, 1892, the daughter of Duke Robert and Duchess Marie Antoinette of Parma. She is of Bourbon descent, but rapidly became Viennese owing to the fact that life in the capital on the Danube interested her exceedingly. Her early training was in the hands of the Marquise Della Rosa. Later she entered a Sisters' academy at Zangbert, where she advanced rapidly in music, presiding now and then as organist in the convent chapel. After her father's death the then Princess Zita in 1908 spent some time in the Ryde Abbey, Isle of Wight, where her sister, Princess Adelaide, is a nun. Here among the French Sisters who had been compelled to leave France owing to the infidel persecution, she studied music, literature, Latin, history, and philosophy.

Princess Zita made the acquaintance of Archduke Charles Francis at Franzenbad, Bohemia, in the spring of 1909 while the guest of the Archduchess Maria Annunziata, her cousin. Later, Princess Zita and Archduke Charles Francis met at balls and other festivities at the Hofburg palace and occasionally at the hunting lodge of the Archduchess Maria Theresa. On June 14, 1911, the engagement of the princess and the archduke was announced, and on October 21 of the same year they were married, neither expecting ever to ascend the Austro-Hungarian throne.

The first household of the archduke and archduchess was established at Kolomea, Galicia, where they had occasion to enjoy the splendid hospitality of the Polish nobility. Their first child was born on November 20, 1912, and was named Francis Joseph Otto. He is now heir-apparent to the Austrian throne. The late Emperor Francis Joseph was very fond of this boy. The other children of the couple are the Archduchess Adelaide, born January 3, 1914; Archduke Robert Charles Louis, born February 8, 1915, and Archduke Felix Frederick August, born May 31, 1916, the date on which his father was a victor in the battles at Asiago and Asiago, in Italy.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

At the last meeting of the Oamaru branch of the H.A.C.B. Society a very cordial welcome was tendered to First-Lieutenant A. Clark, Main Body N.Z. Expeditionary Force, who has returned from the front invalided. Lieutenant Clark is an ex-pupil of St. Patrick's School and a member of the Hibernian Society, and his abilities quickly earned for him promotion. He fought through the Gallipoli campaign, being severely wounded, and has now returned to take an appointment as instructor at Trentham Military Camp. In reply to congratulatory speeches of welcome at the Hibernian Lodge meeting, Lieutenant Clark gave an interesting account of his experiences since leaving New Zealand, and mentioned that during his travels in the Homeland, no heartier welcome was tendered him than that of the people of the Emerald Isle.

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COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, February 6, 1917, as follows:—Rabbitskins.—Our next sale will be held on Monday, 26th inst. Sheepskins.—The position is the same as mentioned in last report. Hides.—We shall hold a sale on Thursday, 8th inst. Oats.—The market remains quiet and there is very little business to report. Stocks in store are almost exhausted and very few lines are offering from the country. Prime milling, 2s 11d to 3s; good to best feed, 2s 9d to 2s 10d per bushel (sacks extra). Wheat.—Fowl wheat is in fair demand and can be sold at from 5s 6d to 5s 8d for best quality, and 5s to 5s 6d per bushel for medium (sacks extra). Chaff.—The market is more heavily supplied and late values are not maintained. The demand is solely for chaff of prime quality, and anything else is hard to quit. Prime oaten sheaf, £4 5s to £4 7s 6d; medium, £3 10s to £4 per ton (sacks extra).

THE LATEST CRIME AGAINST BELGIUM

The indignation excited in neutral countries, as well as amongst the inhabitants of the Allied nations, by the deportations from Belgium has not caused the Germans to abandon the slave-raiding campaign. They are case-hardened and can now commit no outrage that would make them blush (says the *Catholic Times*). It is none the less the duty of all who have the interests of Christian civilisation at heart to continue to protest against their wickedness, and to hold it up to opprobrium. In a telegram which the Belgian Foreign Minister has sent to the Belgian Ministers to the Holy See and to Spain, explaining the gravity of the wrong inflicted on Belgium, he states that the Germans will soon have deported three hundred and fifty thousand men. The Minister has given instructions that the Holy See and the King of Spain be urged to invite the German Government to reflect on the consequences of its crime against humanity. According to information given by an Italian journal, the Holy Father has been in communication with the German and Austrian Governments on the subject, and it may be taken for granted that he has done all he possibly could do to impress upon the Germans the iniquity of their conduct. The Belgians may have to suffer for some time longer from German brutality, but, as Viscount Grey has assured the Belgian Foreign Minister, the day is coming when they will be liberated once and for all from the dangers that menace them so long as the enemy occupies their country.

CATHOLIC FIELD SERVICE FUND

We have received 5s for the above fund from Mrs. J. Garr, Pukehiki.

Napier has received a regular salt bath during the last few days, the wind from the sea carrying the salt air all over the town. In some streets the air has been so strong that leaves of trees have turned brown and shrivelled up just as though it was autumn.

Speaking at Hastings in connection with the drawing of the fourth military service ballot, Mr. S. E. McCarthy, S.M., stated that it took them four days to draw the 3000 men in the last ballot, and they anticipated that it would take 10 days to draw the present 10,000.

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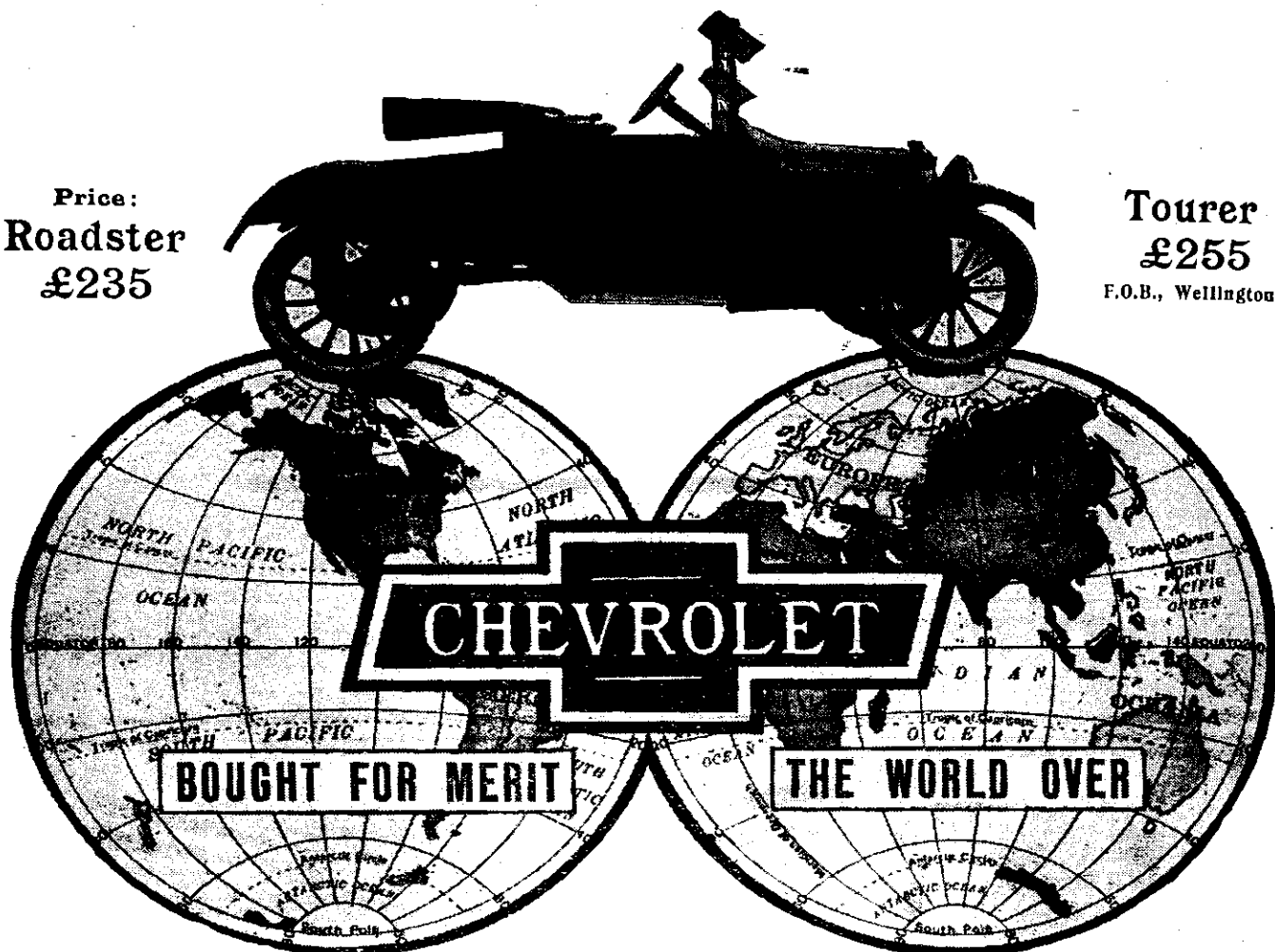
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Irish News

GENERAL.

Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, is now 75 years of age. He is a Tipperary man, born at Holy Cross, which was also the native place of the late Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who erected a simple freestone Celtic cross over his father's remains in the old Abbey. Dr. O'Dwyer is the only son of the late John Keating O'Dwyer. He was educated at Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867. While a curate at St. Michael's, Limerick, in 1886, he was appointed Bishop of Limerick.

On Sunday, December 10, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, ordained to the priesthood the following:—Rev. Michael Mullen, Achoury; Rev. Jeremiah Piggott, Cloyne; Rev. Timothy Hurley, Kerry; Rev. Patrick Casey, Elphin; Rev. Mathew O'Carroll, Kilmore; Rev. Denis Noonan, Plymouth; Rev. John Bradley, Auckland, N.Z. Of these Fathers Mullen, Piggott, Hurley, and O'Carroll have volunteered to act as military chaplains, and will proceed to the front after a short training.

The paragraph is no way authorised which recently appeared in the press that after the Irish tour of Sir Maurice Levy munition works, employing 50,000 workers, would be established in Ireland. 'No scheme such as is alluded to is contemplated,' wrote Captain F. Downie, Director of Munitions in Ireland, in reply to a letter from the Mayor of Drogheda asking for a share of the work for that town. 'It was the same old story,' said the Mayor, when the letter was read at the Corporation meeting. 'All they want from us is men to fight for them,' said Mr. Callan.

The report of the Irish Intermediate Education Board says that of £40,000 lodged in February, £39,836 was distributed to the schools in March, and £163 allocated for expenses due to additional duties. The total number of schools was 347, five of which earned no grant. Two with 26 pupils and no duly qualified lay teachers were under Catholic management, and three with 28 pupils and one duly qualified lay teacher were not. Sixteen schools were not under the Board during 1914-15. Of these fifteen with 294 pupils and two duly qualified lay teachers were under Catholic management, and one with fifteen pupils and no duly qualified lay teacher was not. The total of pupils as defined by the salaries grant on January 29, 1915, was 18,503, 225 with 12,742 pupils being under Catholic, and 122 with 5761 pupils under non-Catholic management. In the former were 125 duly qualified lay teachers, and in the later 273.

THE BISHOP OF RAPHOE ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

In the course of an important and closely-reasoned article on 'The Irish Political Situation' published by the *Freeman* recently, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, writes:—'In Ireland we have had a fair share of disruptive tendencies, and something more than a fair share of disruptive language. But the marvel is that, after the inevitable failure of two ill-starred short cuts in one year, rebellion and partition, so much genuine cohesion should remain. The country, on the whole, is still at Mr. Redmond's back, because in existing circumstances the Nationalist Party, supported by the National Organisation, is the one power that can make headway for Ireland on the path of freedom.' However one tries to survey the 'situation,' no matter from what angle or viewpoint the facts of the case are considered, only one conclusion is possible to the logical mind; and Dr. O'Donnell has stated it simply and clearly. Not for the first, or for the hundredth, time his Lordship of Raphoe takes his place amongst the intellectual leaders of the people; his words have never failed to inspire and encourage the men of the Irish nation. The Bishop refers at the end to the famous resolution passed by the leaders and representatives of Australian public opinion at Sydney

on the 4th of September—a resolution whose importance has been repeatedly insisted upon in these columns—and declares that the Australian suggestion, offered under conditions of 'special urgency,' was 'a masterpiece in the Imperial as well as the Irish interest.' And he adds: 'Delay is worse for England than for Ireland.' The need of the hour is to drive this fact home to the minds of the persons responsible for the government of England and Ireland now.

A WAY TO UNITY AND VICTORY.

We gave in our last issue an account of the Requiem for the Irish Guards who had fallen on the Field of Honor, held in Westminster Cathedral. A letter in the *Morning Post*, from the pen of Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, suggests that perhaps those prayers may be a help to the living as well as to the dead. He says:—'I have just been standing amid some thousands of Irishmen, who came at once to pay tribute, to mourn, and to pray for the repose of the souls of those other thousands of their countrymen and faith who have died in Flanders under the banner of St. George. Those Irishmen surrendered their lives for the cause of European liberty; they died to save the lesser peoples from the tyranny of the Hammer of Thor. They died that nationalities—small, weak, oppressed, and conquered—might each live their own life, speak their own tongue, and develop their own individual souls. They died in endeavoring to avenge the crimes committed against the lesser nations, whose very existence is threatened by the savage power of the enemy. A Prince of our Royal House attended also, and as I looked about me during the Requiem and saw the tears standing in the eyes of those thousands of Irishmen, each wearing the King's coat, many scarred with honorable wounds gained in the King's service, many bearing on their breasts distinctions granted them by the King's will, I could not help wondering, "Are there none here whose hearts are searched and sorely tried when they think of the relations which subsist between this country and Ireland?"'

Sir Mark, after noting the provocative tone of the leaders in the paper he was addressing, continues:—'The martial instinct and the intense enthusiasm of the Irish people are the two British assets which, by hesitation, prejudice, and folly, we have succeeded in stifling and curbing until almost all that is left of it are the little crosses which mark the Irish graves in France and Flanders. But though opportunities be missed, it is never too late to take fresh ones; no man or woman stood in Westminster Cathedral amidst that gallant Irish company, with the prayer for rest and peace in their hearts, and the dying notes of the British National Anthem falling on their ears, but must have felt that there was a way to Unity and Victory. Our enemy, base though be his aims and vile his ambitions, understands that concentration and unity of purpose is his only hope. Can we not realise even at this late hour that no sacrifice is too great to obtain the full moral and material effort which our Empire can only put forth if it is not distracted by dead and gone politics, prejudices, and hatreds?'

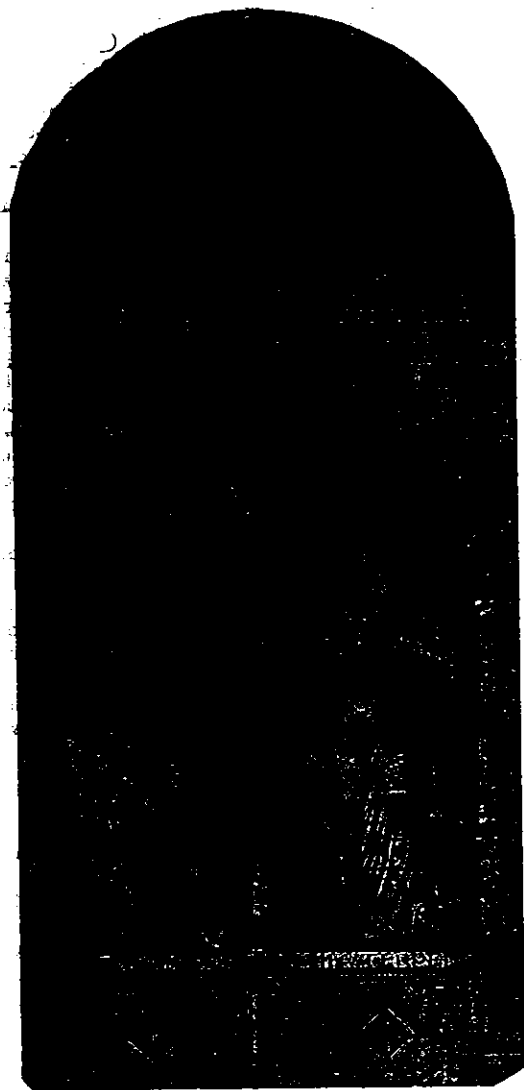
A DESERVED REBUKE.

A very severe rebuke was administered to *Punch* for a recent cartoon. Said the *Nation*:—'*Punch* is not often the exponent of the kind of stupidity which sends a flaming bomb into the midst of your own ranks. Yet this is the act of the artist who this week represents a truculent Mr. Redmond, with a shillelagh sticking out of his coat pocket, menacing a begging British lion with a lighted bomb, labelled "Rebellion" and bawling out to him: "Trust." That is, indeed, a comprehensive misdescription of the Irish situation. But it is also the symbol of a coarse thanklessness such as even the political thinking of a caricaturist (who, as *Punch* has often shown, can be a great politician to boot) should not yield. Mr. Redmond's efforts to help England almost ruined his power in Ireland. This is his reward. Thank heaven, it does not come from anything one can describe as the country's heart or as its intelligence.'

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CARDINAL MERCIER AND THE DEPORTATION OF BELGIANS

LETTER ON BEHALF OF THE BELGIAN BISHOPS.

We take the following from the *London Tablet*:—

Every day the military authorities deport thousands of inoffensive citizens from Belgium to Germany, and there condemn them to forced labor. As early as October 19 we addressed a protest to the Governor-General, a copy of which was handed to the representatives of the Holy See, Spain, United States, and Holland, in Brussels. The Governor-General, however, replied with a refusal to entertain our cause. At the date of our protest, the decrees of the Occupying Power threatened only the unemployed; but at present all able-bodied men are being carried off indiscriminately, packed into open trucks, and sent away we know not where, like a gang of slaves.

The enemy is taking the districts in turn. We had heard vague rumors of arrests having been made in the zone of the depots at Tournai, at Ghent, and at Alost, but we did not know under what conditions. Between October 24 and November 2 raids were carried out in the districts of Mons, Quiévrain, Saint-Christain, and Jemmapes, from 800 to 1200 men a day being seized. To-morrow, and on succeeding days, the blow is to fall upon the district of Nivelles. The following is a sample of the proclamations posted to announce the outrage:—

'By order of the Kriegschef, all persons of the male sex over seventeen years of age are called upon to present themselves at the Place Saint Paul at Nivelles on November 8, 1916, at 8 o'clock (Belgian time), 9 o'clock (German time), bringing their identity cards, and in cases of necessity their cards from the Meldeamt. The only luggage allowed will be small hand baggage. Any person who fails to present himself will be forcibly deported to Germany, and will further be liable to a heavy fine and a long term of imprisonment. Priests, doctors, lawyers, and schoolmasters are not to present themselves. Burgomasters will be held responsible for due execution of this Order, which must be immediately brought to the knowledge of the inhabitants.' An interval of 24 hours is allowed to elapse between the posting of the placards and deportation.

Under the pretext of public works to be carried out on Belgian soil, the Occupying Power had made an attempt to obtain from the Communes lists of unemployed workmen. The majority of the Communes proudly refused to furnish these.

Three orders of the Governor-General were designed to make ready for the blow that falls upon us to-day. On August 15, 1915, a first order imposed forced labor on the unemployed, under penalty of imprisonment and fine, but it declared that the labor in question was only to be applied to works on Belgian soil, and that any infringement would be tried in the Belgian Courts.

A second order, dated May 2, 1916, reserves to the German authorities the right of giving work to the unemployed, and threatens any person causing work to be executed, without the sanction of the Governor-General, with three years' imprisonment and a fine of 20,000 marks. By virtue of this same order, the jurisdiction which had been conceded to the Belgian Courts, passes into the hands of the German authorities. A third order dated May 13, 1916, 'authorises Governors, Military Commandants, and Chiefs of Districts to order the unemployed to be removed by force to the places where they are to work.' Thus, forced labor was already introduced, but it was in Belgium.

The Pretext.

To-day it is no longer a question of forced labor in Belgium, but in Germany and for the benefit of the Germans. To give an appearance of plausibility to these violent measures, the Occupying Power insisted

in the German Press, both in Germany and Belgium, on these two pretexts; the unemployed constitute a danger to public order, and a burden on official benevolence. The letter we addressed to the Governor-General and to the head of his political department, on October 16, replied to this as follows:—'You are well aware that public order is in no wise threatened, and that all influences, moral and civil, would support you spontaneously, were it in danger. The unemployed are not a burden on official benevolence; it is not from your funds that they receive assistance.'

In his reply the Governor-General no longer urges these first two considerations, but he alleges that doles to the unemployed, from whatever source they may come at present, must finally be a charge upon our finances, and that it is the duty of a good administrator to lighten such charges. He adds 'that prolonged unemployment would cause our workmen to lose their technical proficiency, and that in the time of peace to come, they would be useless to industry.' True, there were other ways in which our finances might have been protected. We might have been spared those war levies which have now reached the sum of a thousand million francs, and are still mounting up at the rate of forty millions a month; we might have been spared those requisitions in kind which represent several thousands of millions, and are exhausting us. There are other ways of providing for the maintenance of professional skill among our workpeople, such as leaving to Belgian industry its machinery and accessories, its raw materials and its manufactured goods, which have passed from Belgium into Germany. And it is not to the quarries and lime-kilns to which the Germans themselves declare they will send our unemployed, that our specialists would think of going to complete their professional education.

'The Naked Truth.'

The naked truth is that every deported workman is another soldier for the German army. He will take the place of a German workman who will be made into a soldier. Thus the situation which we denounce to the civilised world may be reduced to these terms: Four hundred thousand workmen have been thrown out of work by no fault of their own, and largely on account of the regime of the occupation. Sons, husbands, and fathers of families, they bear their unhappy lot without murmuring, respectful of public order; national solidarity provides for their most pressing wants; by dint of a generous parsimony and self-denial, they escape extreme destitution, and they await with dignity and in a mutual affection which our national sorrows have intensified, the end of our common ordeal. Bands of soldiers break into their peaceful homes, snatch youths from their parents, the husband from his wife, the father from his children, guard with fixed bayonets the doors through which wives and mothers attempt to pass to bid a last farewell to those who are leaving them, marshal their captives in groups of forty or fifty, and hoist them forcibly into open trucks; the engine stands ready under full steam; as soon as the train is full a superior officer gives the signal for departure. Here we have another thousand Belgians reduced to slavery, condemned without previous trial to the severest penalty in the penal code save the death penalty, deportation. They know not where they are going, nor for how long. All they know is that their work will benefit no one but their enemies. From some of them, by bribes or threats an engagement has been extorted which is shamelessly called 'voluntary.'

Moreover, though the unemployed are certainly enrolled, a very large number of those recruited—one-fourth in the district of Mons—are men who have never been out of work, men of great variety of callings, butchers, bakers, master tailors, brewers' assistants, electricians, and agriculturists, even quite lads, have been taken, students at University colleges or other higher schools.

A Broken Pledge.

And yet two high authorities of the German Empire formally guaranteed the liberty of our compatriots

to us. After the capitulation of Antwerp, the distracted population was asking what would happen to Belgians of military age, or such as would reach that age before the occupation had ended. Baron von Huene, the Military Governor of Antwerp, authorised me to re-assure the distressed parents in his name. However, as there were rumors in Antwerp that at Liege, Namur, and Charleroi, youths had been seized and forcibly carried off to Germany, I begged Governor von Huene to be so good as to confirm in writing the oral assurances he had given me. He replied that the rumors of deportations were baseless, and gave me without hesitation the following written declaration, which was read aloud on Sunday, October 18, 1914, in all the parish churches of the Province of Antwerp: 'Young men need have no fear of being carried off to Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or to be subjected to forced labor.'

Immediately after the arrival of Baron von der Goltz in the capacity of Governor-General at Brussels, I went to ask him to ratify the guarantees given by Governor von Huene to the Province of Antwerp, extending them to the whole country, without any time-limit. The Governor-General retained my petition, in order to consider it at his leisure. The following day he was good enough to come in person to Mechlin to express his approval, and in the presence of two aides-de-camp and of my private secretary, to confirm the promise that the liberty of Belgian citizens would be respected.

In my letter of October 16 last to Baron von Bissing, after reminding him of the undertaking given by his predecessor, I concluded: 'Your Excellency will understand how painful the burden of responsibility I should have incurred towards families would be, if the confidence they placed in you through me and at my earnest entreaty should be so lamentably disappointed.' The Governor-General replied: 'The employment of the Belgian unemployed in Germany, which has only been initiated after two years of war, differs essentially from the captivity of men fit for military service. Moreover, the measure is not related to the conduct of war properly speaking, but is determined by social and economic causes.'

As if the word of an honest man were terminable at the end of a year or two years, like an officer's lease! As if the declaration confirmed in 1914 did not explicitly exclude both military operations and forced labor! Finally, as if every Belgian workman who takes the place of a German workman did not enable the latter to fill a gap in the German army.

We, the shepherds of these sheep who are torn from us by brutal force, full of anguish at the thought of the moral and religious isolation in which they are about to languish, impotent witnesses of the grief and terror in the numerous homes shattered or threatened, turn to souls, believing or unbelieving, in Allied countries, in neutral countries, and even in enemy countries, who have a respect for human dignity. When Cardinal Lavigerie embarked on his anti-slavery campaign, Pope Leo XIII., as he blessed his mission, remarked: 'Opinion is more than ever the queen of the world. It is on this you must work. You will only conquer by means of opinion.' May Divine Providence deign to inspire all who have any authority, all who are masters of speech and pen, to rally round our humble Belgian flag for the abolition of European slavery. May human conscience triumph over all sophisms, and remain steadfastly faithful to the great precept of Saint Ambrose: 'Honor above everything'—*Nihil preferendum honestate.*

In the name of the Belgian Bishops,†

(Signed) D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER,
Archbishop of Mechlin.

† We have been unable to communicate with the Bishop of Bruges.

OBITUARY

MR. BENJAMIN JOSEPH HART, WETHERSTONES.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Benjamin Joseph Hart, Wetherstones, Lawrence, one of the pioneers of Tuapeka district, and a generous benefactor of the Church. Death came very peacefully on Thursday morning, February 1, in the presence of most of the members of his family, after an illness of some months borne with wonderful brightness and patience. His last days were cheered by the visits of all his sons and daughters, and of numerous friends, including his highly esteemed friend, the late Monsignor O'Leary, himself at the time in failing health. Rev. Father Kaveney, of Lawrence, attended him frequently and gave him the last Sacraments of the Church. Mr. Hart was a convert of some fifty years standing, his conversion being due to the prayers and example of his devout wife, who died nineteen months ago. He was ever remarkable for his exemplary Catholic life and large generosity in every good work of religion and charity. The Church in Lawrence and all the Catholic institutions of his parish, St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin, and many other Catholic institutions owe much to his liberality. A few years ago he purchased a large property (estimated to be worth £2000) on Pine Hill, Dunedin, and presented it to the Dominican Nuns, of which Order his daughter is a member.

Mr. Hart (says the *Tuapeka Times*) was born in Tasmania 84 years ago, and came of a good old English stock of the Jewish race, from whom no doubt he inherited that shrewdness and level-headedness which characterised his dealings with his fellow-men. As a young man he migrated to Victoria and, following the occupation of mining with its many excitements and vicissitudes, visited most of the goldfields that sprang up day by day. Here he married, and found in his Irish wife a devoted life-partner. He came to New Zealand early in 1862 and proceeded direct to Wetherstones, Lawrence, where he had since resided. For many years after his arrival in the Colony he followed up his old occupation as a miner, and then in 1884, in partnership with Mr. J. K. Simpson, bought out the Black Horse Brewery. He always maintained his interest in mining matters, floating several successful dredging companies in and about Lawrence, and being chairman of directors of most of these mining ventures. Quite recently he took a prominent part in the purchase and working of the Blue Spur Consolidated Company's claim, being a director up to the time of his death. In all business matters he was a man of exceptionally sound judgment, keenness, punctuality, and it was always said of him that his word was as good as his bond. Outside business he was a keen lover and promoter of horse-racing and athletics, an ardent poultry fancier, and perhaps the most successful cultivator of daffodils in New Zealand.

The following children are left to mourn the loss of a devoted father: Mr. Henry Hart (manager Simpson and Hart, Ltd.), Lawrence; Mr. Edward Hart, Waverley, Taranaki; Mr. Albert Hart, Lawrence; Mr. Fred Hart (chief clerk, Supreme Court, Wanganui, now on active service); Mr. Ernest Hart, Lawrence; Mrs. Rattray, Melbourne; Mrs. Ronald Montgomery, Lawrence; Sister M. Xavier, Dominican Convent; Misses Ethel and Eva Hart, Wetherstones.

The funeral took place from the Lawrence Church on Saturday afternoon, and was attended by a very large number of old friends from near and far. Rev. Father Kaveney, of Lawrence, officiated at the graveside. Rev. Fathers Howard (Milton), Corcoran (Roxburgh), and Liston (Holy Cross College) were also present.—R.I.P.

Gargle,
Sniff up,
or Swallow

FLUENZOL for Throats,
Catarrh,
or Influenza

GARDENING NOTES

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

WORK IN THE GARDEN FOR FEBRUARY.

The Kitchen Garden.—This is the month that supplies of various seeds and vegetable plants should be planted out in quantities, so as to give a supply for winter and early spring. But unfortunately the weather is quite unfit for that purpose at present, as the soil seems to be quite parched and unable to receive either plants or seed. But as soon as opportunity occurs a good square of cauliflowers and broccoli should be planted out. It would be wise before pulling the plants out of the seed bed to give it a good soaking with water; then the plants will not suffer so much from the breaking of the tender fibrous roots at the time of pulling. It is a wise plan to heel in the plants in a row, placing them pretty thickly in the row and giving a thoroughly good watering at the time and making them quite firm with your foot before watering. Also see that the water penetrates to the roots, and if left there for about a fortnight, or until opportunity offers for planting out in their permanent quarters, they will transplant more readily, as they will have made a nice fibrous growth at the roots. If the work has to be done whilst the soil is dry the plants ought to get an occasional watering after being planted out. A good plot of savoy and cabbages should also be planted and treated in the same way as the cauliflower and broccoli. A sowing of turnips for autumn and winter use should also be sown. The White Stone or Golden Ball varieties are best for late sowing. They should be sown thinly, and not left to overcrowd one another in the bed. Also winter spinach should be sown for winter use. Silver beet makes a good substitute for spinach. It is very useful to have as it gives a constant supply. When sowing these garden seeds the lines should be well watered before sowing the seed, and then covered over with the dry soil. The seed will have a better chance to germinate when it has a bed of nice moist soil to work on. A good sowing of lettuce for winter use should also be made. The variety named Iceberg is a nice crisp lettuce. It ought to be planted out when fit so that it forms good heads which it cannot do if left to grow too thick in the seed bed. It can be thinned out and the young plants may be used for salad, and the others left to grow on for a later supply. I am afraid there is not much use in sowing peas at this season as it is now pretty late. If sown now, however, the early varieties must be chosen, as they will come to maturity before the later kinds. Kidney beans may be sown, but must get a plentiful supply of water as they will do no good if left hanging on. Keep a good healthy growth. The celery trenches should get a thoroughly good drenching of water to keep up a healthy growth. Vegetable marrows, cucumbers, and pumpkins should have a plentiful supply of water; if not, red spider and green fly will take possession.

The Flower Garden.—The lawn should be constantly mowed—at least once a week,—and it would serve the lawn by leaving the cut grass; it helps to keep the ground cool by forming a mulch, and besides, it is giving back the grass in the form of manure for the lawn. The spray should be constantly attended to by shifting pretty often, for if left playing on the one spot too long it causes the ground to settle in hollows very often, especially if the lawn is a new one and the soil not thoroughly settled. The roller must also be kept going after each mowing, and if there are any poor patches a sprinkling of fertiliser or liquid manure ought to be given. To keep a lawn in good order requires constant attention, such as regular mowing, watering, weeding, and rolling. All weeds should

be carefully removed or destroyed by weed exterminators.

Chrysanthemums, dahlias, and all such plants should have proper supports, and should be given an occasional dose of water. Cuttings of many plants may now be put in, such as pinks, carnations, and picotees, etc. Any shrubs which are done flowering and have to be pruned back should be attended to. Also clip back garden hedges, such as holly, laurel, and privet. Hedges should be well cut back whilst the growth is young; it can then be done quicker and better. They ought to be trimmed at the end of autumn or the beginning of winter. Hedges look better by being clipped up to a point rather than the square top, but I suppose it is matter of taste. All the seed pods should be picked off the flowering plants as soon as the flowers drop off. The flowering season is prolonged by so doing, as the energy of the plant is not directed toward the ripening of seeds. On this account the plant has a chance of forming more flowers. Hardy flower seeds may be sown to bloom next season. Roses and many other trees may be budded if required. It is best done on a damp day or in the cool of the evening. The amateur who would like to bud his own roses should learn from a professional man, as it is rather difficult to understand the process by reading the method of operation.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

General regret was expressed when it was known that Mr. Pat Scully, a well-known member of the Federation committee, had lost one of his little boys, aged eight years. The little chap was spending a holiday in Lyttelton, where he contracted a severe form of diphtheria and died in the Christchurch Hospital after a few days' illness. Rev. Father Cooney administered the last rites of the Church and Rev. Father Woods conducted the funeral service at Invercargill.—R.I.P.

The local Catholic schools opened on Monday last, when there were good attendances.

The Hibernians are arranging an Irish national concert, which will take place in the Municipal Theatre on March 14. The proceeds will be in aid of the schools' building fund.

PAN-SOUTHLAND GATHERING.

All the arrangements are now well in hand for the 1917 gathering, and a very large number of the Catholics of Southland will assemble in the A. and P. Society's Show Grounds on Wednesday, the 14th inst. The Tuatapere and Dipton people will travel to and from Invercargill by the ordinary trains, but special trains will convey the people from all the other stations both morning and evening. These special trains will run later than the ordinary timetable trains, so this arrangement should be very convenient to the country people. Programmes, including complete railway arrangements, etc., will be forwarded to the various secretaries this week for distribution to the people. It has been found impracticable on this occasion to have the usual procession from the railway station to the grounds, so the opening function will be the High Mass, which will commence at 11.30 o'clock sharp, when it is expected that all the people will be present. The Mass will be celebrated on the dais of the grandstand, which is a most suitable position, overlooking as it does the sloping lawn and extensive grounds. After the Mass the people will have their lunch, and at 1.30 p.m. the speeches by the clergy and laymen will be delivered. The sports programme will then be gone on with. In this connection the children will be well catered for, and the little ones will be supplied with toys and sweets. The Hibernian Band has been engaged to enliven the proceedings. It only remains that the prayers of the people should, on this occasion, defeat any designs of Jupiter Pluvius as far as the weather is concerned.

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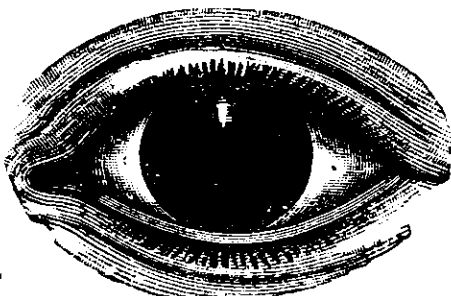


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ROLL OF HONOR

PRIVATE RICHARD NAUGHTON.

Mr. W. Naughton, of Kerrytown, received word from the Base Records of the death of his son, Private Richard Naughton of the 10th Reinforcements, who died of wounds in England on October 16, 1916. No news of him had been received, though cables of inquiry had been sent. Private Naughton had been



PRIVATE RICHARD NAUGHTON.

brought up in the Kerrytown district, and was educated at the Kerrytown School. Since leaving school he had followed farming pursuits. He lived all his life in the district where he was born, and was a universal favorite wherever he went, a most exemplary Catholic, and a good son and brother. The sympathy of the whole district has gone out to his sorrowing parents, brothers, and sisters.

RIFLEMAN JAMES O'DONNELL.

Rifleman James O'Donnell, who died of wounds at the clearing station, France, on January 3, was the eldest son of Mr. H. O'Donnell, Brunner, and was 34 years of age. He was born in Greymouth and was educated at the Convent School, Brunner, and the Marist Brothers' School, Greymouth. He left New Zealand with the 4th Battalion of the N.Z. Rifle Brigade on February 5, 1916, and, with the exception of a very short stay in Egypt, had been engaged in the heavy fighting in France, including the 'Big Push.' Prior to enlisting he was employed at Lake Hochstetter, but some years previously he worked in Reefton and was a dashing forward of the Reefton Football Club.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

January 30.

The Rev. Father Lane, who has been attending the annual retreat of the Auckland clergy, returned home on Sunday. During Father Lane's absence the Rev. Dr. Geaney, of Greenmeadows Seminary, has been in charge. In notifying the arrangements, Father Lane took occasion to thank his Grace Archbishop Redwood for facilitating Dr. Geaney coming here.

St. Mary's Church has been enriched by the gifts of several generous parishioners. A fine set of large candlesticks and cross for the high altar were given by Mrs. H. Martin, and are fine specimens of the brass-

workers' art. A procession canopy of artistic finish and design was presented by Mr. D. J. Barry. On a recent Sunday Father Lane thanked the generous donors for their handsome gifts.

PUBLICATIONS

A Little Book of Prayers for the Dead. Compiled by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C., 3s net. London: Burns and Oates.

Christ the Consoler. Compiled by Agnes Egerton Castle. 3s net. London: Burns and Oates.

These are days of anxiety and sorrow in almost every Catholic home in New Zealand, grief hardly to be borne except by those who have hope and whose minds are filled with the thought of the rewards granted to the brave soldiers who have done their day's work well. Many thousands of mourners will therefore welcome these two dainty little books of prayers and comforting thoughts. Father Kent goes to the official prayers of the Church and the works of the Fathers. A happy inspiration indeed, for the language of the Church's liturgical prayers for the dead is simple, personal, and moving to a degree. That of course we might expect when we think of the Church's tender care for the immortal souls of the departed. Mrs. Egerton Castle, a mourner herself, presents us with the reading and prayers which have brought comfort to her own heart—the consoling words of Sacred Scripture, and solacing thoughts from writers old and new, such as St. Bernard, St. Gertrude, Dante, and Monsignor Benson.

We have received from Gordon and Gotch a booklet containing 70 views of Dunedin, including our large public and private buildings, churches, schools, and some pretty bird's-eye views of our city, taken from Heriot row and other suitable points of vantage. The whole publication has been produced in the Dominion, and is a credit to our artists who have been responsible for the work.

OBITUARY

MRS. MARGARET WRIGHT.

The many friends of the Rev. Father Wright, parish priest of Waihi (writes our Auckland correspondent, under date January 26), were deeply grieved when they heard of the death of his mother recently in Victoria. As Father Wright had been stationed at St. Patrick's for several years, it was arranged that a Solemn Requiem Mass should be celebrated in the Cathedral for the repose of her soul. This morning, at the close of the annual retreat for the clergy, the following priests attended at the Cathedral to show their respect for the deceased lady, and for her son in the person of Father Wright, one of their respected and deservedly popular priests:—Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, V.G., Diocesan Adm. (who presided in the sanctuary), Right Rev. Mgrs. Gillan, V.G., and Hackett, Rev. Fathers Golden, Furlong, Tormey, Van Westeinde, Kreymborg, Molloy, De Vodler, Dunphy, Brennan, Schoonhof, Dignan, Forde, O'Flynn, Zangerl, Bressers, Smiers, Zanna, Farragher, Bleakley, Carran, Bowen, Henry, S.M., Taylor, O'Malley, Duffy, O'Hara, Spiering, O'Callaghan, Lane, Kelly, Langerwerf, and Dr. Ormond. Rev. Father Wright was celebrant, Very Rev. Father Cahill deacon, Rev. Father Murphy, Adm., subdeacon, and Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, D.S., master of ceremonies. The solemn music was sung by a choir of priests. After Mass Rev. Father Wright, assisted by the assembled priests, gave the blessings at the catafalque. A large congregation attended.—R.I.P.

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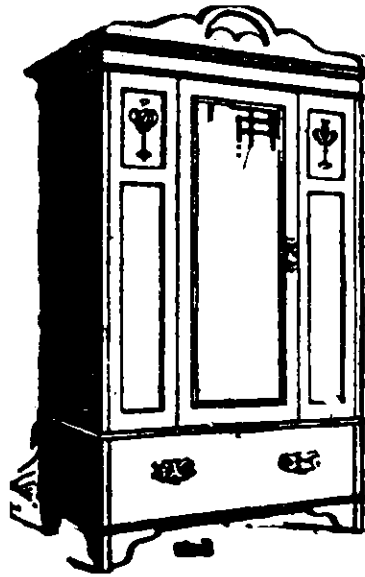
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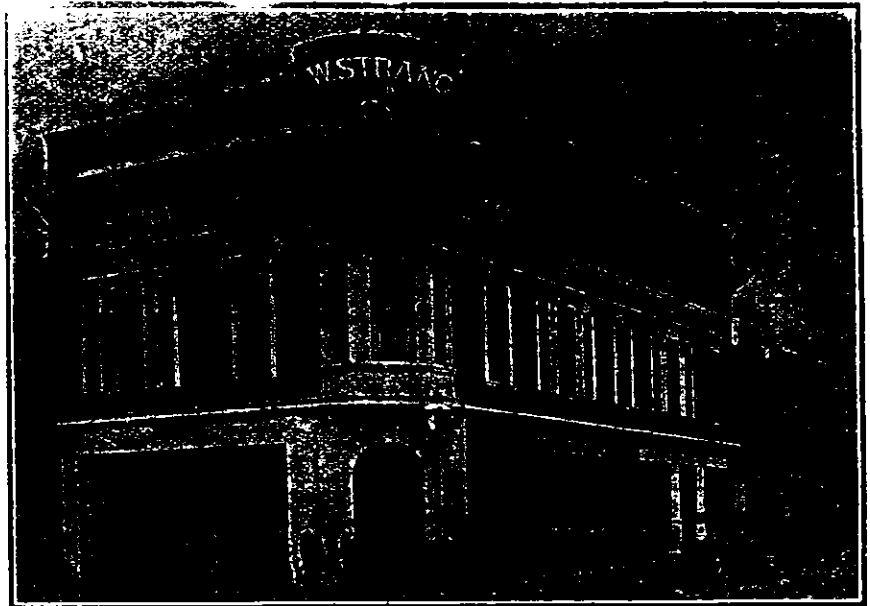
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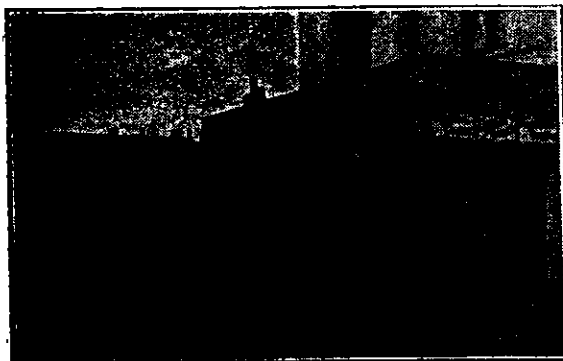
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Science Siftings

By 'VOLX.'

The Strength of a Soap Bubble.

Professor Boys, in a lecture on 'Soap Bubbles and Other Things,' at the Royal Society of Arts the other day, showed that an ordinary soap bubble will support a house sparrow's egg on the rim of a china teacup in such a manner that it will not roll off. With the aid of a basin of soap and water Professor Boys produced an astonishing number of bubbles of every conceivable shape and size—globular, tapering, large and small. Some of them were more than a foot in diameter, and floated through the hall for several minutes without breaking.

When You Fall Far.

It is quite a mistake to think that when a person falls from a great height his heart stops before ever his body touches the ground. Breathing may be suspended for a few minutes, but if artificial respiration is applied at once, life can be restored in many cases. This was proved in America, when a girl fell a distance of 200 feet, with no more serious results than some fractured bones and a few internal injuries. She compares her sensations while falling to the faintness one feels when travelling downwards in a jerky lift. It was only in the moment of landing that she lost consciousness. Doctors assert that such accidents would not so often prove fatal if artificial respiration were more generally tried. Just because the patient's pulse is not beating it is a fatal error to think he must therefore be dead. Treat him as you would a man rescued from drowning, and in nine cases out of ten you will save his life.

What is Horse-Power?

To lift 550lb 1ft in one second requires what is known as one horse-power. Similarly a horse-power is able to raise twice that weight 1ft in twice the time, or ½ft in just that time. Moreover, it can raise half 550lb 1ft in half a second, or 2ft in a second, and so on. Therefore, when we lift one-fourth of that weight, 137½lb, 4ft in one second, we are exerting a horse-power. Accordingly, when a person who weighs 137½lb runs upstairs at the rate of 4ft a second, he is exerting the equivalent of a horse-power. For a man weighing twice that much, 275lb, it would be necessary to climb at the rate of only 2ft a second to exert a horse-power. It is possible to do much more. As a matter of fact, a horse often exerts many times a horse-power. The average horse can draw a waggon up a hill where a ten horse-power engine with the same load would fail. A horse-power does not represent the greatest momentary strength of the average horse, but is a measure of the power which he can exert continuously.

Singing Shellfish.

Contrary to the general belief, fish are not all dumb. Quite a number of them make some kind of noise. The common red gurnard of our coasts, on being hooked and hauled rudely out of the sea, will grunt loudly and indignantly, as a fisherman will tell you (says a Home exchange). It is a strange, croaking sort of noise, such as one might expect a young rook to make. Then there is a fish called the butterman, which is found off the Scottish coast. This fish, which is fat and comfortable looking, about a foot long as a rule, makes a distinct hooting noise from the back of his throat when landed in a net or caught on a long line. A netful of these fish, though they are rather rare, is sometimes caught, and when they are hauled in the chorus of sharp, siren-like hoots is very startling to a stranger. But in Ceylon there is a shellfish, a kind of mussel, which positively sings. In still weather, when the water has ebbed away from the mussel-beds for a few hours, these shell-fish can be heard producing a long, low, fluty sound. How they do it no one knows, but they make a quite distinct attempt at singing; and, as they have no throats, they must produce this

sound by some manipulation of their double shells. The sound is low and not at all unpleasant—in fact, it is rather sweet to the ear on a still summer's night.

Intercolonial

Two former pupils of the Christian Brothers are now Archbishops in Australia:—Archbishop Spence, of Adelaide (who celebrated his 56th birthday on January 13), and Archbishop Duhig, of Brisbane.

The late Archbishop Dunne, of Brisbane, is succeeded by his Coadjutor (Most Rev. Dr. James Duhig), who was appointed titular Archbishop of Amida and Coadjutor of Brisbane with the right of succession in 1912. He was born at Broadford, County Limerick, in 1871, and came to Queensland at an early age. He was educated by the Christian Brothers and at the Irish College, Rome, and was appointed Bishop of Rockhampton in 1905, being then the youngest bishop in the British Empire.

Rev. Father Jorgensen, who died at 72 years of age in Adelaide recently, was for 32 years a keen Lutheran. As a young fellow he took a course of classics at the Copenhagen University, and started business as a pharmaceutical chemist in that country. He came to Australia in 1871, and for a number of years conducted a chemist's shop at Gawler, South Australia. In 1877 he commenced the study for the priesthood. He finished his studies in 1882, at Propaganda College, and, after being ordained, took charge of a mission in Eyre's Peninsula.

During a recent sectarian squabble in Queensland, a letter appeared in one of the daily papers, which contained the following statement: 'Should Bishop Le Fanu, the Rev. Mr. Gradwell, or any other militant Churchman be desirous of making inquiries with a view to ascertain the proportion of Catholics earning in excess of £250 per annum in the various departments, in one at least the result will be an eye-opener. In this department, presided over by a Catholic Minister, there are at present 47 officers receiving salaries in excess of the amount mentioned, and of this number 45 are Protestant, the religion of one cannot be ascertained, and the remaining one is a Catholic.'

On Thursday last (says the *Catholic Press* of January 25) Sir Edmund Barton, senior puisne Judge of the High Court, celebrated his 68th birthday. Every Australian will wish him many happy returns of the day. Since he went on the Bench the public have lost sight of him; and, although he is still alive, he has already become a historical character. Barton always had the good will and support of the Irish in Australia. He was always a Home Ruler. In a conversation in London with a special correspondent of the *Temps*, he said: 'I am not fully conversant with the question of Home Rule; but I realise an undeniable fact. It is that out of their own country the Irish show remarkable capabilities as lawyers, and as members of all the liberal professions. We ask in Australia why the sons of Ireland cannot govern their own country when they are able to draw up and interpret the laws and constitutions of other nations?'

The community received quite a shock last Friday (says the *Catholic Press* of January 25) by the sad intelligence that the Rev. Father Joseph Kelly, who had been in charge of Taree since the death of Father O'Reilly, was drowned on the previous day at Mitchell Island, near the mouth of the Manning River. Memories of the sad death of his brother, Father James Kelly, who was drowned on his way to celebrate Mass near Singleton some few years ago, were revived, and the deepest sympathy was evoked for his third brother in the priesthood, Father John Kelly, of Newcastle—all of them students of St. Patrick's College, Manly, and for their fourth brother, Mr. Thomas Kelly, of Hamilton, and their two sisters, one of whom is a Sister of Mercy.

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Now, we will suppose that you have never given any thought to the subject of Insurance. One day this subject is brought home to you very forcibly. A large fire occurs in a block of buildings; the occupier of one of the premises destroyed sustains irreparable loss. All his property is burnt with the building. He can get nothing back—not even the monetary value of the goods destroyed. He is absolutely ruined. Why? Because 'he never believed in Insurance. He would never have a fire, he was too careful.' That is where the over-confident person makes a mistake. However careful one may be, one cannot be certain that his neighbor is equally so. That is the risk you have to GUARD against.

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THE LATE REV. FATHER LEZER, S.M.

(Contributed.)

An impressive and edifying spectacle was witnessed by the inhabitants of Greenmeadows, Hawke's Bay, when the mortal remains of the late Rev. Father Lézer, S.M., were carried in solemn funeral procession to their last resting place in the Pukitapu Cemetery. Some twenty-five priests and students in soutanes and surplices, headed by a cross-bearer, preceded the hearse, which was followed by a number of vehicles and some pedestrians.

For two years previous to his death the deceased priest had been partially paralysed, and lived at the Marist Seminary, Greenmeadows. About three weeks before his death the paralysis began to spread rapidly over his whole body, and it was clear that the end was fast approaching. He died on January 17, at 3 a.m. The body was removed to the Seminary Chapel, where on the following day a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was sung by the Very Rev. Dean Binsfield, S.M., assisted by the Rev. Fathers H. McDonald, S.M., and LePretre, S.M., as deacon and subdeacon respectively, the Rev. W. B. Buckley, S.M., acting as master of ceremonies. The Plainsong chant was touchingly rendered by a choir of students, with the Rev. Fathers Ryan, S.M., and Outtrim, S.M., as cantors.

In the application of St. Paul's words: 'And we know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good, to such as according to his purpose are called to be saints' (Rom. viii. 28), to the dead priest the Rev. Father W. Goggan, S.M., pointed out that the life of his departed confrere had been marked throughout by a noble and generous self-sacrifice. Born in April, 1859, at Metz (then a French possession), his early life was one of remarkable holiness and diligent application to study. It was, therefore, no surprise to his parents when in early manhood he evinced signs of a religious vocation. He chose the Order of Mary as a retreat from the world, and became a professed member therein in 1882. In religion he was a brilliant scholar and an amiable confrere, and his whole conduct was marked by self-effacement, apostolic zeal, and devotedness. After his ordination his persistent entreaties for permission to devote his life to the salvation of the savages of the Islands of Oceanica so far prevailed upon his superiors, that, fearing to interfere with so pronounced a vocation, they sent him in 1886 to labor in the Fiji Islands. His health, however, could not stand the demands which the zeal of the holy missionary made upon it, and after twelve years' strenuous work he was obliged to depart from his beloved Islanders, not, however, before he had met with a severe sunstroke from the effects of which he never completely recovered. Bound for Sydney, he arrived at Auckland in 1898, and came south to the Marist Scholasticate at Meeanee to spend the intervening month whilst awaiting the arrival of his vessel. At the request of his superiors, however, he accepted the position of Professor of Moral Theology in the Seminary, a post which he was amply qualified to fill. For fifteen years he labored with indefatigable energy and earnestness in the education of young Marist Levites, until in 1913 he was sent to Temuka. Here he remained for twelve months, when he was again removed to Timaru. On the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin in 1914 the holy man preached at evening devotions a particularly touching sermon on the feast of the day, but the vehemence of his feelings during the discourse seems to have brought on a paralytic stroke which seized him on his return to the sacristy, and was ultimately the cause of his death. He was then brought to Greenmeadows, the site of the new Scholasticate, and passed two years in a state of semi-helplessness and yet a model of resignation and regular observance of rule. The rev. speaker, with deep feeling, then expatiated on the deceased priest's extraordinary spirit of faith and his absolute acquiescence in all his superiors' wishes, but a deep, sad, chord was struck when he compared his departed confrere's

affliction to the desolation and silence of Christ in His Crucifixion. The Eternal Father had deemed His faithful servant worthy of the privilege. He grants only to those who are specially dear to Him; the Christ had shared with him the loneliness and dereliction of the Cross, and the Holy Ghost had brought him that timely aid which alone could enable him to undergo that final but terrible trial. God gave him the necessary virtue and then 'spared him not, but delivered him up,' that His glory might be manifest in him.

After the absolution had been pronounced the body was removed to the hearse and conducted with all ecclesiastical solemnity to the cemetery about two miles distant. Many of the clergy, including Rev. Dr. Martin, S.M., Rev. Fathers Keogh, S.M., B.A., W. Tymons, S.M., Ainsworth, S.M., Ryan, S.M., and Outtrim, S.M., took part in the funeral procession. Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MEMENTO MORI OF THE HAPSBURGS

A good many quaint old customs, reminiscent of the 'ages of faith,' still cling around the Austrian Imperial Court. One of these is the ceremony of the washing of the feet of twelve poor men, in Holy Week, by the Emperor. Another one and of still more solemn import, was announced as part of the ceremonial of the obsequies of the dead Emperor. It reminds one of the custom invented by the ancient Romans for the purpose of preventing the victor in war, who was accorded the honor of a triumphal reception and procession along the great highway to the Forum, from inflating himself with pride. A slave was stationed in the gorgeous car in which he rode, to whisper into his ear at appropriate pauses in the ceremonial, 'Remember thou art mortal.'

At the burial of the Emperor in the crypt of the Capuchins a historic ceremony had to be carried out which was anciently designed to impress the monarch's successor that in spite of all pomp a sovereign is merely a mortal. The funeral procession was to be halted at the entrance to the vault by a challenge from within: 'Who is there?' The reply to be made: 'His Most Serene Majesty, the Emperor Francis Joseph.' The challenger would then reply: 'I know him not.' Responding to a second challenge, the announcement was to be made: 'The Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary is outside.' Again the challenger answers: 'I know him not.' When for the third time the voice within asks who demands admission, the master of ceremonies was to reply: 'A sinful man, our brother, Francis Joseph.' The portals were then to open and the procession was to enter.

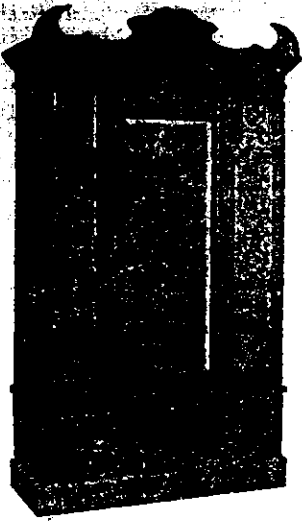
The immediate origin of this strange procedure would appear to be this: The third wife of the Emperor Leopold I. was Eleonora, daughter of Philip, Elector Palatine. She was one of the most beautiful characters in all history. Though born to the dignity of the throne (so to speak, for the Elector was the equal of kings), her thoughts were not engaged with its pomps. Her days were spent in visiting the poor and the sick, and affording them every physical and spiritual consolation in her power. She gave several hours to devotional reading and prayer. She groped her way into dungeons, to seek out unfortunate prisoners and bring them physical comforts and spiritual consolations. Though she was compelled to wear bracelets and jewelry, in accordance with her rank at court, she had these so arranged as to become instruments of penance on her person. Deeds of charity and austerities filled all her days; and when she died she had carved upon her tomb this lowly inscription:—

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NEW CONVENT AND SCHOOL, KILBIRNIE

Standing on one of the most prominent sites in South Kilbirnie and in the locality known as Childers terrace, where the tramlines from the city via the tunnel and Constable street junction, is a large and commodious two-storey building, formerly the residence of Mr. M. F. Bourke. This property, nearly an acre in extent, and possessing a fine panoramic view of Cook Strait, Evans Bay, Lyall Bay, and the surrounding locality, has been acquired by the Sisters of Mercy to serve the dual purpose of a high school and musical academy, and also as a residence for the teaching staff of Sisters engaged in the local school at St. Patrick's School Chapel across the road.

The residence has been renovated and converted into a convent and school, and last Sunday afternoon (writes our Wellington correspondent, under date January 29) the ceremony of blessing and formally opening the new institution, which is to be known as St. Catherine's Convent, was performed by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon Devoy, the Rev. Fathers Piquet, S.M. (Sydney), Hurley, S.M., O'Connell, S.M., O'Leary, S.M., D. Campbell, S.M., and C. Outtrim, S.M., and the Very Rev. Father Roche, C.S.S.R. There was a large number of people present at the opening, and at the conclusion of the ceremony of blessing the new convent the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, as rector of the district, briefly addressed the gathering before calling upon his Grace the Coadjutor Archbishop to perform the opening ceremony. Archdeacon Devoy stated that in 1908 there was neither a Catholic school nor a Catholic church at Kilbirnie. In that year a mission for the Catholics of Kilbirnie was given by the Redemptorist Fathers at O'Donnell's Hall. The success of the mission was responsible for a movement to erect a Catholic Church at Kilbirnie, and in the meantime Mass was celebrated every Sunday at O'Donnell's Hall. Originally it was intended to erect a church of the value of £6000. In fact the foundations were laid for a building of that value, but in view of the urgent necessity of a Catholic school in the district and the inability of the people to complete the scheme within a reasonable time it was decided to leave the erection of the church to a later period and to erect immediately a building that would serve both as a school and a church. A fine substantial building was erected on the same section at a cost of £1000, and since then additions and improvements to the building made necessary through the growth of the Catholic population brought the total cost to £1700. Now they were present that day to witness the installation of the Sisters in the beautiful convent that his Grace had just blessed. He wished particularly to thank the Bourke family for the benefactions they have made to the Church, and it was through the generosity of that family that they were in the happy position of opening the convent that day. He wished the good Sisters every success.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea, in declaring the convent open, said that it gave him much pleasure to bless and open such a beautiful convent. He congratulated the people of Kilbirnie, and said this was only the beginning of great things in that district. It marked a new era in the progress of the Church, for it had added another house of prayer to the Church, another place where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass could be offered up. The Sisters belonging to the great teaching Order of the Sisters of Mercy had done, and were doing, marvellous work for Catholic education in this Dominion, and they were to be located in their midst. The Sisters of Mercy not only imparted secular knowledge to the children under their care, but they also imparted a thorough knowledge of their holy religion; and in doing this they were conferring a great boon on the whole community. Those who thought that the teaching of religion and morals should be separated from the training in secular knowledge made a very great mistake, and although they might not know it, they were impeding the progress of this young country.

As long as God gave him health and strength to do so, he would voice the objection of the Church to such a system. In conclusion, he congratulated the Sisters of Mercy on acquiring such a fine property, and he also wished to voice his appreciation of the generosity of the Bourke family and the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy for his energy in helping the Sisters to acquire the property. He formally declared the convent open.

Those present were then invited to the convent chapel, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by his Grace the Archbishop, assisted by the clergy present. The nuns' choir rendered the music, and at the conclusion afternoon tea was served by the Sisters, who conducted the visitors through the building and grounds.

The Rev. Sister Mary Chanel will be in charge of the new convent, and she will have associated with her in her work five other Sisters.

A collection was taken up, and resulted in the sum of £60 being handed the Rev. Sister Chanel, who desires to thank all friends and donors for their kindness. The new high school, as well as the parish school, were opened on Wednesday morning.

The opening of St. Catherine's Convent in the parish of Wellington South under the charge of the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy adds another to the many Catholic institutions in his extensive parish, and it is interesting to note the following:—Sacred Heart Convent, Home of Compassion, St. Francis' Church and the parish school, Island Bay; Sisters of Mercy Preparatory College for boys, and St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church and School, Seatoun; St. Patrick's Church and School and St. Catherine's Convent, Kilbirnie; St. Anne's Church, St. Anne's School, St. Anne's Hall, and St. Joseph's Convent, Green and Daniel streets, Wellington South.

SYMPATHY.

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

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The Catholic World

FRANCE

BLESSING THE AIR.

In Brittany, where ancient traditions linger together with an old world piety, the fisher folk and the peasants call down the blessing of heaven every year on the sea and the fields, which give them their livelihood. But since besides the two elements of land and water, man has added a third, the air, as a field for his exploits, it is not surprising that from Brittany should emanate the idea of a benediction of the air. In a recent seacoast hamlet, Le Platin, not far from Royan, on a slope among wind tossed fir trees and oaks, rises the little chapel of Notre Dame du Platin, patron saint of airmen, which was consecrated only a year before the war. Since then, this modest, votive shrine has been the goal of many a pilgrimage, and has received innumerable vows and thank offerings. From its spire flutter hundreds of oriflammes, bearing the national colors of the various allied nations, of all airmen who had fallen victims to man or the element. After the service, the procession moved toward a point which dominated the sea. Here from a balcony the Canon of Royan solemnly blessed 'the waters and the airs,' the ceremony being witnessed by a large concourse of people, after which, in keeping with the occasion, a sermon was preached in the open air. The preacher's pulpit was a bench, canopied by the branches of an ancient yew tree, in front of the chapel, which was decked with flags and banners.

MORE INTOLERANCE.

The members of the French hierarchy continue to urge upon their people the importance of the national loan. The Archbishops of Auck and Algiers, the Bishops of Agen, Bayeux, Beauvais, Grenoble, Lucon, Meaux, Nice, and St. Claude can now be added to those who have addressed letters to the clergy and people on the matter. The Bishop of Grenoble authorises his clergy to collect for the Bank of France. The manner in which the Government repays this help is, however, sadly instanced by an incident in the archdiocese of Rouen (writes a Paris correspondent). On the very day that the appeal of Archbishop Dubois on behalf of the loan was read out in all the churches his Grace was engaged to bless and lay the first stone of a new sanctuary erected to the memory of French soldiers who have died on the field of honor at a place we will call S. les R. But the Socialist Mayor of the place suddenly forbade the public ceremony on the very morning itself. Naturally, at such short notice many persons did not cancel their arrangements and there was a goodly crowd waiting for the Archbishop. This the Mayor made the occasion for a display of police and armed force, and when the Archbishop arrived he could hardly enter the enclosure for the private ceremony, the public ceremony taking place at the parish church. The inhabitants were disgusted with the affair, and pointed out that only a few weeks ago in Rouen itself the English dedicated two chapels, one Catholic, one Protestant, publicly with no interference whatever from the authorities. They wished to express their indignation by withholding their subscriptions from the loan, but this the Archbishop would not allow.

ROME

THE POPE'S SIXTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

The good wishes and messages of congratulation which reached the Holy Father on the recurrence of his birthday, 21st November, came from all parts of the world (writes a Rome correspondent). At the Vatican the occasion was observed in that quiet, dignified fashion so characteristic of it, the Pope himself celebrating Mass in the chapel of the Sala Matilda, assisted by the students of the Spanish College. During the

day the various military corps of the Apostolic Palace wore their gala uniforms, and from their barracks flew their respective banners. In the evening the band of the Papal Gendarmes rendered choice musical selections in the Court of S. Damaso. In a condition of remarkable vigor of mind and body Pope Benedict XV. has entered on the sixty-third year of his life. Few men in Rome lead a more active life than his Holiness. There is one particular worthy of special note, inasmuch as it illustrates the thorough manner in which the Holy Father throws himself into his work. Several private secretaries are attached to the Pope's office to expedite his vast correspondence. After each delivery the letters addressed to his Holiness personally are laid on his desk, and each of them is opened by his own hand, so that anyone, high or low, can get into direct communication with the Supreme Pontiff.

AN IMPLACABLE PRESS.

There is no relaxation of the malignant attitude of the anti-clerical Italian press against the Pope (says the London *Universe*). It is implacable and not to be satisfied. If his Holiness speaks, he is wrong; if he keeps silent he is wrong; and, so far as mere words go, it is the fable of the wolf and the lamb brought up to date. The most magnanimous intentions of the Holy Father, his merciful initiative, his heartfelt solicitude, are twisted and distorted and vilely misrepresented by these irreconcilable prints, which substitute sophistries for arguments and gratuitous malignities for facts. Why cannot they be honest and say what all men know they feel: He is the Pope, and therefore, *Anathema!* But it would be thought that even with these hostile journals the Pope would have been safe from denunciation by reason of his telegram on the recent air raid on Padua; which said that he deplored and reproved aerial bombardments over 'innocuous or open cities, by whomsoever perpetrated.' There's the rub in the last three words. The air raid on the open and innocuous city of Padua is condemned by a general condemnation of all similar raids on places similarly circumstanced—a condemnation which extends to the past, and stands for the present and the future. And these critics forget one important fact: This condemnation is the last thing—not the first. They ignore that which must be patent to most thinking people; namely, that delicate diplomatic negotiations have been going on for many months—which could not by their very nature be made public—by which the Pope hoped to prevent air raids on any innocuous and open cities by whomsoever perpetrated, and it is only when these hopes have been foiled by the outrage on Padua that his Holiness condemns the particular crime by a general denunciation of all such crimes. To say, as these journals do, that the Pope should have confined himself to the particular circumstances is to beg the question. If the commission of such outrages is to be deplored and condemned by the Pope at all, he must, in the name of consistency, deplore and condemn them as he has done, 'by whomsoever perpetrated.'

GENERAL

SECULARISTS MADE 'SIT UP.'

A law has recently been passed by the National Assembly of Panama making civil marriage compulsory and giving it precedence over the marriage performed by the Church, says *America*. Officiating priests or ministers are threatened with fine or imprisonment, or both, if a marriage should be performed in their churches before the civil ceremony. The demonstration which took place in answer to this violation of the most sacred rights of the people is thus described in a letter written from the Canal Zone:—'Handbills announcing the meetings were distributed throughout the city by the thousands. They had the desired effect and fully 5000 men were present at the demonstrations; the women having been advised not to be present. The Panamanians were thoroughly aroused and Panama City had never witnessed in the past such a demonstra-

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tion as took place a few nights ago. The first meeting was held in Cathedral Park and was addressed by the Right Rev. Bishop, Dr. Rojas, and by Dr. Victoria, Panama's most gifted orator. The people then proceeded to the President's palace, where Dr. Teran, accompanied by the Bishop, addressed the President. The President responded, assuring the people that the law would be amended in accordance with their wishes. Evidently the people of Panama are militant Catholics—they will not tamely submit to Secularist tinkering with sacred rights; nor are they Atheists, as the recent Protestant Congress held there described them.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION

CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The eighth half-yearly meeting of the Christchurch Diocesan Council was held in the Hibernian Hall on Tuesday evening, January 23. His Lordship Bishop Brodie presided, and was supported by the following members of the executive:—The Very Rev. Deans Hyland and Regnault, Rev. Father Cooney, Messrs. J. E. Doolan, P. F. Ryan, W. Hayward, jun., and F. J. Doolan (secretary).

The branches were represented as follows:—Aka-roa, Mr. W. Kearney; Cathedral, Messrs. J. R. Hayward and W. Hallins; Darfield, Rev. Father Cronin, Miss M. Morrison, and Mr. J. Gill; Hawarden, Rev. Father O'Connor; Lyttelton, Messrs. J. E. Doolan and F. Lufaro; Lincoln, Rev. Father Leen, Messrs. J. Cunneen and J. A. Henley; Methven, Rev. Dr. Kennedy; Rakaia, Mr. T. Staunton; Ross, Mr. A. P. Sharkey; Rangiora, Major Conlan and Mr. S. Ryan; St. Mary's, Christchurch, Messrs. J. McNamara and W. Hayward; Little River, Miss M. C. Cassidy; Temuka and Pleasant Point, Rev. Father Kerley; Waimate, Mr. F. J. Glackin. Apologies were received from Mr. E. J. P. Wall (executive) and Major Conlan, Rev. Father O'Hare, and Mr. H. Sloan.

The Right Rev. Chairman welcomed the assembled delegates, and hoped that their deliberations would be of benefit to the Federation.

After the roll was called the minutes of the annual meeting, held on August 1-2, were confirmed on the motion of Mr. S. Ryan, seconded by Mr. J. Cunneen. Report of the Executive Committee for the Half-Year ending December 31, 1916.

To the Right Rev. President and Members of the Diocesan Council.—Your executive committee has the honor to present its report for the half-year ending December 31, 1916.

The personnel of the executive is—President, the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie; vice-presidents—the Very Rev. Dean Hyland (Rangiora), Mr. J. E. Doolan (Lyttelton), Mr. P. F. Ryan (Weedons); treasurer, Mr. W. Hayward, jun (St. Mary's, Christchurch); committee—the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (St. Mary's, Christchurch), Rev. Father Cooney (Lyttelton), Mr. E. J. Wall (St. Mary's, Christchurch), Mr. J. P. Leigh (Timaru), and Mr. F. J. Doolan (secretary).

During the term five ordinary and three special meetings were held, the attendance being excellent. Early in October, Mr. T. H. Cape-Williamson (secretary) resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. F. J. Doolan.

Papal Blessing.—The outstanding event of the half-year has been the receipt of the Papal Blessing of our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., on our organisation. The beautiful paternal blessing should be an incentive to one and all to further the interests of the Federation, as it not only includes the leaders and active workers within its loving scope, but to all within its ranks the blessing is extended.

Organisation.—Fairlie: Mr. J. P. Leigh, of Timaru, visited Fairlie in September and reported very favorably on the enthusiasm displayed by the local branch.

Addington.—The Rev. Father O'Hare has reformed the branch, and, assisted by the Rev. Father Cooney and Mr. W. Hayward, had a most successful opening meeting, when officers and committee were

elected; and everything points to a very strong branch coming into existence.

Ahaura.—The diocesan secretary has opened up correspondence with the Rev. Father Hanrahan, of Ahaura, who hopes in the near future to organise the Federation throughout his extensive parish.

Catholic Congress.—The history and progress of the Church in this diocese has been advanced another step by the brilliant and highly successful congress held on November 9, 1916. The suggestion emanated from his Lordship the Bishop, and, assisted by your executive and the members of the Cathedral, St. Mary's, and Addington parish committees, every effort was put forth to make arrangements worthy of the occasion. The programme, consisting of carefully prepared and eloquently delivered speeches on our ideals and desires of Catholic education, and the many disabilities under which we suffer by the present system, have seldom, if ever, been heard under such favorable circumstances in this Dominion. The spacious building was crowded by an audience of close on three thousand people, who followed the proceedings with keen interest, and freely punctuated with applause the points made by the various speakers. Our sincere thanks are due to the following speakers, who came from a distance to assist:—Rev. Father Ainsworth (Napier), Mr. D. L. Poppelwell (Gore), Mr. M. Doyle (Timaru), and Mr. H. F. Doogan (Greymouth), also to the Sisters of the Mission and Sisters of Mercy, and to the Marist Brothers, who trained the school children for the excellently rendered choruses, and to all who assisted to make the function a success. The reception given to his Lordship the Bishop was of a strikingly cordial and enthusiastic nature, cheers being given with the utmost vigor, giving ample evidence of the deep affection existing between prelate and people. The object of the congress was achieved—a magnificent gathering of Bishop, priests, and people was brought together, and the impartial and eloquent speeches expounded our views and made known our desires on educational matters.

Field Service Fund.—Instead of canvassing for this through the branches, his Lordship made a diocesan appeal, with the result that the handsome sum of £350 was realised.

Hostel Report.—This question was referred to the incoming executive for consideration, and their report has been forwarded to all branches for their information.

The question of Catholic girls belonging to other religious clubs and organisations was brought under the notice of the executive, and with the assistance of the president of the hostel it was found that a number of Catholic girls were attending the dressmaking classes of the Y.W.C.A., and that while no attempt was made to interfere with their religious beliefs, it must be acknowledged there is a certain amount of danger in the surroundings of such an organisation.

Your executive intend during the next term to arrange a membership campaign, which it is hoped that all the branches will assist in, and when the whole diocese is thoroughly organised, then, and not till then, will the true worth of the Federation be known.

The report was agreed to on the motion of Rev. Father Cooney, seconded by Rev. Dr. Kennedy.

Diocesan Treasurer's Report.—The treasurer (Mr. W. Hayward) read a statement for the half-year showing receipts from branches £140 19s 11d, and expenses £113 4s. The returns were considered satisfactory and the efforts of the eighteen secretaries furnishing them were duly appreciated. The treasurer commented on the fact that the membership return and the dues forwarded did not always agree, and asked secretaries to watch this matter carefully in the future. Adopted on the motion of treasurer, seconded by Rev. Father Kerley.

Special Report of the Catholic Girls' Club and Hostel.

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the annual meeting of the diocesan council, your executive went into the question of the extension and development of the girls' hostel. A sub-committee was set up to go into the question, and at the conference of the sub-committee with the hostel committee, it was pointed out that the hostel was continuing to do its good work, and

was justifying its existence as a girls' club and hostel. From a financial point of view the hostel was continuing to work very successfully, and was patronised by a number of permanent guests, and visitors from various parts of the Dominion had availed themselves of the accommodation provided. Discussing the development of the club side of the hostel work, the conference realised the necessity of trying to make the institution a home and meeting-place for the Catholic girls working in the city, and this phase of the work will come up for further consideration. In view of the existing war conditions, it is not considered opportune to go into the question of the extension or development of the hostel. The executive would, however, commend it to the support of the various branches of the Federation, and country branches could help by securing honorary members and commending the hostel to their members. We would also wish to place on record our appreciation of the work of the ladies of the hostel committee, who have been of such help to the matron, and whose valued assistance has contributed so materially to the successful working of the hostel.

His Lordship moved and Mr. P. F. Ryan seconded the adoption of the report.

Reports from Branches.—Branch reports were received from Akaroa, Addington, Cathedral, Darfield, Hawarden, Lyttelton, Lincoln, Methven, Rakaia, Ross, Rangiora, Pleasant Point, Timaru, St. Mary's, St. Andrews, and Waimate. In most cases the reports disclosed good work in the interests of the Federation and an increase in membership, but nearly all regretted the loss of many members who were on active service. Akaroa branch reports that their late secretary, Mr. M. Daly, is now at Trentham, and the good wishes of one and all follow him, as he proved a most capable and energetic secretary, and mainly due to his efforts all the parishioners of Akaroa are now members of the Federation.

At this stage of the meeting the Very Rev. Dean Hyland, of Rangiora, read an interesting paper on 'The Popes and Peace,' which gave an historical sketch from the earliest ages of the Papacy down to the present reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV., whose name will be handed down to posterity as the Pope who did so much to bring about a better understanding among the nations, and to improve the conditions of those taking part in the great world war.

The Very Rev. Dean Regnault proposed and Mr. W. Hayward seconded a very hearty vote of thanks to the writer of the paper for his interesting and instructive article, which was carried by acclamation.

His Lordship the Bishop also supplemented the remarks of the two previous speakers, and offered his congratulations to the Very Rev. Dean. He considered this innovation was worthy of repetition at future meetings.

Previous to the paper being read, the public were admitted, and the hall was filled with an audience that followed the speaker with the utmost attention and interest.

Consideration of remits was then taken.

1. The Right Rev. Chairman moved.—'That the Dominion Executive consider the advisability of opening up relations with Australian branches of the Federation with a view of taking steps to forestall the exhibition of objectionable picture films.' In speaking to the motion his Lordship contended that it was necessary to have a warning if possible before these offensive pictures were censored in New Zealand, as by that means we would be doubly sure of defeating their exhibition. He also stated that if notice had been received, at least one objectionable picture would have been prevented from being shown during the past few months.

Seconded by Mr. J. R. Hayward, and carried.

2. Very Rev. Dean Regnault moved.—'That the Dominion Executive consider the advisability of initiating an active campaign to keep the Education question before our people, by the dissemination of literature bearing on Catholic principles in education, Catholic disabilities, etc.' The mover made mention of the very able articles written by the Rev. Father Graham, S.M., the Very Rev. Father Coffey, the Very Rev. Father Roche, C.S.S.R., and others, and also referred to the excellent contributions from our own congress, and

hoped that some means would be adopted to make more use of these valuable articles for the benefit of the whole of the Dominion.

Seconded by Mr. F. J. Doolan, who contended that this class of literature should be circulated as much as possible throughout the Dominion in view of the next general election as a means of interesting our own people and of educating the public on the great principles of Catholic education, and to make known the disabilities under which we labor by the present system.—Carried.

3. The Rev. Father Kerley moved.—'That the Dominion Council consider the advisability of recommending to the various diocesan councils the necessity of holding a congress on similar lines to the one held in Christchurch in November last, as a means of publicly expressing our views on the education question.'

Seconded by Dr. Kennedy, and carried.

4. Mr. J. A. Henley moved.—'That this diocesan council suggest that the date of the annual and half-yearly meetings be altered from July and January to October and April respectively.' The mover said that the month of January was a most unsuitable time for the country branches to send representatives to important meetings. The harvest was then in full swing in Canterbury, and it was very inconvenient to attend. He pointed to the number of country branches unrepresented at that meeting from that cause alone.

Seconded by the Rev. Father O'Connor, who strongly endorsed the remarks of the previous speaker.—Carried.

General Business.

Mr. J. Cunneen (Lincoln) moved.—'That this meeting of direct representatives of the different branches of the Catholic Federation in the diocese of Christchurch desire to congratulate his Lordship Bishop Brodie and the executive on the success of the recent congress held in Christchurch, and on the able manner in which it was conducted.'

Mr. J. A. Henley seconded the motion, and the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, in putting it to the meeting, said he felt quite certain that the motion was in accord with the feelings of all the country branches.—Carried.

His Lordship briefly acknowledged on behalf of the executive.

The question of an alteration to Rule 10 C. was discussed on the motion of Mr. W. Hayward, and after several speakers had spoken, it was resolved on the motion of Very Rev. Dean Regnault.—'That the executive go into the question of proxy representation as dealt with in Clause C and to report at the next annual meeting, and if necessary prepare a remit bearing on same.'

Seconded by Mr. F. J. Doolan, and carried.

A motion moved by Mr. A. P. Sharkey (Ross) to increase the annual contribution to 1s 6d was discussed by Dean Regnault, Dr. Kennedy, and Mr. W. Hayward, and was eventually withdrawn, as it was considered the time inopportune to interfere with the rate of contributions.

Mr. W. Hallins (Cathedral) moved.—'That it be a recommendation to the Diocesan Executive to take the necessary steps to have a census of Catholics of the diocese of Christchurch.'

Seconded by Mr. A. P. Sharkey.—Carried.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie moved that the following committees be set up, viz.—Education committee, Rev. Fathers Graham and Cooney and Brother Palladius; social work committee, Very Rev. Dean Regnault and Mr. G. Hayward.

Seconded by Mr. W. Hallins.—Carried.

The delegates to the Dominion Council are Very Rev. Dean Hyland, Rev. Father Kerley, and Mr. J. E. Doolan.

The location of the next congress was left to the executive to arrange.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded by acclamation to his Lordship the Bishop for presiding, and the meeting then terminated.

Members then adjourned to the supper room, where ample justice was done to a dainty repast prepared for them by the ladies of the St. Matthew's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, to whom a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded.

Domestic

(BY MAUREEN.)

VEGETABLE COOKERY.

It may perhaps have been noticed—the lack of space given in our cookery books to the subject of vegetable cookery (says the *Sacred Heart Review*). This lack shows the value we place upon them and the reason for the slipshod methods of cooking. We do not learn, by instinct, to cook vegetables, and until they take their proper place in food values they will no doubt continue to be wasted in cooking.

The failure of getting good results from vegetable food may be with the selection, for vegetables out of season are neither economical nor satisfactory; the flavor is usually in inverse ratio to the cost. The best of cooking and seasoning can not supply the lack of flavor.

Vegetables may be crisp and fresh when brought from the market, but by careless handling are wilted and spoiled.

In the cooking of vegetables there are a few things to remember: first to retain all the mineral matter and nutriment possible, to soften the cellulose, and to develop the flavor, making them more palatable.

Spinach cooked properly should be well washed and cooked without the addition of water or very little. This vegetable being rich in iron, which is soluble in water, may by being cooked in a large amount of water be nearly valueless as a food. This is true of salsify, green peas and beans, or, in fact, any of the delicately flavored, succulent vegetables. The seasoning is another important item; the flavor should never be disguised by seasoning. Usually butter, pepper and salt, not too much, is the best because it is the plainest.

To accomplish these results one may use several methods; cook the vegetable whole or in large pieces, to

cook with the skin on when possible, to cook in as small amount of water as possible without burning, to serve the water in a sauce with the vegetable whenever possible, and to season after the vegetable has started cooking so that the salt does not draw out the flavor.

Household Hints.

Always keep alum in the house. It checks bleeding wounds, and for bleeding of the mouth or tongue a wash in cold water in which alum has been dissolved is very effective.

To improve stale bread, warm enough sweet milk in a pan to cover the loaf. Put the bread in the milk and heat it for about eight minutes, till warm. Then remove it, and place it in a hot oven for fifteen minutes, when it will be like new bread.

Always remember that if you want to keep fish you must never put one on top of another. The best plan is to wring a clean cloth out of cold salt-and-water, wrap the fish separately in this, put on a dish, and keep in the coolest room in the house.

Where hard-boiled yolks are wanted, it is much better to break the eggs, separate carefully the yolks from the whites, and drop the yolks into water that is boiling hot; cook slowly for 20 minutes. In this way you save the whites for another purpose. Whites that are boiled with the yolks are valueless, and the dish has cost double.

To Freshen Up Stale Cake.—When there is no hot oven available put the cake or cakes into a pudding-shape and cover closely. Place in a larger saucepan half-filled with water, and put the lid on. Bring the water to the boil, and after ten minutes, or more if a large cake, take out, and you will find the cake as if freshly baked, neither dry nor sodden. Even cut pieces can be freshened up in this way.

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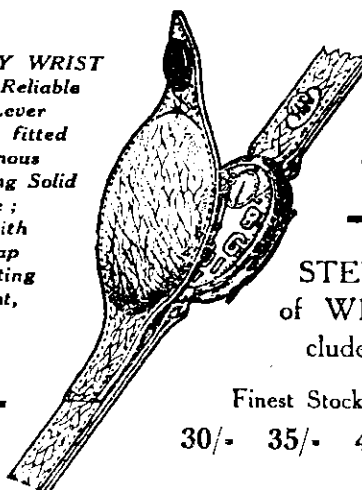
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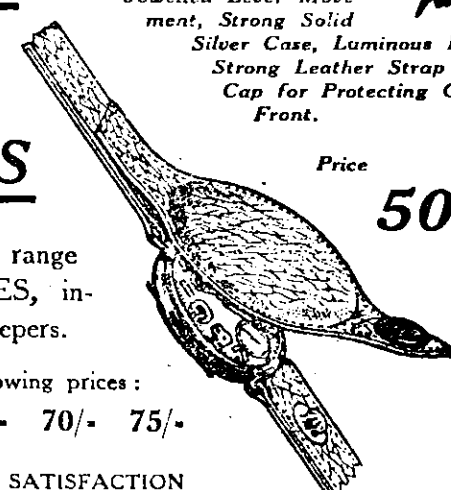
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On the Land

GENERAL.

Owing to the continued dry weather feed for stock is scarce, and gardens and orchards throughout the district are suffering for want of moisture (says the *Manawatu Herald*). Nearly every household in the borough is on short water allowance.

Potato crops in general this year are somewhat deceptive, but some very fine crops are to be seen in the neighborhood of Kakanui (says the *Oamaru Mail*). The grub, strangely enough, has not made its appearance underground, but where tubers are exposed to the air it makes its appearance in a few days.

While the long spell of dry weather has affected the pastures in the Manawatu to a serious extent, it is singular that up on the hills in Kiwitea, an adjoining county at the back of Feilding, farmers are having a splendid season. It is a feature of the hill country that a light rainfall is more beneficial than a heavy one. This season there has not been an excess of rain, and the rape crops and grass are producing stock in the very pink of condition. As a contrast, however, the flat country nearer Feilding, like the Manawatu, is feeling the dry spell very much.

Figures showing the enormous development of the fruitgrowing industry were given by the Hon. W. D. S. MacDonald at the Nurserymen's Conference, held at Wellington last week (says the *Otago Daily Times*). The annual increase in the acreage planted since 1911 had been as follows:—1911, 2120 acres; 1912, 2361 acres; 1913, 2525 acres; 1914, 3302 acres; 1915, 3588 acres; 1916, 2390 acres. In six years there had been an increase of over 16,000 acres of true commercial orchards. Since 1908—that was, since the great forward movement began—19,500 acres had been planted in modern, up-to-date orchards. Since the registration of orchards was provided for, 100,000 orchards, large and small, had been registered. The orchard tax, collected from commercial growers only, had so far produced £1700.

At Burnside last week 199 head of fat cattle were yarded, a large proportion of which was cow and heifer beef, the balance being made up of bullocks of very nice quality. Freezing buyers were operating very sparingly, and as the quantity yarded was more than butchers required, prices receded compared to previous week's rates by 10s to 15s per head. Quotations: Best bullocks £17 10s to £18 15s; extra, to £20; medium to good, £15 to £16 15s; light do, £12 10s to £14 10s; best cows and heifers, £13 10s to £16; extra, to £18; medium to good, £11 10s to £13; light, £9 10s to £10 10s. Fat Sheep—2110 penned. The quality on the whole was good, and competition was very keen from exporters, consequently a good sale resulted at prices on a par with previous week's rates. Quotations: Best wethers, 36s to 38s 6d; extra, to 43s 3d; medium to good, 33s 6d to 35s; light, 27s to 30s; best ewes, 31s to 33s; extra, to 38s 3d; medium to good, 27s to 30s; light, 23s to 25s. Fat Lambs—1237 yarded. Prices for well-finished lots were on a par with previous week's rates, while unfinished lots were slightly easier. Quotations: Best lambs, 26s to 29s; extra, to 37s 6d; medium to good, 22s 6d to 24s; unfinished, 18s to 19s 6d. Pigs.—There was a good yarding of fats and a medium yarding of stores. Prices for heavy pigs were considerably easier, while lighter sorts sold well at late rates.

At the Addington market last week the yarding of fat cattle was smaller than that of the previous week, but there were larger offerings of fat lambs and fat sheep. Store sheep, of which the bulk were lambs, also found a large yarding, and there was a good entry of store cattle. Fat cattle opened easier, but recovered towards the end of the sale, and the same course characterised the fat lamb market, which was down 1s to 1s 6d per head at the commencement of the sale, but became better at the close. Fat sheep also opened a little easier, but firmed up to previous week's rates,

and in some cases even higher. Store sheep met with a good sale for forward sorts, and for the better classes of ewes, but backward and inferior descriptions were easier. Store cattle sold well. Fat Lambs—Best, 26s 6d to 30s 9d; medium, 22s 6d to 26s; light and unfinished, 17s 9d to 22s. Fat Sheep—Prime wethers, 33s 6d to 40s 6d; lighter wethers, 26s to 33s; merino wethers, 23s 5d to 25s; prime ewes, 32s to 38s 3d; medium ewes, 27s to 31s 6d; lighter ewes, 20s 9d to 26s 6d. Fat Cattle—Extra prime steers, to £22 10s; prime steers, £15 to £20 5s; ordinary steers, £10 10s to £14 15s; prime heifers, £11 to £14; ordinary heifers £6 15s to £10 10s; prime cows, £11 15s to £15 7s 6d; ordinary cows, £8 15s to £11 10s. Pigs—Choppers, £3 12s to £5 8s; extra heavy baconers, to £5 8s; heavy baconers, £4 16s to £5; lighter baconers, £3 15s to £4 10s, equal to 7½d per lb; heavy porkers, 57s to 60s; lighter porkers, 50s to 55s, equal to 9d per lb; large stores, 52s to 57s; medium, 42s to 50s; smaller, 28s to 38s; weaners, 19s to 24s; sows in pig, £3 12s to £5 7s.

LUCERNE IN SOUTHLAND.

Lucerne is still so comparatively little known in Southland that the experience recounted below should be informative to many farmers (dairymen especially) in that great all-round agricultural section of the Dominion (says the *Journal of Agriculture*). In a letter to Mr. W. J. McCulloch, Fields Supervisor, Invercargill, Mr. J. D. Hopkins, of 'Holmwood,' Wyndham, writes:—

I sowed an acre of lucerne according to the Department's scheme on November 1, 1912, and herein give my experience of lucerne-growing in Southland, together with the benefits, in my opinion, of this fodder crop to the dairy-farmer.

The plot was divided into four sub-plots: (1) Control-plot—no lime and no inoculated soil; (2) lime only at the rate of 1500lb per acre; (3) lime 1500lb and inoculated soil 300lb per acre; (4) inoculated soil only at the rate of 300lb per acre.

The results have been such as indicate that inoculation is necessary on my land, for plots 1 and 2, which were not so treated, failed entirely and were eventually ploughed up. At first plot 3 appeared slightly better than plot 4, showing a difference apparently in favor of the addition of lime, but later on and at present no difference can be detected. My conclusion is that inoculation is essential, but that lime has little, if any, effect here.

The first cut of the remaining half-acre was made on 1st February, 1913, just three months from sowing, and this was left to act as a mulch. This first cutting tends to make the plant throw out a greater number of fresh shoots from the crown. The second cut was made in May of the same season, after which date the crop attained a further 12in in height, but this was left as a protection during winter. Each season since, four or five cuts have been taken off the half-acre—six spring-dray loads at each cutting. In 1913-14 one cutting was made into hay, the other cuttings being carted out to the cows and fed to them at night. So far I have not willingly attempted to graze the stand, but during last winter I had stock in the same field, and as the lucerne was not fenced they grazed the patch rather bare, with the result that I consider I have lost a cut this season.

From my short experience I am confident that lucerne can be successfully grown in Southland if properly treated, one of the chief points being to select land clean and free from weeds and give occasional intercultivation. To enable the latter operations to be carried out the seed should be sown in rows on the flat. I have at time of writing completed sowing a further 5 acres, all in rows, at the rate of 15lb per acre. For some years I have been growing oats, peas, vetches, and grass for green-soiling purposes, but I believe that lucerne will prove the best crop for my purpose. The cows eat it greedily and milk well on it. I may mention that the subsoil of my land is of a free open nature.

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THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.
Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back

There in the night where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.
These are the hills, these the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.
So, when my mother comes to me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks,
At my dear land of Story Books.

MISS SALLY'S SOFA.

Going down Maple street Celia Bennett and Nell Granger were startled by a sharp tapping upon the window of a small house they were passing.

'It's Miss Sally Kinkaid!' Celia exclaimed. 'She wants us to see her new sofa. She's been waylaying everyone who passed all the week. Everyone's laughing about it. There! What did I tell you?'

Miss Sally, the wind blowing her thin hair about her face, her eyes as excited as a child's, was running down the tiny path.

'I want you to see my new sofa!' she cried. 'I was so afraid you'd get by before I caught you. Lots of folks has seen it, and they all think it's beautiful. Come on in, dearies. I want you to take a look at it any way, even if you can't stop. It seems real providential I should be looking out the window just when you two passed.'

The girls followed her up the path. Their faces were decorous, but Celia was slyly pinching Nell's fingers. Miss Sally led the way into the tiny entry and opened the door of her parlor on the left. Opposite the door a big piece of furniture carefully covered with an old sheet, seemed to fill half the little room.

'You's better stand over by the stove,' Miss Sally directed. 'You'll get a better view that way. I keep it covered week days so's 'twont fade, but I take the cover off Sundays. There, now, ain't that handsome?'

The girls looked. From beneath the covering sheet the sofa, with its brilliant scarlet, crinkled plush cover, seemed fairly to leap out at them. They gasped, and faced the situation valiantly.

'It will look so warm on cold winterdays!' Celia said.

'It looks so very hospitable, Miss Sally,' Nell chimed in.

Miss Sally gazed at it with rapt admiration, brushing an imaginary bit of dust from the crinkled plush.

'I expect I'll get it most wore out looking at it,' she said happily. 'I didn't s'pose I'd ever have anything like it in my life, but when my nephew William Henry sent me 50 dollars, I decided I'd give half to missions and buy a sofa with the rest. I asked Mr. Winter about it, and he said it was all right. I guess you girls can't know what it's like to have something bright in the house. There, now, I guess I'll cover it again; there's a streak of sun on that end.'

As the girls went down the street their eyes met. 'I'm ashamed because I laughed,' Celia said. 'I never gave half my money to missions.'

'And when you think what her life has been—taking care of one sick relative after another,' Nell added. 'May be, after all, what a thing means—its spiritual content as Miss Condit would say—is more than its color or proportion.'

Miss Sally's sofa, after all, had given its message.

TALKING HIM OUT.

A young lawyer was defending an old convict on the charge of burglary in one of the American States, where the court rules allow each side one hour to address the jury. The young lawyer, somewhat nervous, consulted a veteran member of the bar who happened to be standing near.

'How much time do you think I should take up in addressing the jury?' he asked, in a rather pompous manner.

'Take the full hour,' was the gruff reply.

'The full hour! Why, I intended to take only fifteen minutes.'

'Take the full hour,' repeated the old lawyer.

'But why?'

'Because the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of gaol.'

A TERRIBLE PARENT.

It is related of the Queen of Denmark that she once paid a visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost in her entertainment. His most successful effort in that direction, it is stated, followed upon the explanation of a mistake which had at first greatly scandalised his Royal mistress.

The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

It happens that the Danish word for 'children' is almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for 'sheep,' and the worthy bishop promptly answered 'Two hundred.'

'Two hundred children!' cried the Queen. 'How can you possibly maintain such a number?'

'Easily enough, please your Majesty,' replied the prelate, with a cheerful smile. 'In the summer I turn them out upon the hill to grass, and when the winter comes I kill and eat them.'

WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO DO.

A country hotel proprietor, glancing out of a rear window, saw his new waiter chasing a chicken about the yard.

'What have you in that bowl?' demanded the hotel man, referring to a utensil he was hugging.

'Mushrooms,' responded the new waiter. 'There's a gentleman that wants chicken smothered with mushrooms, and I'm trying to smother him, sir!'

A LARGE ORDER.

'Over 5000 elephants a year go to make our piano keys,' observed the boarder, who was always full of such thrilling tit-bits of information.

'You don't say so!' murmured the landlady. 'Ain't it wonderful what animals can be trained to do nowadays?'

SOME CURIOUS COLOR FACTS.

A volume on *Color and its Application*, by M. Luckiesch, which has been recently published, contains some little-known facts regarding color and color illusions. A color may be affected by nine different factors, and changed from its original appearance so much that the human eye will see things that are not present.

YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPH

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HAMILTON

For instance, hold a piece of red paper at arm's length so that the light from a window will be full upon it. Put behind the red paper a larger piece of green paper, and move the two in horizontal lines with the eye fastened closely upon the red patch. The latter will seem to vibrate and to move aimlessly and independently of the green.

A color varies according to the illumination upon it. A green hue will tend toward blue as the light is lowered. Red garments appear red in the sunlight and black when seen under a blue or a green illumination. Very few blue fabrics appear blue under electric or gas lights because there are no blue rays from such illumination centres.

If the eye is fastened steadily upon a white surface in the sunlight immediately after staring upon some brilliantly-colored objects, it will behold the images of those objects clearly at first, then with increasing dimness, fading gradually through a series of colors, blue, green, indigo, violet, pink, dark orange, and so on, until they fade from sight.

If the eye has stared lengthily upon a red surface, and then suddenly is shifted to green, the intensity of the latter will be greatly enhanced for the first few moments. Painters take the various applications of this law into effect.

A MISER'S CLOTHES.

John Whittaker, a miserly millionaire, was approached by a friend, who used his most persuasive powers to induce him to dress more in accordance with his station in life.

'I am surprised, John,' said the friend, 'that you should allow yourself to become shabby.'

'But I'm not shabby,' firmly interposed the millionaire miser.

'Oh, but you are,' returned his friend. 'Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elaborately dressed. His clothes were always finely tailored and of the best material.'

'Why,' shouted the miser, triumphantly, 'these clothes I've got on were father's!'

WHY HE WAS DISPLEASED.

Editor: 'I'm sorry to hear, parson, that you are displeased with the church announcements in our last issue.'

Parson: 'Displeased! Read this, sir. "Next Sunday evening the Rev. Mr. Parsons will speak upon the evils of strong drink. The address should be well worth hearing, as Mr. Parsons is always full of his subject."''

MERE MAN'S INSPIRATION.

With tense, eager faces the great audience of women leaned forward in their seats, eagerly drinking in the noted speaker's every word.

'Mere man,' she was saying, 'is wont to belittle woman's ability to enter the fields already usurped by him. As a matter of fact, she is capable of filling any post of public or private office now held by man, and, if appointed to it, could even perform man's tasks with greater faithfulness and greater daring.

'Name, if you can, one post for which she cannot fit herself. Name one office to which she would not, could not, give the greatest measure of capability, the highest degree of courage, the—'

A mere man, who had slipped unnoticed into a back seat, rose at this point, and the light of sudden inspiration gleamed in his eye.

'Rat-catcher!' he shouted. And then he fled.

QUITE IN EARNEST.

Soon after a certain Judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed, he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself.

'Mary,' he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was, 'you've been in this country how long?'

'Two years, sir,' said she.

'Do you like it?'

'Shure it's well enough,' answered Mary.

'But, Mary,' the judge continued, 'you have many privileges in this country which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a Justice of the Supreme Court, and chatting familiarly with him.'

'But, shure, sir,' said Mary, quite in earnest, 'you'd never be a judge at home!'

TAKEN LITERALLY.

He: 'As to modes, I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart.'

She: 'Oh, I never saw one cut as low as that.'

SMILE AND BE HAPPY.

Scowling with children is a habit, a very bad one. It requires perseverance, patience, and tact to break a child of it, but it can and should be done. The following brief conversation overheard between a mother and a daughter indicates that one woman at least is on the right track.

The mother was sitting at the open window, and the daughter was standing on the walk outside, with her books strapped together and tucked under her arm, in readiness to set out for school. On her face was a scowl, the awful scowl of the stage villain.

'Evelyn,' her mother called to her. 'I don't think you'd better start just now.'

'Why not, mamma; I'm all ready.'

'Oh, no, you're not,' responded her mother pleasantly. 'You won't be ready for school until you get rid of that dreadful scowl you've got on your face.'

'Oh, I forgot!' And the scowl vanished as if by magic.

A dozen words tactfully spoken had dispersed the clouds and caused the sunshine of good nature to brighten her pathway and the pathway of others with whom she came in contact during the day.

Children should be trained to smile instead of scowl. The smiling habit is as easy to cultivate as the other and the child who smiles at this or her work or play will enjoy life better and accomplish far more than the one who goes about with a perpetual scowl. Smile, and keep on smiling until it becomes a fixed habit, a sort of second nature.

THE PIPE HE HAMMERED.

A devoted young couple got married a time ago, and took up their abode in a dainty villa in a suburban quarter. Everything in the house was of the latest, and gave unmixed satisfaction.

But one evening when the husband returned from business he found, to his disgust, that a water-pipe had burst. The rooms were flooded, and the carpets, which were the husband's special pride, were in danger of being spoiled.

'Well, well,' said he, impatiently, to his wife, 'why on earth didn't you hammer the pipe up? Here, give me a hammer, and I'll do it in a twinkling.'

He got the hammer and pounded away at a pipe down in the cellar. When he had finished he paused to examine the result of his labor. Then, to his complete chagrin, he heard the sweetly-chiding voice of his wife at the top of the stairs.

'Howard!' said she, 'the gas has gone out, and the water is still running.'

Then he sent for the plumber.

PILES

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