

their nature to be noisy: consider them well and you will find that in them he is blowing up old shibboleths.

His Message

We beg leave to plead for a wide welcome for his works because they stand for all the good old-fashioned things which modern atheists and sciolists have been slaying under the name of Progress. Mr. Chesterton fights a battle for common-sense against pretence, for religion against superstition, and for the worship of God against the idolatry of man. He goes back to the Middle Ages when men were still sane and whole, and when they had not learned from Kant to doubt that the sky is blue or that snow is white, just as they had not learned from Luther that any fool can interpret the greatest and most universal document that was ever written, the Book of all books. He is not a Catholic, but he is a healthy militant Christian warrior whom in most things no Catholic need be ashamed to follow. He stands for the old things and the wholesome things: for the sanctity of marriage, for the dignity of parenthood, for the loveliness of purity, for the greatness of humility, for the worth of pride—by which he means self-respect. One message he bears to this generation which is badly needed: from one side we are threatened by Collectivism, and from another by Militarism: against these he proclaims the rights of the individual. Perhaps it is the most important word he utters. Man—not mankind in general, but the individual—was before the State: he was endowed by God with rights which the State has no power to limit: the State is for him, not he for the State: his liberty is sacred and inviolable, he has duties to God and to the members of his family which it is tyranny to interfere with. That tyranny is the evil of to-day.

John Redmond's Last Journey

The last words of the dead Irish Leader, addressed to Father Bernard Vaughan, were: "I am a broken-hearted man, Father," and they were words that underlined his only son's pathetic complaint to the Government a little while ago, when having returned wounded from the Front, the young Irishman said in the House: "I went to fight against them who tore up scraps of paper, and return to find the English are tearing up the charter of my own country." London attended John Redmond's remains to Euston. The Catholics held a Solemn Requiem for him in Westminster. The politicians paid their tribute of respect to the memory of an Irish gentleman whose heart many of them had helped to break. And his body was borne away over the sea to be laid in its last narrow home among his own in Wexford. There was genuine Irish grief manifest among the people who met the bier and attended it to Harcourt Street, where it was put on board the train for Wexford. And as the dead man's remains went southward sorrowing men and women came to stand bare-headed at every station to pay their last respects to a man whom all revered. Through the Wicklow glens, past Avondale, where Parnell lived, close to Aughavanagh, where John Redmond loved to find calm and rest, into Wexford county then, past Tubberneering, past Vinegar Hill—names that so often found a place in his stirring speeches when he spoke of the men of Wexford who broke the English ranks in '98,—and along the side of the silver Slaney the train bore the dead. At Macmine a touching thing happened. There, a stone's throw from the Slaney, owing to the dead man's efforts the Benedictine Nuns of Ypres found a home in Wexford, and one of them was his own niece. As the train passed, slowing down probably for Macmine Junction, the nuns, who were waiting, knelt down in the green meadows by the river and prayed aloud for the soul of their benefactor. A little way yet, and the train stopped under the Redmond Monument in Wexford town, and John Redmond had arrived home for the last time. A last tribute was due, and Wexford paid it. The Bishop and eighty priests assembled in one of the beautiful Gothic

churches for the Funeral Mass. He was buried in Wexford where he was born, and in the faith to which he was always true. Over his grave, while many an eye was wet, his friend and fellow-Wexfordman, James O'Connor, the Attorney-General, and his successor, John Dillon, spoke feelingly of the great Irishman who had come home to sleep the last long sleep in Wexford that day:

*Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.*

He used to say he would come back to lay his bones in Wexford soil when his work was done. Where have they laid him? Was it in the Lady's Island, near the home of his parents, close to the long low shore upon which the Atlantic billows fret and moan, or was it in the old Wexford cemetery, under the shadow of the Franciscan tower, above the lapsing waters of the river Slaney which ran through all his dreams? And when he came home was it to the grave which had already welcomed Willie, uniting in death, in the same year, the two distinguished Wexfordmen who had loved the old town and brought honor to its name? May the earth be light upon them now, and may theirs be a glorious awakening.

THE LATE DEAN CAREW

MONTH'S MIND.

On Wednesday, March 13, a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Greymouth, in observance of the Month's Mind of the late Dean Carew. The Very Rev. Dean Hyland (Rangiora, nephew of the deceased) was celebrant, Rev. Father Eccleton, S.M., was deacon, and Rev. Father Hanrahan subdeacon. In the choir and sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Clancy (Hokitika), Aubry, Campbell, Quinn (Greymouth), Riordan (Ross), O'Hare (Kumara), Hegarty (Westport), Maguinness (Broken Hill, N.S.W.), Burger (Christchurch), and Kimbell (Wellington).

The altar was appropriately draped in black for the solemn ceremony, and the music was rendered by the choir of clergy.

The large number of people who assembled to assist at the Mass bore eloquent testimony to the deep regard in which the late revered Dean was held by all the people of Greymouth.

On the conclusion of the Mass the Rev. Father Clancy ascended the pulpit and preached the occasional sermon. Quoting the text, "In all things show thyself an example of good works: in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity: let no man despise ye." (Titus ii.) Such a text (he said) would as a motto serve any priest living, but as an epitaph it sits well on him whose memory to-day we celebrate. You who knew him best in life will confirm the justice of its choice, for was not his life an example of good works—in integrity, in doctrine, in gravity: and who dare despise him? Not you at least, for in life you honored him: and to-day's ceremonies—the morning Masses thronged with Communicants, these obsequies so devoutly followed by a congregation overflowing even in such a spacious building—reveal fidelity to his gracious memory, and give us all an earnest of your enlightened faith. Yes, dearly beloved brethren, the honor you pay your priests is in keeping with the dignity they possess. This dignity springs from no human considerations. *By divine ordinance*, says the Council of Trent, *sacrifice and priesthood are so inseparable that they are found together under all laws.* Therefore, in the new dispensation the origin of the priesthood is divine, conferring the two-fold power over the mystic body as well as over the real body of Christ.

The illustrious Dominican priest, Father Lacordaire, relates a conversation of two eminent philo-