

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 2, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 3, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 4, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 5, Wednesday.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 6, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 7, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 8, Saturday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been, from very ancient times, the occasion of a special feast in the Church. Conceived without stain, she was brought forth into the world pure, holy, and beautiful—adorned with all the most precious graces which became her, who was chosen to be the Mother of God. The Church finds an additional reason for rejoicing in the fact that, as the aurora heralds the sunrise, so the birth of the Blessed Virgin announced that the advent of the promised Redeemer was nigh.

St. Lawrence Justinian.

St. Lawrence Justinian was first Patriarch of Venice, in which city he was born in 1381. He was General of the Canons-Regular of St. George: Bishop of Venice (1433), Patriarch (1451). He built at Venice ten churches and several monasteries. He died in the year 1456. His beatification was ratified by Clement VII. in 1524, and he was canonised in 1690 by Alexander VIII.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

“QUEEN OF PEACE.”

- The World, O Mother Mary,
 Is crying out in pain,
 The dripping sword of fratricide,
 The boasted strength of martial pride,
 Hath laid its bravest, noblest, low
 Among the nameless slain.
- The World, O Mother Mary,
 Cries out in pain and grief:
 While War and Famine, ghastly twain,
 Stalk through the fields of thinning grain:
 Grim servitors of Death, they go
 To help him bind his sheaf.
- The World, O Mother Mary,
 Oh, must it cry in vain;
 Until with blood and scalding tears
 It blotteth out the sins of years,
 Its sins of lust and vanity,
 And turn to God again?
- The World, O Mother Mary,
 Aye, it must turn and see
 The Prince of Peace: yea, from the dust,
 Cry out to Him in hope and trust—
 To haste its turning do we cry,
 O Queen of Peace, to thee.
- Thos. S. Kuapp, S. J.

REFLECTIONS.

Either do not attempt at all, or go through with it.
 A fault which humbles a man is of more use to him than a good action which puffs him up with pride.
 I do not think we practice simple resignation often enough; it is astonishing how the act of placing our
 If your friend is a help, a joy, an inspiration to you, tell him so. There are discouraged hearts everywhere just hungering for appreciation and sympathy.

The Storyteller

THE O'DONNELLS OF GLEN COTTAGE A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

(By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.—SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. ELLIS—AN IRISH AGENT.

It must be recollected that we are writing of a state of things that existed before the famine years. We are, so far, painting the peasantry in their gay, light-hearted, holiday enjoyment. Even then there were cruel, heartless task-masters, like Mr. Ellis, who hardened the hearts of the landlords, and pointed with the finger of scorn at the poor straggling farmhouses and cabins of the tenantry, and then with an air of triumph pointed out his own comfortable house and offices, his well-tilled, well-sheltered fields, his trim hedges, his model farm, as much as to say, see what industry, skill, and perseverance can do. Who would be looking at such wretched hovels, such abject misery as we see around us, when he could delight his eyes with indications of taste and luxury? Who would tolerate such a lazy, indolent people to encumber the soil?—people on whom precept and example are lost—people who will not be taught, but persist in their own barbarous, ignorant ways. He did not tell the landlord that he had a long lease of his holdings at a moderate rent, and therefore felt secure in his outlay; he did not tell the landlord that these poor tenants had neither lease nor protection; that they were living merely in a state of sufferance; that if they built houses or improved the land, they should pay an increased rent: that by his artful contrivances, notices to quit, and the daily fear of eviction and the like, he has damped their energies, and made toil without a prospect of gain hopeless; and that he has made them bend their necks to their servile state with apathy and indifference. The tenants must then naturally regard the landlord as a cold, unfeeling tyrant, incapable of pity or remorse, whose sole object is to crush and grind them down, until chance gives him an opportunity of exterminating them.

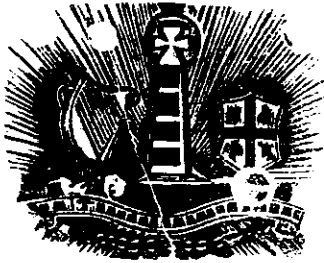
As I said before, I have, up to this, been describing a state of things existing previous to the famine years. The population had increased in rapid proportion. This was owing to the great facility there existed of procuring the necessaries of life. Parents felt no uneasiness about the support of their offspring when food was so easily procured. The potato was the manna of heaven to the Irish peasant; it supported him in ease and plenty at least.

The potato grew almost spontaneously; it grew luxuriantly, placing abundance within the reach of the poorest; their moderate wants were amply satisfied. A peasant and his family, collected around a dish of mealy potatoes if they had the addition of a sup of milk—felt that they were happy in their frugal enjoyment.

They then clung too closely to the land of their fathers, the land of their hope and love, to seek wealth or distinctions elsewhere.

The Indian does not leave his hunting ground or the bones of his fathers with more reluctance than does the Irish peasant his humble cabin, and the graveyard, where rest the bones of those he holds dear. He will suffer persecutions in order to cling to the green fields of his youth, to the home of his affections. There was a charm for him besides in the light rollicking humor, the merry dance and play, the kind and social intercourse that characterise our peasantry.

The famine came and changed all this. The heartless indifference, the experimental philosophy of the English Government, the cruel, unchristian conduct of Irish landlords, in laying waste the country, in levelling



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Who never to himself has said,
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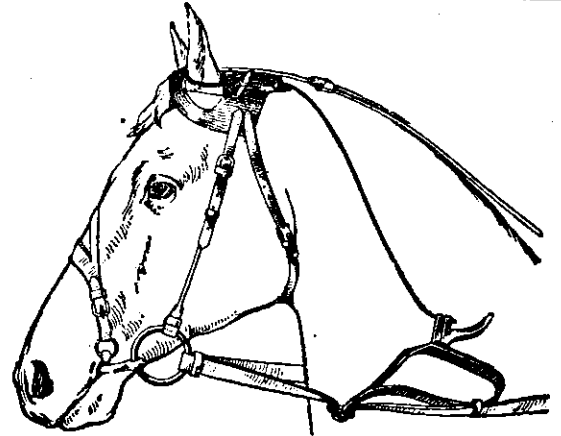
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the poor man's cabin, and sending him and his family to a pauper's grave, have wonderfully changed this state of things.

It is true, that in the autumn of '45, the time of which I am now writing, there was a partial blight of the potato crop; and as all other crops were luxuriant, the people did not bring home to their minds the dreadful chances of famine arising from a more general failure.

It is time that we say something about Mr. Ellis. Beyond the few hints thrown out already concerning him, there is little to tell our readers.

He was a Scotchman, and had come over some twenty years before as a steward and agriculturist to the late Lord Clearall. With the canny foresight of his race, he improved his position, until he was able to lend large sums to the young lord, whose travelling and expensive habits forced him to make frequent calls on Mr. Ellis's purse. After the death of his father, young Lord Clearall settled on his fine property, and was guided in its management by the sagacious Mr. Ellis. On account of the large sums he had advanced, Mr. Ellis came in for farm after farm, agency after agency, until the exclusive management of the property remained in his hands. Mr. Ellis had his own ends in view; he was a deep thinker, and for near twenty years his heart was set on becoming proprietor of at least a part of the estate. All his plots, all his schemes, had this grand object in view. He impressed the landlord with the benefit of improvement, for improvement with him meant eviction first, and then to enrich himself and his friends upon the spoil. He drew the attention of the landlord to his house and farms; nothing could be better managed, nothing could be neater; then he pointed out the rudely-tilled fields of the tenants, whose weedy corn was evidence of their laziness and improvidence. Thus did he school up the landlord with the spirit of improvement, until farm after farm, estate after estate, were cleared of their hard-working, but oppressed tenantry, and then handed over to Mr. Ellis's reforming care. When this was done, Mr. Ellis was sure to recommend some of his Scotch friends as tenants. The landlord took this very kindly of him, thinking that he was, in his zeal for his service, providing for him industrious, enterprising tenants.

It is true that large sums had been expended on the improvement of the land and in building houses, and after all, the so-called lazy Irish were paying as high, if not a higher rent, but then there was such an appearance of neatness and improvement about the estate. Had Lord Clearall but given leases, or afforded protection to the old tenants, he need not expend these large sums that were sinking him in debt: his property would be well managed, and he would have raised about him a grateful and happy tenantry. Lord Clearall did not know that Mr. Ellis had got large sums from his Scotch friends for his kind offices in their behalf. Thus is the spirit of the people broken down, and their hearts demoralised by a system of cruelty and oppression peculiar to unfortunate Ireland,—a system which has poisoned the deeply reflective and imaginative minds of our peasantry, and has perverted their gay, light hearts, sparkling with wit and humor, into morose sullen spirits, thirsting for vengeance upon their oppressors.*

It is better that we should let the reader see the subtle machinery used for regenerating the unfortunate tenantry.

The Lodge, as Mr. Ellis's residence was called, was situated about two miles from Mr. O'Donnell's. It was formerly the residence of some unfortunate farmer; it was repaired and ornamented, and some new wings built to it by its present occupier. It was converted into a very tasty-looking residence outside, and a very comfortable one within doors. It com-

* Whether tenant right has altered this state of things in Ireland we are not aware, but to judge from the numerous evictions and agrarian crimes still perpetrated there, we fear not.

manded an extensive view of a broad, fertile valley thickly dotted with trees, with their green foliage waving in the breeze. About a mile further down the glen, seated on a rising ground, stood the proud residence of Lord Clearall, or, as it was styled, the Castle. This, with its surrounding groves of shady trees, added to the picturesqueness of the view from the Lodge. Behind the cottage was an extensive range of farm-houses, and a large haggard of hay and corn, well thatched and secured. Care and wealth marked everything, from the tasty dwelling, down to the humblest shed. If, without all were gay and well cared, within the appearance was not less pleasing. The large flagged kitchen, was well lit with a huge peat fire, and well stored with tins, pans, pots, and all the accessories of kitchen use, not forgetting several fitches of bacon, that hung from the ceiling. A hall, with stone steps reaching it from the outside, ran through the centre of the house. Off this hall branched a drawing-room and parlor. At the end of the hall, with a passage leading to it from the kitchen, was an office, where Mr. Ellis transacted his business with the tenants and servants. As we have no business there for the present, we will just walk into the parlor.

This was a comfortable room, covered with a Brussels carpet. Its furniture consisted of an elegant oval table in the centre of the floor, two lounges, some easy chairs, a side-board, and a piano. A large gilt mirror was suspended over the chimney-piece; whilst on the latter were placed a few pretty vases filled with flowers, and some rare china ornaments. In an arm-chair, to the right of the blazing coal fire, sat Mr. Ellis. He was a man of about fifty years of age. His dark hair was streaked with grey, and deep lines of care, that betokened his plotting nature, ran across his forehead. He was of middle size, and spare in flesh. His eyes were grey and penetrating. His lips were compressed about the angles of the mouth. On the whole, there was an expression of deep cunning and acuteness in every feature of his rather sinister-looking face. His dress was of the costume of the present day, to wit, a frock coat, tweed trousers and vest. At the other side of the fire, deeply engaged with some papers, sat a young man of about twenty-five. He bore evident likeness to the other. This was Hugh Pembert, nephew to Mr. Ellis.

There was a cunningness about the small grey eye, about his narrow wrinkled brow, and coarse, sensual-looking face, that made you feel not at ease in his company. He pored over his papers with a certain air of half assurance and uneasy diffidence, that ill became one so nearly related to Mr. Ellis. At the end of the table, with her head resting on her left hand, sat a young girl reading a book that lay open before her. She was about eighteen; her figure, of middle size, was gracefully moulded. Her face was rather long and fair. So delicate did she appear, that you might easily see the net-work of blue veins that traversed her forehead and hands. There was in her countenance, though, something of a dreamy listlessness, that gave her an air of childish dependence. Such was Lizzy Ellis, the daughter and only child of Mr. Ellis. There was nothing of the crafty, cunningness of the father about her; she must have inherited her pale face and gentle, unassuming manner from her mother. Lizzy was alone, her mother having died a few years before, and as she had no society, for her father was seldom at home, she spent her time reading novels and religious tracts without due regard to their merits. Perhaps to this excessive, and I must say, unnatural study for one so young and susceptible, was owing her inactive listlessness of character.

"Well, Hugh, my boy," said Mr. Ellis, "have you made it out yet?"

"Na, sir," said Hugh; for Hugh being but a few years from Scotland had not yet got rid of its dialect.

"Well, then, let them alone until to-morrow; we will have a glass of punch, for I have good news—ring the bell, Hugh."

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Catholics in that place were synonymous with everything that was unholy, and the very children were taught to fear and despise the poor exile. The minister's daughter was led at first by curiosity to see the strange rite that caused the poor man to go to such pains to be present at it. One day she drove after him and overtook him in the sultry road, when she prevailed on him to get into the buggy, and they arrived in good time for the service. She had never been in a Catholic church before, and was somewhat astonished at first on seeing the people so absorbed in their prayers. She wondered at the altar with the lighted candles and the robed priest praying in an unknown tongue. It was all so solemn and different from her father's service.

At the Elevation when the little attendant rang the bell, she felt a strange thrill of devotion, and dropped on her knees and instinctively prayed for light to understand. "And fools who came to scoff remained to pray." She came out of idle curiosity and found the faith at that hour. Not long after she visited a town where a priest resided, and sought an interview with him, in which she told her story how she became acquainted and was impelled to join the Church. She was duly instructed and received into the Church, and ever after dated her conversion from the moment of the Elevation in the little country church.

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Hugh did so, and a servant shortly made her appearance.

"Get some hot water and spirits," said Mr. Ellis.

"I must tell you, Hugh," said he when the servant disappeared, "that his lordship has appointed me agent over the Ballybrack property."

"Na, indeed," said Hugh; that is muckle kind of his lordship."

The servant had now laid the glasses and decanters. "That will do; you may go," said Mr. Ellis. "Come, Hugh, lad, fill a glass and let us drink a health to his lordship."

"With muckle pleasure," said Hugh; and they emptied their glasses to the toast.

"How long do you think am I living with his lordship?"

"Five years, I ken," said Hugh; "counting from the death of the present laird's father."

"No, no, that's not what I mean. How long am I in this country altogether?"

"I dinna ken, I'm sure," said Hugh.

"Let me see —" and Mr. Ellis leant back in his chair in a state of deep reflection. "Yes, that's it! exactly twenty-five years next March, Hugh. I had three pounds in my pocket when I commenced as steward under his lordship. I am now worth, in cash alone, Hugh, about ten thousand, which is in his lordship's hands, so you see I got on well, and Lizzy here," said he, looking at his daughter, "will have a nice fortune."

"Ay, indeed, sir," said Hugh: "land and stock and all will make a pretty penny for a braw little lassie as Missy is."

"You are right, Hugh, you are right: of course she'll have all—and I think that his lordship will make over the fee-simple of this house and land on me shortly for a handsome consideration."

Lizzy looked up from her book and smiled at her papa. Hugh knit his dark brows, and a frown clouded his face, and he muttered to himself, "she will na have all if I can prevent her."

"You must give notice to the Ballybruff tenants to come over in a few days, say Wednesday next," said Mr. Ellis.

"I dinna ken the use, sir," said Hugh, submissively; "ain't they noticed?"

"They are, they are," said Mr. Ellis: "but when they come over, they will think it is to get a settlement, so they will bring what money they can; and as there is a year's running gale, which answers a year's rent, we can put them out afterwards."

Hugh smiled the smile of a demon.

"Let us soak them as dry as a sponge before we throw them away."

"What of the Ballybrack tenants?" said Hugh.

"They are safe just now, safe just now; they have leases, but they will be up in a few years, and then let them look to themselves; you may be living in that cosy nest of the O'Donnell's yet, Hugh."

Hugh gave a grim smile of satisfaction, and Lizzy raised her heavy eyes from the book and said:

"Papa, isn't it wrong to turn people out of their houses; now the O'Donnells are good kind people; isn't it a pity to turn them out?"

"No, child; the people are lazy and indolent, and it is better for them to be earning their day's hire, or to go to some foreign country, where they can live better than here, than be spoiling the land. Look at the difference of my farm here, that was all waste when I got it, full of furze, gardens, and useless fences, that the wretched tenants had made. It was then as bad as any of the places you see around; look at it now, pet."

"I see, papa; it is a beautiful place indeed; but sure the O'Donnells have a nice place, and you need not turn them out; besides, papa, it must be a terrible thing to be turned out of one's house."

"It must, child, for persons having a comfortable house like ours," and he looked about the warm, tasteful room: "but for those poor cabins, I'm sure it's a blessing to knock them down."

It is hard to say from what motive Lizzy's advocacy of the O'Donnells proceeded, as she seldom interfered in her father's business. She had been lately reading some romantic novels; and as she was walking through one of the fields, a few weeks previous, she became very much alarmed at the appearance of a young bull that bellowed at a good distance from her. She screamed, and might have fainted, had not Frank O'Donnell jumped over the fence, with his gun on his shoulder, and escorted her home.

He was courteous and gentlemanly, and as it generally is in some way of this sort romantic ladies meet with their lovers, there is no telling what notions crossed her precious little head.

(To be continued.)

PATSY: A PORTRAIT

(By W. M. LETTS, in *The Month*.)

I think he was one of the bravest souls I ever knew, but he was not a soldier.

I met him first many years ago. It happened in this way. A friend who was going away for a summer holiday said to me: "Will you look up a little boy for me? He lives in those condemned houses down Church road. His name is Patsy B—. Go and see him for yourself."

I went one day. It was a summer day when the dust is heavy and wanton useless pieces of paper play thriftless games about the pavements. The slum houses of our suburb looked very gaunt and sordid against the clean summer sky. Hot and dirty children sprawled on doorsteps, happy enough—for your slum child is a very happy person in most cases. Given health, a mere sufficiency of food, and parents of tolerable kindness, the slum child lives a life of interest and social pleasure that leaves the over-cared and solitary offspring of large houses far behind.

I came at last to Patsy's door. It stood half open, and as nobody was about I went in. It was the typical Dublin house, entirely unsuited to its owners: high, inconvenient, old, and sordid.

There was just one person in the room—a little boy fast asleep with his head on the table. He sat on a hard chair, his legs dangling; near him lay a pair of crutches. The feckless flies of summer buzzed and hummed about him and about a largely bitten piece of bread and jam that lay on a chipped plate near him.

His mother came in. She was the harassed but devoted mother of seven sons and three very small daughters. She wanted to rouse him but I begged her to let him sleep. To rouse the sleeping is surely one of the corporal works of cruelty.

"Ah!" she explained, "it's little enough sleep he gets at night. He does be lying awake most times, but he won't let on for fear of troubling us."

I asked the conventional questions about the causes of the diseased hip, the boy's age, and all the rest of it. He was fourteen and he had loved the school when he could go,—a bright little lad he was at his books, and all element—all element."

Whatever "element" might be, I gathered somehow that it was Patsy's chief characteristic. When health was his he had been swift as a redshank in careering up and down the pavements after his hoop. He had been "careless and gay as a wad in a window," as we say in this land of broken windows. Then Patsy opened his eyes and stared at me with bewilderment that turned to courteous greeting. He was not handsome then or later, but his face was one of the most attractive one could see. It expressed crystal innocence, boyish jollity, friendliness, ready interest; and beyond these good things some quality I cannot analyse, something that made him of those pure in heart who see God.

We began to talk in a tentative way that strangers use. One did not think of pitying Patsy; it was far more natural to tell him of one's own troubles, or interests, or pleasures. In that first interview I

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HIGHLANDER MILK

gathered that boxing was the main interest of his life. His hands were white and thin, his arms puny and wasted, but his whole face shone when he spoke of Wells and Carpentier and Jack Johnson, and of the others whose names I did not even know. He had an exact and scientific knowledge of the noble art and read *Boxing* every week.

Did Patsy draw, I asked? Shyly he produced one of those large scribbling notebooks. It was full of chalk drawings. Brawny boxers with huge biceps held the place of honor. The artist showed a shy pride in them. These were his heroes. There were other pictures—landscapes, seascapes, houses that tottered perilously, and a scene that took my fancy specially where a large Irish rabbit gazed eastwards towards the rising sun. That picture seemed to express new life and irrepressible hope, and in this way to be emblematic of Patsy.

At my second visit I found him cheerful but a little tear-stained. He was lying in a small bed in the corner of the kitchen. He had been worse, his mother said, but he would, no doubt, play the violin if I wished it. So he played sweetly and rather tremulously "The Minstrel Boy." Of the cause of his tears I learnt something later from his mother outside the door.

"He's a bit knocked about to-day. The other young ones are all after starting for the 'Feat'—the Coronation Feat down at Ballsbridge—and he was a bit overcome not to go with them. It's the first time ever I known him cry—God help the poor lad that was always gayest of the gay and it was not crying he was, it was a kind of snorting. He didn't want to let on he was that upset. He'd never let us know it."

From about this time there began for Patsy long sojournings in hospital, and operations and experiments that we all fondly hoped might give him new life. The physical history of tubercular hip-disease varies little, and it is all too well known; but the spiritual history that runs its course beneath the malady is another matter. Patsy's was ever a tale of friendship. Somehow his Matron and Sister and nurses were always the most delightful people; his doctors were always the best; they were all his friends. Perhaps it was that the little feeble boy with the shock of fair hair and the ready smile brought his own atmosphere of peace and kindness and happiness.

I soon discovered that my typical example of a happy person was Patsy. Everything interested him, especially desperate adventure and deeds of strength and prowess. He read everything, wrote an excellent hand, and produced little stories which I keep in memory of him.

Every year we expected him to die. His strength ebbed from him till he seemed just a shadow of a boy, just something that held an undaunted spirit still upon the earth.

"The only thing that troubles him," said his mother one day, "is that he's too weak to say his prayers."

I have not spoken yet of his piety lest I should suggest the pale-faced, blue-eyed hero of the Victorian Sunday School prize. I find it hard to make others know the charm of his simple, unfaltering holiness. It was something like the clean manliness that inspired the quest of the Sangreal. It was a knightly zeal for God and His Kingdom, and with this was that fine burning faith of the medieval gentleman. To Patsy the great companies of saints and of angels were as real and heroic and exciting as the mighty boxers of the ring. He knew with unfaltering trust that to pray was to work. When he could work he worked with the zeal of three; when he was helpless he prayed with a tireless energy and devotion that is not often found outside a Celtic country.

When Tom, his father, came back from the war he remarked with humorous condemnation, "That ould lad in the bed there was awake half the night rattling his beads—two pairs of beads he has in it—and there's not a boy from these parts that isn't on them, and

there's me lad telling their names out all the night long."

Needless to tell it, the war was now Patsy's supreme interest. He could talk of guns and tactics like any old general. He was all on fire to be out in the thick of it. There was blue fire in his eyes when he talked of fighting. Of such stuff is Michael O'Leary, V.C.

His military zeal was inflamed by the almost miraculous improvement of his health during this last summer. For the first time for four years he went to Mass: for the first time in his life he worked and earned money—three shillings a week—and in the evening he went to that hive of industry "The Tech." to learn book-keeping.

"He's going to keep me in the lap of luxury when I'm old," said his mother proudly.

Then came the end of it.

We had been planning, he and I, to go some time to see the Somme battle pictures. I felt it would be like going with a staff officer to have Patsy there to explain everything. But I heard when I suggested a date that he had a chill—"was not so well at all, at all."

"I wonder will he get over it?" said his mother anxiously. "I don't think after all he'll do any good," a statement which was used only in a physical sense.

It was the last fight this time, and he fought it heroically, splendidly, triumphantly. He faced much pain with clenched teeth and never a murmur.

He was conscious to the end, and roused himself to speak words of hopeful and brave farewell to those who were honored by his friendship.

When at last he lay still and tranquil in the little room where we had so often visited him, there were many who came to say good-bye. We all regarded him as a saint, but such a gallant, happy, boyish saint that one could talk of him with laughter even while he lay there dead; we could remember his jokes, his merriment, and take courage to part with him.

Very many followed him to his grave over hard frozen roads. All were his friends. He had been poor in so much, rich always in friendship.

And of his happy spirit we can feel, as of other heroic boys, killed in France and Gallipoli—

"Dear boys! they shall be young for ever.

The Son of God was once a boy.

They run and leap by a clear river

And of their youth they have great joy.

God Who made boys so clean and good

Smiles with the eyes of fatherhood."

A CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

Writing recently to his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, Father Byrnes, chaplain on a transport, says:—

"The relatives and friends of the Catholics would be pleased, I am sure, to learn that all the Catholics aboard went to confession here, and that 75 per cent. received Holy Communion—the remainder being unable to go on account of duties. The Catholic officers on that troopship kept their co-religionists in a sort of after mission fervor. It was a source of edification to witness the eagerness with which the Catholic New Zealanders took advantage of their stay to prepare themselves for the dangers ahead. Those that had no chaplain (but possessed the next best thing, enthusiastic Catholic officers) always made sure to go to the Sacraments in spite of difficulties, during their brief stay here. It would be useful, I think, for those that have to pass here to know that the Sacred Heart Church is the nearest to the landing place."

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THE LATE VERY REV. FATHER KEOGH, S.M.

IMPRESSIVE OBSEQUIES.

The mortal remains of the late Very Rev. Father Keogh, S.M., B.A., were laid to rest in the Hastings Cemetery on Thursday morning, August 16. The funeral was very largely attended, the general public turning out in large numbers to pay their last respects to the departed priest and scholar. As a further mark of the great esteem and regard in which the late Father Keogh was held, the business people closed their shops whilst the cortege passed up Heretaunga street, to the cemetery, the route being lined with people.

Solemn Requiem Mass

was celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart by the Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna, V.G. (Masterton). The Rev. Father Mangan, C.S.S.R., was deacon, Rev. Dr. Geaney, S.M., subdeacon, and Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., master of ceremonies. The clergy present were the Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M. (Provincial), Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy (Rector St. Patrick's College), Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., Very Rev. Dean Binsfeld,



THE LATE VERY REV. FATHER KEOGH.

S.M., Rev. Dr. Martin, S.M., Rev. Dr. Casey, S.M. (Greenmeadows), Rev. Fathers McManus (Palmerston North), T. McKenna (Pahiatua), Travers (Takapau), Bowe (Dannevirke), Bergin (Waipawa), O'Beirne (Carterton), Hickson, S.M. (Meeanee), Tymons, S.M., O'Sullivan, S.M., and Dowling, S.M. (Napier), O'Farrell, S.M., Mahony, S.M., Kimbell, S.M., and Dignan, S.M. Representative laymen included Dr. Cahill (medical officer St. Patrick's College, Wellington), Mr. J. P. Kavanagh (Feilding), and Mr. J. Devine (Palmerston North). Messages of condolence were received from his Lordship Bishop Verdon (Dunedin), his Lordship Bishop Brodie and clergy (Christchurch), Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, V.G. (Adm., Auckland), Very Rev. Deans Regnault, S.M. (Christchurch North), Tubman, S.M. (Timaru), Power (Hawera), Lane (Lower Hutt), McKenna (New Plymouth), Rev. Father Liston and seminary staff (Holy Cross College, Mosgiel), Rev. Fathers Lane (Gisborne), Le Pretre, S.M. (Wairoa), H. McDonnell, S.M. (late pastor at Hastings), Quealy, O'Reilly, Goggan, S.M., Saunderson, Cashman, Sisters of Mercy (Palmerston North), Brigidine Nuns (Masterton), Sisters of the Little Company of Mary (Lewisham Hospital, Christchurch), Sisters of Compassion

(Wellington), numerous Catholic organisations, professional people, and representative Catholic families in the Dominion. The following message was read from Sir J. G. Ward, Bart.:—"I deeply regret to hear the sad news of the death of Father Keogh, which is a very great loss indeed. Father Keogh was a most distinguished scholar, and his kind and generous disposition, together with his active, hopeful outlook on life appealed to all who knew him. He was a good and generous friend, and I have the deepest regard both for his personal qualities, and his highly intellectual attainments."

The Panegyric.

Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rector of St. Patrick's College, delivered the following eloquent panegyric on the life and work of Father Keogh, taking as his text—"They that instruct many into justice, shall shine like stars for all eternity." (Daniel xii. 3.)

We are met together (he said) to fulfil a sad duty, to bid farewell to a dear old friend, and to pay our last tribute of respect to a good priest, a brilliant scholar, a great educator, a true Christian gentleman. All leave-taking is painful. But to bid farewell in death, to feel that we shall never again hear the voice, or clasp the hand, or look on the form of one whose life was closely interwoven with our own, is the saddest parting of all. Intimately associated as he was with us all in the main relations of life, it is with sorrowful hearts that we all come to honor the memory of a dear friend, a revered pastor, now cold in death. Most of you enjoyed for six years the privilege and consolation of being his spiritual children, or receiving from him as your parish priest the holy ministrations of religion. Some of you were privileged to live with him and to know him intimately as your teacher, your friend and father, a few were still more closely united to him by the bonds of friendship as his brother priests. To his brother and relatives his departure is an irreparable loss, and to them we offer our deepest and heartfelt sympathy. We all feel poorer by his death, as by the loss of one whom we all loved and revered on account of his great gifts of mind and heart, his sterling qualities, and his noble life-work. It is the sweet remembrance of these gifts and qualities and especially of his great work that consoles us to-day in our great loss. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works follow them," says the Scripture, and again: "They that instruct many into justice shall shine like stars for all eternity." Father Keogh's whole life was devoted to the noble, self-sacrificing work of instructing others into justice, the happy results of which are evident around us, and we may well believe that he is now enjoying the reward of his labors.

Augustine Keogh was born in Dublin, on August 25, 1858, of good Catholic Irish parents, and all through his life he was a true son of St. Patrick and a splendid type of Irishman, bubbling over with sparkling Irish wit and humor which he used ever to give pleasure, never to cause pain. He was educated in the Marist Colleges in Dublin and Dundalk, and in France, and graduated in the Royal University of Ireland. Feeling that he was called to consecrate his life to the service of God he made his religious profession in the Society of Mary in 1879, and was ordained priest in 1883. His first field of labor was his old Alma Mater, St. Mary's College, Dundalk, where he taught with such brilliant success, that in a few years he was appointed Rector of the College. It was there I had the pleasure of first making Father Keogh's acquaintance some 30 years ago, and I well remember him as the same genial, scholarly priest, beloved of masters and boys, that we have all known him to be since he came to New Zealand in 1901. For nine years Father Keogh was Rector of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the value of his work during that time. Gifted as he was with the qualities of an ideal schoolmaster, he has left by

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his work in St. Patrick's College a deep and lasting impression on a large number of Catholic boys in this Dominion. He came to Wellington splendidly equipped for the important work entrusted to him. A thorough knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, as well as English literature, a master of the French language that enabled him to speak it with the purity and fluency of a Parisian, and a long and varied experience in teaching made him a worthy successor to the lamented Dr. Watters, the first Rector of the College. But it was especially the great gifts of his warm, generous, sympathetic heart that made his work so successful and fruitful. His intimate knowledge of each pupil, his deep personal interest in each one's progress, his fatherly care and solicitude for the happiness and comfort of each and all, endeared him to every boy in the school, each one of whom lovingly regarded him as a dear personal friend and kind father. Yet his kindness never degenerated into weakness, and he did not hesitate to administer stern correction and even severe punishment, when he considered it necessary. He was a firm believer in the old Bible maxim, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." He loved boys dearly but not to spoil them. He never spared the rod when he believed that a culprit deserved it and would benefit by it. And he is honored and revered by many a young man in New Zealand who gratefully remembers him as a sometimes stern, but always just disciplinarian. The happy fruits of Father Keogh's labors as Rector of St. Patrick's College are to be seen all over the Dominion, for everywhere are to be found large numbers of his old pupils occupying high and honorable positions in the various professions, as doctors and lawyers, or as merchants and farmers, all reflecting the highest credit and honor on their Alma Mater, and its old Rector. Special mention must be made of the large number of Father Keogh's old boys who have followed the example of their beloved Rector by dedicating their lives to the service of God. No fewer than 28 of his old pupils have become priests, an average of more than three each year of his Rectorship, a record of which we may all feel proud, and for which we should be deeply grateful. It is most gratifying and consoling to see that a large number of Father Keogh's old boys, both priests and laymen, from various parts of the Dominion, are here to-day to do him honor and to testify to the respect and veneration in which his name is held by his former pupils. I must not forget to mention the deep interest he took in the military training of his boys. He was one of the first headmasters in New Zealand to form a College Cadet Corps, and old boys will remember the pride he took in his smart cadets as they marched through the streets of Wellington in their dark green uniforms, and the thoughtfulness and kindness he showed in providing for their annual camp. Here again we see already the remarkable fruits of his energy and labor. For more than 400 old boys of St. Pat's, most of them Father Keogh's old pupils, are now fighting at the front, many of them as officers; over 80 have been wounded, and no fewer than 29 have made the supreme sacrifice. In 1909 Father Keogh was appointed parish priest of Hastings, as successor to the late lamented Dean Smyth. All of you may no doubt remember with love and gratitude the tender solicitude and ardent zeal shown by Father Keogh in the discharge of his duties as your parish priest for six years. You have not forgotten his devotedness to the sick and dying, his whole-hearted sympathy with those in distress, his tender love for your children. You remember him as a kind friend, a loving father, a generous benefactor, and a zealous and devoted priest. His winning smile, his cheerful disposition, his kind words brought sunshine into your homes. Those who were children at school during that time will remember with affection his frequent welcome visits to the school and to the playground, where he loved to encourage and help them in their work and to join them in their play. He ever showed the tender heart of the great Master, Who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." He realised and appreciated the

promise of our Divine Lord when He said: "He that receiveth such a little one in My name, and whatsoever you do unto the least of these My little ones you do it unto Me." Many of you recall with deep emotion Father Keogh's child-like affection for his saintly mother, and his filial devotion to her, especially in her last illness. His was truly the "Great Heart." And now he is to be laid beside the mother whom he loved so well. They were united in life, and they shall not be separated in death." Our sweetest consolation is to be able to help dear departed ones by our prayers and good works. Your presence here to-day in such large numbers is evidence of your veneration and affection for him. On behalf of Dean Holley, the Provincial of the Society of Mary in New Zealand, I beg to thank you all, especially the clergy and Father Keogh's old boys, priests and laymen, who have come long distances and at considerable inconvenience, to pay their last tribute of respect to their old friend and their old master. Sincere thanks are also due to the devoted priests of this parish, who were so kind and attentive to Father Keogh during his last illness: to the Fathers and students at Greenmeadows, who took the most tender care of him while he was ill amongst them, and who have come over to sing so beautifully the music of the Requiem Mass. To the good nuns, who were always so kind and attentive to him, we are deeply indebted. There remains only one last debt that we all owe to our dear departed friend, one last tribute of affection—that is the peace and happiness that it is in our power to obtain for him by our prayers, if he should not be already in possession of it. We cherish the fond hope that he is already enjoying the reward of his labors, that on the Feast of the Assumption of our Lady he who was her devout client and consecrated child, has been taken up to share in the triumph of his Heavenly Queen. At the same time we all know the frailty of human nature and the holiness of heaven. Let us therefore pray for him most fervently. "Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace." Amen.

The Interment.

The body was borne from the church by members of the Hibernian Society, who were pallbearers, in conjunction with members of the church committee. The cortege was headed by the altar boys, and members of the Hibernian Society, followed by the students of Greenmeadows Seminary, visiting priests, many of whom were old pupils of the late Father Keogh. The remains were interred alongside those of the deceased priest's mother, an impressive service at the graveside being conducted by the Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna, assisted by several visiting priests.—R.I.P.

AN APPRECIATION.

(By MR. JAMES HOLMES.)

They came from everywhere and they were of all sorts and conditions, all ages and positions, of all creeds and no creeds. Men were there who rarely darken the doors of a church, who make no profession of religion, but a good man, a Father in God had passed, a man whose life had been a benediction to the town in which he lived, and all of us wanted to pay our simple tribute of affection. It was no show and there was no feasting, even the great Church to which he gave his allegiance was simple in its ornamentation and ritual. Nothing jarred, nothing seemed out of place, because the man's personality overshadowed everything. It was of him only we thought: his goodness, his singleness of heart, his tenderness, his smile, his cheery blessed presence. It was a fine spontaneous testimony to the power of undiluted goodness towering above wealth and position and pride of place. He has died poor as his Order demands. By his vows, he had so lived that he needed to make no will, he had not a copper of his own, and yet he was wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, in the affection he had won, through the service he had rendered. There is nothing like it in the whole world, this simple Christ-like life when it is given its chance,

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and in this man, Father Keogh, it had had its chance, and to-day's testimony was the outcome. "Give and it shall be given to you again, pressed down." Even Dr. Kennedy stood in the pulpit as his friend rather than a fellow priest. His words and sentences rang with affection as well as truth, and here let me say I have rarely heard so fine and touching an address. It was an address in which the heart dominated over the head, and it drew a response from every individual. I would have liked to hear Dr. Kennedy close with Paul's triumphant message to the Corinthian Church on the resurrection, especially the last few verses:

"O death where is thy sting?

O grave where is thy victory?

Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is a part of the Christian burial service which demands fine reading, and only a few men seem able to rise to it, in its contempt of death, but I think Dr. Kennedy could.

We came out into the sunshine to go with our friend on his last earthly journey. Many a time he had passed that same way, living; but now we carried him like the old Grammarian in Robert Browning's immortal poem. We carried him not to a cold, dank grave, but to a spot sanctified by the body of a sainted mother, and we think he had been happy in the thought of it. No man wanted to buy and sell as the body passed; shopkeepers and customers stood bare-headed outside and let the business take care of itself—they stood to wave him good-bye. Such men do not die. Their death is a resurrection, if we thought it out; and a simple faith in Christ is the key to it all. Father Keogh has been a great gift of God to Hastings.

A SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER

Mr. and Mrs. McNeece, of Collingwood, recently received the following characteristic letter written by their son, Private John McNeece, a reference to whose death appears in our Roll of Honor page. The letter was written by him whilst lying wounded in hospital to, as he said, "make sure that his fate was known to his parents." This letter was handed to the nurse to send if he died, and was written four days after he received his wounds.

"I have landed a fairly good smack and my temperature is 102, so there are lots of chances for me to pass out this time. Well I might say I faced everything without a shudder, and it was a bit of bad luck I got this. It might have been worse. Our officer told me to get into his dug-out and have a few minutes' sleep. I forgot to tell you this was after we advanced on Messines. It's wonderful how a single soul got through. Well, I had a couple of hours, so got up to relieve him on our gun. It was a trench mortar; and I had not straightened myself when a shell burst over my head. It stunned me I can tell you, and my cobbers sent me to the dressing-station. That was four days ago, and they have to wait a couple for the rays to develop. I am as happy as a king, and if I do pass out of this world you will know I am sure of good hopes for the next. I received Holy Communion the day we went over the bags, and also attended Mass twice that day and once the day before. So I hope when, if you do receive this, you will not cut up over me, as I reckon I did my bit. It was wonderful to see such a crowd of men walking along amid shells and bullets by the million. The Huns got chopped up by our lot (N.Z.), but I hear they gave the Australians a bad reception. I do not know of any chap of my acquaintance getting a smack, and it was hard me getting it after gaining our objective and digging ourselves in. So I will say good-bye, and be brave, as I am more than cheerful and have got over my pain." The letter concludes with affectionate remembrances to parents, sister, and brothers, and kind regards to friends.

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APPLICATIONS CLOSE

Monday, 3rd September.

Current Topics

The Complexity of the Russian Revolution

Dr. Sarolea sums up the Russian crisis as a conflict, first, between elemental political forces, in which statesmanship and sober reason defeated the conspiracy of German intrigue and a Court camarilla; in the second place, between the masses and the classes, or in other words, a Socialist Revolution; third, a strife between two fundamentally different mentalities: the ideal of the National and Imperial State and the ideal of internationalism; fourth, a conflict between different political aims and tendencies: to us the question is how the Revolution is going to help to win the war, to the Russians the problem is how the Revolution is going to help Russia, and whether an immediate peace or a continuance of the war is the best thing for Russia; and, lastly, there is a conflict between the sober policy of the realist and the methods of the idealist or sentimentalists: the statesman believes that hard fighting will settle the war and free the German people from the spell of the Hohenzollerns, the idealist believes that it must be settled by the democracy, and that as the war was made by rulers and capitalists peace will be made by the people. On one hand stands the Provisional Government, and on the other, the Council of Workmen and Soldiers. And, as it were, between two stools, the army in the field is giving way before the enemy. Who shall say what the result will be? Very probably the day of freedom has already dawned for the Russian people; but with so many motives of internal disagreement Russia may have to wade through blood before coming into her heritage. Where so many interests clash she will be fortunate indeed if it is otherwise. Such being the state of her affairs it is clear how vain it was to expect anything like a strong, and sustained offensive from her armies at present.

The Allied Offensive

A few weeks ago, with large headlines, the press proclaimed the beginning of a great offensive in the west, which was supported by a sudden revival on the part of Russia. For a time the Allies seemed to be held up on the west, by adverse weather conditions, or by stubborn German resistance, or by both, while the Russians fell back, with a rapidity which looked like a rout, before the enemy. Even if at present the Russians are not making any headway in the east it is clear that both on the west and on the south the offensive has developed into the biggest struggle we have had yet. From Belgium to Verdun the front has become a red line of battle through the smoke of which we can see the Allies advancing inch by inch against a desperately resisting enemy, still vigorous in attack and only borne backwards by sheer weight of men and guns. The Italian offensive, too, is on a correspondingly huge scale, and Cadorna seems to be exerting every effort now to clear the road to Trieste. It is possible that any day may bring developments which will have a decisive influence on the whole war; and there seems to be an idea abroad that the last great phase of the conflict has arrived. It occurs to many people that if the Allies now manifest their superiority it surely must come home to the Germans that every day the struggle is prolonged their case will become more hopeless; and, on the other hand, if this enormous effort on the part of the Allies does not produce a marked change in the situation, how long must we wait before we can hope for a material success? For the past three years we have been told that the coming year would be the last. If now the enemy still holds out and is not decisively driven back, how long will it be until he can be driven back? If terms so unfavorable to Germany are proposed that the enemy will fight to a finish there are years of war still ahead, entailing a general bankruptcy of the nations. If Germany is convinced of the superiority of the Allies, and if the Allies relinquish the

Jingoistic aims of dictating peace in Berlin, surely there is hope that a "peace with honor" is within the bounds of reasonable hope in the near future.

Italy's Position

From the very nature of the terrain great progress has been out of the question in the Italian campaign, and for that reason we are apt to lose sight of the conflict on the Italian frontier altogether. Now and then a correspondent writes to tell us how the war is going on there, and, if he does his work well, there is no more interesting war news than the letters which describe the marvellous achievements of the Italians in that wild, picturesque region wherein nature built barriers greater immeasurably than human skill could conceive, much less fashion. Italy is more than holding her own, and unless the oft-foretold offensive of von Hindenburg is eventually launched against her, she is quite likely to win her part of the war. What little we do hear of the fighting there reads like a romance. Huge guns have been placed on mountain peaks where few men ever stood before. Austrian soldiers have awakened of a morning to find snow-clad hills have broken their eternal silence and become transformed into forts from which shells rain down on their defences. Thousands of men toil and climb among the sombre pines, and on the virgin snow-fields; and the noise of the big guns reverberates and re-echoes long and far among the lonely hills. All the while now the Italian army is creeping nearer to Trieste; and a little progress is a huge attainment here. They who belittle the fighting men of Italy do not understand them. The *Soldato d'Italia* is a cheerful, good-humored philosopher, capable of great endurance, satisfied with poor rations, brave, and patriotic. An Irishman should be able to appreciate the spirit with which they set themselves to conquer their hereditary enemy, Austria, and to realise what an asset that spirit is to the army. From the brave King, Vittorio Emanuele, to the last recruit in the ranks they are all patriots. We can hear them sing among the Alpine hills and valleys the war-song of Italy:—

Va tuoi d'Italia, va tuoi stranier.

It seems that Italy has need to put her heart into the fight too. If a peace should come about before Trieste were won where should she be? Here is the opinion of an American expert, Mr. Frank Symonds: "Unless Italy can take Trieste and stand on possession, she is unlikely to have even a remote chance of making good any claim if there is a final settlement of all questions by negotiation." In his opinion Italy will put forth every effort now to obtain her objects, in order to have and to hold at the end.

Italy's Claims

Of modern Italy it has been said that she has the honor of never having taken from any neighbor any territory that was not hers. How far facts and intentions are in conformity in this we will not discuss. However Italy feels keenly that her neighbor, Austria, has and holds a portion of her territory, and to recover this is the rationale of Italy's war. At the time of the last census there were in Austria-Hungary 768,000 Italians, of whom 390,000 inhabit the Trentino. The remainder are distributed as follows:—90,119, or 30 per cent. of the population in the province of Gorizia-Gradisca; in Trieste, 118,959, or 62 per cent.; in Istria, 145,517, or 37 per cent.; in Dalmatia, 18,028, or 3 per cent. The Tridentino would be granted to Italy by all except the Austrians themselves; the western portion of Gorizia, on the right bank of the Isonzo, and also Monfalcone and its dockyard, are purely Italian; Trieste, on the principle of nationality is an Italian town, but it has been in Austrian possession since 1386, and has a Slovene population of 60,000, while its commercial interests are bound up with the background of Bavaria, Bohemia, and Lower Austria, separation from which would mean its ruin from an economic point of view; the western provinces of Istria, including Capodistria, Rovigno, and Pola, are Italian,

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while the interior and the east are Slavonic. Mazzini, speaking of the future boundaries of Italy, says the mouth of the Isonzo marks "the frontier which God gave you. As far as this frontier your language is spoken and understood; beyond this you have no rights." But later, in 1871, he went further, and having quoted the lines of Dante,

*Pola, presso del Quarnaro,
Che Italia chiude e suoi termini bagna,*

he says: "Istria is ours, but from Fiume along the eastern coast of the Adriatic, as far as the Bojana River on the confines of Albania, there extends a zone in which amid the remnants of our colonies the Slavonic element predominates." Fiume and Dalmatia cannot be justly claimed by Italy, owing to their Slavonic population and interests.

John Bull

John Bull remains the solemnest and most awful joke in the world. What play he has given to the sly humor of Max O'Rell, and to the mordant wit of Heine we all know. Perhaps a saying of Mr. Birrell's best sums up John's character: speaking of the Catholic Church in England, the gifted author of *Obiter Dicta* thinks John's chief difficulty about becoming a Catholic is the Pope, because John always wants to be captain of the Bark of Peter himself and could in no way see why he should have an Italian in command. And when John does become a Catholic he is still John—we almost said before everything. He sees nothing awful or ludicrous in standing side by side with men whose religion is to hate Catholics and curse the Pope provided the business in hand appeals to his politics. But, Catholic or Protestant, John has very little of the saving grace of humor at all. At present how evident that fact is! John shakes his head over the Pope's Note, and says he finds it most inexplicable that the Holy Father does not openly side with him. He also thinks the peace Note spoiled by the omission of a vigorous denunciation of the atrocities—of the Germans. He does not see at all how impossible it would be for a neutral to condemn the Germans for murder and piracy without saying a word to himself concerning certain little peccadilloes in Dublin, such as the murder of innocent men, the bombing of houses containing terrified women and children, and a very wonderful reluctance to hear any evidence against the perpetrators of these crimes, or to bring them to justice when convicted. He would be astonished beyond measure to hear that the Pope could hardly begin the task of censuring evil-doers without making him blush a little too. But, as we said, it is all due to John's lack of humor. To the same cause we may charitably assign some of his startling statements about Ireland, and his complete forgetfulness of the fact that he lately confessed that he owes her somewhat in the nature of £300,000,000.

The P.P.A.

While Mr. Elliott is on his defence for his charges against the postal authorities in Auckland his lieutenants are busy about their general's business elsewhere. Mr. Hircus, Pastor Myers, and kindred spirits, foregathered at Hamilton on the 16th August and said what all expected them to say once more. From them the *Tablet*, the Marist Brothers, the Catholic Church in general, got commemorations which to all outside the gathering in question are highly complimentary. No greater proof that we are doing our duty could be desired than the reprobation of people of the mental balance of these orators. Everyone in New Zealand has now read how the vile, low tactics of Elliott were stigmatised by the prosecutor in the Auckland case; and that the people we have referred to above are in the same galley is enough to say about them. However, here is an interesting document which a correspondent has sent us:—

"Membership Declaration. Protestant Political Association.

"I..... of Street declare that I am a British subject and a Protestant, I reject as superstitious the Romish Doctrine of the Mass, that I am not married to a Romanist nor will I marry one. I hereby enroll as a member of the Protestant Political Association, and will loyally abide by its rules and co-operate to fulfil its objects, and will keep secret all matters relating thereto, failing which I shall forfeit my rights and privileges of membership in the Association.

"Signature.....

"Received by..... Date.....

"Patterson, Printer, Pukekohe."

Our correspondent assures us that the document is authentic, and we give it for what it is worth for the amusement of our readers. The use of the word "Romish," which common politeness has banned except from the lowest and most ignorant amongst bigoted circles, is an internal argument in favor of its genuinity. No self-respecting Protestant uses the term now, and the word discredits any document in which it appears.

The Jesuits

The *Catholic Press* recently published some remarks made by Dr. Rentoul in no complimentary vein about the Orangemen. As a specimen of their activities we mention that one of the cultured journals which these people affect has lately published a gross, libellous attack on the Jesuits, accusing them of having in past years taken an oath to commit, if ordered by the Pope, such enormities as were freely committed by the Orangemen in Ireland what time, according to Hilaire Belloc, their sexual filth drove a peaceful people to armed resistance. Here are a few facts about the Jesuits which we commend to the imitation of the ghouls who are at present burrowing among tombs in New Zealand. A writer as reliable as Howard Elliott stated recently that there are 25,000,000 Jesuits in the world: as a matter of fact there are 17,010 altogether—8444 priests, 4417 students, and 4149 lay-brothers. Another writer of the same high historic attainments stated that the Kaiser could do what ever he pleased with the Order: the truth is that fifty years ago the Jesuits were expelled from Germany, and they have not returned yet. In France there are to-day hundreds of Jesuits in the firing-line, and many of them have been decorated for valor; hundreds of French officers have been educated in Jesuit schools. In Belgium the priests of the Order have held chairs in the famous University of Louvain and were the leading educationalists of that heroic nation. In England and Ireland a great number of the Fathers are serving as chaplains: Father Austin Hartigan, S.J., accompanied the troops in the march to Bagdad, and sacrificed his life. The old boys of the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst have won three V.C.'s, 15 D.S.O. Medals, 26 Military Crosses, 66 other distinctions, and 88 were mentioned in despatches. Clongowes Wood (Ireland) old boys won eight D.S.O.'s, seven Military Crosses, two were decorated with the Legion of Honor, and 33 mentioned in despatches. Fathers Humbert, Gwynn, and Bouvier displayed great heroism at the front, risking their lives and dying for their fellows. The motto of the Order has always been "For the Greater Honor and Glory of God"; and the deeds of the sons of Saint Ignatius during this war have added new lustre to the great records of the past. If some of the itinerant parsons whose sole mission in life is to stir up strife and hatred against Catholics had a single spark of honor or chivalry they would find much to admire in the annals of the Order which they calumniate.

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OBITUARY

MRS. M. J. CORCORAN, HARAPEPE.

Very sincere sorrow was felt by the residents of the district when it became known that Mrs. Corcoran, wife of Mr. Michael John Corcoran, of Harapepe, had passed away at the Waikato Hospital on Saturday, August 4. The deceased was in a precarious state during the previous weeks, lingering between life and death, and causing her relatives and friends much anxiety, though hopes for her recovery were entertained up to the last. When practically out of danger she developed pneumonia, from which she succumbed. Deceased was the youngest daughter of Mr. John Ross, and was born in this district 28 years ago. She was married three years, and leaves a little daughter nearly two years old. Much sympathy is extended to Mr. Corcoran and relatives in their sad loss. The late Mrs. Corcoran was highly esteemed and respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. The funeral procession, which was a large and fully representative one, left her late residence on Monday, August 6, for the Pirongia Cemetery. The Rev. Father Lynch, of Te Awamutu, officiated at the house and at the graveside. He feelingly eulogised the many good qualities of the deceased lady, and tendered his deepest sympathy to the bereaved husband and relatives. The Rev. Father Duffy and Very Rev. Dean Darby, of Hamilton, kindly visited the late Mrs. Corcoran during her illness, and she died fully fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. The pall-bearers were her brother (Mr. John Ross) and brothers-in-law (Messrs. Hugh and James Corcoran and Mr. John Thomson). Many messages were sent by sympathising friends from far and near testifying to the esteem in which the late Mrs. Corcoran was held. R.I.P.

MR. SYDNEY JOHNSTON.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Sydney Johnston, of "Onga Wharo," Takapau, Hawke's Bay, and second son of the late Hon. John Johnston, M.L.C., which sad event occurred after several months' illness on June 29 at his residence, 38 Hyde Park Gate, London, W. Mr. S. Johnston, who was 76 years of age, was held in the highest regard and deepest esteem by a very large circle of relatives and friends in London and throughout New Zealand, by whom his death is much lamented. The funeral took place on Tuesday, July 3, the burial service being at Wimbledon Cemetery, Surrey. A Requiem Mass was previously celebrated at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, by the Rev. Father Alan Westby Perceval, of St. Joseph's, Lambeth (nephew of deceased), and was served by General F. E. Johnston (also a nephew). Father Ambrose assisted in the Absolutions. The large assembly in-

cluded Mrs. and Miss Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Watson and the Misses Watson, Mrs. D. S. Riddiford and Master John Riddiford, Miss Inglis, Sir Westby and Lady Perceval, Captain and Mrs. F. W. Perceval, Captain C. P. and Mrs. White, Mr. Bernard White, Major and Mrs. Lloyd, General and Mrs. Johnston, Lieutenant C. F. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Pharazyn, the Hon. Mrs. Nigel Gathorne-Hardy, Captain Turnbull, Mr. J. J. Grace, Mr. John Duncan, Mr. F. G. Dalziel, Lady Russell (of Tunahai), Lady Russell and Miss Violet Russell, Mrs. and Miss Herrick, Mrs. Treacher Collins, Mrs. Rolleston, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Russell, Mr. H. H. Bridge, Mr. Stewart Russell, Colonel Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Meimertzhagen, Mr. Azim Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Caccia, Lieutenant Eric Nairn (Grenadier Guards), Lieutenant Harold Price (R.F.A.), Mrs. George Nelson, Mrs. Cowper Robieson, Mr. R. D. D. MacLean, Mrs. Holmes, and many officers and soldiers of Wellington, Hawke's Bay, Auckland, and other New Zealand regiments, etc. There was a large number of beautiful floral tributes sent by the widow and members of the family, relatives, and numerous New Zealand and London friends. The deceased gentleman was an exemplary Catholic, and always a generous contributor to church work, church buildings, etc., throughout New Zealand. At his own expense (as being among his benefactions) he built a new presbytery at Takapau, and presented the parish priest with a motor car. He was a brother of the late Hon. Walter Johnston, Highden, whose name is kept green by the magnificent Catholic school erected in his memory by Mrs. Johnston. R.I.P.

The Catholic Women's Association of Ohio, now has more than 17,500 members. All are aiding Red Cross work in some way or other, co-operating with the National League for Woman's Service, and 807 Sisters of Charity and 117 Sisters of Mercy are enrolled as nurses.

The death of the Most Rev. Peter Scibli, Archbishop of Beyrouth, who has passed away while an exile from his diocese, has been announced to the Holy See by the Most Rev. Archbishop Dolei, Delegate Apostolic at Constantinople. Shortly after the outbreak of war the Archbishop of Beyrouth was imprisoned by the Turkish authorities, but on the intervention of the Holy See, he was released and sent to Adana, where, after a long period of illness, his career has come to an end. He was 46 years of age. Archbishop Scibli was a Maronite. He was born on Mount Lebanon in 1871, of that people whose Catholicity is so staunch that the place of their abode merited from Leo XIII. the title of "Oasis of the Desert." He was elected to the archdiocese of Beyrouth in 1908 and was consecrated at Rome.



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READINGS IN IRISH HISTORY

By "SHANACHIE."

KING JOHN VISITS IRELAND.

"'Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John.' The terrible verdict of the King's contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history. Externally John possessed all the quickness, the vivacity, the cleverness, the good-humor, the social charm which distinguished his house. His worst enemies owned that he toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration. . . . But in his inner soul John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united into one mass of wickedness their insolence, their selfishness, their unbridled lust, their cruelty and tyranny, their shamelessness, their superstition, their cynical indifference to honor and truth. In mere boyhood he had torn with brutal levity the beards of the Irish chieftains who came to own him as their lord. His ingratitude and perfidy had brought down his father with sorrow to the grave. To his brother he had been the worst of traitors. All Christendom believed him to be the murderer of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. He abandoned one wife and was faithless to another. His punishments were refinements of cruelty—the starvation of children, the crushing of old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel where no woman was safe from the royal lust, and where his cynicism loved to publish the news of his victims' shame. He was as craven in his superstition as he was daring in his impiety. He scoffed at priests and turned his back on the Mass, even amidst the solemnities of his coronation, but he never stirred on a journey without hanging relics round his neck. But with the supreme wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. His plan for the relief of Château-Gaillard, the rapid march by which he shattered Arthur's hopes at Mirebeau, showed an inborn genius for war. In the rapidity and breadth of his political combinations he far surpassed the statesmen of his time." Green's *History of the English People*, p. 122.)

Such was King John, the youngest son of Henry II., and such his record, when he came to Ireland in 1210. He landed at Crook, near Waterford, with a great army conveyed in 700 vessels. A quarter of a century had passed since he was first in Ireland. Many changes had taken place in the interval, but it could not be said either from an English or an Irish point of view that they were for the better. Disregarding the dangers which threatened them, the Irish chiefs continued their senseless quarrels. Clan waged war on clan in a struggle for supremacy. In these contests among the Irish, the English were always ready to take sides, their object being to weaken and ultimately to destroy both the combatants. Without scruple they changed sides and regarded lightly the binding force of treaties. Yet, though the invaders made some progress, their progress was slow. The Irish had already acquired skill in archery; they avoided big battles and fighting much in the open, resorted more to the stratagems and surprises, and this desultory and harassing warfare they found most effective for defence. While, however, it was true that English and Irish sometimes acted together in their wars, and that in individual cases friendship had sprung up between them, yet the relations between the two races were not cordial, and as time went on did not improve. The Irish regarded the new-comers as plunderers of their property; the English looked upon the Irish as of an inferior race, despised them for their weakness and their divisions; and though they professed the same faith, they had little reverence for the churches which the natives had built, and plundered and profaned them so often that the Archbishop of Armagh went specially to England to complain of their conduct to King John.

In Dublin and its neighborhood this antagonism between the races existed even in a more intense form

than elsewhere, and on one occasion at least led to tragic results. A pestilence having ravaged Dublin, it was re-peopled from Bristol, to the inhabitants of which city it had been granted by Henry II. Favored by many royal grants and privileges, Dublin prospered exceedingly. This, however, excited the envy of the dispossessed natives, and whetted their appetite for revenge on the fat burghers hidden behind the strong walls of the city. Their opportunity came on Easter Monday, 1209, when the citizens joyously went forth for a holiday at Cullenswood. In the midst of their festivities, the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles swooped down upon them; the holiday-makers were unable to offer much resistance, and 300 of them were killed. The survivors made their way back to the city and told their terrible tale: the day that had commenced in joy ended in sorrow. In the city annals Easter Monday got the name of Black Monday, and for centuries after the citizens of Dublin used to parade on that day "in the bloody fields," and go through the form of challenging the Irish to fight. This instance serves to illustrate the bitter feelings that existed between the Anglo-Norman invaders and the native population they had plundered and driven out. *Ab uno disce omnes.* It is only a sample of the whole.

King John's visit to Ireland was not so much to receive the homage of the native chiefs as to check the growing power and insolence of the Anglo-Irish lords. Frequent as had been the quarrels between the Irish chiefs, their turbulent behaviour was not worse than that of the colonists themselves. As often happens in similar circumstances, the Anglo-Norman adventurers began to fight among themselves, like vultures over their prey. In these contests, the Irish annals tell us, "All Leinster and Munster were brought to utter destruction." Against two Anglo-Norman families John's resentment was especially keen. These were the De Lacys and De Braose. De Braose escaped to France and was proclaimed an outlaw; his wife and children were flung into prison at Windsor, where they were starved to death.

On John's arrival in Ireland, or shortly after, Cathal Crovderg of Connaught and O'Brien of Thomond tendered their submission and offered their services if required. Their aid was accepted against the De Lacys, and the unusual spectacle was presented of two Irish princes marching with an English king to suppress the revolt of two powerful English lords. The De Lacys escaped to France, where they remained some time as exiles, but were later on allowed to return to their estates in Ireland.

The submission of the Irish chiefs left John no enemy to conquer except O'Neill and the Northern princes, and he made no attempt to conquer them. Freed from the necessity of making war, John turned his attention to works of peace, and took measures to establish English institutions in those parts of Ireland which had been subdued by English arms. Almost all Leinster and Munster and the greater part of Meath John believed could safely be brought within the pale of English law, and this wide extent of territory he divided into twelve counties: a division which still exists. In these counties he decreed that English laws and customs should prevail, English courts should be set up, English justices appointed, and that there should be sheriffs and other necessary executive officers to carry out their decrees. The distinction of being the first to introduce English laws and customs into Ireland is often claimed for King John, but this statement requires qualification, for it is quite certain that English laws and customs were introduced by his father, Henry II.

Don't be anxious, little mother!

All your needless fears dispel;

Tho' your darling seems to smother

In the morning she'll be well.

If you'll keep her warm and cheerful,

And all home-made dopes abjure—

Don't be timid, tired, and tearful;

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THE MOST REV. THOMAS EDWARD O'DWYER,
BISHOP OF LIMERICK,

A report of whose death, together with a biographical sketch, appeared in last week's issue of the *Tablet*.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

August 25.

The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., the popular rector of St. Anne's, Newtown, who celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood last Friday, was the recipient of many congratulatory messages from all parts of the Dominion.

The High Commissioner has cabled to the Prime Minister the following particulars of the circumstances under which Lieutenant Eric Reeves, formerly of the Public Trust Office, Wellington, and an old boy of the Marist Brothers' School and St. Patrick's College, earned the Military Cross:—"Conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. Led platoon to objective, taking command of another which had lost officers. Captured objective, wounded, remaining in command until relieved. Splendid example."

At a meeting of the Holy Family Confraternity held on Tuesday evening, August 21, at St. Gerard's Church, it was unanimously decided to erect a permanent memorial to the late Mr. Fred. W. Crombie, who died of wounds recently in France, and who was for nearly eight years secretary to the confraternity. The men of the confraternity intend to set about the work immediately, and to this end a committee was appointed. As several of the late Mr. Crombie's friends will be anxious to assist in the erection of the memorial, the committee will be pleased to receive help towards this worthy object. The form that the memorial will take will depend on the efforts of the committee. It was thought that about £150 would be required to defray the necessary cost. The Very Rev. Father Roche, C.S.S.R., presided.

The girls of the Catholic Knitting Guild held a social in the Alexandra Hall on Saturday evening last to augment the funds for their day at the Red Cross Shop. There was a large attendance, and khaki, as usual, predominated. The hall was tastefully deco-

rated, Mr. Cook having arranged flags in artistic style. Cards, as well as other novelties, were provided. The chaperons were Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Gamble, and Mrs. Mackin. Misses Breen and McKeowen were joint secretaries, and their preparations were highly commended. Excellent music was supplied by Mr. Williams' orchestra; supper, in charge of Mrs. Oscar Johnstone, was served. An enjoyable time was spent by all, and the committee had reason to be gratified with the results achieved, and wish to thank all who contributed cash donations.

The Alexandra Hall proving too small for the anticipated demonstration to mark the centenary of the religious Order of Marist Brothers on September 10, it was unanimously decided to engage the Town Hall for the occasion. The last meeting of the inaugural committee was attended by the Rev. Father S. Mahony, S.M. (St. Mary's), Rev. Father Hurley, S.M. (St. Joseph's), Rev. Father Mark Devoy, S.M. (representing the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, St. Anne's), and the Rev. Father Dignan, S.M. (representing the Sacred Heart parish), who all expressed a keen desire to see the centenary of the illustrious Marist Order worthily observed by a huge Catholic demonstration, thus showing appreciation of the great work that has been done, is now being done, and will be done in the future by the members of that Order. A splendid programme of music, interspersed with speeches by prominent Catholics (the majority old boys) has been arranged. A nominal charge will be made for admission. In connection with the Sunday celebration it was decided to provide a Communion breakfast for the students who will be taking part.

At a meeting of the Executive and Legislative Committee of the Municipal Association of New Zealand at which the Mayor of Wellington (Mr. J. P. Luke, C.M.G.) presided, a remit dealing with objectionable posters—a matter in which the Catholic Federation has been endeavoring to get the Government and local bodies to take action,—was dealt with. The joint remit as follows was from Oamaru—"That uniform by-laws be passed by borough councils in respect of objectionable posters." In reply to the chairman, the Municipal Association solicitor (Mr. T. F. Martin) said he could draft a by-law for submission to municipalities. Mr. Baldwin (Mayor, Lower Hutt) considered that it would be impossible to draft a by-law which would satisfy all local bodies. The matter was one for the Government to take up, not leaving the decision to each municipality. The remit was lost, and on the motion of Mr. Townsend (Mayor, Miramar) it was resolved—"That the Government be asked to enact amending legislation to deal more effectively with objectionable posters."

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

August 27.

Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk made an appeal at the Cathedral on Sunday last in aid of the Maori Missions, the amount contributed being £65.

Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk (Superior of St. Joseph's Missionary Fathers) will make an appeal to the parishioners of St. Mary's, Christchurch North, on Sunday next on behalf of the Maori missions.

At St. Mary's on Sunday evening, August 19, a charity sermon on behalf of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was preached by the Rev. Father Seymour, S.M. His eloquent discourse was listened to with close attention, and the collection that followed amounted to £17 19s 5d.

At the ordinary meeting of St. Patrick's branch, H.A.C.B. Society, held on Monday evening, August 13, Bro. J. Jacques, B.P., presided. There was a full roll of officers and a good attendance of members. Sick allowances, totalling £13, were passed for payment, as well as maternity bonus of £4. The chaplain (Rev. Father Long) was in attendance. The membership of the branch now numbers upwards of 360.



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St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society held its usual fortnightly meeting at Ozanam Lodge on Monday evening, August 20. Bro. P. Gunn, B.P., presided, and there was a good attendance of members. Sick pay amounting to £4 16s 8d was passed for payment. One new member was initiated, and a life honorary candidate nominated for membership.

In the primary schools Rugby football contest Marists and Sydenham met at South Hagley Park on August 15 to decide the lightweight championship winners, and victory was with Marists by 11 points to 5. When the teams met earlier in the season a draw resulted—3 points each. On that occasion Sydenham led right up till the finish, when Marists drew level with a brilliant effort. In the final match Sydenham commenced promisingly, but after about ten minutes' play Marists were quickly seen to advantage in the back division. Several of their passing rushes were prettily executed. Ere half-time arrived Marists had scored 11 points, Brittenden Foster, and O'Connor crossing the Sydenham line. Payne converted one try. Shortly before the end of the second spell Dodd scored a try for Sydenham. Banfield converted. Payne, O'Connor, Ashton, Cairns, and McArley (Marists) are deserving special mention.

The Hibernian Hall was completely crowded ten minutes after the opening of the doors on Wednesday evening last on the occasion of the Hibernian Society's "Commemoration" concert. The programme was varied and well rendered, and that it was appreciated was clearly manifest by the number of recalls. The Marist Brothers' School Choir, under the conductorship of Rev. Brother Emilian, arranged on the stage in their blue and white, made a nice setting. Their choruses were sweetly rendered, the parts being nicely harmonised. Songs were contributed by Mrs. Commons, Misses M. G. O'Connor, E. Rodgers, E. Cotter, Messrs. Crowhurst, Ricketts, P. Jones, Masters J. Commons and Bert Upjohn. Recitations by Miss R. Mahan, Messrs P. J. Smyth, and Williams. A comic turn by Mr. Sid Jamieson was well received, as was also an Irish jig by Miss N. Baxter, and ventriloquial seance by Messrs. C. Woods and George. Geoghegan's orchestra contributed selections of Irish airs, and the concert concluded with the singing of "A Nation Once Again." His Lordship the Bishop and Rev. Father Long were present, and at the interval his Lordship, on behalf of the Hibernian Society, thanked the participants in the programme for their much-appreciated services, and the audience for its support. Miss K. O'Connor was accompanist and Mr. C. Fottrell stage manager.

CHRISTCHURCH CELTIC CLUB.

A large number of members and their friends attended the weekly meeting of the Christchurch Celtic Club, held in the club rooms, Hibernian Hall, on Wednesday evening, August 15. The Rev. Fathers Long and T. Haurahau were among those present. At the social which ensued a musical and elocutionary programme was contributed to as follows:—Mrs. Miles and Brother Emilian (songs), Miss K. O'Connor (piano solo), Mrs. Miles and Miss Farrant (piano duet), Rev. Father Haurahau and Mr. P. J. Smyth (recitations), Miss D. Egan and Master J. Darragh, with Master R. Sumner (step dances). Miss K. O'Connor was accompanist. After refreshments were served the singing of "God Save Ireland" concluded a successful and enjoyable evening. At a recent meeting of the Celtic Club the president referred to the production of the play "Pike O'Callaghan" at Mount Magdala. The performance was thoroughly enjoyed by the community and inmates of the institution. The success of the club's capable instructor was on that occasion evidenced by an entertainment which provided intense enjoyment. His Lordship the Bishop, who was present, in returning thanks to the members of the club on behalf of the Mother Superior and Sisters of the Good Shepherd, complimented them on the good work they were doing in providing healthy enjoyment for others. The speaker expressed appreciation of the kind hospitality extended

to the club members on the occasion by the Rev. Mother and Sisters of Mount Magdala. Thanks were also tendered to Miss A. Lawlor and Mr. L. Hayward (and the members of the latter's orchestra) for their accompaniments and musical selections.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

August 27.

The children of the Sacred Heart Girls' and of the Marist Brothers' School assembled in the school hall on Thursday morning last to make their presentation to Rev. Father Murphy. There was a short programme of recitations, choruses, and musical items by the pupils, after which addresses were read by the pupils of both schools conveying to Father Murphy in the children's simple and homely language their feelings of love and loyalty, their regret at his departure, and their grateful thanks for the many acts of kindness performed for them during his eight years' sojourn in Timaru. They assured Father Murphy of the help of their prayers, and hoped that the guiding hand of the Master whose faithful servant he was would guard and protect him and bring him back safely to the little ones who loved him and would miss him so much when he was gone. The girls of the school then presented Father Murphy with a cheque and the boys with some necessary and useful articles. Father Murphy thanked the children for their good wishes and useful presents, and with three heartily given cheers the gathering dispersed.

Leeston

(From our own correspondent.)

August 27.

Mr. J. McCarten (vice-president) presided on last Sunday at a special meeting of the parish committee of the Catholic Federation, when several important matters of local interest were discussed.

A fancy-dress carnival will be held in the parish hall on next Friday evening (August 31), when, with the generous co-operation of the whole of the parishioners, a success, as complete as has been experienced on the occasions of our previous social gatherings, is assured.

The Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., who has been in rather indifferent health since coming here, was seriously indisposed during the week. Although confined to his room during the week, he was able to celebrate Mass in Leeston last Sunday. The different organisations which he has established here have claimed his undivided attention therewith has no doubt been a tax upon his already impaired health. The parishioners extend to their beloved pastor their sincere sympathy, and wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Very Rev. Father Graham, S.M., M.A. (Rector of St. Bede's College), celebrated the 9.30 o'clock Mass in Southbridge on Sunday last. After Mass at Leeston he read the circular relative to the war loan, and addressed to all the clergy of New Zealand by the Minister of Finance. Catholics, he said, had responded nobly to the call of duty and had sent forth their young and glorious manhood in the service of the Empire. Patriotism was a duty every citizen owed his country. He appealed to the generosity of the people to liberally support the war loan, and so bring about a victorious and lasting peace.

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FAREWELL TO REV. FATHER MURPHY, S.M.

A crowded and enthusiastic gathering of Catholics was held in the School Hall, Craigie avenue, last Wednesday evening to wish farewell to the Rev. Father Murphy, S.M., who has labored in the Sacred Heart parish, Timaru, for the past eight years. The overflow was sufficient to fill the adjoining classrooms, and the spirit manifested showed without spoken word that the departing priest has won the widest popularity among his people. Among those present were the Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., P.P., Timaru, Very Rev. Father Aubry, S.M., P.P., Waimate, and Rev. Father Stewart, S.M., Waimate.

The proceedings partook of the nature of a family at home. A choice orchestra under Mrs. N. D. Mangos played selections at intervals. Vocal numbers were contributed by Mesdames Clemens, P. Lindsay, and T. W. Lynch, and Mr. G. H. Andrews, and the Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., gave a recitation. Mrs. N. D. Mangos was accompanist.

Dr. Loughnan, who was chairman of the presentation committee, read a large number of apologies from friends and well-wishers of the Rev. Chaplain, scattered all over South Canterbury, and at a later stage of the proceedings said he thought that when Father Murphy stepped into Timaru, he also walked into the affections of the Catholic people. His going away was a personal loss to them all, and the big gathering, whilst a tribute to his sacerdotal office, still expressed the personal note on his departure. When he returned the welcome awaiting him would be equally hearty. (Applause.)

Mr. T. W. Lynch then read the following address:—

"The Reverend Michael Andrew Murphy, S.M.

"Dear Reverend Father,—We, the Catholics of Timaru, have gathered about you, to-night, to honor you, and wish you God speed in the new sphere of duty to which you have recently been appointed. For well-nigh eight years you have been laboring in our midst, and so remarkable has been your unflinching zeal, allied to cheerful piety, that we have long since learned to admire you, to reverence you, and love you. In every department of priestly work you have been true to the high spirit of your Christ-like mission, hastening ever at the clear loud call of duty, far or near, by day or by night, to give the needy and the suffering the benefits of your sacred ministrations. Yours, dear Reverend Father, is a truly enviable record, and we who are proud and privileged to have possessed you as our own Soggarth Aroon, shall rightly hold you in everlasting remembrance. As military chaplain, on land or sea, you will find congenial and fruitful work to be done, and quite a large scope for your abundant energies. Needless to add, we wish you a goodly measure of success, firmly convinced, all the while, that for the glory of God, the credit of the Church, and the spiritual welfare of those assigned to your pastoral care, you will achieve splendid results. Parting from you now, dear Reverend Father, with unfeigned regret, with none but fond and salutary memories of your happy sojourn in our midst, we yet rejoice to think of the great good you will surely accomplish and the place of honor and love you will win in the minds and hearts of those whose 'friend, philosopher, and guide' you will be. We beg sincerely to thank you for all you have done for us; we promise to give you unfailingly the aid of our prayers, and while asking your blessing, we request you to accept from our hands this tangible and practical proof of our esteem, our affection, and grateful appreciation."

Signed on behalf of the parishioners by—Dr. Loughnan, J. B. Crowley, T. Cronin, W. Angland, T. Lynch, C. Costello, P. Mahoney, N. D. Mangos, Mrs. N. D. Mangos, Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. Ardagh, Misses K. and M. McGrath, Miss K. Doyle.

Mr. T. Cronin then handed the guest of the evening a cheque for slightly over £200. After the presentation a number of spontaneous tributes were paid by different parishioners to the departing priest.

Very Rev. Father Aubry stressed the help which the Rev. Father Murphy was every ready to give to neighboring parishes. The Mikikihi portion of the Waimate parish had often been indebted to him for services rendered at great personal inconvenience. He considered that the departing priest was a fearless exponent of cheerful Christianity, and he felt that he was specially fitted for brightening the dark hours in the lives of the wounded soldiers at the front or on the hospital ships. (Applause.)

The Rev. Father Murphy, who was apparently much overcome, and had some difficulty in replying, gratefully acknowledged the substantial present given him, and also the sentiments expressed in the address, which he said he valued most of all. He entirely reciprocated those feelings, and because of this he had difficulty in thanking those who had helped him so much in his life's work. The money would be very useful in providing the necessary vestments and sacerdotal requisites, and also in lending a helping hand to any of the boys who required a lift along. Those who had spoken had set him up as ideal, but he regretted the many opportunities for fuller service he had let go by. On the outbreak of the war three years ago he had offered his services because he felt it was his duty to go, but he had not attained his object, and since then he had been brought up as a shirker and called in the ballot. (Laughter.) A chaplain's duty on a hospital ship is not hard work. If I had my way I would be in the trenches with the boys. He said that he would do his best for the good of the souls amongst whom his lot was cast. "If the worst happens," said Father Murphy, "and I do not come back, well, what does it matter, so long as one is prepared, but I do hope that when I am discharged I shall be permitted to return to Timaru. You have promised in the address to give me unfailingly the aids of your prayers: well, I ask you for them, for I will need the grace of God to do my work well." He concluded by once again thanking everyone for their kindness to him, and assuring all that the Timaru pastorate would ever be in his thoughts.

On the conclusion of Father Murphy's speech much loud and very prolonged applause arose for the hero of the evening, and three cheers were given. A substantial supper was then handed round by the ladies, and was very much enjoyed, and this exceedingly jolly gathering, with that touch of sadness occasioned by the priest's departure, was brought to a close with "Auld Lang Syne."

THE GERLACH CASE

The Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet*, writing under date Thursday, June 28, 1917, thus comprehensively treats of the Gerlach espionage case:—

The Sentence.

In the high treason case, in which sentence was given on Saturday, in addition to Mgr. Gerlach, five Italians were accused. One of them, Pomarici, was sentenced to the full traitor's penalty—to be shot in the back; one, Archita Valente, to hard labor for life; one, Nicolosi Raspagliesi, to five years' imprisonment; two, Garcea and Ambrogetti, to three years. Gerlach to hard labor for life. Pomarici was not only the head of the espionage organisation in Switzerland, but he did not come to Rome to stand his trial, so the Court granted him no extenuating circumstances. These were granted to Valente and Gerlach, and that is the explanation of their escaping the death sentence. Also, according to the code of the military court, the intention of doing harm besides the actual doing of it must be proved to justify an extreme sentence, and this was proved in the case of the two Italians mentioned above and Gerlach; not in the case of the three others, of whom Raspagliesi did not succeed in doing any harm. Ambrogetti and Garcea had no intention. Hence the

light sentences, which have caused some disgust among Italians who are not well up in the intricacies.

Complete Exoneration of the Vatican.

In the case of three of the accused the Church may be said to be indirectly interested. Gerlach was cameriere segreto partecipante—that is, private chamberlain in personal attendance on the Holy Father—and held the office of guardaroba; Ambrogetti was employed by a well-known firm of ecclesiastical providers, and in general acted as agent for prelates and other ecclesiastics in ordinary business matters to which it was not convenient that they should attend themselves. He it was, for instance, who arranged the business of the lease of Cardinal Frühwirth's apartment when his Eminence came to Rome. Garcea was the editor of the *Bastone*, commonly regarded as a "Clerical" newspaper. It was natural that the man in the street here should think that "the Vatican" was very much in this case, for "the Vatican" still overshadows all other political interests even with those who love to say that it is of no importance. And this, to the man in the street, has always been the "Gerlach case," with some Italians also implicated. So the following excerpt from the publicly read judgment is of enormous interest and importance:—

"The Tribunal sees no need to go into the question raised by the defence concerning the objective immunity of the diplomatic mailbag of the Vatican, or concerning the exceptional claim of the impossibility of proceeding with regard to Gerlach from the point of view of the extra-territoriality of the places occupied by the Holy See and of the personal immunity of Gerlach himself on account of his official position. Primarily, such an exception, in the case of one who is not present to meet the charge against him, does not present any juridical interest worthy of being taken into regard in considering the cases of those who are present to meet the charge. In any case, the evidence given has shown most clearly how Gerlach, successfully evading by means of artful expedients the strict orders of the ecclesiastical authorities, and betraying their confidence, used his own means for the despatch of secret correspondence and for his other unlawful acts, and these means were not connected in any way with the arrangements of the Vatican mailbag. Nor is it shown in any way that his guilty acts were carried out in the precincts of the Vatican, much less that they were rendered possible by the fact that they took place in the territory of the Holy See, which is not connected in the slightest way with the events which form the object of the present judgment. Furthermore, it is established that there is no connection at all between the acts alleged against Gerlach and the ecclesiastical duties, whatever these might be, with which he was charged.

Fairness of the Court.

That public and official pronouncement is eminently satisfactory. Indeed, it is about the only satisfactory thing there is—except that the granting of extenuating circumstances by the court prevented the death sentence being delivered by the authority of Italy against a Monsignore in personal attendance on the Pope. The *Osservatore Romano* at once realised its importance, and published it with its own acknowledgment of the "praiseworthy rectitude and impartiality of the military judges," and these two acknowledgments, by the court and by the *Osservatore*, confirm the points accentuated previously in this correspondence: first, that everyone has full confidence in the fairness of the sentence; secondly, that everyone—all thinking people, at any rate—realises, even without waiting for the verdict, that the Holy See does not enter in at all, and, indeed, feels the keenest sympathy for the Holy Father. And "thinking people" includes people whose thoughts do not ordinarily run in sympathy with the Vatican. It does not, unfortunately, include people whose thoughts, actions, and intentions run in organised hostility to the Church; to these an opportunity has been given which it cannot be expected that they will fail to use in playing on the feelings of the ignorant.

Gerlach's Disgraceful Abuse of His Position.

For, indeed, the thing is scandalously disgraceful. It is no case merely of having paid large sums for the publication in newspapers of notices and articles damaging to Italy, though that was part of the indictment. It is a case of the personal and confidential attendant of his Holiness, holding Monsignor rank at the gift of his Holiness, living in the Vatican by special permission of his Holiness—a permission given in return for explicit promises, and given with a generous trust which the most ordinary Christian would have felt bound to repay by the most absolutely faithful devotion to his Holiness; it is a case of this person using the privileges thus granted him of remaining in Rome to break his word, all his promises to the Pope, privately, and publicly, to endanger the position of the Holy See and the interests of Holy Church, by "holding communication with the enemy through their central espionage organisation in Switzerland, and communicating to them notices concerning the military, political, and economic situation of the country, to the serious danger of the defence of the State." That is what the Italian military court has sentenced him for, but surely the Roman paper is justified which says that he deserves impeachment by the Holy See as much as by Italy.

Even now that we have had the verdict, and knowing what we do of the German *manque de foi*, the thing seems incredible; no wonder that people, both in ordinary positions and in high positions, have refused to believe, ever since the affair became public, that Gerlach could be guilty of the crimes alleged against him; no wonder that even lately, when there was the gravest reason to fear that the sentence against him would be severe, one refused, subconsciously, to admit the possibility. Now that the truth is perforce eating into everyone's intelligence, many who tried to be most charitable while a doubt was possible, are bitterest against the traitor against the Holy Father. A very serious and quiet Catholic here long ago described this in conversation as "the worst betrayal since Judas." One felt inclined to think that his serious, quiet judgment had left him for the moment, but he was right.

The Holy Office and Mgr. Gerlach.

Incidentally the *Osservatore* takes the trouble to stop a story going the rounds by the following statement:—"A morning paper publishes:—'Even before the sentence of the military court was delivered, the Holy Office had been charged with the consideration of the conduct of Mgr. Gerlach, cameriere segreto partecipante. After the sentence had declared that Mgr. Gerlach had betrayed the confidence of the Holy See, the Holy Office resumed the process against the German traitor prelate.' We are authorised to say that there is no foundation whatever for this statement." Even if some of the things said concerning Gerlach's proceedings in Rome, when according to promise he should not have gone out of the Vatican, were true, one does not quite see on what grounds the Holy Office would act. Regarding the action of the Holy See I am advised that while one may be quite sure that the next issue of the *Annuario Pontificio* will not contain the name of Gerlach, there are no safe grounds for presuming that the case calls for anything more actual than that happening.

WANGANUI BOYS' GUILD

The guild's football team (Marist Old Boys) played the leading team (Technical College) on Saturday, August 11. After a very fine game the whistle was blown for no-side with each team scoring an unconverted try. R. Connop, at wing forward, played a very fine game. G. Tuffin was the best of the backs, but no one could be singled out in the forwards. Summers scored for Marists. Playing Aramoho (a weak team) on August 18, Marists had the play entirely in their own hands, winning by 43 points to nil.



J. M. J.

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MARRIAGE

BERKHOUT-KILBRIDE.—On Wednesday, July 11, at Mata Mata, by Rev. Father Murphy, Peter John Berkhout to Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of Mrs. Kilbride and the late Mr. James Kilbride, "Burwood," Mata Mata.

DEATHS

HART.—On August 22, 1917, at Dunedin, Mary Ann, beloved wife of Archibald Paul Hart, of 73 Dundas street. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

HERLIHY.—Of your charity pray for the happy repose of the soul of Mary Herlihy, who died at Patearoa on August 20, 1917, in her 76th year.—R.I.P.

MULLAN.—On August 7, at 129 Peterborough street, Christchurch, Kathleen Margaret Pretoria, dearly beloved eldest daughter of Annie and the late John Mullan, in her seventeenth year. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

FOY.—Private Joseph Michael, youngest and beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Foy, 11 Summer street, Eden terrace, Auckland, previously reported missing, now reported dead and buried by the Germans; aged 23 years.—R.I.P.

WHITE.—On July 31, 1917 (died of wounds in France), Lance-Corporal Thomas Ernest White, 18th Reinforcements; aged 32 years; seventh son of Catherine and the late A. White, formerly of Geraldine, now of Wanganui. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

IN MEMORIAM

FROST.—In loving memory of Sergt.-Major William Edward Frost, 17th D. Rualine Company, Main Body (died of wounds received in France on August 17, 1916.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents and sisters, of Kelvin House, Te Kuiti.

IN MEMORIAM

MILLER.—In loving memory of our dear mother, Ellen Miller, who died at Christchurch on August 26, 1916. On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her loving family.

SMITH.—On June 25, 1917 (died of wounds received in France), Thomas, eldest son of the late Arthur Smith and Catherine Smith (nee Power), of Waitati, late of Riversdale and Reefton. R.I.P.

WANTED CATHOLIC BOY for Dairy Farm with knowledge of Cows and Horses. Good wages if suitable, and treated as one of the family. Milking machines installed. Apply —
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ELTHAM

Wanted 20,000 CATHOLICS TO SEND 1/=
Newly-formed parish—£600 debt on Church—School urgently needs enlarging—NO PRESBYTERY. The virtue of charity to be Christ-like must be active, universal, and sympathetic. As a proof that this Divine virtue is not dead amongst us will 20,000 Catholics send me ONE SHILLING to enable me to build a Presbytery. It means *so little* to you, but *so much* to me. Mass every Saturday for intentions of subscribers, for repose of souls of deceased N.Z. soldiers, and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those at the Fronts. FATHER JAMES ARKWRIGHT, ELTHAM.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISEMENTS of 16 Words under the Heading Situations Vacant, Wanted, For Sale, To Let, Lost and Found, Miscellaneous Wants, &c. 2s per insertion; Death Notices, &c., 2s 6d; verses, 4s per inch extra. Strictly Cash in Advance. No booking for casual Advertisements.

CATHOLIC ROLL OF HONOR

TO NEXT-OF-KIN OF DECEASED N.Z. SOLDIERS
THE FEILDING PARISH is erecting a MEMORIAL CHURCH to your heroic dead of whom it is compiling a Roll of Honor. Mass will be said regularly for all whose names are on this Roll (which will be on record in the new Church), and weekly for them in the present Church until the Memorial Church is completed.

Ensure a weekly Mass for the souls of your gallant dead by sending their names, regiments, and date and place of death at once to—

THE SECRETARY FEILDING PARISH COMMITTEE,
Box 42, FEILDING.

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, AUGUST 30, 1917.

PEACE WITHOUT ANNEXATION



ANY years ago now that champion of religious liberty, Cromwell, appeared with a great army before a certain town on the river Barrow, with no friendly intentions. The defenders capitulated, making it a condition that they should be left free to practise their religion. Very soon they were told that Cromwell's idea of religious freedom did not at all include tolerance of Catholics, and that they must conform to his ideas. They did not, as we all know—but that is another story. Somehow recent comments on the formula, "Without annexations," recall to us Cromwell's interpretation of religious freedom. The words at first sight seem clear enough, but when we consider what various meanings are now read into them a Delphian oracle seems lucid compared with them. Never before were so many nations engaged in one war; never before were so many problems raised by a war. If the worship of Moloch was at the root of all the trouble, it is also likely to make more trouble when there is question of a settlement. The words of President Wilson, "Peace without victory"—which, by the way, have Napoleon's sanction as being the only formula that connotes an agreement ever likely to be stable;—the policy of the Russians, "No Annexations," and the Pope's proposals, to which we referred last week, are in

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appearance in substantial accord, and apparently plain enough until obscured by self-interest on the part of the belligerents.

*

First, there arises the question, how would that sort of settlement affect Alsace and Lorraine. Here is one answer which illustrates what difficulties of interpretation a simple phrase may occasion. "None of the Allies conceive that any part of Europe shall be transferred to the allegiance of another Government without the consent of the people. And when the Russian extremists ask that there shall be no annexations and no conquests, it only remains for us to define what is meant by annexations and conquests. Alsace-Lorraine will not be "annexed" to France. It will be liberated from Germany. It will return to France after its people have been consulted. This is, of course, a point of view taken by the Allies. We doubt if the Germans will agree that to take Alsace from Germany, even in that sense, can be interpreted as "No annexation." From their viewpoint such an interpretation must seem very like Cromwell's explanation of religious freedom to the people of New Ross. As regards Poland, the problem is easier. Poland was divided and numbered three times by Austria, Germany, and Russia. We are not certain that any of the three will restore with a good grace what they have held so long with a bad conscience; but here at any rate there is no question of annexation: it is a matter of restitution. But the tale is not yet ended: Italy will have a word to say about her claims to *Italia irredenta*, even if she has not expelled her foes when the settling day arrives: but will Austria agree that to yield Trieste is in accord with the formula? And when these little matters have been arranged there will still be the Irish question for England to consider, Finland's claims to be satisfied, and who can tell what Balkan imbroglio to be disentangled. Practically all the belligerents will be concerned, and the seemingly obvious expression, "No annexations," is already tentatively interpreted in accordance with their various points of view.

*

In some Russian circles the formula is receiving a very drastic interpretation. The Petrograd paper, the *Novoye Vremya*, says: "Peace without annexation is a watchword which needs to be treated with care. Only when the Germans have renounced the annexations made by them during the last hundred years will we be able to say that they are conscientiously following the commandments of Social Democracy." This refers not only to Alsace-Lorraine, but also to Schleswig-Holstein. The Germans took Schleswig from Christian IX. and handed it over to the Duke of Augustenburg. Later, Bismarck took the provinces away from the Duke and handed them over to Austria and Prussia. Finally he tore them away from the Austrians and "annexed" them to Prussia. In 1886 the Treaty of Prague declared that they should become the property of Prussia if the inhabitants of their own free will expressed a desire not to be under Denmark: they are still waiting for a chance to express their views on that matter. Evidently there was a case of fraudulent and unjust annexation. Is Germany to be allowed to hold the provinces thus acquired? Through them at present runs the Kiel Canal, without which the German fleet loses half its power. It is clear that the abandonment of Schleswig-Holstein will not be favorably considered by Germany should such a question arise. And there is no reason why it should not arise. She holds them unjustly, even with less right, or appearance of right, than she has to the French provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. England stood by calmly when she annexed them, and is at present paying dearly for her supineness in those days when British statesmen seemed so eager to help to build up the power of Prussia. And, if Russia is going to apply the formula so far back, why not go back a few years more to the time when by fraud and by chicanery unrivalled in the history of mankind the Union of England and Ireland was carried? If the Sinn Feiners have their way, Ireland will have a repre-

sentative at the Peace Conference for no other purpose than securing the repeal of that shameful Act of Union which English historians and statesmen regard as the blackest transaction in the history of Britain. We see, therefore, that the plain words of the Russian manifesto can lead to much searching of hearts on the part of the nations. President Wilson's terms of "A Peace without victory" get rid of a great deal of the difficulty. The Pope's Note goes further, inasmuch as it would provide that questions such as those we have barely alluded to might be arranged on the democratic principle of leaving to the nations and provinces concerned the privilege of deciding for themselves.

*

To yield so far would certainly mean a drastic reparation for many of the nations, but it would also mean the most satisfactory settlement possible and the surest basis of a lasting peace. It would mean the resurrection of heroic Poland; it would lay the foundations of a prosperous and contented Ireland; Finland would become independent; the inhabitants of the provinces annexed by Germany would choose their own rulers; and in all likelihood the vexed Balkan question would cease to be a menace to the peace of Europe. In spite of the prejudiced opinions expressed about the Pope's Note we still consider that it contains the skeleton of a scheme upon which peace may be arranged; and though it seems, in face of much that we read in the press nowadays, that the belligerents will not admit their willingness to discuss terms mutually, we are inclined to prophesy that at no distant date peace proposals will not only be discussed but accepted by all the Powers engaged in the war.

.. NOTES ..

Proverbs

There is no finer example of the lengths to which false taste can go than a remark made by that *arbiter elegantiarum*, Chesterton, concerning proverbs: "No man of fashion ever uses a proverb." Yet, as French observes, they have always been dear to the true aristocracy of a nation: Aristotle made a collection of them; Shakespeare loved them; Sancho Panza hardly speaks but in proverbs; and, highest example of all, our Lord used them most frequently in His discourses to the people. There are few things harder to define than a proverb. We all know what it is, but we all halt when we try to tell what it is. "If you do not ask me what is time," said St. Augustine, "I know; if you ask me I do not know." It has been epigrammatically said that a proverb must have salt, sense, and shortness; the definition of an epigram given by Martial has been applied to it:

*Omne epigramma sit instar apic; sit aculeus illi,
Sit sua mella, sit et corporis exigui;*

which is rendered in English thus:

Three things must epigrams like bees have all
Its sting, its honey, and its body small.

But though such descriptions ought to be verified in a good proverb, they are not complete: for instance, they do not mention the quality of popularity which is one of the essentials in a proverb. Goethe's word, "A man need not be an architect to live in a house," or Schiller's, "Heaven and earth fight in vain against a dunce," have every quality of good proverbs except popularity.

Antiquity of Proverbs

Two thousand years ago Aristotle could speak of proverbs as "the fragments of an elder wisdom, which amid wreck and ruin had on account of their brevity been preserved." And it is astonishing how many homely sayings have an aristocratic pedigree, deriving

from a classical origin. Take the old saying, "One must not look a gift horse in the mouth": it is found in a rhymed Latin verse of the Middle Ages as follows:

Si quis det mannos, ne quaere in dentibus annos;

and farther back still it is quoted by St. Jerome in reply to a person who found fault with his writings. Similarly, "Liars should have good memories," was quoted by the same Saint, who speaks of it as old in his time: *Oblitus veteris proverbii: mendaces memores esse oportere.* Another English proverb, "Good company on a journey is as good as a coach," is found in exactly equivalent words in Latin: *Comes facundus in via pro vehiculo est.* Collectors of proverbs remark that many of them have become so common to various languages as to be international coin: many of them have no doubt been borrowed, but a great proportion have come down from time immemorial in all languages. The Bible is certainly the inexhaustible source from which many have been drawn. Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, and the writers whose works have become the heritage of humanity have contributed also to the universality of proverbs among nations.

Wit, Poetry, and Wisdom in Proverbs

As instances of poetic imagery we mention the English, "Grey hairs are death's blossoms"; the Italian, *Il tempo e una lima sorda.* Time is a silent file; and the Turkish, "Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate." For wit, the following: "The way to hell is paved with good intentions," and the Italian, *Quando i turbi vanno in processione, il diavolo porta la croce.* When rogues walk in procession the devil is cross-bearer; and the French, *Quicon ne sait, de rien ne doute.* He who knows nothing never has any doubts. And for examples of the sting like the following: "Fools have no need of a passport"; "Where there are three physicians there are two atheists"; "Next to nae wife a gude wife is best." There are many proverbs not in current usage which contain in a nutshell a deal of philosophy: for instance, the Spanish, *Por la calle de despues se va a la casa de auunca*—By the street of "By-and-bye" we come to the house of "Never"; and the German, *es ist besser das Kind weine denn der Vater.* Better have the child weep than the father. Among medieval proverbs are:

Audi, cernit, tace, si vis tu vivere in pace.

The Garrison

In books dealing with Ireland we often meet with references to the "Garrison." This term was applied by the *Leader* to the entire army of officials, to their womankind, to their social circles and to all the ramifications, high and low, which were identified with them over against the Irish nation. Their number is legion. When it was proposed that an official uniform should be designed, George Russell objected that it would infallibly be mistaken for the national costume by strangers. On the members of the Garrison, and on all their sons, daughters, and mothers-in-law, the Irish people look with a rooted distrust and suspicion. It would seem that to have been once in the pay of England, to have had a father or brother in the army or the police, for ever cuts off a family from the true Gael: henceforth habits, views, aims, have a corrupt source, and all right to speak and argue from an Irish standpoint has been forfeited.

Snobbery

Atheists tell us that our ancestor was a chimpanzee, but we sometimes encounter—rarely as we can help—persons who make a great matter of their descent from some English scoundrel who settled in Ireland and threw on stolen goods, or who remained in England and plundered the monasteries. Pride of ancestry is frequently the only claim snobs have to consideration, and it is marvellous how many people are idiotic enough to think that there is a special virtue attached to a bird-faced, foreheadless biped who through some crime of his forbears has a right to attach a title to his name.

Conscience makes cowards of all who still have consciences, but position and a title make asses of all who have never learned the lesson of Christianity expressed in plain language by the Scotch poet:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the man for a' that."

The Hypocrites

There is a special place of torment set aside by Dante for hypocrites, and could he come back to earth how he would delight in picturing the tortures reserved there for Arthur James Balfour and M. Viviani. These two politicians recently paraded America, weeping copiously as they told the American people how the Germans were imitating themselves in the work of destroying small nations and churches. Balfour—the "Bloody" Balfour of Irish history—holding up his hands in horror at the German cruelties did not serve John Bull's cause in the United States where there are to-day descendants of the men and women whose murder he advocated in his infamous Mitchelstown telegram. Viviani pleaded for the cause of liberty, and while he spoke Americans remembered how he had turned on the religious community which had saved him from dire want, rewarding their charity by persecution; how he closed the schools and drove the poor nuns out into the world to starve; how he sold homes and hospitals, and how, we are told, the proceeds "wring from establishments built by pure hands and sustained by pure hearts, bought jewels to deck the leprous necks of harlots." Could even Dante imagine a hell hot and horrible enough for such two hypocrites as these ambassadors of England and France? Every appeal they made to humanity for aid was a condemnation of their own misdeeds.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The annual retreat of St. Joseph's Cathedral Sodality of the Children of Mary, to be given by a Redemptorist Father, will commence on Sunday, September 16, and end on Sunday, September 23. All consecrated members and intending members are requested to attend the offices of the retreat, which will be held in the chapel of St. Dominic's Priory.

At the chapel of the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Anderson's Bay, Requiem High Mass was celebrated on last Saturday morning for the repose of the soul of the late Mother General of the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The Rev. Father R. Graham was celebrant, the Rev. Father Delany (South Dunedin) deacon, Rev. Father Ardagh subdeacon, and Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm. (St. Joseph's Cathedral) master of ceremonies. The incidental music was sung by the students' choir of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.

Some time ago the children of St. Francis Xavier's Sunday School, Mornington, decided to hold Saturday afternoon entertainments in their homes for the purpose of raising funds to send parcels to the Mornington Catholic boys at the front. Each child contributed one penny, and adults from threepence upwards. From the proceeds of three concerts 21 parcels were posted on August 20. Included in the number was a parcel for our Dunedin chaplain, Rev. Father P. J. O'Neill. Miss Bryant (teacher of the Sunday school) desires to thank all who helped the children, and made it possible to send a little remembrance to our boys. The entertainments are to be continued for some time for the same deserving purpose.

A most successful social was held in the Town Hall, Gore, on August 21, under the capable management of the young ladies of the Catholic congregation. Congenial and attractive entertainment was provided for the young people, while cards created interest and amusement for the older ones. Excellent music was provided by Miss Carmody and Mr. Krowning, assisted by Misses McGown and Nolan. Songs contributed by Misses Stewart, and B. Ferguson, and a recitation by

HAL'S

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER :: ::
OPPOSITE GRAND HOTEL. :: ::
HASTINGS.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE
CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS
—AND ALL SCHOOL REQUISITES.—

Miss V. Inder, were well received. A dainty supper, provided by the young ladies, left nothing to be desired. One of the most enjoyable functions of this season terminated with the singing of the National Anthem and "Auld Lang Syne."

THE LIBERTY LOAN

STRONG CATHOLIC ADVOCACY.

Generous Catholic participation in the Liberty Loan was strongly advocated at the great gathering on last Sunday evening in St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray street, Dunedin. Most of the speakers referred to the proposals of the Minister of Finance in such a way as to clearly indicate the necessity, and even duty, of Catholics from purely patriotic motives, doing their part in assisting the Government in the existing dire stress, although we, as a community, have our own troubles and anxieties. The chairman (Mr. J. A. Brown), Mr. M. Reddington, and Mr. J. Sweeney spoke upon the subject at some length, Mr. Reddington, especially, directing his remarks to the necessity of helping the Government by helping the loan. The views expressed evidently found acceptance by the large audience, several approving interjections emanating therefrom. The chairman said: "Unfortunately, we had never been instructed in lending money to our Government as the people of France and Germany had been. That was one of the reasons why we were less thrifty. No one could tell how long the war would last or how large might become the sacrifices in men and treasure before we emerged victorious. An investor in the War Loan—and a bond might be purchased from 13s upwards—had the patriotic satisfaction of knowing that he was doing a further bit to help to win the war. This Liberty Loan was a very different investment from the usual run of investments, and if it were largely subscribed to by men and women of small means it would confer a great economic blessing."

OBITUARY

SISTER MARIE ST. LUCILLE, NOTRE DAME DES MISSIONS, CHRISTCHURCH.

In the Convent Chapel, Lower High street, last Saturday (August 25), a Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Sister Marie St. Lucille, religious of Notre Dame des Missions, was celebrated by his Lordship Bishop Brodie. The Rev. Father O'Hare was assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., deacon, and Rev. Father Long, subdeacon. The deceased Sister had spent the twenty years of her religious life in the various convents of her Order in the North Island, but for some years she suffered from ill-health, and a few months ago was called to the Provincial House, where the ailing Sisters are often brought, either to undergo special medical treatment or to enjoy the benefit of the special religious privileges afforded by the novitiate house. When medical assistance proved unavailing, and the good Sister was told that she had not many months to live, she edified and encouraged all around her by the joyful confidence with which she set herself to prepare for the near approach of her heavenly bridegroom. Throughout her religious life she had distinguished herself by her solid piety and filial obedience, and God in return rewarded her indeed—even in this world, a hundred fold. During the many weeks she was confined to her bed it was her joy and privilege to receive Holy Communion daily. His Lordship the Bishop and Cathedral clergy were most assiduous in giving the suffering Sister the consolations afforded by our Holy Church.—R.I.P.

New Zealand thinkers! Ask stationers for THE THINKER'S FAVORITE WRITING TABLETS—6d and 1/-.

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COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, August 28, 1917, as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—Our next sale will be held on Monday, September 10.

Oats.—The market has improved considerably, and there is a strong inquiry for seed and milling lines. Prime milling, 4s to 4s 2d; good to best feed, 3s 9d to 3s 11d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—There is no milling quality offering. Only small parcels of fowl wheat are available, and these can be quoted at from 6s to 6s 3d per bushel (sacks extra) for best quality.

Potatoes.—The market is very dull and sales can only be effected in small lots. Only choice, freshly-picked lines are in demand. Choice tables, to £4; medium to good, £3 to £3 10s per ton (sacks in).

Chaff.—There is a strong inquiry for good heavy oaten sheaf, and any consignments coming to hand can be readily sold on arrival at quotations. Best oaten sheaf, £6 to £6 10s; medium to good, £5 to £6 per ton (sacks extra).

Invercargill

On August 8, 9, and 10, a sale of work, under the auspices of St. Mary's Choir, in aid of the school building fund, was held in Victoria Hall (writes a correspondent). The hall was tastefully decorated and the various stalls presented a bright and pleasing appearance. The whole management was in the capable hands of Mr. H. S. Searle, to whom the success of the undertaking is due. An orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. A. R. Wills, gave a series of selections each evening, and Mr. Sutherland's pupils and the Marist Brothers' pupils gave creditable performances. The following amounts were handed in by stall-holders:—No. 1 (Mrs. O'Byrne and Miss Kane), £46; No. 2 (Mesdames Maloney and Sheehan), £79 10s; No. 3 (Mrs Wm. Baird, jun., and Miss Baird), £125; No. 4 (Miss Baldwin), tea rooms, £5; No. 5 (Misses Harrington and Cavanagh), £61; coupons (Misses McCarthy and Kirwan), £24. The sheep-guessing competition in connection with Mrs. William Baird's stall, and so energetically worked by Miss M. Affleck, realised over £20. The band of enthusiastic helpers—too numerous to mention—who assisted the stall-holders to dispose of their goods, deserve every praise. Great credit is due also to Rev. Father Woods, Messrs. Mahoney, Stokes, Wallace, and Kelly for the way they carried out their various duties. All goods remaining on stalls were disposed of by Mr. Jack Macdonald (Wright, Stephenson and Co.) by "Dutch auction," and as a result of the enterprise over £300 will be added to the school building fund. The stall-holders desire to thank, through the columns of the *Tablet*, all kind friends who made generous donations to and otherwise assisted towards the success of the sale of work.

In the inter-college Rugby football contest on last Saturday week, the St. Patrick's College V.I. A team played up to its reputation, defeating Wellington College A's by 14 points to nil. The game was fast and exciting, but from the outset Blues showed their superiority both in back and forward divisions. Tries were scored by Hally (2), White, and Bremer. Denehy converted one try. This team has not had its line crossed this season, and is leading for the competition.

REPRESENTATIVES' MOVEMENTS

MR. RYAN—Wellington.

MR. DEERE—Auckland and Hamilton.

MR. HANRAHAN—Timaru and Christchurch.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., writing in the *Daily Chronicle* on his visit to America, states:—"No opinion of the American situation would be fair that left out of account the tremendous feeling of dissatisfaction at the absence of any settlement of the Irish question. At practically every meeting, both private and public, this question was raised. There can be no doubt that if it is possible to settle the Irish question not only would it have immediate results for good upon the war, but the friendship between America and ourselves would never be strained. Curiously enough, this strong feeling is not limited to one side of politics, but is universal; in fact, they say bluntly that Ireland is a small nation entitled to freedom, and the country that denies her that freedom is not representative of true democracy. On these grounds great hopes are pinned to the forthcoming Convention."

RULERS OF THE WORLD.

We sometimes hear otherwise sensible people assert that the Irish have not the governing ability (says the *Brooklyn Tablet*, U.S.A.). This assertion is contrary to the facts of history. The Irish governed themselves most successfully for fifteen hundred years, and they have long been governing others quite acceptably. Charles Gavan Duffy was banished from Ireland to Australia by the British Government as one unfit to be at large. In Australia he became a statesman, and the English sovereign who had exiled him rewarded his statesmanship with knighthood. Speaking at Quebec in 1878, Lord Dufferin, an Irishman, then Governor-General of Canada, son of Lady Dufferin, the Irish poetess, genially observed:

"There is no doubt that the world is best administered by Irishmen. Things never went better with us, either at home or abroad, than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain, Lord Mayo governed India, Lord Monck directed the destinies of Canada, and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennessys administered the affairs of our Australian colonies and West India possessions."

In Ireland, in England—in every English-speaking country—the Catholic Church is ruled almost exclusively by Irishmen—has been ruled, in Ireland, for centuries; here for a century at least; in other countries for shorter periods—ruled ably and well. The success of the Catholic Church in this country is one of the marvels of the age, and the growth of the Irish-founded and Irish-fostered Church in Australia is more marvellous still. The assertion that the Irish lack governing ability is a deliberate falsehood manufactured in England for English ends.

STATION ISLAND, LOUGH DERG.

Pilgrims who have visited Lough Derg—there are many such in various parts of these islands—will rejoice at the decision given at Donegal Quarter Sessions by a County Court judge in an action by Sir John Leslie to obtain possession of a house on Station Island and thereby to assert a claim to ownership of the whole island.

Judge Cooke, who is a non-Catholic, in giving judgment reviewed the history of Lough Derg. All the estate surrounding the island once belonged to the Catholic Church, says the *Liverpool Times*.

At the Reformation a certain Bishop Leslie, who had transferred his affections from Scotland to Donegal, secured the estate, and it was sought to put a stop to the pilgrimages by Act of Parliament. But the pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, which is mentioned in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, continued.

The Catholics never gave up possession of the island. Authority over it was exercised by the Prior who received the rent of the cottages—in earlier times a penny a year, and later, a shilling. "I am convinced," said Judge Cooke, "that the original Church which owned the island never laid aside its claim, and never acknowledged that anyone else had domination over this ancient and holy ground." He therefore rejected Sir John Leslie's claim. The case may be taken, on appeal, to a superior court. Whatever the final decision may be Judge Cooke's impartiality and knowledge of the history of the case cannot be doubted.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

When we expressed the view (states a writer in the *Glasgow Observer*) that it would have been the wisest policy to have adopted the Cabinet's offer of immediate Home Rule—in perpetuity—for 26 Irish counties, with the proviso that the temporary exclusion of the remaining six should fall to be reconsidered in five years' time, our opinion was based on the homely principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; that it is wiser to secure the present certainty than to let it go in hope of a problematical possibility proving of greater value in the future. The choice of the Irish Party—fettered, we fear, by an insensate public opinion in Ireland which it could not withstand—was rather for the Convention. Now it is seen that the Convention is subject to a great many "ifs and ans."

To begin with, the Ulster (Unionist) Council has postponed its decision as to participating in the Convention until "the basis of representation shall have been arranged." This decision, even the *Freeman* admits, "is calculated to raise the suspicion that the Northern Unionists are looking for a representation beyond that which the terms of Mr. Redmond's letter to the Prime Minister indicated." The *Freeman* further confesses—"To be quite candid, we do not regard as of good omen the disposition of the Government to devolve its own responsibility on the shoulders of someone else." When the Irish question calls for settlement there are "two Irelands" to be reckoned with; but when the search for solution is fobbed off on an Irish Convention then "the blame would belong wholly to Irishmen and Ireland if the question were not settled out of hand." It will be seen then that there are breakers ahead still. The Home Rule ship is by no means yet in harbor. All Mr. Redmond's skill will yet be needed to pilot her home.

Don't Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

However much some of us may think that another channel would have been the safer route, it would in present circumstances be highly unpatriotic to disturb the steersman. In the Parnell crisis it may be remembered that Mr. Healy counselled the Irish people—"Don't speak to the man at the wheel." Tim did not act on his own advice afterwards, and years of faction paralysed Irish political effort. Let us learn by our mistakes. Let no Nationalists by word or act render Mr. Redmond's difficult task the more difficult through domestic dissension. "Don't speak to the man at the wheel!"

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GREAT MEETING IN DUNEDIN.

RESOLUTIONS OF PROTEST.

There was a crowded meeting of the laity in St. Joseph's Hall, on last Sunday evening, representative of St. Joseph's congregation, to consider the Military Service Act in its application to the Catholic clergy, religious Brothers, and ecclesiastical students. Mr. John H. Brown presided, and the proceedings throughout were marked by deep earnestness and a serious realisation of what compulsory service and the consequent taking of the priests, teachers, and students from their legitimate avocation would entail on the Dominion as a whole and the diocese of Dunedin in particular.

The chairman, in moving the first resolution, said they were assembled that evening as a mark of protest against the military conscription of those few priests, religious Brothers, and divinity students in this diocese of Dunedin. The question of conscription had for some time exercised the mind of every Catholic family in the diocese. It had now reached that stage when they thought it necessary to take more vigorous action to prevent what they felt sure would be a grievous calamity. He was absolutely confident that the great mass of their fellow-citizens would be with them when the true position was explained to them. The speaker pointed to the many hundreds of Catholic boys fighting at the front, to the numbers of their brave fellows who had covered themselves with perpetual glory and laid down their lives for the cause of Empire, to the energies of the Catholic workers in all spheres of war work, to prove that the Catholics of the Dominion had done their duty. Assuredly that would serve to emphasise their just rights when they claimed exemption for their religious workers. At the very beginning of this terrible war Catholics were amongst the very first to realise that a lasting peace and the preservation of true democracy could only be had by the British Empire emerging from the conflict triumphant; and with that end in view they had shirked no task or sacrifice. He felt sure that when the full facts were laid before the Government a good deal of misunderstanding and misconception would be removed, and that made them hope that the concession which the absolute necessities of the case compelled them to ask for would not be denied. One of the misconceptions abroad was that they were asking exemptions for the whole of their students. That was not the case, and never had been the case. Their bishops had asked for exemption of the theological students, but only for those students who were in their last four years. A full course took about 10 years of study, and although there were between 50 and 60 students attending the college in Mosgiel, out of the whole of that number there were only 18 reading the theological course, and it was only for these 18 students that exemption was being asked. Again, eight of these students were studying for this diocese, and it was only for those divinity students—eight for this diocese or 18 for the whole of New Zealand—that they were asking exemption. The services of six or seven priests had been lost to the diocese during the last two years, and there were only eight theological students in the college to make up the losses that would occur during the next four years. They therefore considered it would be a monstrous injustice—in fact, an injustice closely allied to religious persecution—to compel any of those 18 young men to take part in the war, where their presence could make no appreciable difference to the final result. With regard to the religious Brothers, there were only five in this parish and three in the Invercargill parish, or a sum total of eight in the whole diocese. These Brothers have come over from Australia without fee or reward to carry on the work of the schools here, and to give the children a

Christian education. If they, or any of them, were conscripted it simply meant the closing of their schools—a contingency which was unthinkable and which they could not permit to happen. At the present time the diocese was woefully understaffed, and was working considerably below its minimum of efficiency. In conclusion, the speaker moved—

"That this meeting of the Catholics of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish, on patriotic and religious grounds, enter their most emphatic protest against any of their priests, religious teachers, and theological students being called upon to render military service during the present lamentable war."

In seconding the resolution, Mr. M. Millar said: This is a critical time in the history of Catholicism in New Zealand; our strength has been greatly diminished by the large number of our young men who have voluntarily undertaken military service on behalf of the Empire. Many of these will return to us no more; they sleep on the hillsides of Gallipoli, on the sands of Palestine, on the blood-red fields of France. The operation of the Military Service Act in conscripting our priests, religious Brothers, and theological students will impose great hardships on the Catholics of this Dominion, and result in the closing of many of our churches and all our boys' schools and colleges. The clergy of the Catholic Church take vows of celibacy that they may be nearer to God; they are priests for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech and "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof" offer the wondrous Sacrifice of the Holy Mass and dispense the Sacraments of the New Law. Their unique position as ministers of the Prince of Peace is recognised by the laws of England, the United States of America, and most of the countries of Europe, in exempting them from bearing arms. It is unfortunate that the Government of New Zealand, in preparing its Military Service Act, departed from the law of England, and in conscripting the clergy followed the example of degenerate France—France, once the eldest daughter of the Church, but now and for many years past the victim of infidel associations. The priests of the Catholic Church are the servants of their people and are bound to administer the consolations of religion to the sick or dying at any hour of the day or night. Never were the services of our clergy so much in demand as at present. The parents, sisters, and wives of our soldiers at the front need the consolation of daily Mass and frequent Communion to enable them to bear the heavy crosses which fall on their shoulders. Hundreds of infirm and wounded soldiers are returning to our shores and are being established in hospitals and convalescent homes where our priests will have to visit them to administer the Sacraments. Reservists of the Second Division soon about to proceed on active service look to our clergy to watch over their boys and girls and protect them from the many evil influences now at work in our cities. In justice to our Catholic boys at the front our bishops are bound to keep up the supply of chaplains with the reinforcements and hospital ships. The number of the clergy of the diocese of Dunedin has been reduced by seven during the last two years, through death, total incapacity, and absence on military service. Should the number be still further reduced by the conscription of all our priests of military age the ecclesiastical seminary at Mosgiel, the great work of the episcopacy of our venerated Bishop, will have to close, and in many parishes Mass will only be celebrated two or three times a year, and the faithful have very few opportunities of receiving the Sacraments. Such a state of things would be intolerable, and contrary to the best interests of the community. It is our solemn duty to vigorously protest against the conscription of our priests and to use every legitimate means in our power to secure the necessary amendment of the Military Service Act. (Loud applause.)

Mr. J. Hally, in supporting the resolution, said he would confine his remarks to the teaching Order of

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Brothers. Their purpose that evening was to prevent another blunder being made, and to strongly urge the Legislative Assembly to disregard entirely those who were engaged in sowing discord and attacking the Catholic Church in a vital spot by advocating the sending of priests, Brothers, and students to the firing line merely to serve their own political ends. The people overlooked the important point that Catholics, far from being disloyal, were deeply concerned in the success of the Allied forces, because there were probably more Catholics fighting with the Allies than non-Catholics. The members of the Government had repeatedly implored the people to do everything that would tend to win the war, to economise in every possible way, and yet maintain national efficiency; or, in other words, to keep the "home fires burning." In regard to education, Catholics during the war period had saved the Government approximately £350,000—a somewhat handsome contribution to the national purse, but for which the Minister of Finance issues no War Loan scrip or other acknowledgment. Catholic Brother teachers, working under difficulties at all times, had during the war period done their work bravely and uncomplainingly. Living as they do a celibate life, they nearly all come under the First Division, and consequently comparisons made as there have been between them and the State school teachers were manifestly unfair. But even if public school teachers had enlisted in large numbers their places had been readily filled with experienced ex-teachers, thus maintaining public school efficiency unimpaired. With Catholics the position was entirely different, as if the Brothers are called up the salary attached to the positions would not attract applicants, and consequently the schools must be closed. To prove that these teachers had done their work loyally and faithfully from the viewpoint of Empire, one would most readily get the answer (if it were possible) from the trenches in Gallipoli, Palestine, France, and Belgium. The speaker exhibited a photograph of fifty former pupils of the local Christian Brothers' School, forty-five of whom were either at the front, had made the supreme sacrifice, or were already in camp. When the Territorial system was introduced some years ago and the Cadet system was incorporated, there was no encouragement given to the Brothers to occupy the positions of officers in the companies formed at that time. If it was right to keep them out then, surely it must be right now. In conclusion, he said: "I have sufficient confidence in my broad-minded fellow-citizens to feel that where important issues are at stake, and such a ridiculously small number of Brothers are in question, the matter will receive the consideration it deserves, and our Government and legislators before whom the issue will come for final review will pass judgment upon it in accordance with the unanimously expressed wishes of the Catholic body and their sympathisers."

Dr. O'Sullivan supported the resolution as one who had been through the conflict on several fronts and had seen most of the good work done by the late Rev. Father McMenamain and the Rev. Father Dore (now invalided back to New Zealand). He wanted to take the opportunity of referring to a fact attributable to the good work of the Catholic chaplains: that out of 200 men stricken with a certain disease in Egypt only one was discovered to be a Catholic, and he owned up to not having been inside a Catholic church for 14 years. Such results must make Catholic fathers and mothers proud of their priests and their religion. The speaker vigorously advocated unity of action in the present crisis.

Mr. J. O'Connor pointed out that only a very few students were being appealed for. There were 18 in Mosgiel and 12 in Greenmeadows who were now reading their theological course—a total of 30—and it was a very small lot of men to win the war with! A medical student in his third or fourth year of study was exempt from military service, and surely students for the priesthood deserved similar consideration.

On being put to the meeting the motion was carried unanimously amid prolonged applause.

The chairman moved that the meeting call upon the Government to so amend the Military Service Act to secure the exemptions asked for, and that copies of these resolutions be sent to the Prime Minister, the Minister of Defence, and the local members of Parliament.

Mr. M. Reddington, in seconding, said that the proper percentage of Catholics of the fighting strength of this Dominion on the basis of population would be at most 14.30 per cent., whereas there were approximately 16 per cent. of Catholics in the Dominion's fighting forces, a very great portion of whom were voluntary enlistments. In the face of that fact they were told by irresponsible fault-finders that they, as a community, had failed in their duty. He (the speaker) contended that the Catholics of New Zealand desired to continue doing their duty to the Government in the future as they had done in the past, and he felt sure that this attitude would be reciprocated by the Government.

The motion was supported by Mr. J. O'Neill, and carried unanimously.

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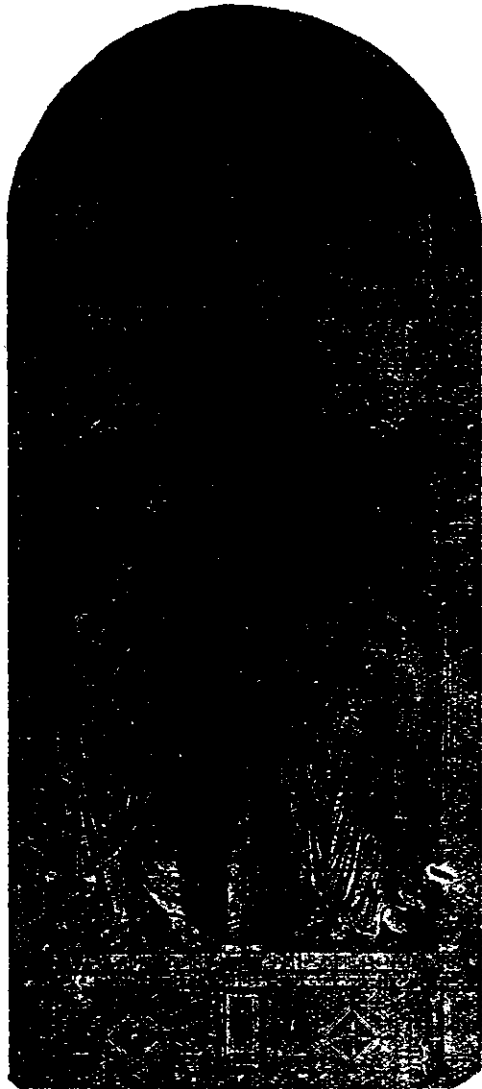
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WESTPORT

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Last year the New Zealand Patent Office received 882 applications for patents from residents in New Zealand, 45 less than in 1915; and 418 from applicants outside New Zealand, or 45 more than in the previous year. The proportion per 10,000 of the population shows New Zealand 8 per cent., Great Britain 3.7 per cent., United States 5.7 per cent., and Australia 4.4 per cent.

In the course of an inquest at Auckland on the body of a child that had died from croup, Dr. Reekie stated that there was a simple remedy for croup in every household that should be widely known as a good palliative while the patient was awaiting the arrival of a doctor. Ordinary baking soda applied on the end of a spoon and tipped dry behind the back of the tongue would give relief in acute cases of croup.

At the arsenal at Toulon, a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* saw "incredible numbers of the biggest shells, each one of which weighs 900 kilos and stands almost as high as a man. The purpose of this formidable engine is not merely to kill, but to penetrate. It is designed in a special way to fulfil that purpose. The fuse that explodes the 75 at the instant of contact is here put far away in the rear of the shell, and its steel nose is fixed to a point, and made of extraordinary strength, so as to go through an obstacle, such as plate armor or cement, before it explodes."

While digging a well on an irrigated farm near Yuma, Ariz., recently there was unearthed an ancient copper bell, which is believed to have been brought over from Spain more than 200 years ago. It weighs about 200 pounds and was found several feet beneath the surface. According to the tradition of aged Mexicans there, the bell probably came from an old mission church that was located near where it was found. The mission was called Conception Immaculada, and around it at one time was quite a large settlement. The town and church were destroyed in 1781 by the Yuma Indians.

Amid manuscripts done by craftsmen of the middle ages in a gallery in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, is a Cistercian manuscript from the early half of the twelfth century, which bears witness to the discovery of the principle of printing 300 years before the date generally recognised for the discovery. The manuscript in question deals with the teachings of St. Augustine. The startling feature is in the decorative initials. These show the same style for every use of the same letter, and the raised impress or offset on the reverse of the page proves that, instead of being drawn or colored individually, they were made by the use of large movable blocks of type.

German medical journals say that an Army doctor named Karl Kramer is having great success in the treatment of wounds with hot air and caustic. In the case of a severe hand wound it was found that the treatment produced freedom from pain, rapid cleaning of the wound, and excellent granulation. After the wound had been cleaned the hand was treated with caustic solution, packed in the ordinary way, and put for half an hour in a hot-air box with a temperature of 140 degrees Centigrade. There was a considerable rise of body temperature, but on the second day, when the treatment was repeated, it was found on changing the bandages that the cleansing of the wound was remarkably rapid. The treatment was repeated daily until the caustic caused no rise of temperature. The treatment with caustic was then stopped, and the hot-air treatment was continued with excellent results. It is stated that in all cases of suppuration neither tetanus nor gas-gangrene were observed, that the granulation is always good, that the caustic rapidly stops bleeding—especially in the case of wounds from

mine splinters—and that the high temperature of the hot-air boxes makes the wounds almost painless.

Leeston

(From our own correspondent.)

August 13.

The fortnightly social was held in the Catholic hall on Friday evening, August 10, when there was an excellent attendance. The first part of the programme consisted of progressive euchre, and the spirit of enjoyment which prevailed was thoroughly entered into. The games were keenly contested, and the prizes, kindly donated by the Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., were won by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Brien. A vocal solo was contributed by Mr. T. Delaney in his usual artistic style, and he was accorded the compliment of a recall. Mr. A. T. Robertson, who presided, expressed the gratification of all concerned at the continued success of the parish entertainments. He cordially thanked all who had contributed in bringing about such satisfactory results, and trusted the liberal patronage so far extended would be continued in regard to future similar events. In presenting the prizes, the Rev. Father Hoare congratulated the committee on the successful results of its efforts. He also desired (he said) to take the opportunity afforded on the present occasion to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Eccleton to Leeston. He congratulated Mr. Eccleton on his promotion to the position of post-master of their town, and wished Mr. and Mrs. Eccleton a long, happy, and prosperous sojourn in Leeston.

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All correspondence with address enclosed replied to privately.

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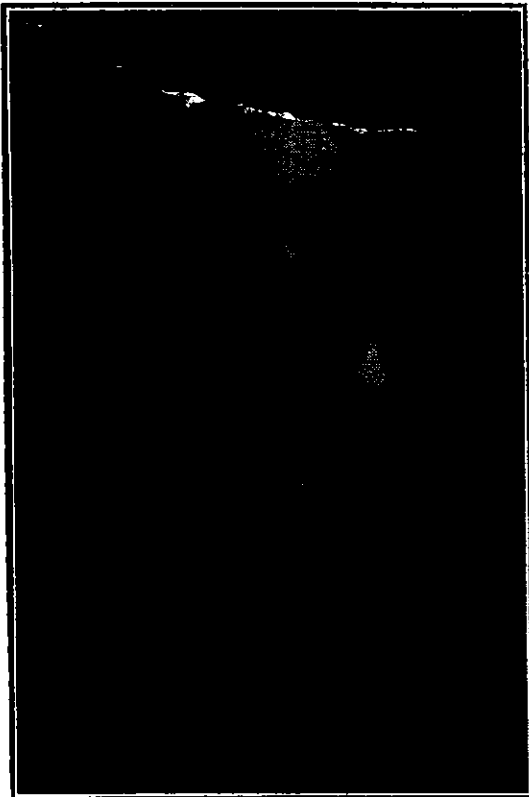


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ROLL OF HONOR

CAPTAIN PATRICK J. KELIGHER.

Captain P. J. Keligher (killed in action) was the only surviving member of the family of the late Mr. and Mrs. P. Keligher, who were so well known in Dunedin as proprietors of the Crown Hotel. Captain Keligher was educated at the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin. He was very musical, and conducted the Christian Brothers' Choir successfully at many entertainments. He commenced his military career in the Christian Brothers' Cadets, in which corps he held the unique distinction of being the youngest sergeant in New Zealand, holding the rank at the age of 11 years. He then passed into the Hibernian Cadets, and attained to the rank of sergeant-major, subsequently being appointed a lieutenant in the Coast Defence Detachment. Later he joined the staff as sergeant instructor, but was shortly afterwards placed in charge of an area in Group 13, with the rank of



CAPTAIN PATRICK J. KELIGHER.

lieutenant. Captain Keligher was anxious to go to the front at the beginning of the war, but the authorities needed his services here. He went into camp at Trentham on August 4, 1916, but it was not until April 7 of this year that he left New Zealand, reaching the firing line on July 12 last. Captain Keligher, who was 23 years of age, was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, standing 6ft 4in. His weight after six months' training at Trentham was 16st 10lb. He was a keen sport and excelled as a boxer and footballer. It is of interest to mention that the late Captain Keligher's father was one of the first five directors of the *N.Z. Tablet Company*.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE JAMES DAVIES.

Private James Davies, reported killed in action on August 2 in France, was the second son of Mrs. R. E. Davies, of the Wellington Harbor Board's parcel room. Deceased was an old boy of the Marist Brothers' School, Tasman street, and was 22 years of age. He was employed for some time with Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, of this city (Wellington), and was a popular member of the St. Anne's Senior Cadets. Private Davies is the second son of Mrs. Davies to be killed at the front, the other being Private John Davies, who lost his life on June 7.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE JOSEPH MICHAEL FOY.

Private Joseph Michael Foy, reported missing on February 21, is now reported dead and buried by the Germans (no date given). He was the youngest son



PRIVATE JOSEPH MICHAEL FOY.

of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Foy, Summer street, Eden terrace, Auckland, and enlisted in the 13th Reinforcements. Prior to enlisting he was employed in the Railway Department. He was a member of St. Benedict's Club, and was educated at the Convent School, Thames, and Marist Brothers' School, Auckland. Two other brothers enlisted: one in the 19th Reinforcements who was discharged through ill-health, the other sailed with the 28th Reinforcements.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE HENRY MONAGHAN.

A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated recently at St. Patrick's, Makara, for the repose of the soul of Private Henry Monaghan, who died from wounds on August 1. Private Monaghan, who was exceedingly popular in the district, belonged to a fighting family. He was the son of the late Mr. Henry Monaghan, of Makara, and the youngest grandson of the late Major Monaghan, who fought with the famous 65th Regiment in the Maori Wars. Major Monaghan settled at Karori, where his family is now widely known and respected. Private Monaghan, after leaving school, took up farming pursuits in the district. He left New Zealand for the front about July last year, and is the second man from the small Makara community to lose his life in the war.—R.I.P.



PRIVATE THOMAS SMITH.

Reference to the above deceased soldier was made in the *Tablet* Roll of Honor on July 26.

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SERGEANT THOMAS CULLEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cullen, of Hataitai, have been advised that their son, Sergeant Thomas Cullen, brother of the Rev. Fathers J. and A. Cullen, of St. Patrick's College, and the Rev. Father Cullen, Palmerston North, has been wounded while fighting in France. Sergeant Cullen, who was on the staff of the Agricultural Department in Wellington when he enlisted, was born in Christchurch, and was educated at the Marist Brothers' School in this city, and at St. Patrick's College. He left with the 18th Reinforcements.

PRIVATE JAMES McNEECE.

Private James McNeece, who has died of wounds, was one of Southland's best-known athletes. He was a man of exceptional physique, being about 6ft 2in in height, 14.8 in weight when in form, and what is rare with an athlete of his proportions, he was remarkably quick of action and alert to grasp an opportunity—qualities which combined to make him the great performer he was both on the football and cricket fields.

He was recognised as one of the most brilliant of New Zealand Rugbyites, and it can be said to his



PRIVATE JAMES McNEECE.

credit that he never used his great strength for any ulterior purpose. One of his strong points was his skill at kicking goals, and on more than one occasion he has driven the ball between the posts from half-way, while as a line-out player he also gained distinction, his height and reach combined with his weight, rendering him specially serviceable in this department of play. As a cricketer, batting was his strong forte, and he compiled solid scores on behalf of the province on a number of occasions. General regret will be felt at the demise of a brilliant athlete and generous opponent. One brother has returned from the war and another brother is at the front. At the first shooting test match in Wellington deceased won the marksman's badge for the best shot, and at the next test tied with the best shot in the 17th Reinforcements. After the match he was offered sergeant's stripes, but he refused them unless he won them in battle. Private McNeece, who received his wound on June 12, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. James McNeece, of Collingwood. He was born in Invercargill 34 years ago, and when he enlisted on May 1, 1916, was following the occupation of a farmer.—R.I.P.

Messrs. Louis Gille and Co. being entrusted with the publishing of the New Supplement to the Breviary for Australia and New Zealand, are issuing an attractive brochure of 25 pages. This needful publication will be welcomed by the rev. clergy.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

News of the death of Bishop Chatron of Osaka, Japan, has reached the American Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll.

The Bishop of Saigon, in China, has been able to replace his European priests, who returned to Europe because of the war, by 94 native Annamite priests.

The diocese of Panama dates from February 11, 1534. It has six vicariates and 59 parishes and about 420,000 Catholics. The Christian Brothers have colleges in Colon and Panama. The Salesian Fathers have a boys' orphanage, and the Sisters of Charity a boarding school.

Bishop Combaz, P.F.M., of Nagasaki, pays a tribute to native Japanese clergy when he says, referring to the loss of one of them: "I have just sustained a great blow in the death of a native priest, Father Paul Fukahori, who had charge of the district of Kuamomoto. He was thoroughly capable, and filled with a truly apostolic zeal. His place will not be easily filled."

Among late converts in England is a doughty Scotsman, Major Sir William Stewart-Dick Cunyngnam, Bart., of Killycrankie, Scotland. Sir William, who is the tenth baronet, had a distinguished career in the South African war, and was mentioned for bravery in despatches. He is now on leave from the front in France, and has made his submission at the Cathedral of Westminster.

For eminent and practical social service we most generously commend the Knights of Columbus (states *Church Progress*). They have launched the laudable and liberal project of raising a million dollars within their ranks for safeguarding the morals and the faith of our Catholic young men in the training camps. It is a great and a grand undertaking. One certain of like results, as well as demonstrating the sterling Catholic character of the Order.

The Rome correspondent of the *Catholic Citizen*, of Milwaukee, says that he has learned from a private source that no fewer than seven Protestant theological students at Lausanne, Switzerland, have been received into the Catholic Church. The same paper records the reception into the Church, before his death, a few weeks ago, of Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Foy, a former Protestant Episcopal minister of St. Louis, Mo., and a noted educationist and linguist.

Among the recipients of Indian Birthday Honors (states the *Catholic Herald of India*) we are glad to find the names of two prominent Catholics—Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lieutenant-Governor of Punjab, who has been made Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire, and Sir Charles E. Fox, Chief Judge of the High Court of Burma, who becomes Grand Commander of the Star of India. We feel strongly tempted to mention some names that are year after year left without a handle and without honors, yet spelling all that is great and noble. But there are other rewards for those who content themselves "to be obscurely good."

It is necessary to know something about boats and navigation in order to be a missionary in Tahiti, and even this knowledge does not safeguard one against constant catastrophe. The Vicariate is composed of hundreds of islands scattered in the Pacific over an area about the size of France, and the missionaries journey from one to the other of these in various styles of craft and bearing various cargoes. Rev. Father Gustave Nouride, M.S.H., says of his intrepid companions: "Not a year passes without several of our missionaries being placed in great danger. The winds are sudden and fierce, they catch the sail of our little boats, and there is a shipwreck. However, the 'Star of the Sea' visibly protects us, and though shipwrecks are numerous and the danger great, yet for nearly two hundred years not a single missionary of the Vicariate has gone to the bottom of the sea."

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THE NEW APOSTOLIC-DELEGATE

CONSECRATION CEREMONY.

Lively interest was shown in the world of Rome on July 10 in the consecration of the Most Rev. Bartolomeo Cattaneo, Titular Archbishop of Palmyra and Apostolic Delegate to Australasia. Long before the hour fixed for the ceremony those invited made their way to the historic chapel in Propaganda College, where his Excellency was to be consecrated by Cardinal Serafini, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, with the Right Rev. H. W. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, and the Right Rev. Monsignor Fiorentini, Bishop of Tricarico, as consecrating prelates. Monsignor Dante and Monsignor Giobbe acted as masters of ceremonies, and the students' choir of Propaganda rendered the music. Among those present were Most Rev. Monsignor Zaleski (Patriarch of Antioch), the Most Rev. Archbishop Zongi (President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics), the Right Rev. Bishop Stanley (Titular of Emmaus), Right Rev. Monsignor McIntyre (Rector of the English College), Right Rev. Monsignor McIntosh (Rector of Scots' College), Right Rev. Monsignor Berthog (Rector of St. Sulpice), Count de Salis (British Minister to the Holy See), Rev. Mother Aubert, of New Zealand, with several religious: the Right Rev. Monsignor Laurenti (Secretary of Propaganda), Right Rev. Monsignor Cerretti (Secretary of Financial De-

partment), Right Rev. Monsignor Carinci (Rector of Capranican College), Right Rev. Monsignor O'Riordan (Rector of Irish College), Very Rev. Father Rodriguez (General of O.S.A.), Very Rev. Father Superior of Calced Carmelites, etc. A special seat was reserved for the relatives of the new Archbishop.

Just a few dates in the career of Australasia's Delegate. Born September 26, 1866, at Novi Liguri, North Italy. Took Doctorate of Jurisprudence in the University of Genoa, 1889, the president of the examining board being the actual Premier of Italy (Signor Boselli). Finished term of military service at Genoa, and then entered Capranican College, Rome, in 1889 to study for the priesthood. Ordained priest 1891, taking D.D. in the Gregorian University. Canon of Cathedral of Novara in 1902. Called to Rome 1912 as Rector of Propaganda.

Next morning the Holy Father received his Grace in audience, and afterwards the 18 newly ordained priests of Propaganda. All these leave for New York *en route* for Australia. They had no difficulty in getting permission of the British authorities to visit Ireland. One of the last places visited by them before leaving Italy is Subiaco, cradle of monasticism in the West, where St. Benedict founded his Order.

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HOME RULE CONVENTION

SOME LEADING MEMBERS.

The President—Sir Horace Plunkett.

The Right Hon. Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett, who has been elected president of the Irish Convention, is a man who has done good service for Ireland. With the exception of one chapter in his book, *Ireland in the Twentieth Century*, all his work has been constructive and valuable. He is now 63 years of age, unmarried, and is the third son of the 16th Baron Dun-sany. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and in his early manhood he went to America to find an opening for his superabundant energy.

Mr. Plunkett, as he was then, spent ten years ranching in the United States, where he learned the experience which proved so useful to him in his native land. On his return in 1888 he devoted himself to the social and economic regeneration of Ireland, particularly agricultural Ireland. With Father Finlay, Lord Monteagle, and others, he started the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society to bring about the principle of co-operation. By 1904 he had 778 societies with 85,000 members, having a big turnover. Butter was improved in quality and production, and the movement had a bracing effect on the farmers. In some districts, as Father Finlay says, it almost stopped emigration.

But it is his work under the Land Purchase Act and the Congested Districts Act of 1891 that Sir Horace Plunkett, with Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, and Father Denis O'Hara, P.P., that deserves the highest credit. The members of the board were unpaid, and though they were nominated by Government they were not under the control of Dublin Castle. Provided with an annual income, they dealt with the congested districts of the West, to improve the breed of live stock, to teach the farmers better methods of tillage; to help them to drain and fence; to help struggling local industries, and to acquire untenanted lands, to which the poorer people might migrate, and thus relieve the congestion. There is no doubt that Bishop O'Donnell, with his deep love of the people, and Father O'Hara, able, kind, and zealous, did much to make this board popular, and Plunkett's great economic ability guided it to success.

On the eve of the Convention meeting, Sir Horace Plunkett was reported to have observed that Nationalists and Unionists were meeting for the first time on terms of courtesy to discuss Home Rule. As recently as December last, Sir Horace wrote as follows to the *Times*:—"At this time, when we need to close our ranks, Ulster, and Ulster alone, can do a service which the British Empire would never forget. Let the people say that they will join with Nationalist Ireland and give Home Rule a trial—for five years—now. If they do so they need not fear the future: they will quicken every generous feeling in Ireland, and they will send a pulse of life and hope through the whole Empire. We see sacrifices everywhere: will Ulster again lead?"

Sir Horace Plunkett was in Dublin during the Sinn Féin revolt, and had a narrow escape. He organised the food supplies of the city during the disturbances.

Lord MacDonnell—The Story of His Career.

Before taking part in the public life of his native land, Antony Patrick MacDonnell spent nearly 46 years in the Indian Civil Service, serving as Chief Commissioner in Burma, Acting Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, and Chief Commissioner of Oudh. For these services he was knighted in 1893, and on his retirement early in this century he was made a member of the Indian Council. He was born at Sharagh, County Mayo, and educated at Queen's College, Galway, where he took the degrees of M.A. and D.Litt. His brother was the late Dr. M. A. MacDonnell, a member of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Just at the time that Lord Dunraven's land schemes were attracting attention, Antony MacDonnell

returned from India. Mr. Wyndham, Conservative Secretary for Ireland, offered him the post of Under-Secretary, and he confessed that he was "attracted by the chance of doing some good for Ireland." But he had ruled millions of people in India, and he might, if he wished, be Governor of Bombay; therefore he was not willing to become merely the head of an Irish Department. He told Wyndham that he would accept the position as a colleague, but not as a subordinate. Moreover, he was a Catholic and a Liberal, and would not set aside his religious or his political convictions. He laid down his terms. "In Ireland," he said, "my aim would be the maintenance of order; the solution of the land question on the basis of voluntary sale; the fixing of rents; the settlement of the education question on Mr. Balfour's lines; and the general promotion of material improvement and administrative conciliation." His terms were accepted, and the first fruits of this appointment was the Land Purchase Act of 1903.

But the Orange landlords were up in arms. They did not object to the Purchase Act, which filled their greedy purses with hard cash at inflated prices. But they wanted no cleaning up in Dublin Castle. They bitterly denounced the Papist Under-Secretary, who was about to betray Ireland to the Pope, and they denounced Dunraven and his friends as Home Rulers in disguise. Wyndham quailed before them, and expressed his disapproval of Dunraven. MacDonnell let the storm rage, and sat tight. Wyndham would have been pleased to accept his resignation, but he had kept to the terms of his conditions, and he had supreme contempt for Orange bluster. There was nothing else to do but for Wyndham to resign, and he was succeeded by Walter Long in 1905. Long knew nothing about Ireland, but it was known that he had no sympathy with any kind of reform, and the storm was somewhat allayed. In the following year the Conservatives were thrown out of office, and James Bryce, the well-known Home Ruler, became Chief Secretary. MacDonnell was now in congenial company. Bryce lasted for a year, when he became Ambassador to the United States, and Mr. Birrell succeeded him. In 1907 Sir Antony led Mr. Birrell's attack on Dublin Castle by the Irish Councils Bill.

Sir Bertram Windle—a Famous Catholic Scientist.

The eminent president of the University College at Cork has not hitherto taken part in any political business. In the realm of medical science he holds one of the highest reputations in the world. He is an Englishman, the son of a Staffordshire parson, and is in his 60th year. He studied medicine at Dublin University, and afterwards filled the post of Dean of the Medical Faculty at Birmingham University, teaching anatomy and anthropology. He also took a deep interest in educational matters. In 1883 he became a convert to Catholicism. In 1904 he was invited to take the presidency of Queen's College, Cork, and under his able direction it has become one of the finest schools of the Empire. He became a Senator in the National University, when it was established, and his college was affiliated as one of the University colleges. Dr. Windle was created K.S.G. by Pope Pius X. in 1909, and in 1912 he was knighted by the King. He is looked upon as an unrivalled authority on anatomy and certain branches of archaeology, and his writings are standard works on these subjects. Sir Bertram, like Dr. J. J. Walsh, in America, is a merciless critic of those pseudo-archaeologists who build up fantastic theories on supposed prehistoric discoveries, and several of his articles in the reviews, particularly the *Dublin*, have been reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society. Besides his scientific literary work, which is considerable, owing to the number of associations in which he takes an active interest, Sir Bertram Windle takes a deep interest in literature, and has written a book on *The Wessex of Thomas Hardy*. There is no doubt that he will approach the Irish question free from party political bias, and his opinions will carry great weight with the Irish people, whose confidence he has gained by his devotion to the Church and to education.

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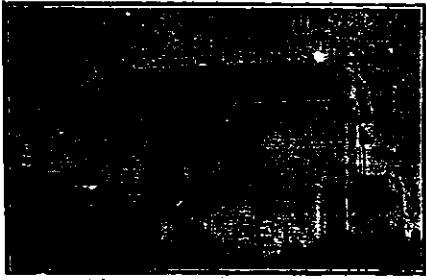
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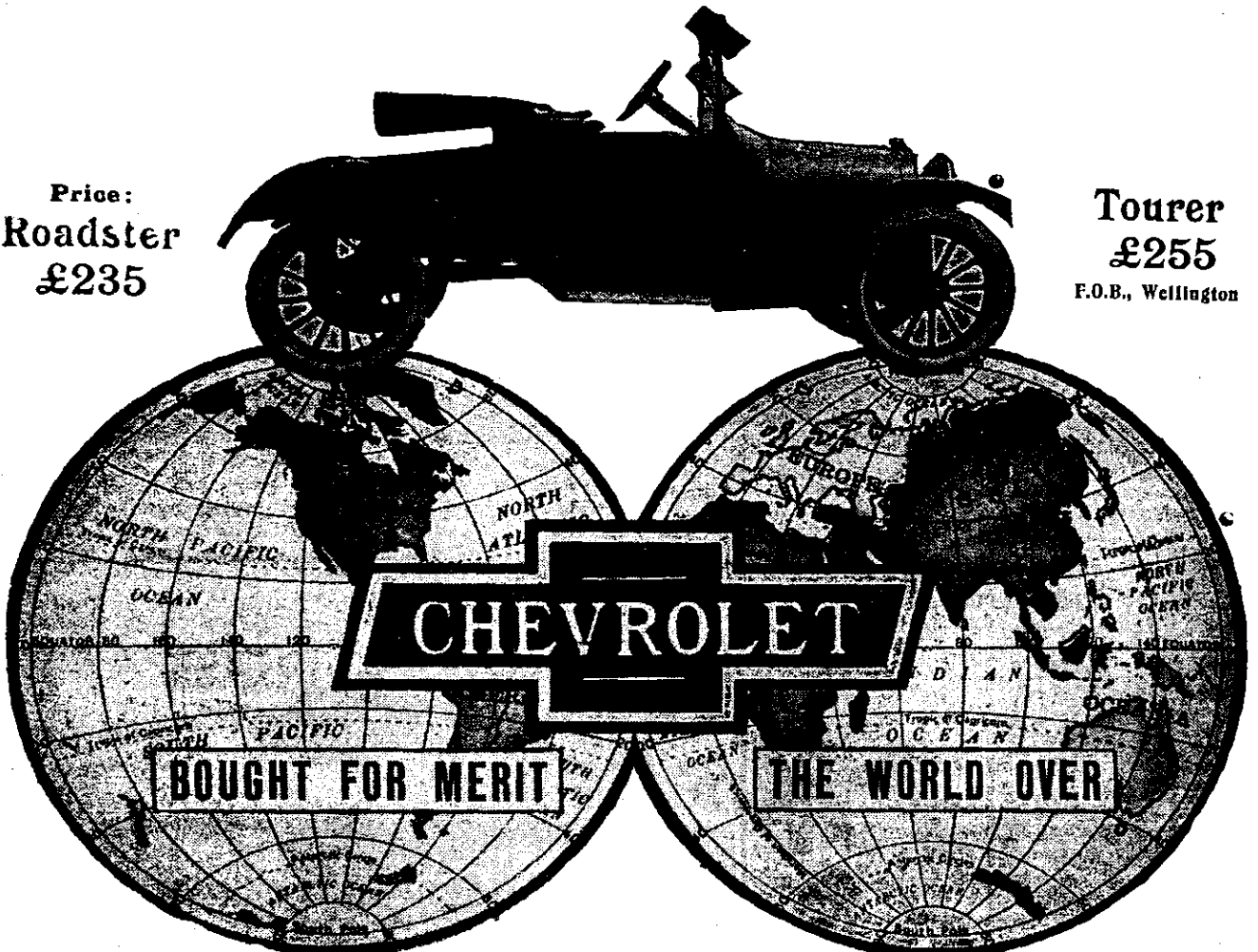
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WAR PICTURES BEHIND THE LINES

As we peer into the darkness of the future (writes Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., in the chapter on War and the Church in his recently-published volume), I try to learn what it has in store for the nations of the world. I, for one, would wish to be able to see how far the cause of religion will be furthered by the agonies of the fiery trials through which we are now passing. I start with a prejudice; for it is my firm conviction as it is my fervent hope, that the cult of materialism (which is perhaps the basic cause of all our troubles,—German aggression, French and British unpreparedness) has been riven to its foundations, and that the old altars of a fairer faith have already reclaimed millions of worshippers, who but yesterday staked their all upon the omnipotence and omniscience of the gods of gold. These have melted away in the furnace of war; from them come neither courage or consolation, and so a world in tears turns back and grasps the hand of the Man of Sorrows. That at anyrate is my impression derived from close attention to this particular feature of life in France.

By work one accustoms one's self to a severe and active life, and the character gains as much by it as the mind.—Ozanam.

AN APPEAL

"C.C.C." stands for CASTLECLIFF CATHOLIC CHURCH. Would you like to help to build a Church at Castlecliff, Wanganui? We have a fine section of ground waiting for a building to be erected, and cannot do so owing to want of the necessary funds. Therefore I appeal to the Catholic people of the Dominion to help us in a way in which they will gain good value in return. To do that, I ask as many as possible to buy a Cookery Book containing 400 tried Recipes, which will cost 1/- only, and two penny stamps for postage. Should you not have any use for a Cookery Book, and would like to help, a donation will be greatly appreciated. With thanks in anticipation. Address—

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NEW ZEALAND HAS THE MEN and they have proved themselves equal to the World's best and bravest soldiers. NEW ZEALAND HAS THE MONEY, without it we could not provide for the men.

BOTH ARE NEEDED TO WIN THE WAR.

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YOU HELP YOUR COUNTRY—YOU HELP YOURSELF, and by doing so you will materially HELP TO BEAT THE ENEMY. LET YOUR ACTION BE PROMPT.

The Men are fighting and in camp. Place the necessary money in the Treasury to pay, clothe, and feed them, and provide all munitions necessary. The Post Office will accept custody of the Certificates free of all charge. I am relying on every man, woman and child to do their best.

JOSEPH GEORGE WARD,
Minister of Finance

WELLINGTON, 15th August, 1917.

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Interest will be paid from 3rd September, 1917, and the first payment will be made on 15th May, 1918, amounting to £3/9/7, and thereafter at £2/10/- half-yearly on each £100 Bond.

Applications must be made on a special form to be obtained from any Post Office, and every applicant must declare that the amount applied for does not bring his holding of Post Office War Bonds beyond a total sum of £500. Payment for Bonds may be made at any Postal Money-Order Office.

Applications close on Monday, 3rd September, 1917.

JOSEPH GEORGE WARD,
Minister of Finance.

WELLINGTON, 11th August, 1917.

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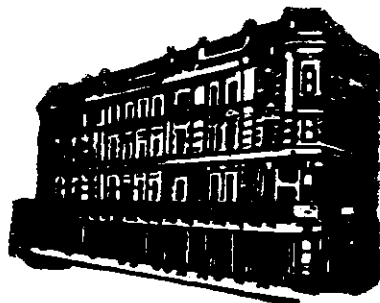
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DOMESTIC

Canadian War Cake.

Two cups brown sugar, two cups hot water, two tablespoons lard, two cups seeded raisins, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon. Set on to boil five minutes. When cold add one teaspoon soda sifted in with three cups flour. Bake in a moderate oven. This is a good substitute for the richer fruit cake now, when eggs and butter are so high.

Fairy Gingerbread.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tablespoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of ginger, one half teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to make a stiff cake batter. Spread thin on iron sheets or inverted pans, bake in a slow oven, and cut into squares while hot.

Stale-Bread Muffins.

These bread muffins will be found delicious and can be made the means of using up any stale bread that may be in the bread box. Cover one pint of stale bread-crumbs with a pint of milk and soak for half an hour. Mash, add two well-beaten eggs and one and a-half cupfuls of sifted flour, mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the batter hard, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes. These are very good reheated.

Household Hints.

When boiling greasy soups, have the heat at one side of the saucepan. The greasy scum will then be thrown to one side and can be easily removed.

When, through putting the hands into hot soda water, the skin becomes shrunken, rub it with a little ordinary salt, and it will gradually become smooth again.

The irritating smell of oil lamps can be mitigated in a great degree by rubbing the reservoir every day

with a rag moistened with turpentine, followed by a brisk polishing with a soft dry cloth.

After first removing the cork of a bottle from glue do not use it again, but in its place insert the stump of an old candle. It will never exasperate you by sticking, and the glue cannot possibly spill.

For a disinfectant for a sink, pour down a gallon of boiling water mixed with two tablespoonfuls of soda and a teaspoonful of ammonia. This will dissolve all greasy matter in both sink and pipe.

If ink is spilt on the table-cloth, immediately melt a candle; taking some of the tallow, spread it over the ink patch, and leave it to dry. Afterwards wash the table-cloth, and all traces of ink will disappear.

There are many ways of cleaning knives, but few of them remove every stain from the blades. If you sprinkle a little bicarbonate of soda on a cork and rub briskly over the steel, all the stains will disappear. Another successful plan is to rub the stain with a slice of freshly-cut potato, and then polish in the usual way.

To clean the inside of a water-bottle or any glass that is too small to insert the hand, put into the bottle a small quantity of tea-leaves, pour in about one-third of a teacupful of vinegar, shake well, empty, and rinse with cold water. A perfectly clear glass will result.

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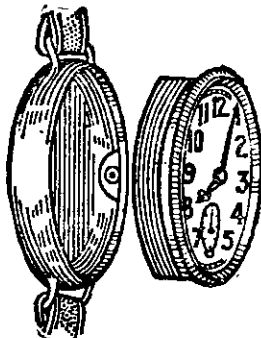
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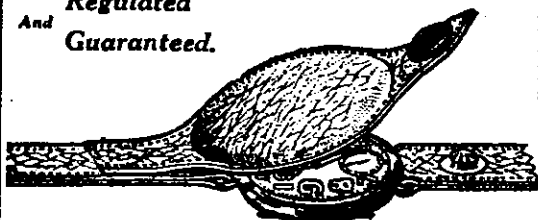
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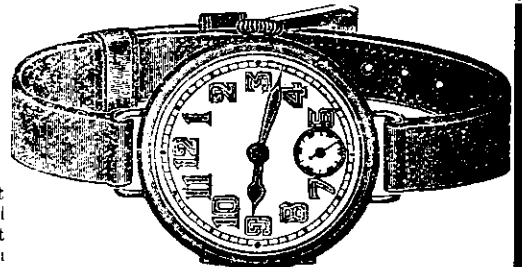
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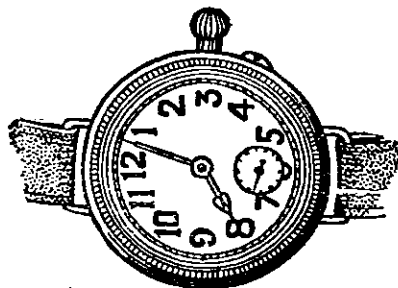
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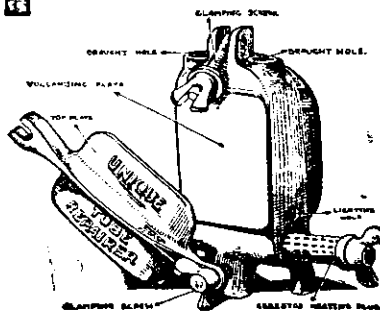
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GARDENING NOTES

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

ON SEEDS AND SOWING.

To amateur gardeners the following few practical instructions for their guidance may be useful:—Don't sow seeds when the ground is stiff and cloggy; always wait until the soil is dry and can be raked fine and even. Always be careful to sow seeds thinly, and in rows, following a line laid along where the row is to be planted. This refers more particularly to the kitchen garden; the practise to be adopted in the flower garden is to sow in patches, except in the margins of beds, and borders, when it is advisable to sow in line to form edgings. Each patch should be marked with a short wooden tablet, or label, with the name of the variety sown and the date of sowing. The tablets should not be permitted to appear more than two inches above the surface or they give the plot an unsightly appearance. As stated, seeds should be sown thinly, and if the plants come up too thickly be sure to thin them out before they overcrowd one another. Better to sow too thin than too thick, and many people err in the latter direction. When plants have plenty of room to develop the results are much better. Never go in for the growing of cheap varieties of plants; the trouble is the same, but the results are disappointing. Cheap seeds are an abomination to the professional grower, and he never wastes valuable time on their cultivation. Experience has taught him the worthlessness of spending time and energy on an inferior product. Far better to pay a reasonable price for good seed and have satisfaction than to encourage seedsmen to stock inferior kinds by creating a demand for such. It is well to keep a diary and to mark down the date of sowing, the variety sown, and where purchased. It is not desirable to sow old seeds, although some seeds are good for the second season. It is not wise however to depend on seeds over the second year. If you do not intend to save seed from your plants always remove the seed pods and they will bloom much longer. Whilst the energy of the plant is directed to the maturing of seeds further flowering is relaxed. For good results, do not grow the same crop in the same ground the second season. The first crop usually benefits from the different composition of the soil, and therefore absorbs the nutriment which the second crop would require. In the absence of this nutriment an inferior production would be the consequence. Always grow an intervening crop of a different nature, and the soil is given a chance to recuperate its spent energy.

INDOOR PLANTS.

Always keep house plants scrupulously clean and give them all the sunlight and air possible. Always place them out of doors on wet days; the rain will benefit them exceedingly by washing off the dust from the leaves and giving them a free breathing action. A good plan when watering plants is to place them in a tub of water, sinking the pots up to the brim and when bubbles cease to appear it is a sure sign that the plant is thoroughly watered when pot plants are dry the air gets access to the soil, and hence it is that when the pots are steeped in water the air getting away form bubbles in its escape.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/-, post free, from Baxter's Pharmacy, Theatre Buildings, Timaru.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

August 20

On Friday evening last the members of the Sacred Heart Choir met in the presbytery after the evening devotions for the purpose of saying farewell and making a presentation to Miss E. Dennehy, who is leaving Timaru to enter upon duties as an organist in Wellington. Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., in presenting Miss Dennehy with a gold wristlet watch, spoke in high terms of her qualification as an organist and the loss the choir would sustain in her departure. Miss Dennehy suitably replied, and thanked the members of the choir for their handsome present and for the kindness shown her during the many years she had been with them as organist. After supper had been dispensed a short musical programme was rendered by members of the choir.

The social committee achieved another notable success on the evening of Thursday, 16th inst., when the promoters had the gratification of seeing in the assembly rooms a highly representative gathering of parishioners and visitors. The appointments were, if possible, on a scale surpassing any previous effort. The thanks of the committee are due to Mr. N. Quirk for a generous donation of refreshments, and to several others for small donations; also to the parishioners in general for their liberal response. The school funds will be considerably augmented as a result of the function, and the parishioners will have a pleasurable recollection of a most enjoyable social evening. The directing of the evening's entertainment was in the capable hands of Mr. P. Stapleton, who executed his onerous duties in his usual pleasing manner. Maras' Orchestra supplied most suitable music, and the supper, so capably dispensed by the ladies' committee, was supplied by Patemans.

General regret was experienced throughout the district when it became known on Wednesday last that Rev. Father Murphy, S.M., was to sever his connection with the parish of Timaru to enter upon duty as a military chaplain. Since his ordination eight years ago, Rev. Father Murphy has labored here, and by his kindly and genial manner, his whole-hearted sympathy with the people in their joys and sorrows, and by his priestly zeal, he has earned the affections and esteem of all. Although sorry to part with him, the people have the consolation of knowing that he is going to join that noble band of Catholic chaplains who have labored with such heroism and devotedness since the outbreak of the war, and knowing his unbounded zeal for the spiritual welfare of others, they can easily imagine the comfort and consolation he will bring to those to whom he will lovingly minister on board the hospital ship to which he is appointed. To give some tangible proof of the esteem and regard in which he is held a social and presentation is to be tendered him in the girls' school hall on Wednesday evening, and at St. Andrews on Thursday evening next. Rev. Father Murphy may rest assured that the best wishes and prayers of the people amongst whom he has so zealously and lovingly ministered during the last eight years will follow him in the new and enlarged sphere of duties for which he has been chosen, that God's choicest blessings may rest upon him, that his work may be crowned with success, and that he may have a speedy and safe return. (This report was unavoidably held over from last week.)

Those who love the poor during life shall not be without consolation at the hour of death.—St. Vincent de Paul.

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SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	... £624,100.	TURNOVER (All Operations for	
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The Family Circle

THE BOY WHO LOVES HIS MOTHER.

She sat in the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden
When, in spite of the frost and snow,
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look:
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will,
A face with a promise in it
That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I know that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving ones
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man.

EDUCATION AGAIN.

"I understand," observed Mr. Homebred, during the evening meal, "that that Mr. Needie we've read about has got joined at last to that there Miss Writch, the millionaire's daughter, in the bonds of hyphen."

"Hymen, dad—the bonds of Hymen," interrupted young Johnny Homebred, who was home from boarding-school.

"I said 'hyphen,' and don't contradict me," exclaimed Mr. Homebred sternly.

"But it is really 'Hymen,' you know; not 'hyphen,'" persisted the youngster.

"Oh, it is, is it? It ain't 'hyphen,' ain't it? Well, all I know is that they calls theirselves 'Mr and Mrs. Needie-Writch,' now," snorted Mr. Homebred, indignantly. And the incident being closed, he switched off the conversation on to his new motor car, and described how "as we was coming down the fust hill we struck a tin-tack and punctuated."

"You mean 'punctured,' not 'punctuated,'" suggested Johnny, spryly.

"I said 'punctuated,'" roared old Homebred.

"Yes, you did; but the proper word is 'punctured.'"

"Well, I reckon we made a full stop; and—Oh, lor'!" groaned the old man, dismally, "to think of all the money as has been wasted—sheer chucked away—on that lad's eddication, and he ain't learned enough yet to know that making a full stop is punctuating. No more boarding-school ignorance here, young sir. To-morrow you just take hold of that there plough in the ten-acre field, and you go on till I tell you to punctuate. D'yer hear?"

WHO IS SHE?

I know the dearest little girl,
About as big as you,
Her eyes are black or brown or grey,
Or maybe they are blue;
But, anyway, her hands are clean;
Her teeth are white as snow;
Her little dress is always neat;
She goes to school, you know.
This little girl—I love her well,
And see her often, too—
If I to-day her name should tell—
She—might—be—you.

GOOD ENOUGH REASON.

"Your honor," said the solicitor for the defence, "I wish to prove by this question that the witness is a man of quarrelsome disposition, hard to get along with, and on bad terms with his neighbors. Now, sir," he continued, turning again to the witness, "I'd like to know whose farm is next to yours?"

"Well," answered the witness, "there's the Billings' farm, and the—"

"Stop there. One at a time. Are you on friendly terms with Mr. Billings?"

"I can't say I am."

"Are you even on speaking terms with him?"

"No, sir."

"Whose fault is it?"

"It's his fault, I reckon."

"Oh, yes, it's his fault, you reckon. How long has it been since you have spoken to him?"

"About fourteen years, as near as I can remember."

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this jury why you have not spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years."

"Gentlemen," said the witness, turning to the jury, "the reason why I haven't spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years is because that's the length of time he's been dead."

TIME-SAVING.

To a native of a certain section of the South-West that is well known for its malarial tendencies a St. Louis travelling man said:

"I notice that there is a great deal of ague here-about."

"Yes," was the laconic response.

"That's a great drawback. It unfits a man entirely for work, doesn't it?"

"Generally it does," said the other. "Still, here on my farm, when my man John has a right hard fit of the shakes we fastens the churn-dasher to him, and, stranger, he brings the butter inside of 15 minutes."

CRUEL LONDON.

He was an artist, and the humdrum life in the butcher's shop vexed his noble spirit. Somehow, selling scrag of mutton and the best end of the neck was not appreciated by his artistic temperament, and so he went to London, where talent is recognised and paid for—sometimes.

For a time he wrote glowing letters home. Then there came silence.

"Success," reflected his sorrowing parents, "has been too much for him. He has forgotten us. Alas! alas!"

But he hadn't, for one evening, just as his father was sitting down to supper and preparing to enjoy his humble chop, a small boy brought a note.

"Dear dad," it read, "please meet me by the old bridge at midnight, and bring a waistcoat and a jacket. I have a hat.—John."

MIXED METAPHORS.

Two examples of mixed metaphors alleged by the Sydney *Sun* to have been heard in the streets of Sydney:—

Striker (in a kerbstone discussion outside the Trades Hall): "If they think we're going to be dragged

in the mire by high falutin' words of Ministers; if they fancy they can stem the tide of unionism by chopping off the hand that feeds them, they are mistaken."

Portly Gentleman (outside a city club): "What would I do? I'd stamp out this anarchy which is engulfing us in a holocaust of unionistic inebriety, with every breath I draw. I'd kill this serpent of Socialism, which is bellowing threats of violence and disruption with both hands."

NAMING THE BABY.

They talked of Medora, Aurora, and Flora,
Of Mabel and Marcia, and Mildred and May;
Debated the question of Helen, Honora,
Clarissa, Camilla, and Phyllis and Fay;
They thought of Marcella, Estella, and Bella,
Considered Cecilia, Jeanette, and Pauline;
Alicia, Adela, Annette, Arabella,
And Ethel and Eunice, Hortense and Irene.
One liked Theodora, another Leonora,
Some argued for Edith, and some for Elaine,
For Madelaine, Adelaine, Lily, and Laura;
And then, after all, they decided on Jane.

WORRY THAT KILLS.

"Eat what you like; drink what you like; smoke if you like it, and—don't worry. It's worry that kills."

That was the advice given by Patrick Corbley, Cedar Falls, Iowa, 105 years old, when asked his rule for long life. Born in Ireland, March 17, 1812, Patrick Corbley has spent eighty years of his 105 in America, and is still taking a keen interest in the progress of world events. He is able to do this by reason of his remarkable eye-sight. He has never had to use spectacles, and reads the newspapers regularly. His mentality is apparently as keen as his eye-sight.

SMILE-RAISERS.

Sunday School Teacher: "Who killed Abel?"

Bobby: "I don't know, ma'am. I just moved here last week."

Teacher (to young people): "Now, Johnny, what is a skeleton?"

Johnny: "Please, ma'am, bones wiv the people rubbed off."

There was a timid knock at the door.

"If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—"

"Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady of the house, and slammed the door.

Kindly Gent: "What is your name, boy?"

Hotel Page Boy: "They call me 'Billiard Cue,' sir."

Kindly Gent: "Whatever for?"

Hotel Page Boy: "Because I work so much better with a good tip!"

A lady who was riding in an omnibus was much disturbed by the persistent snuffling of a boy sitting next to her. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Have you a handkerchief?" she asked in her most appealing tones.

"Yes," said the boy, "but I don't lend it to strangers."

The prosecuting attorney had encountered a somewhat difficult witness. Finally he asked the man if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes, sir," announced the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all them put together."

ON THE LAND

Speaking to an *Otago Daily Times* reporter concerning the rabbit industry in Otago, Mr. C. Todd said he had had 33 years' experience in connection with the trade, and had arrived at the conclusion that it could not be emphasised too strongly that the rabbit industry militated against the real prosperity of the province and the Dominion. The country now rabbit-infested would, if cleared of the pest, support hundreds of people who had no inducement to go on to Otago Central lands under existing conditions. He knew the Otago Central land well, and he was satisfied that it could be made as productive as almost any part of New Zealand if handled properly. The wire netting of holdings, and leaving the rabbits to their natural enemy, plus judicious poisoning, would soon have the effect of clearing the land and converting it into good pastoral country. All the low-lying areas could be made intensely productive in regard to fruit and lucerne.

"I would be the last one in the world to discourage the growing of fruit trees," said Mr. L. Paynter during the pruning demonstration at Te Awamutu recently, "but the best advice I can give to the dairy farmer is to not keep more than 20 trees. By proper selection and management this number will provide him with ample fruit for domestic use, without being a tax upon his already occupied time. A man should easily attend to this number, whereas a big orchard was very apt to be neglected, and, in the end, besides being a sort of a hobby, the smaller number of trees would give vastly increased returns. My firm advice," he concluded, "is 20 trees as a dairy farmer's orchard."

"Agricola," in the *Farmers' Union Advocate*, writes:—"There is a tendency for the crops to run to straw under present conditions, and farmers will no doubt endeavor to stop this tendency as much as possible. Labor will not be too plentiful next harvest, and it will not be too expert. Heavy straw means a lot of hard, expensive, and trying work. Therefore farmers will probably go in for closer stocking in regard to the wheat crops than they have been accustomed to do in the past. If the thing is done judiciously there is no danger, as I prove for myself every year. Even spring crops benefit in some instance from a run over by the sheep. It is a pleasure to handle a crop that is not too heavy along in the straw, provided that there is something in the heads as well. Of course, it is possible that even with the most judicious feeding there will be a lot of straw at the time of harvest, but a feeding down may help matters in a growthy season. Many a crop that is heavy in the straw at harvest, in spite of the fact that the plants were fed down in the spring, would have gone down altogether if it had not been kept in check earlier in the season."

Messrs. F. Barkas and C. S. Neville, of the District Supplies Committee, state (says the *Timaru correspondent of the Christchurch Press*) that they have been asked by Mr. James Boaden, the Government appraiser of sheepskins, to draw the attention of farmers and pastoralists to the serious waste and loss that is going on all through South Canterbury and Otago, owing to want of care in many cases in the saving and marketing of sheepskins. Mr. Boaden says, that on a moderate estimate, he considers in the districts where it is now valuing and purchasing sheepskins for the Imperial Supplies Department, the farmers are losing at least £100 per week, and nearly the whole of this sum might be saved if all the farmers and sheepowners would take more care with their sheepskins. Mr. Boaden is emphatic in stating that the number of skins he is obliged to class as faulty, torn, damaged, rat eaten, or carelessly butchered, is much too great. If all farmers would exercise common care in taking the skins off the sheep, drying them, and properly picking them before sending them to the stores, there would be very many fewer skins to be classed as "damaged and faulty," with an increased return to the farmers.

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