

suspect some connection between the 'hidden plague' and undenominational education, between the state of Waterloo road and the lack of moral training. The health of the nation is being undermined; the conscience of the nation is outraged, by the increasing shamelessness of sexual vice. Yet the nation is simply reaping what it sowed when, in pursuit of a foolish idea of uniformity, it banished dogmatic religion from the schools." To Mr. Hanan, and to these preachers of hate who support him, we commend these words. They are as true of New Zealand as of England. It is time that the whole community knew what a terrible thing these men are doing in sending to their death young men whose sole preparation is too often indulgence in the "gross mud-honey of the town"; who are plunged into temptations for which religion alone affords a remedy; whose ignorance of religion is the result of the activities of the Hanans and the Elliots in this country and in every country where God is banished from the schools. When we read—or rather when we hear from returned men, for these are things the Government tries to hide in its shame—of the behaviour of some of our troops under certain conditions we know who are to blame. The State, aided and abetted by a group of rabid bigots who hate Catholics more than they love integrity and morality, has discarded the only means of subduing their animality, and having thus prepared them, sends them forth to meet death and judgment. This is the result of undenominational education, or Godless schools, and for these things will our Government and the peripatetic parsons who abet it have to account before God. Prussia, which we condemn so strongly, saw the evil of such a system, and made belated efforts to undo the harm. It seems that nothing short of the penalty they will pay after death will ever open the eyes of our incompetents.

Reprisals

President Wilson declared that we ought to "conduct our operations without passion, and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair-play we profess to be fighting for." After an air-raid in which innocent children are killed there is always a temptation to retaliate, and in the stress of passion aroused by the thought of such wrong-doing men are prone to forget the higher principles of duty. To kill the innocent as a punishment for the guilty makes the avengers guilty also, and if we once embrace such a line of action we weaken our own cause and forfeit our right to sit in judgment on wrong-doers. The old pagan principle of an eye for an eye comes very close to our inclinations at times, but the words of the American President are the expression of the principle which as Christians we are bound to follow. In England there are certain newspapers which openly advocate a policy of reprisals in punishment of German air-raids: *John Bull* and the *Saturday Review* are in this respect no models for our imitation. By holding fast by Christian principles we are handicapped at present, but we should be handicapped tenfold if once we abandoned them for a lawless indulgence in the bloody revenge dictated by our lower instincts. If the Allies maintain to the end the standard set them by Wilson's words when the war is over they will have reason to be proud of their restraint; if they depart from it at all they can never recover the loss of self-respect such a lapse would entail.

Poems by Theodore Maynard

Here is a little volume of real poetry, with a foreword by G. K. Chesterton, who could not help saying a warm word of welcome to a poet singularly like himself in his robust, clean, manly views of life. Mr. Maynard is a Catholic poet. The aura of his verse is supernatural and, here and there, mystic; and like G.K.C. himself, he has a large share of artistic pugnacity. Fine live poetry it is: it has the odor of the open fields and of the free sea breezes as surely as the stifling air of the hot-house clings to so many of our recent Decadents, Hellenists, and Neo-Pagans. Here is no

Swinburnian nonsense, says Mr. Chesterton, about the lilies and languors of virtue and the raptures and roses of vice, but a real human, warm insight into the hearts of men and things.

A SONG OF COLORS.

Gold for the crown of Mary,
Blue for the sea and the sky,
Green for the woods and the meadows
Where small white daisies lie,
And red for the color of Christ's blood
When He came to the Cross to die.

Gold for the cope and the chalice,
For kingly pomp and pride,
And red for the feathers men wear in their caps
When they win a war or a bride;
And red for the robe which they dressed God in
On the bitter day He died.

A LULLABY.

Out from the misty haunts of Time,
From the caverns of the deep,
Down through the starry avenues
Of space you lie asleep,
My baby dear:
I care not whence you came, so you are here!

Here is your darling dimpled chin,
Your eyes of amethyst,
Your parted cherub lips
By the star-drifts kissed,
My baby dear,
When on the long, long road from Heaven to here!

SUNSET ON THE DESERT.

As some priest turns, his ritual all done,
And stretching hands above the kneeling crowd,
Who rapt and silent, wait with heads all bowed
For the last words of holy benison—
"Now God be with thee, ever Three in One"—
So turns the sun, though all reluctantly.
One thrilling moment comes to shrub and tree;
Expectant stillness falls; then dark and dun
The silhouettes of sphinx and pyramid
Gaze at the last deep amber after-glow;
The little stars peep down between the plams;
And all the ghosts that garish daylight hid
Are quickened—Isis with the breasts of snow
And Anthony with Egypt in his arms.

Mr. Nosworthy on the War Path

Besides drawing the attention of the Government to the publication of Bishop O'Dwyer's letter in the *Tablet*, Mr. Nosworthy has been waving the yellow flag in Sir James Allen's face on account of the exemption of the Marist and Christian Brothers. Mr. Nosworthy knows as well as we do that the Brothers and the State school teachers are not in the same condition and that what he calls equality of treatment is really persecution applied to the Brothers and Catholic schools. The Minister of Defence clearly stated the case for the Brothers, and Mr. McCallum informed the House that there were only 33 of them in New Zealand. Yet the Nosworthy person uttered the infamous calumny that Catholics were shirkers and that they were the only religious body not doing their duty. The editor of the *Sun* hugs to his heart Mr. Nosworthy's attention to the *Tablet*, and says "I told you so." Strange, however, that the editor of the *Sun* asserted that the editorial attack on the *Tablet* was inserted before he read it, and to his regret. A little later, in a note he marvels at the ignorance of a correspondent who surmises that the attack on Mr. North crept in without editorial sanction, and protests that such a proceeding was impossible. We believe him in this, which makes it necessary to doubt his former excuse. We congratulate the *Sun* and Mr. Nosworthy: Birds of a feather flock together. Archbishop O'Shea denounced in vigorous language the calumnies of Nosworthy. Unfortunately that statesman is quite beyond the pale of

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