

The number to whom his words apply to-day is beyond counting; for, as Segur says, 'to the many the truth is an insult.' But to please the multitude is not the mission of a Catholic paper, though it is evidently the highest aim of certain journals who not only hate the truth but murder it. Justice and Religion, by ways of Truth and Peace, are the aims set before us by Pope Leo XIII. himself; and it is our clear duty to strive for these ends, even though in doing so we have to hurt the tender feelings of all the Orangemen, and of the few anti-Irish Catholics, in New Zealand. We will never stand side by side with those who 'love lying rather than to speak the truth,' nor will we ever hide the truth when plain speaking is a duty to Religion and Justice. Our paper is for those, and for those alone, who are ready to die if need be rather than sell to Caesar the things that are God's. And it is consoling to know that we have the approbation, and the warm support of all whose opinion matters and who are qualified to advise us. To all, high and low in position, who have encouraged us we tender our cordial thanks, and our assurance that the *Tablet* will never truckle to the threats of Mammon or the sneers of the spineless few who should know better.

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'But here's the plague, that all this trouble comes of telling truth!' We have been abused, misquoted, and misrepresented by a section of the press which by no means represents the journalistic traditions of the Dominion, or indeed anything, if we except bigotry and ignorance. We have, in the plain language the case called for, dealt with the efforts of peripatetic parsons to blacken the Catholics in the eyes of all New Zealand; we have said, in words as strong and as simple as the words of the Scriptures, what it was our duty to say concerning the attempts made by some of our Ministers to destroy the Church in this country; we have expressed on the war opinions that are held by men like Stead and Chesterton, and by impartial observers in neutral countries; we have described in the language of Burke, of Sydney Smith, of Chesterton, of Gladstone, of Morley, of Belloc, of Lecky, and of every writer of note who dealt with the subject, the unspeakable atrocities wrought by the English Government in Ireland; it was our duty to speak the truth and we did so. What happened? Exactly what any sane man would expect—

'For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.'

Our references to the scurrilities of the Elliotts became 'unprovoked attacks,' our telling the truth about the war, and our exposure of the frightfulness of the English in Ireland became want of patriotism and seditious tendencies. We refused to have a part in the campaign of lies, and just as General Butler was, we were berated and abused by people whose statements have been contradicted by facts every month since the war began. Had we pandered to the passions stirred up by the blatant organs of Jingoism we would have no doubt enjoyed their approval until some fine day we told a truth that hurt them. But 'truth is truth to the end of the reckoning,' and it will survive when all the lies in the world are long forgotten. We have remembered our love for Religion, and for Erin; and we have defended our rights, and exposed injustice and bigotry. In so doing we have verified the words of One Who was Light and Truth Himself: 'The Truth begets hatred.'

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What higher or more convincing testimony could we have that we have done our duty than the fact that he have been attacked by such papers as the *Nation*, which is the organ of the Elliotts, and by a curious Christchurch publication which told us that the blasphemies of the L.O.L., and the campaigns of Elliott and company were no provocation! As far as we know the *Sun* is the first paper which reached the dignity of a daily that has gone out of its way to defend the anti-Catholic activities of the Orangemen as mere

acts of civic virtue which should provoke no Catholic resentment. An open, and avowed attempt to stir up hatred against us was no Provocation! We trust that the Catholics know the *Sun* now. We thank it, as we thank the L.O.L. organ—which quotes the ex-priest Chiniquy without knowing how to spell his name—for the splendid testimony that the attacks of journals of their class have given us. We have stung where we intended to sting; the lash has fallen on the shoulders it was aimed at; we should be disappointed if it were otherwise. We thank the Orange organ, and the Orangemen's advocate, for satisfying us on that point.

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Oh, how the *Sun*, and the *Nation*, and all the forces of Orangeism would rejoice if we swallowed all their insults, and let bigotry trample on us as it trampled on our fathers! But they do not smile now when we have told our readers the whole truth about them, and by the simple expedient of not shirking our clear duty made a laughing stock of them in the eyes of the Catholics of New Zealand. Of course they fume and froth! For the truth begets hatred! We desire peace; but not at the price of telling lies, or of truckling to the right reverend, or irreverent gentlemen who are so ready to wipe us out of existence if we allow them. We are not going to allow them just yet. And we call the attention of all whom it may at all concern to the fact that our watchword remains,

The Glory of God, and the Honor of Ireland.

.. NOTES ..

Things Obvious

The following advertisement caught our eye: 'Wanted a typist, must be good.' We have a reason for thinking that our friend, the Knight, would have worded it, 'Must *not* be a good Catholic.' Does he know why? The organ of the Loyal Orange Lodges is responsible for the following:—'The King's Own L.O.L., No. 29, meets monthly, Monday on or before *the full moon*.' When they do meet they show that the full moon has the usual influence.

An Old Song Again

Mr. Hanan has written a letter to the bigots of Ponsonby to thank these children of light for their support, which he says was a great encouragement to him. He has had a great number of similar testimonials. He says that they indicate that he has the support of a very large section of the community. And how do you think he ends his letter? The dear old bird trolls forth as merrily as ever: 'To grant special concessions would result in the undermining and destruction of the system.' Why does he not learn to sing *Croppies, Lie Down*, or *Boyne Water* for a change?

Yeats

Not for the many, but for the elect, W. B. Yeats is the greatest of the poets of the New Ireland. In spite of all its dreamy, mystic loveliness, and its faultless diction the greater part of his work will hardly ever become popular with Irish readers. At his best he is unrivalled in modern literature. With the exception of Goldsmith no Irish poet has written more perfect verse in the English language; and Goldsmith and Yeats are so far apart in ideals that there is no ground for comparison between them. It will be for his lyric poems that Yeats will be remembered in the years to come by the host of Irish readers. We quote one little love poem, pure, tender, and beautiful, in its way as fine as anything in English literature:—

'When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.