

when one tires of the round of the churches and galleries and ruins and catacombs and palaces a few miles will bring one into the heart of the campagna or into the mountains that guard the eternal city from sea to sea. And when one goes out among the hills behind Rome a new life is begun and a new world discovered. For there are Tivoli, Subiaco, Genazzano, Palestrina, Frascati, Albano, Nemi, with their old villas, their immemorial olive groves, their green vineyards, their sunny roads, their lakes, their cascades, their churches and palaces, their historical associations, so often ignored by those who go to Rome.

### Russian Literature

Whenever we come upon a review of a Russian book we feel how true was George Gissing's lament for the books that one has read in the past and for lack of time may never read again. Among them loom largely the masterpieces of Russian literature read years ago in cheap German translations that opened wide the whole province of ancient and modern literature to those who could read German easily. Russian literature is, like Norwegian, a new force. It has no historic past; no golden age, no renaissance; and yet, as Maurice Baring observes, it seems to have behind it a spiritual antiquity which made it a mature thing at once. Its notes of passionate sincerity, of reality, of large sympathy and deep charity are begotten of that. It is new; but, like the oldest literature which gave to Humanity Homer and Virgil and Horace, it has given to the universe of mankind already two or three writers of international importance. Greater than Pushkin, the Mozart of the literature of Russia, or than Turgenieff, its Schumann, Tolstoi and Dostoiewski have definitely taken their place among the immortal company of the greater luminaries of all time, side by side with the poets of Greece and Rome, with Cervantes and Shakespeare, with Dante and Milton, with Goethe and Molière. *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Four Families*, are works that have the elemental grandeur of Euripides and Shakespeare and the penetrating insight of Homer or Virgil; and as we get farther away from the lifetime of their writers their proportions are assuming their real stature.

### Russian Poetry

Not only in prose but also in poetry have the Russians achieved greatness. There is Pushkin, whose range and depth are so astonishing, who swept the whole harp of feeling with a master hand, and in whose verse the reader will find grace and beauty, pathos and love, the fire of a patriot and the pity of a sufferer; there is Nekrasov, the Russian Wordsworth, who loved nature as intensely as the great Lake poet, and who had also the realism of Crabbe; and in later days, Maikoff, whose muse loves classical themes, Fet, whose lyrics are as intangible and as lovely as those of Yeats, and Polonsky, who ranges from the folk-lore that charms children to the grand themes of the history of ancient Greece. Here is an elegy by Pushkin, said to be characteristic of his views on life:

As bitter as stale aftermath of wine  
Is the remembrance of delirious days;  
But as wine waxes with the years, so weighs  
The past more sorely as my days decline.  
My path is dark. The future lies in wait,  
A gathering ocean of anxiety,  
But oh! my friends, to suffer, to create,  
That is my prayer: to live and not to die.  
I know that ecstasy shall still lie there  
In sorrow and adversity and care.  
Once more I shall be drunk on strains divine,  
Be moved to tears by musings that are mine:  
And haply when the last sad hour draws nigh  
Love with a farewell smile shall light the sky.

And here is a poem by Fet on the dawn of day:

A whisper, a breath, a shiver,  
The trills of the nightingale,  
A silver light and a quiver  
And a sunlit trail.  
The glimmer of night and the shadows of night  
In an endless race,  
Enchanted changes, flight after flight,  
On the loved one's face.  
The blood of the roses tingling  
In the clouds, and a gleam in the grey,  
And tears and kisses commingling—  
The Dawn, the Dawn, the Day!

### DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The New Zealand Chaplains' Department intimate that Father P. J. O'Neill (of the Diocese of Dunedin), Chaplain to the Forces, is transferred from the 1st N.Z. Infantry Brigade to No. 1 N.Z. General Hospital.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday from after the 11 o'clock Mass. In the evening his Lordship the Bishop presided at Compline, bore the Sacred Host in the procession, and gave Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. C. Ardagh and Rev. Dr. Kelly being deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Very Rev. J. Coffey, Adm., master of ceremonies.

At the ordinary weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club on last Monday evening Messrs. Martin Reddington and J. P. Dunn were appointed representatives of the club on St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation. Arrangements were made for a *cuchre social* to be held at the Waratah Tea Rooms on Tuesday, July 16. Mr. W. Kennedy was appointed to take charge of the club's musical functions. The programme of the evening was a debate as to whether picture shows tend to the moral good of the community or not. Mr. C. L'Estrange opened in the affirmative, and was followed by Mr. M. Reddington in the negative. An animated discussion of the subject was maintained (with a time limit to each speaker), by Messrs. R. Marlow, P. Cull, A. Tarleton, and J. P. Dunn in the affirmative, and by Messrs. A. Gallien, W. Kennedy, D. Sandys, and J. Kilmartin in the negative. On a vote of the meeting, the negative side were, by a one-vote majority, accorded the victory.

### HIERARCHY'S PROTEST

#### IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF CORK.

Writing to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* recently, his Lordship the Bishop of Cork expressed himself as follows:—

Sir,—Allow me space to express my appreciation and thanks to his Eminence Cardinal Logue and the Bishops of our Standing Committee for their timely warning against the application to Ireland of the Military Service Act by conscription.

The attitude of Ireland to-day illustrates the law of experience, that equal services will not be rendered by different sections of citizens to the State when the State governs for a faction, and not in the interests of the citizens generally. The liberal government of Ireland has been always hampered by the spirit and power of the Protestant Anglican Church party in England in favor of the Protestants of Ireland. Let us briefly consider the outstanding periods of Irish history under British Protestant rule.

Let us take the period of the penal laws—If the modern German Empire had existed at the time of the penal laws it could not have treated any part of its dominions more cruelly and savagely than England treated Catholic Ireland. It would be hard to expect the Catholics of Ireland at that period, when all civil