

Proper Pride

"I hold no man my equal who is not my equal in the possession of the Catholic faith." This sentence of Archbishop Ireland's is pregnant with meaning for us. There is one thing in the world we have a right to be proud of, and that is the fact that we are Catholics. And if we are Irish Catholics our right is still greater. -Yet it is unfortunately true that occasionally one hears of Catholics who are ashamed to profess their faith, and who are ready to deny Christ, in greater or less measure, in order to please the world. There is no cowardice to compare with this. There is in the whole scale of creation no being so despicable and so mean as the man or woman, boy or girl who is ever, under no matter what circumstances, ashamed or afraid to profess the faith before men. Such a person may purchase the favor of the ungodly, but at what a price! And what a penalty he will pay: "I will deny him before my Father who is in Heaven!" Let us be proud of our Christian faith. Let us recognise that in it we have a treasure and a nobility that no king or emperor can ever attain by force of arms or by wealth. This is the proper pride which becomes us, and which should stimulate us to defend the Church always and in all places against her enemies. Above all it should move us to preserve for those who come after us that grand faith in all its integrity, and therefore to fight like men for the rights which our enemies would deny us, and of which they can never rob us so long as we are united in one great society with Christ as our Head.

The Wearin' o' the Green

The Queen of England pinned shamrocks on the tunics of Irish soldiers after they had helped certain English regiments, and as might be expected to wear the green on St. Patrick's Day became fashionable in the Empire. Mr. Hughes, the extraordinary creature whom we are told Mr. Ryan contemplated having locked up, now decrees that to wear Irish badges is treason. Perhaps he says Sinn Fein badges, but it is all the same, for Sinn Fein is Ireland. And we read that soldiers who wore green and shamrocks on March 18 this year were turned out of the Y.M.C.A. Hut in Brisbane! Here surely is food for thought for those good Catholic ladies who are so charitable towards the sectarian Y.M.C.A. No matter how Welshmen may rave, be they Lloyd Georges or merely Hugheses, we will still wear the green and still be mindful of all it stands for. We ought to revive the singing of the old song, "The Wearin' o' the Green" at our socials, as a protest against the insanity of our tyrants nowadays. What a song it is! There is no more terrible song in any language. It pierces like a two-edged sword. It is vibrant with the hopeless anger of a weak nation oppressed by a strong. Every line of it swims in tears and is saturated with blood. Do not forget it. We want badly to recall it in those dark days of treachery against Ireland.

*When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color that I wear in my coubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the wearin' o' the green.*

The True Cleanliness

We have before us a book called *Dawn In Ireland*, by Marie Harrison, in which we find a splendid tribute paid by an English officer to his Irish soldiers. After speaking of their general good qualities of tidiness and neatness he says: "They have another kind of cleanliness also—a kind which is rather amazing to one who has known only English soldiers hitherto—their language is not far from being as spotless as their clothes. You know how it is with Tommy Atkins, how he hurls adjectives about and decorates his sentences with all sorts of ugly words. Of course he does not mean

anything by them. He has got used to them as signs of emphasis and that is all. But these Irishmen find that they can get along quite well without them, and they do. They are of course practically all Catholics, and that accounts for it. It accounts too for the fact that one never hears an echo of that lewd, indecent talk which forms seventy-five per cent. of the conversation in some English regiments, nor any of the obscene songs with which some of our English soldiers sometimes amuse themselves." When we read this we can thank God that in spite of all we were robbed of by English laws there was one thing England could not take from our fathers.

"Pages From the Past"

Under the above heading "John Ayscough" contributes a most interesting paper to the January *Month*. Some of his reminiscences are too good to be passed by. Here is one of Dr. Ullathorne, who, as many a stout English squire did, dropped his h's in his speech, but wrote pure English. During a certain function the grandson of his host, the present squire of Garendon, was acting as crozier-bearer to the bishop, and was somewhat distracted:

"What," demanded the prelate, "is that thing you're 'oldin'?"

"The crozier, my lord."

"Well, and what's hit for? . . . to 'it boys' 'eads with that don't know 'ow to be'ave."

And once when his assistant gave him the Gothic cope:

"Morse!" demanded the prelate.

"My lord?"

"MORSE!!!"

"I beg your lordship's pardon."

"Hem, Ho, Har Hess, Hee, Morse, MORSE, MORSE, MORSE. To 'ook the cope with."

Here is another anecdote full of "John Ayscough's" quiet humor:—

"I called, in his rooms at Oriel, for another undergraduate, who had also lately joined the Mother and Mistress of Churches. He sat on an armchair with legs stretched out, entirely *désœuvré*.

"Aren't you coming to lecture?"

"No." (It was 11 a.m.)

"What *are* you doing?"

"I am fasting. It is the vigil of All Saints. I can't do two things at once."

I wish everyone would engrave that maxim on his mind: especially those who wish to be really good and to edify the public at the same time."

St. John of the Cross

We noted some time ago what a large place in an anthology of Spanish poetry was given to two saints—Theresa and John of the Cross. Here is a translation of the end of what Father Martindale calls "all but the world's greatest love-song," one of St. John's poems of the Dark:

*On the flowers of my bosom
Kept whole for Him alone,
There He reposed and slept;
And I cypressd Him, and the waving
Of the cedars fanned Him.*

*I continued in oblivion lost,
My head was resting on my love;
Lost to all things and myself,
And, amid the lilies forgotten,
Threw all my cares away.*

NOTICE RE REMITTANCES

Will the senders of the amounts hereunder mentioned please notify us of their names and addresses:—
Postal note 13/- (T. McKenna); stamps 7/6 (Lyttelton); postal note 6/6 (Palmerston) no name.