

Manning came slowly to recognise the wisdom of self-government for Ireland in intimate and intangible union with Imperial supremacy in the common affairs of the Kingdom and dominions of the Empire. He did not attach much importance to so-called illustrations of Home Rule Constitutions elsewhere in the world.

'Our Coat Should Be Cut in Our Own Fashion.

There are no lessons like those of our own history.' (4) Then there was ever present in his mind the detestation of force oppressing right, for the domination of the material over the spiritual, for the rule of the State over the Church, for the Caesaro-papism of monarchies and electorates, of the mailed masters of legions and the wily manipulators of democracies. I remember that I had written a satire which had some little vogue in those days, and Cardinal Manning had read it and kindly praised it. There were two lines of it which had the gift of wreathing his ascetic features in a humorous smile—

'To gage the godhead of the Pontiff State,
Go view the Commons in a Church debate.'

I often used to visit the scenes of the Bismarckian persecution and when I came back I always had a budget of stories and personal experiences of the wily war of plot and counter plot with which the stout German priests and peasants exhausted, baffled, defeated, and made ridiculous the spies and constabulary of all the Bismarckian brigands. No Irish crowd ever roared with more hearty amusement at the tale of the police who captured the barrels of salt water when they expected unlicensed mountain whisky, than the great English Cardinal, as he heard how the Rhineland Catholics ferried the priests and bishops over the great river to administer the forbidden Sacraments, when half the forces of the Prussian Crown were mustered fifty miles away to defend the State forests from an expected poaching in mass of the 'Free Hunters' of a score of Catholic territories. The Free Hunters had come down in thousands with fowling pieces, and bands of music.

The Police and the Spies

had tried to bar every access to the haunts of wild pigeon and roebuck. Meantime there had been thousands of Confirmations and more even of rustic marriages which had had to wait many months till persecuted pastors had been able, like so much contraband, to slip through the cordon of spies. Now and then the spare-knit figure of the Cardinal raised itself like a man at-arms, as the tale went on to tell of the tragic day beneath Cologne Cathedral, when beloved Archbishop Paul Melchers was taken away to gaol from the midst of half a million of his devoted people: while his priests succeeded in preventing a single blow that might have provoked the volleys of regiments ready to shoot. Cardinal Manning's life was a life well filled.

LADIES!

If your Grocer is out of the delicious **MILITARY PICKLE**. He's asleep. Just order it from the next Storekeeper. Buy a bottle to-day.

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.

HOW ENGLAND THINKS FRANCE OUGHT TO SPEAK TO IRELAND, AND IRELAND'S REPLY

You were not wont to be laggard in fight,
Ireland, Ireland.

In the olden days, the golden days,
When Ireland's sword flashed keen and bright,
And together we put our foes to flight.
Ireland, awake!

By the ghosts of your dead who died for France,
Ireland, Ireland,
'Tis time to awake for your honor's sake.
Where will you hide when the great advance
Bring's Europe's day of deliverance?
Ireland, awake!

If you still count England your enemy,
Ireland, Ireland,
How will you bear to see her wear
The crown of a stainless victory,
While you sit shamed in the whole world's eye?
Ireland, awake!

Can you never forget your ancient woes,
Ireland, Ireland?
Have you no heart for a generous part?
By England's side give blow for blow
In freedom's cause, and proudly show
Ireland's awake,
The West's awake!

To these verses put into the mouth of France by *Punch* a Tory quasi comic paper which has loved Ireland with love far drawn from the old fountains of ignorance and bigotry, we suggest that the answer is the following:—

They are at their old lying ways again
About Ireland.

They do not forget the golden days
When Ireland's sword flashed keen and bright
And together we put John Bull to flight.
We *are* awake.

And we think of our dead who died in France
For our Ireland.

If England would only, for honor's sake
Redress our wrongs, how we would advance
To fight for her as we fought for France
And Ireland's sake!

But we still find England the enemy
Of dear Ireland,
And never a sword will Ireland bare
To crown her with shameful victory
While she sits shamed in the world's eye
For Ireland's sake.

Ah, we could forgive the ancient woes
Of our Ireland,
Had England heart for a generous part;
And gladly would give blow for blow—
Give us our Freedom, then we'll show,
For Ireland's sake,
The West's awake!

J.K.

NO RUBBING LAUNDRY HELP contains nothing injurious to hands or finest fabrics.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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**Hastings Tuesdays
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