

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- December 8, Sunday.—Second Sunday of Advent.
The Immaculate Conception
of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 9, Monday.—Of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
- „ 10, Tuesday.—Octave of St. Francis Xavier.
- „ 11, Wednesday.—St. Damasus I., Pope and Confessor.
- „ 12, Thursday.—Of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
- „ 13, Friday.—St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.
- „ 14, Saturday.—Of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Her Immaculate Conception was the first of the privileges by which the Blessed Virgin was prepared for the dignity of Mother of God. This privilege signifies that Mary never contracted the stain of original sin; that her soul, in the first moment of its union with her body, was pure and spotless. She was thus excepted from the universal doom in virtue of which every member of the human race enters the world stained by Adam's sin. This doctrine, so admirably in keeping with what the holiness of Mary's Son required, though expressed more or less explicitly in every age of the Church's history, was not formally defined until the year 1854.

St. Damasus I., Pope and Confessor.

St. Damasus was Pope from 366 to 384. He appears as the principal defender of Catholic orthodoxy against Arius and other heretics. He condemned the Macedonian and Apollinarian heresies, and confirmed the decrees of the General Council of Constantinople. He was very solicitous for the preservation of the Catacombs, and adorned the sepulchres of many martyrs with epitaphs in verse which he himself composed. For his secretary he chose St. Jerome, his faithful friend, and induced him to publish a corrected version of the Bible, known as the Latin Vulgate.

St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.

The island of Sicily honors St. Lucy as one of its most illustrious children. Accused of being a Christian, she steadfastly endured many torments rather than abandon her religion. She died in prison of her wounds, A.D. 304.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Fairer thou than any other,
Mary Immaculate.
Christ's own sweet and stainless Mother,
Mary Immaculate.
Clothed with glory and with splendor,
Yet a woman meek and tender.
Mary Immaculate.

Higher than the heavenly host,
Mary Immaculate.
O'ershadowed by the Holy Ghost,
Mary Immaculate.
Called from out a chosen nation
As the handmaid of salvation,
Blest above all earth's creation—
Mary Immaculate.

'Neath thy virgin heart did beat,
Mary Immaculate.
Christ's own heart, and so 'tis meet
All the earth should rise and greet
God's own Mother, pure and sweet—
Mary Immaculate.

—Eunice Ward.

The Storyteller

FABIOLA;

OR,

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

(By CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

Part Third—Victory

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.—AND LAST.

The next morning, the pilgrim proceeded to discharge the business which had been interfered with by the circumstances related in the preceding chapter. He might have been first seen busily employed inquiring after some one about the Januses in the Forum. At length the person was found; and the two walked towards a dirty little office under the Capitol, on the ascent called the *Clivus Asyli*. Old musty books were brought out, and searched column after column, till they came to the date of the "Consuls Dioclesian Augustus, the eighth time, and Maximian Hercules Augustus, the seventh time." Here they found sundry entries, with reference to certain documents. A roll of mouldy parchments of that date was produced, docketed as referred to, and the number corresponding to the entries was drawn out and examined. The result of the investigation seemed perfectly satisfactory to both parties.

"It is the first time in my life," said the owner of the den, "that I ever knew a person who had got clear off, come back, after fifteen years, to inquire after his debts. A Christian, I presume, sir?"

"Certainly, by God's mercy."

"I thought as much; good morning, sir. I shall be happy to accommodate you at any time, at as reasonable rates as my father Ephraim, now with Abraham. A great fool that for his pains, I must say, begging his pardon," he added, when the stranger was out of hearing.

With a decided step and a brighter countenance than he had yet displayed, he went straight to the villa on the Nomentan way; and after again paying his devotions in the crypt, but with a lighter heart, he at once addressed the *fossor*, as if they had never been parted: "Torquatus, can I speak with the Lady Fabiola?"

"Certainly," answered the other; "come this way."

Neither alluded, as they went along, to old times, nor to the intermediate history of either. There seemed to be an understanding, instinctive to both, that all the past was to be obliterated before men, as they hoped it was before God. Fabiola had remained at home that and the preceding day, in hopes of the stranger's return. She was seated in the garden close to a fountain, when Torquatus, pointing to her, retired.

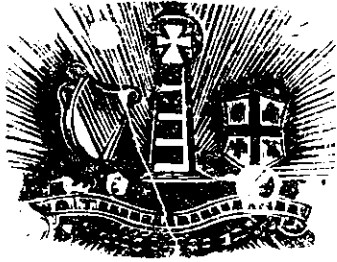
She rose as she saw the long-expected visitor approach, and an indescribable emotion thrilled through her when she found herself standing in his presence.

"Madam," he said, in a tone of deep humility and earnest simplicity, "I should never have presumed to present myself before you had not an obligation of justice as well as many of gratitude obliged me."

"Orontius," she replied—"is this the name by which I must address you?" (he signified his assent) "you can have no obligations towards me except that which our great Apostle charges on us, that we love one another."

"I know you feel so; and therefore I would not have pretended, unworthy as I am, to intrude upon you for any lower motive than one of strict duty. I know what gratitude I owe you for the kindness and affection lavished upon one now dearer to me than any sister can be on earth, and how you discharged towards her the offices of love which I had neglected."

"And thereby sent her to me," interposed Fabiola, "to be my angel of life. Remember, Orontius, that



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Who never to himself has said,
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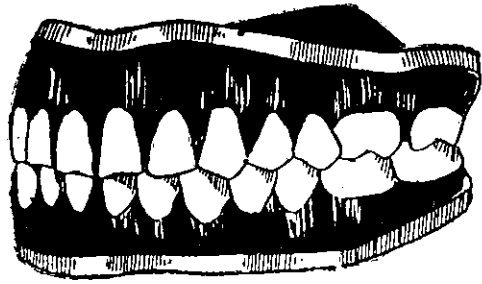
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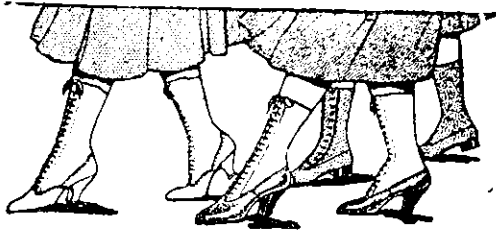
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CHILDREN LIKE IT

Joseph was sold by his brethren, only that he might save his race."

"You are too good indeed towards one so worthless," resumed the pilgrim; "but I will not thank you for your kindness to another who has repaid you so richly. Only this morning I have learnt your mercy to one who could have no claim upon you."

"I do not understand you," observed Fabiola.

"Then I will tell you all plainly," rejoined Orontius. "I have now been for many years a member of one of those communities in Palestine, of men who live separated from the world in desert places, dividing their day, and even their night, between singing the Divine praises, contemplation, and the labor of their hands. Severe penance for our past transgressions, fasting, mourning, and prayer form the great duty of our penitential state. Have you heard of such men here?"

"The fame of holy Paul and Anthony is as great in the West as in the East," replied the lady.

"It is with the greatest disciple of the latter that I have lived, supported by his great example and the consolation he has given me. But one thought troubled me and prevented my feeling complete assurance of safety, even after years of expiation. Before I left Rome I had contracted a heavy debt, which must have been accumulating at a frightful rate of interest till it had reached an overwhelming amount. Yet it was an obligation deliberately contracted, and not to be justly evaded. I was a poor cenobite, barely living on the produce of a few palm-leaf mats that I could weave, and the scanty herbs that would grow in the sand. How could I discharge my obligations?"

"Only one means remained. I could give myself up to my creditor as a slave, to labor for him and endure his blows and scornful reproaches in patience, or to be sold by him for my value, for I am yet strong. In either case I should have had my Saviour's example to cheer and support me. At any rate, I should have given up all that I had myself."

"I went this morning to the Forum, found my creditor's son, examined his accounts, and found that you had discharged my debt in full. I am, therefore, your bondsman, Lady Fabiola, instead of the Jew's. And he knelt humbly at her feet."

"Rise, rise," said Fabiola, turning away her weeping eyes. "You are no bondsman of mine, but a dear brother in our common Lord."

Then, sitting down with him, she said: "Orontius, I have a great favor to ask from you. Give me some account of how you were brought to that life, which you have so generously embraced."

"I will obey you as briefly as possible. I fled, as you know, one sorrowful night from Rome, accompanied by a man"; his voice choked him.

"I know, I know whom you mean—Eurotas," interrupted Fabiola.

"The same, the curse of our house, the author of all mine and my dear sister's sufferings. We had to charter a vessel at great expense from Brundisium, whence we sailed from Cyprus. We attempted commerce and various speculations, but all failed. There was manifestly a curse on all that we undertook. Our means melted away, and we were obliged to seek some other country. We crossed over to Palestine, and settled for a while at Gaza. Very soon we were reduced to distress; everybody shunned us; we knew not why; but my conscience told me that the mark of Cain was on my brow."

Orontius paused and wept for a time, then went on:—

"At length, when all was exhausted, and nothing remained but a few jewels, of considerable price, indeed, but with which, I knew not why, Eurotas would not part, he urged me to take up the odious office of denouncing Christians; for a furious persecution was breaking out. For the first time in my life I rebelled against his commands, and refused to obey. One day he asked me to walk out of the gates; we wandered far, till we came to a delightful spot in the midst of the desert. It was a narrow dell, covered with verdure, and shaded by palm trees; a little clear stream ran

down, issuing from a spring in a rock at the head of the valley. In this rock we saw grottoes and caverns, but the place seemed uninhabited. Not a sound could be heard but the bubbling of water.

"We sat down to rest, when Eurotas addressed me in a fearful speech. The time was come, he told me, when we must both fulfil the dreadful resolution he had taken, that we must not survive the ruin of our family. Here we must both die; the wild beasts would consume our bodies, and no one would know the end of its last representatives.

"So saying, he drew forth two small flasks of unequal sizes, handed me the large one, and swallowed the contents of the smaller.

"I refused to take it, and even reproached him for the difference of our doses; but he replied that he was old, and I young; and that they were proportioned to our respective strengths. I still refused, having no wish to die. But a sort of demoniacal fury seemed to come over him; he seized me with a giant's grasp as I sat on the ground, threw me on my back, and exclaiming, 'We must both perish together,' forcibly poured the contents of the phial, without sparing me a drop,

"In an instant I was unconscious, and remained so till I awoke in a cavern and faintly called for drink. A venerable old man, with a white beard, put a wooden bowl of water to my lips. 'Where is Eurotas?' I asked. 'Is that your companion?' inquired the old monk. 'Yes,' I answered. 'He is dead,' was the reply. I know not by what fatality this has happened, but I bless God with all my heart for having spared me.

"That old man was Hilarion, a native of Gaza, who, having spent many years with the holy Anthony in Egypt, had that year returned to establish the cenobitic and eremitical life in his own country, and had already collected several disciples. They lived in the caves hard by, and took their refectory under the shade of those palms, and softened their dry food in the water of that fountain.

"Their kindness to me, their cheerful piety, their holy lives, even on me as I recovered. I saw the religion which I had persecuted in a sublime form; and rapidly resolved to mind the instructions of my dear master and the example of my sister; so that, yielding to grace, I bewailed my sins at the feet of God's minister, and received baptism on Easter-eve."

"Then we are doubly brethren—nay, twin children of the Church;—for I was born to eternal life also on that day. But what do you intend to do now?"

"But not this evening on my return. I have accomplished the two objects of my journey. The first was to cancel my debt; my second was to lay an offering on the shrine of Agnes. You will remember," he added smiling, "that your good father unintentionally devised me into the idea that she coveted the jewels I displayed. Fool that I was! But I resolved, after my conversion, that she should possess the best that remained in Eurotas's keeping; so I brought it to her."

"But have you means for your journey?" asked the lady timidly.

"Abundant," he replied, "in the charity of the faithful. I have letters from the Bishop of Gaza, which procure me everywhere sustenance and lodging; but I will accept from you a cup of water and a morsel of bread in the name of a disciple."

They rose, and were advancing towards the house, when a woman rushed madly through the shrubs and fell at their feet, exclaiming, "Oh, save me! dear mistress, save me! He is pursuing me to kill me!"

Fabiola recognised in the poor creature her former slave Jubala; but her hair was grizzly and dishevelled, and her whole aspect bespoke abject misery. She asked whom she meant.

"My husband," she replied; "long has he been harsh and cruel, but to-day he is more brutal than usual. Oh, save me from him!"

"There is no danger here," replied the lady; "but I fear, Jubala, you are far from happy. I have not seen you for a long, long time."

"No, dear lady, why should I come to tell you of all my woes? Oh, why did I ever leave you and your house, where I ought to have been so happy? I might

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then with you and Graja, and good old departed Euphrosyne, have learnt to be good myself, and have embraced Christianity!"

"What, have you really been thinking of this, Jubala?"

"For a long time, lady, in my sorrows and remorse. For I have seen how happy Christians are, even those who have been as wicked as myself. And because I hinted this to my husband this morning he has beaten me and threatened to take my life. But, thank God, I have been making myself acquainted with Christian doctrines through the teaching of a friend."

"How long has this bad treatment gone on Jubala?" asked Orontius, who had heard of it from his uncle.

"Ever," she replied, "since soon after marriage, I told him of an offer made to me previously by a dark foreigner named Eurotas. Oh! he was indeed a wicked man, a man of black passions and remorseless villainy. Connected with him is my most racking recollection."

"How was that?" asked Orontius, with eager curiosity.

"Why, when he was leaving Rome he asked me to prepare for him two narcotic potions; one for any enemy, he said, should he be taken prisoner. This was to be certainly fatal; another had to suspend consciousness for a few hours only, should he require it for himself. When he came for them I was just going to explain to him that, contrary to appearances, the small phial contained a fatally concentrated poison and the large one a more diluted and weaker dose. But my husband came in at the moment, and in a fit of jealousy thrust me from the room. I fear some mistake may have been committed, and that unintentionally death may have ensued."

Fabiola and Orontius looked at one another in silence, wondering at the just dispensations of Providence, when they were aroused by a shriek from the woman. They were horrified at seeing an arrow quivering in her bosom. As Fabiola supported her, Orontius, looking behind him, caught a glimpse of a black face grinning hideously through the fence. In the next moment a Numidian was seen flying away on his horse, with his bow bent Parthian-wise over his shoulder, ready for any pursuer. The arrow had passed, unobserved between Orontius and the lady.

"Jubala," asked Fabiola, "dost thou wish to die a Christian?"

"Most earnestly," she replied.

"Dost thou believe in One God in Three Persons?"

"I firmly believe in all the Christian Church teaches."

"And in Jesus Christ, who was born and died for our sins?"

"Yes, in all that you believe." The reply was more faint.

"Make haste, make haste, Orontius," cried Fabiola, pointing to the fountain.

He was already at its basin, filling two hands, and coming instantly, poured their contents on the head of the poor African, pronouncing the words of baptism; and as she expired the water of regeneration mingled with her blood of expiation.

After this distressing, yet consoling, scene, they entered the house, and instructed Torquatus about the burial to be given to this doubly baptised convert.

Orontius was struck with the simple neatness of the house, so strongly contrasting with the luxurious splendor of Fabiola's former dwelling. But suddenly his attention was arrested, in a small inner room, by a splendid shrine or casket, set with jewels, but with an embroidered curtain before it, so as to allow only the frame of it to be seen. Approaching nearer, he read inscribed on it, "THE BLOOD OF THE BLESSED MIRIAM, SHED BY CRUEL HANDS!"

Orontius turned deadly pale, then changed to a deep crimson, and almost staggered.

Fabiola saw this, and going up to him kindly and frankly, placed her hand upon his arm, and mildly said to him, "Orontius, there is that within which may

well make us both blush deeply, but not therefore despond."

So saying she drew aside the curtain, and Orontius saw within a crystal plate, the embroidered scarf so much connected with his own and his sister's history. Upon it were lying two sharp weapons, the points of both which were rusted with blood. In one he recognised his own dagger; the other appeared to him like one of those instruments of female vengeance with which he knew heathen ladies punished their attendant slaves.

"We have both," said Fabiola, "unintentionally inflicted a wound and shed the blood of her whom we now honor as a sister in heaven. But for my part, from the day when I did so, and gave her occasion to display her virtue, I date the dawn of grace upon my soul. What say you, Orontius?"

"That I, likewise, from the instant that I so misused her, and led to her exhibition of such Christian heroism, began to feel the hand of God upon me, that has led me to repentance and forgiveness."

"It is thus ever," concluded Fabiola. "The example of our Lord has made the martyrs; and the example of the martyrs leads us upwards to Him. Their blood softens our hearts: His alone cleanses our souls. Theirs pleads for mercy: His bestows it. May the Church, in her days of peace and of victories, never forget what she owes to the age of her martyrs. As for us two, we are indebted to it for our spiritual lives. May many who will only read of it draw from it the same mercy and grace!"

They knelt down, and prayed long together silently before the shrine.

They then parted, to meet no more.

After a few years, spent by Orontius in penitential fervor, a green mound by the palms, in the little dell near Gaza, marked the spot where he slept the sleep of the just.

And after many years of charity and holiness Fabiola withdrew to rest in peace in company with Agnes and Miriam.

[THE END.]

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1

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

IX.—CHRISTIAN IRELAND. THE STORY OF COLUMBA (*continued*.)

But still Columba carried with him in his heart the great grief that made life for him a lengthened penance. "Far from having any prevision of the glory of Iona, his soul," says Montalembert, "was still swayed by a sentiment which never abandoned him—regret for his lost country. All his life he retained for Ireland the passionate tenderness of an exile, a love which displayed itself in the songs which have been preserved to us, and which date perhaps from the first moment of his exile. . . . 'Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albyn.' After this cry of despair follow strains more plaintive and submissive.

"But it was not only in these elegies, repeated and perhaps retouched by Irish bards and monks, but at each instant of his life, in season and out of season, that this love and passionate longing for his native country burst forth in words and musings: the narratives of his most trustworthy biographers are full of it. The most severe penance which he could have imagined for the guiltiest sinners who came to confess to him, was to impose upon them the same fate which he had voluntarily inflicted on himself—never to set foot again upon Irish soil! But when, instead of forbidding to sinners all access to that beloved isle, he had to smother his envy of those who had the right and happiness to go there at their pleasure, he dared scarcely trust himself to name its name; and when speaking to his guests, or to the monks who were to return to Ireland, he would only say to them, 'you will return to the country that you love.'"

At length there arrived an event for Columba full of excruciating trial—*it became necessary for him to revisit Ireland!* His presence was found to be imperatively required at the general assembly or convocation of the princes and prelates of the Irish nation, convened A.D. 573, by Hugh the Second. At this memorable assembly, known in history as the great Convention of Drumceat, the first meeting of the States of Ireland held since the abandonment of Tara, there were to be discussed, amongst other important subjects, two which were of deep and powerful interest to Columba: firstly, the relations between Ireland and the Argyle or Caledonian colony; and secondly, the proposed decree for the abolition of the Bards.

The country now known as Scotland was, about the time of the Christian era, inhabited by a barbarous and warlike race called Picts. About the middle of the second century, when Ireland was known to the Romans as Scotia, an Irish chieftain, Carbri Riada (from whom were descended the Dalraids of Antrim), crossed over to the western shores of Alba or Albyn, and founded there a Dalaraidan or Milesian colony. The colonists had a hard time of it with their savage Pictish neighbors; yet they managed to hold their ground, though receiving very little aid or attention from the parent country, to which nevertheless they regularly paid tribute. At length, in the year 503, the neglected colony was utterly overwhelmed by the Picts, whereupon a powerful force of the Irish Dalraids, under the leadership of Leorn, Aengus, and Fergus, crossed over, invaded Albany, and gradually subjugating the Picts, re-established the colony on a basis which was the foundation eventually of the Scottish monarchy of all subsequent history. To the re-established colony was given the name by which it was known long after, Scotia Minor: Ireland being called Scotia Major.

In the time of St. Columba, the colony, which so far had continuously been assessed by, and had duly paid its tribute to, the mother country, began to feel its competency to claim independence. Already it had selected and installed a king (whom St. Columba had formally consecrated), and now it sent to Ireland

a demand to be exempted from further tribute. The Irish monarch resisted the demand, which, however, it was decided first to submit to a national assembly, at which the Scottish colony should be represented, and where it might plead its case as best it could. Many and obvious considerations pointed to St. Columba as the man of men to plead the cause of the young nationality on this momentous occasion. He was peculiarly qualified to act as umpire in this threatening quarrel between the old country, to which he felt bound by such sacred ties, and the new one, which by adoption was now his home. He consented to attend at the assembly. He did so the more readily, perhaps, because of his strong feelings in reference to the other proposition named, viz., the proscription of the bards.

It may seem strange that in Ireland, where, from an early date, music and song held so high a place in national estimation, such a proposition should be made. But by this time the numerous and absurd immunities claimed by the bardic profession had become intolerable; and by gross abuses of the bardic privileges, the bards themselves had indubitably become a pest to society. King Hugh had, therefore, a strong public opinion at his back in his design of utterly abolishing the bardic corporation.

St. Columba, however, not only was allied to them by a fraternity of feeling, but he discerned clearly that by purifying and conserving, rather than by destroying, the national minstrelsy, it would become a potential influence for good, and would entwine itself gratefully around the shrine within which at such a crisis it found shelter. In fine, he felt, and felt deeply, as an Irishman and as an ecclesiastic, that the proposition of King Hugh would annihilate one of the most treasured institutions of the nation—one of the most powerful aids to patriotism and religion.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF ROADS

The world is full of roads that wind
Over hill and hollow,
Roads that cast a glance behind
And beckon one to follow:

Roads that loiter and roads that run
Past the wild rose hedges,
Roads that lure the wandering one
Down among the sedges.

Now some roads take a brook along
For the day's beginning:
The brook is ever at its song,
The road is always smiling.

Some roads go plodding through the heat,
Dust-besprent and jaded,
Unswept by breath of meadow sweet,
By greening tree unshaded.

Some roads darkle and some roads shine,
And some roads go a-Maying,
Some with the air of a martial line,
And some like children straying.

And all roads lead away from home,
Where the hearth-fire gloweth,
And every highway leads to Rome,
And every lane—God knoweth!

*But the fairest road 'twixt sea and sea,
That feet of men have trod
Is the bleak road of Calvary,
The rugged road of Calvary,
That leads to the Heart of God.*

BLANCHE M. KELLY.

Our character is our will, for what we will we are.
Manning.

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IS LORD FRENCH A FOOL?

Lord French, in a recent address to an Irish Chamber of Commerce, is reported to have used these words—

"I am firmly convinced that prosperity in any country is largely dependent upon firm and impartial administration, accompanied by patient endeavor to discover and remove the causes of unrest. I trust that the Government of Ireland, while I am at its head, will display those characteristics of impartiality and patience."

It is difficult to think (states a Scottish exchange) that Lord French is a fool. Yet none but a fool or a knave could claim that the Irish administration since he assumed the Viceroyalty has been marked by impartiality. The Dublin Castle despots under his control have been partial at every step. They prohibited Nationalist meetings and permitted Orange meetings. They have pursued a policy of calculated provocation which in any other country would have led to physical outbreak. Sinn Feiners have been sent to gaol for marching in military formation. Orange paraders in Belfast so marched to hear Carson and nothing was done. The arms of the National Volunteers are to be surrendered or seized: the arms of the Carson army are left in the possession of the Carsonites. Lord French has the hardihood, or the purblindness, to call that "impartiality!" The Carsonites have kept their guns, imported from Germany, and mean to keep them. Carson himself has said so. As long ago as 1914, when Lord French and the Munster Fusiliers—Nationalist to a man—saved the Empire by standing up heroically to the German onset at "a place called Mons," Carson was speechmaking in Ulster. This is what he said

"Not a single gun has gone out of Ulster, nor a single round of ammunition. So long as I am leader I will consent to bring in any amount of guns, but I will never consent to a single gun leaving Ulster. I rely upon every man to fight for his arms to the end. Let no man take them from you. I do not care who they be or under what authority they come, I tell you. "Stick to your arms."

And from that day to this, as the *Freeman's Journal* assures us, Carson has been literally and strictly obeyed.

Our theory of the present government of Ireland remains unshaken. Lord French's administration does not want peace unless it be the peace of serfdom. It wants to maintain the Act of Union. The Cabinet which sent him to Ireland wants the same thing. Their method of securing their end is to foster disaffection in Ireland, so long as they can control or overcome it. By this method they hope to sour British public opinion against Ireland. That is their main motive in thrusting conscription on Ireland. And they are succeeding in that purpose. They ask for 50,000 men. But they could remove from Ireland if they grant Home Rule the 80,000 men they keep there to maintain the Act of Union. Those men, it is pretended, are necessary to guard against a German invasion of Ireland. But Mr. Redmond offered to garrison Ireland with his National Volunteers, thus releasing for service abroad every regular soldier in Ireland. His offer was contemptuously refused. He encouraged recruiting in Ireland until—the Prime Minister has confessed it—the British War Office by "stupidity or malignity" spoiled the prospects of recruiting in Ireland. Of course, it never would have suited Irish Unionism if Irish Nationalists had recruited in great numbers. That would have helped Home Rule, and Irish Unionism is out to impede or destroy Home Rule. What wonder, then, if the War Office, which molly-coddled the Curragh mutineers instead of shooting them, acted just as Irish Unionism desired, and cold-douched the Nationalist ardor for recruiting at the outset?

Since then it has been the firm and consistent policy of Dublin Castle to "put between" the Irish people and the democracy of Great Britain. Everything which could disgruntle or disgust the British Home Ruler with Ireland was brought about. A cam-

paign of calumny against Ireland was inaugurated, and with deplorable result. Even Liberals who a year ago were sound Home Rulers are now lukewarm and silent, condoning every outrage against liberty in Ireland which is perpetrated by Dublin Castle in its endeavors to provoke the Irish people. So the poison works. Fortunately the Irish Party is back at Westminster, and can there provide some antidote to the poison gas disseminated against Ireland. Even with a gagged or "kept" press Westminster provides a sounding board which sends its echoes to the ends of the earth. If the Irish Party cannot prevent the misgovernment of Ireland it can at least oppose it. And if the British bourgeois class condones Ireland's betrayal we can appeal to the democracy for justice. We have faith in the British democracy if only the truth can be brought home to it. That is a duty in which we can all help. Let us get busy at it.

THE NEW CODE IN ENGLAND.

The new Code of Canon Law is being applied in England and some changes are taking place under it. The new diocese of Brentwood has already justified its erection and has now been canonically completed to comply with the Canon Law. It is a standing example of the foolishness of those who would know more than the Father of Christendom and who deliberately set their faces against the believed desire of the Roman authorities to increase the dioceses of England (writes the London correspondent of an exchange). We are naturally not speaking of our prelates. But a short time ago there was a series of articles and a correspondence amounting to a mild agitation against the multiplication of dioceses in England, and we were told politely that the faithful could not support new bishops or missions and their Lordships would likely starve. Later we were discreetly informed that the idea of fresh dioceses had been dropped for the moment. Now what do we see in Brentwood? The Bishop, Mgr. Ward, has just been speaking on the matter. And his Lordship tells of the remarkable way in which the Catholics of the new diocese have rallied to the cause. The Bishop had to find the wherewithal to keep up his episcopal dignity before the diocese was actually erected. How quickly that was forthcoming. Now it has been possible to canonically erect the parishes with their Rectors and to form the Chapter of non-resident Canons. Mgr. O'Grady has been appointed Vicar-General and Father Palmer of Hford, a priest who erected that mission, and Father Norris, are appointed respectively Canon Theologian and Canon Penitentiary, while Father Shepherd is diocesan treasurer. There are five Canons, and an honorary Canonry has been conferred on Father Hvery of Newhall, Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, near Chelmsford. The diocese shows every sign of a successful future, in temporalities as well as spiritualities, while since its creation Catholics have been flocking in to the various missions, and converts are numerous. "Nothing venture, nothing have" is true in spiritual things where some of the greatest daring has been displayed by saints and missionaries in all ages. In England at the present time, as Cardinal Bourne is never tired of telling his people, great opportunities are occurring. When the men come home from their contact with Catholic things and Catholic peoples in the countries of the Alliance, it will be a sad thing if, when they seek for a closer knowledge of the Church which has attracted them, in their own land, they do not find the opportunities for studying her. Now is the time for this country to get back some of the spiritual inheritance of which she was robbed in the sixteenth century, but she must be on the spot to do it, and if her wonderful organisation is not to have fair play, she cannot make the most of her opportunities.

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

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JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

(By JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J., in America.)

On the afternoon of Wednesday, November 29, 1911, his Holiness Pope Pius X. imposed the cardinalial birretta on their Eminences Cardinals Falconio, di Belmonte, Farley, Bourne, Amette, O'Connell, Dubillard, de Cabrieres, Bisleti, Lugari, Pompili, Billot, and van Rossum. In answer to the address in which Cardinal Falconio, the dean of the newly created Princes of the Church, thanked the Holy Father for the honor conferred on them, the Pope referred to the enthusiasm with which the appointment of the American Cardinals had been greeted by the people of the United States, and the popular demonstrations which had accompanied their departure for Rome. He thus expressed his happiness and his hope, when turning to the newly appointed American Cardinals, he said:

The enthusiasm with which the news of your elevation to the Sacred College was received, the demonstrations which were made for you by all classes of citizens, the acclamations, accompanied with blessings, wishes, and affectionate greetings on your departure from New York and Boston, and finally your triumphant voyage across the ocean protected by the Papal flag, afford me not only hope, but certainty that the Lord on your return will multiply the fruits of your Apostolate, and that over the hospitable land which receives all peoples of the world, and with well ordered liberty provides for the universal well-being, the Lord will reign and His glory will shine therein.

On the heart of one of the hearers, the good shepherd whose loss the archdiocese of New York now mourns, these words made a deep impression. He quoted them among the very first sentences which he spoke in St. Patrick's Cathedral on his return from the Eternal City. The priestly heart of John Farley could not but be responsive to the unsolicited manifestations of joy of his own flock and of those outside the fold over the great honor conferred upon him when he was appointed to the College of Cardinals. But his soul was above any thought of worldly honor or prestige which such a position might give. A supreme honor had been conferred upon him; that would only enlarge his influence and opportunities and add a brighter flame to his pastoral zeal. Like Pius X., he had but one hope, that on the return to the land so beautifully described by the Holy Father as the land of a generous hospitality, the land of well-ordered liberty, he might more fully, more chivalrously, even than before, were that possible, carry out the ideals for which from his boyhood days he had ever striven.

In the lives of those men who work especially for God there is a wonderful unity. That unity we find in the life of John Cardinal Farley. It was not without a special meaning that the Papal flag floated at the masthead of the ship that bore him across the seas to receive from the hands of Pius X. the insignia of his office. It was a long time since that flag had been seen on the highways of the ocean. It was a splendid augury that on one of the rare occasions when it floated there in the last half century it should be unfurled over an American Cardinal whose whole life as priest, bishop, and Prince of the Church was one continued act of loyalty to the Chair of Peter, whose one dream from childhood to the last hours of his pastoral duties in the greatest diocese in the western world, was to extend the kingdom of God and the love of the Church of Rome and of Christ in the hearts of men.

John Farley was essentially a priestly soul. It is as a priest that he will especially be remembered. He had great gifts. Breadth of view, a thorough understanding of the problems of the day, administrative qualities of the highest order—these he had, and used for the noblest ends. With a thorough grasp of the intellectual problems of the hour, he looked at them steadily and calmly. But he refused to depart from the solutions which his Faith, his training, his clear mind, his varied experience of men and things had taught him were absolutely correct and sound. In abstract reasoning, in purely metaphysical questions,

in theories as such, he had little interest. Yet he was keenly logical, and an accomplished scholar. But his one passion in life was to deal with the hearts, the souls, the lives of men. He was practical in all things. He socialized his gifts of mind and heart, his innate love of virtue and truth, his sincere and tender piety. Ornaments of his own life, they were the source and the explanation of his influence and his power.

The dead Cardinal spoke the truth when he told his people that his life among them for fifty years as student and priest was an open book. The record he wrought and wrote with his hands and his life, was one of labor, prayer, humility, unselfishness, and unceasing fidelity to duty. He could truthfully say that the holy priesthood was the only honor which he had ever ambitioned. Honors came quickly to him. They pursued this gentle cleric and priest from the days when he was a student in St. Macartan's College, in his beloved Ireland, and later at St. John's, Fordham, to the hour when after years as priest and pastor he was made Auxiliary Bishop of New York, then Archbishop and finally Cardinal.

When these high honors came to him they found the shepherd in the midst of his labors. It was thus that the Pope's ambassadors had found St. Bonaventure in the humblest duties of the monastery when they carried to him a cardinal's hat. The whole priestly life of the late Cardinal was passed within the limits of the archdiocese of New York. With the City of New York, its life, its activities, its marvellous growth, its problems, some of them more puzzling than the questions that face many a populous republic and kingdom, he was intimately acquainted. He loved its people, many-tribed and many-tongued. For the energy, the manhood, the push, the epically audacious economic and business enterprise of her citizens, he had the greatest admiration. To America and the American constitution, to America's aims and purpose in the war, he was unflinchingly loyal. The governors of the State, the mayors of the city, its professional, business, and literary men time and again expressed their admiration for him in heartfelt and sincere words, praises which filled his heart with gratitude. In the course of his long and useful life in the great city, New York learned to reverence and love this unworldly priest, who had but one desire, to rule his flock as a true and holy Bishop, and to let those outside of his fold know that if they did not consider him their spiritual father, he looked upon them all as his friends.

John Farley was essentially a man of the sanctuary. He was absolutely unworldly. As a young priest, when assistant at New Brighton, Staten Island, he gave evidence of the strong and tender piety, the mental and spiritual equilibrium, the zeal which ever marked him. For twelve years as secretary to Cardinal McCloskey he was unconsciously preparing himself for the duties which one day were to be his in the position then occupied by the first American Cardinal whom he so loyally served. For eighteen years he was pastor of St. Gabriel's, in the very heart of the city he loved, daily in contact with the warm heart's blood of the people, keenly alive to their spiritual, social, educational wants, providing for their children and their poor, always giving the example of an untiring, successful, and zealous shepherd of the flock of Christ. In 1891 he was appointed Vicar-General of the archdiocese. Immediately the force of his zeal, his unusual administrative capacity, his practical insight into the complex workings of the vast organisation under his control, showed the true worth of the man. Made Auxiliary Bishop in 1895, he found a still larger field for his energies, his talents, and his powers. On the occasion of Archbishop Corrigan's episcopal silver jubilee he raised \$300,000 to clear from debt the diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie. In 1902 he was appointed Archbishop of New York, in 1911 he was created a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

When Leo XIII., who knew men and looked quite through their deeds, appointed Bishop Farley to the archdiocese of New York, he knew the pastor and the flock. He realised that the man of his choice was to rule one of the greatest and one of the most thoroughly

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Catholic sees in the world. Within its limits almost all the tongues of man are spoken. Problems that would tax the brains of the greatest educational, financial, social, clerical, and administrative experts must be faced almost daily in the chancellery of its first pastor. The Pope was convinced that John Farley would solve them. He was convinced that when difficulties would arise he would not betray his duties or be false to his trust. If the newly appointed Archbishop trembled at the thought that he would have to wear the mantle of Archbishop Hughes, "the hero" and the champion of the rights and liberties of the Church; of Cardinal McCloskey, "the sage," and of Archbishop Corrigan, "the saint," the keen-sighted Leo was absolutely confident that the newly-appointed prelate could successfully tread in the path of such illustrious predecessors. To use the words of one of his priests addressed to the Cardinal after his return from the Eternal City: "To have held this portion of the garden of the Lord at the point of fertility and productiveness to which they had brought it, would in itself have been a great achievement." Cardinal Farley did more. Not only did he suffer "no flower or fruit or tree or shrub to wither and decay," but he "added to their beauty, their number, and their variety."

The splendid administrative abilities of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York were mustered into the service of the noblest of causes. He had grown up with the archdiocese. He realised its needs. As a country and city pastor he had seen the needs of the clergy. He loved his priests. They repaid his love with theirs and added to it their unflinching loyalty. For the younger members of the clergy he had a special affection. Cathedral College, Dunwoodie Seminary, where the future priests of the archdiocese undergo their training for their life's work, were especially dear to him. He insisted that the American priest should ever be the man of culture and refinement, fully equipped for the manifold duties of his office. He still more emphasised the fact that he should ever be a man of prayer, a man of heroic self-denial, spotless in life and conduct. If he prayed for the greater spiritualisation and sanctification of his devoted priests, he gave them above everything else the inspiring example of his own lofty ideals and childlike piety and faith.

Cardinal Farley was little given to the arts of self-advertising. He was modest and self-effacing. Yet he was a man of keen mental vision and eminently practical. He grasped a situation, saw a problem to be worked out, and calmly set about realising his ideals or his dream. There were gaps and shortcomings in our Catholic educational system. He endeavored to stop them and to improve our methods. He gave his intelligent and loyal support to the Catholic University at Washington. He improved the parochial school system. An alumnus of St. John's, Fordham, he remained one of her most loyal sons and an advocate of the sterling education which his Alma Mater and her sister colleges uphold. As a young priest, as a pastor in St. Gabriel's, he had suffered with the poor. Out of his own scanty resources he had often relieved their wants. His gentle and sympathetic nature, his warm Celtic heart, throbbed in unison with their sorrows. He was ever their friend. The St. Vincent de Paul Society and its American Ozanam, the lamented Thomas Mulry, found in him not only an adviser but a champion. The spiritual director for many years of that society, he infused into that body an enthusiasm and a zeal, and gave evidence of an intelligent and practical insight into the needs of the poor which might well make the study of the best social workers. When the *Catholic Encyclopedia* was planned he gave it his whole-hearted approval. It was launched under his patronage, and he never wavered for a moment through many a crisis in his confidence in its final triumph.

Head of a great diocese, he worked for its financial, religious, educational welfare. Thanks to him, St. Patrick's Cathedral was freed from debt. Successful in relieving the diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie from a heavy financial burden, he was still more so when he

collected almost a million for the noblest sacred edifice in the United States and saw it solemnly consecrated to God. He was undoubtedly a great administrator. He was more. He was in all things a priest and a shepherd. He was all-embracing in his sympathy for his flock. For the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the children whose schools he multiplied nearly 50 per cent., for the homeless orphan, he had a special care. His heart was open to every appeal, his hands were ready for any task. In John Farley, priest, Bishop, and Cardinal, political corruption, socialism, the gilded immoralities of the stage, found a fearless opponent; the sanctities of the hearth and home, a white-robed and dauntless champion.

"A priest above all things"—such is the tribute which John Farley in his *Life of John Cardinal McCloskey* pays to his illustrious predecessor in the see of New York. Cardinal Farley was pre-eminently that. Wearing the white flower of a blameless life, while mingling with the world he kept his priestly robes unstained by any taint of worldliness. Differing in many respects from his three immediate predecessors, he was worthy to be counted on the roll of the great bishops who in the greatest city of the western world have done so much for the welfare of their fellow-citizens and for the spread of the kingdom of God. The splendid example of his blameless and holy life will not be lost on the mighty city which the dead Cardinal loved. In the midst of hurrying throngs, amidst the hum of the traffic and the sound of passing feet he sleeps under the arches of his noble cathedral. It is a fit resting place for the good Cardinal of New York.

"MARCHING TO ACTION"

The English *Bookman* recently published these stanzas by C. A. McCartney, Lieut. R.F.A.

Dim seen before me lies the way,
Dark stretch the fields to left and right;
It wants another hour to day,
Yet all the eastern sky is bright,
So quick the flashes leap and die;
And we go marching silently,
Our faces to the eastern sky.

How fiercely leaps the battle roar!
Yet overhead and all about
The night is silent as of yore,
And rank on rank the stars shine out,
With one that flames exceeding bright,
A lamp of God, a living light,
A benediction on the night.

And near me on a grassy hill,
I see that Form raised up to bless;
The Face that knows and pities still
Two thousand years of bitterness,
And dark against the troubled sky,
One moment seen and then passed by,
Those Arms outstretched to draw me nigh.

O Way, dim seen, my feet must tread—
O Cross beside, O Star before—
The Spirits of the holy dead
Speak to me as they spake of yore:
"Lo, this is what we sought afar,
The End to which all questions are—
The Way, the Cross, and then the Star."

At least we can and we ought to conform ourselves by desire to the actions of the saints, and in our heart imitate them as much as possible. We should put no bounds to the generosity of our desires.

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Current Topics

The Kaiser

Two facts are worth remembering among so many surmises and rumors. First, there is danger of Bolshevism spreading in Germany. It has been announced in the United States that it is spreading. Second, we will recall that Lord Milner, the German member of the British Cabinet, warned the people that it would be unwise to do away with the old German Government at present, precisely in view of the fact that the Bolsheviks are a menace to Oligarchy in all countries. Premising so much, we may be able to see through the cloudland of cables issued to us by a paternal Harmsworth press just now. It is a little more than possible that certain people who are interested in maintaining Oligarchy still, and in keeping small nations under an iron rule, might find it advisable to have the old Kaiser back again with his hands fettered. Possibly a figurehead Kaiser would please them better than a Bolshevik Government that would not understand why people like Carson should get special treatment when it comes to dealing with traitors. Of course the Harmsworth papers have been saying unkind things about the Kaiser and a *volte face* would be hailed with ridicule. But *volte face* is no new thing for that press. We have not forgotten the time when Carson and his friends spoke proudly of the promised aid of a "powerful Continental Monarch" who would help the Orangemen to kick the King's Crown into the Boyne. We have not forgotten how the London papers, in 1913 even, spoke of Wilhelm as the greatest Sovereign in Europe and the only one fit to compare with Victoria, as far as a blameless life goes. We do not believe that the German people, and particularly the Catholic people of Bavaria, who are supported by the Austrians in their movement against Prussianism, will ever have the Kaiser back. But, putting two and two together now, it seems that certain old friends of the wandering William would not be averse to kissing his imperial toe once more.

Ireland

Letters from Ireland tell us that things are very bad indeed there as far as the Government is concerned. There is no such thing as liberty of speech and action, except in Orangedom. If a man is not careful about how he winks he may find himself in gaol. To speak French within hearing of an ignorant policeman who might make a "mental note" and swear that he heard Irish spoken is a terrible danger. It is not safe even to drive a cow to a fair. If a crowd gathers to look at a dog-fight they are certain of free quarters, at the expense of the Government, for an indefinite period. We have heard from returned men that among the English people intense indignation prevailed as a result of the arrest of the Sinn Feiners, on a trumped up charge that nobody believed. It is considered certain that, although a trial was denied these men, they will be kept in gaol until after the General Election. To any man who has followed Lloyd George's career that conclusion is eminently safe. At the present time the testimony of de Valera would be disconcerting and uncomfortable for Mr. George. And that seems reason enough to have the man kept in gaol! Lloyd George is what is called a good business man. Witness the Marconi case. Lately we saw a sentence in *Everyman*, a paper read by Englishmen who have brains, and edited by Dr. Sarolea, of Edinburgh University. The sentence was merely a reminder that we are now professed believers in the truth that a people has the right to choose its own form of Government. It was followed by a hint to the effect that most people seemed blind to the stupidity of those who, in the light of that truth, declared that the efforts of the Irish people to govern themselves amount to treason. Even from the point of view of a Jingo paper like the *London Tablet* that argument is a hard nut to crack. From the Irish point of view it is superfluous. Ireland's view was

ably stated by Dr. Coffey of Maynooth, when he said that England's title to rule Ireland was founded on the guilty contract known as the Union, and that as the people had in every generation rejected the Union, England had not a shadow of legal right to rule Ireland, any more than Germany had to rule Belgium. That in a nutshell is Ireland's case. Ireland still waits. England still oppresses a small nation and denies to a people the right of self-determination.

The Epidemic

War and pestilence usually go hand in hand. It was one of the marvels of the recent war that there was so little disease of an epidemic kind among the soldiers; and for that great credit is due to the medical corps attached to the different armies. Now the war is over and the epidemic has come. Meagre details arrive to tell us of its ravages in other countries. A paper stated that in South Africa the number of deaths was 50,000. We know only too well how much New Zealand has already suffered, and if blame is due to anyone we have no doubt that it will in due time be apportioned by those whose province it is to investigate the matter. It is remarkable that among the prophecies of the French girl, who came like another Joan of Arc to recall men's minds to God in miraculous ways, it was foretold that a terrible epidemic would follow the war. And it has come with a vengeance. People are prone to blame the authorities. But they can but do their best, and to err is human. Let it be remembered that owing to the absence of a large number of doctors and nurses the enemy found us weak and unprepared; and under the circumstances all that could be done was done. No praise of ours is adequate for the splendid work of the nuns in various centres. In Auckland, where the scourge was heaviest, the heroic efforts of the religious communities helped in great measure to defeat the disease. From Wellington and Christchurch we are constantly hearing glowing appreciations of the work of the Sisters. In Dunedin our nuns have responded to the call of charity with that eagerness and self-sacrifice which comes so naturally to these devoted servants of God and of His people. No less credit is due to the Catholic priests who have been tireless in their attention to the sick, and who, in very many cases, have been martyrs to their devotion to duty. A time like this tests real charity. And the people are not slow to see who manifests it. We will not dwell on this point further than to say that from many quarters already we have heard it said by admirers of the selfless devotion of our workers: "Are these, then, the people who have been subjected to such vile attacks for the past years?" God has in this striking way vindicated His servants and singled them out for a work of danger that brings the best testimony to their sterling worth. It is not the men and women who were most distinguished for blatant patriotism, on public platforms and at street corners, that are found readiest now to prove the depth of their love for their afflicted brethren. We are tempted to ask, what part has the P.P.A. played in the work of self-sacrifice? Where are those who were so ready to tour the country calumniating the devoted Catholic nuns who now stand in the breach and face the danger cheerfully? Where now are the Catholic shirkers of whom we heard so much from that tribe that sent so few volunteers to the war and does so little in this war against an enemy to face which requires the truest sort of heroism? However, our workers want no reward on earth. The ladies who have gone out of their convents, and who may be found scrubbing floors and cleaning up infected homes, nursing sufferers, and cooking for the sick, do what they are doing so well because they have learnt that the love of God and the love of the neighbor is the one motive that really matters. Where the moth cannot eat nor the rust consume their reward is safe. "By this sign shall it be known that ye are My disciples, that ye have love, one for another." And by that sign, too, it shall be now made manifest who are the real followers of Christ. May God, who in His mysterious ways justifies His servants before men, avert the danger and comfort the afflicted.

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German or Not German

There is little doubt about it. Some among us are as capable of singing hymns of hate as the soldiers of the Kaiser. There have been cases during the past four years in which inoffensive and innocent persons have been persecuted by the people of this country because a rumor was circulated that the persons in question were of German blood. And to make the matter worse, it was the poor who invariably suffered. We have before our mind one case in which a whole family was treated with a barbarity that ought to make those responsible pray to God every day for the remainder of their lives lest He punish them for their sins against Christian charity; and we have no doubt that most of our readers will find in the archives of their memories records of similar cases. About such conduct there is only one verdict possible: it was damnable and cowardly in the extreme. We can imagine no punishment too hot or heavy for those who have made innocent women and girls suffer hunger and hardship in this way. We can imagine no title on which the guilty people can claim to belong to the followers of Him who came on earth to teach men to love instead of to hate. These things have been done. And once more let us say it was not the rich or the influential who suffered; and that makes the sin all the more shameful. What a logical people we are! How proud we ought to be of ourselves! While we persecute women and children the British Government has a born German in its inner circle. Our King himself has German blood in his veins. And again, it is the poor whom we persecute. To talk about poor aliens amongst us being enemies, to keep them out of employment that would bring bread to the hungry mouths of their children, while Milner is held in honor and while King George rules, is surely a matter that ought to knock the conceit out of us for a generation to come. At any rate, let us talk no more about atrocities, but rather say our prayers. If we are going to persecute helpless people because their father was a German let us not forget that King George's grandfather was a German. If it is too much to expect that we be charitable, let us at least cease being fools. As it has often been said that Lady Ward was one of the Germans in high places to whom immunity was allowed, for reasons of high politics or something of the sort, we have great pleasure in publishing a manly statement by Sir Joseph on the subject. We find it interesting because of its refutation of a popular error: we find it ten times more so because of Sir Joseph's splendid profession of respect and love for a good wife and a good mother of his children, who is more—ininitely more—to him than all the honors New Zealand could give him.

A reference to the ancestry of Lady Ward was made in the House of Representatives last night by Mr. Payne, who was stopped by the Speaker. Sir Joseph Ward said that never before since he had been in the House had he referred to a member of his own family or the family of any other member of the House; but there was one near and dear to him who had been referred to as a German. He wished to say that his family had in their possession records of the birth and nationality of Lady Ward's father. He was not a German, nor had any member of his family been born in Germany. Lady Ward's father was a Belgian, born in Bruges, and his ancestors for 350 years were Belgians. Anyone anxious to pursue the question of the ancestry of the father of Lady Ward could have found the information in the records of this country of about 50 years ago. He had known all his life that Lady Ward's father was Belgian. He had been aware of the rumors circulated, and knew also some of the people by whom they had been circulated; but he had not made any reference to them. If anyone was curious enough about the matter to call at his office he would exhibit the proofs to which he had referred, and they would show that Lady Ward's father had not a drop of German blood in his veins. Sir Joseph Ward concluded by saying that his wife had never taken any part in politics, nor had she ever been a scandal-monger. She had been a true wife and a good mother, and if a

question ever should arise making necessary a choice between the welfare of his wife and his official duties he would do as every decent man would do—give up his official duties and stick by his wife. He thought it wise in the circumstances that he should inform the House of the facts about a matter which was delicate, and he wished to say that he did it without heat or bitterness.

Prohibition: Important Pronouncement by the Hierarchy

We had come to the end of our articles on the Prohibition question, and decided to let the matter rest for the present. However, a most important pronouncement by the Australasian Hierarchy, New Zealand being represented by Archbishop Redwood, has come under our notice, and it is clearly our duty to put it before our readers. There is no need of any comment of ours. All that we have said already finds its confirmation in this authoritative declaration of the guides of the Catholic Church in the Southern Hemisphere:

At a meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy of Australasia, held in Melbourne recently, the following statement was agreed upon for public issue:

"We deem it our duty to co-operate with every wisely-directed effort to stem the evil of drink in Australasia and to promote temperance among the people. We have no sympathy with those who oppose well-considered restrictive legislation, or the strict and impartial administration of the laws which regulate the sale of drink. But, needless to say, we have just as little sympathy with those—and they are very active at present—who do not distinguish between the use and the abuse of alcoholic drink; who seem to regard drink as something essentially evil; who, in spite of the comparative sobriety of the people of Australasia, convey to the world by their reckless statements that Australia and New Zealand are drink-sodden lands, and that their people—and especially the soldiers who have risked their lives—are dishonored and degraded by intemperance. *No lasting improvement can be based upon false principles, and no good cause can be served by false charges and intemperate language.*

"We frankly admit that drink has done, and is doing, much evil in Australasia. We are so much alive to the necessity for legal control of the drink traffic that we would regard with sympathy any sane proposal to buy out existing liquor interests, to take the drink traffic out of private hands, and to vest it in some public authority. But we view with misgiving and alarm the crude proposals of those Prohibitionists who, under the cover of war conditions, demand drastic legislation, which would be unjust to those engaged in the drink traffic; *which would be an unwarrantable infringement on the reasonable liberty of the mass of the people; which would most probably be inefficacious for the purpose in view, and which, in the end, might produce more evil than it would remove.*

"If Australasia ever prove in the future to be really drink-sodden, and if the people can be redeemed only by drastic measures, then, by all means, perhaps, try Prohibition. But that time has not come yet. Australasia has not yet given a fair trial to the simple remedy of giving the mass of the people the chance of practising sobriety in decent homes and in reasonable comfort. If wealth were justly distributed, and if, as a consequence, home surroundings were what they might be, education on sound lines and religious influences would in time do the rest to make our people temperate. *What they need is, not force and compulsion from outside, but a building up and a strengthening of character from within, and then, decent surroundings and comfortable homes—real homes—in which they will have a chance of living honest, clean, sober lives.*"

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OBITUARY

SISTER MARY FREDERICK REYNOLDS. NURSING SISTERS OF THE LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY, CHRISTCHURCH.

At Lewisham Hospital, Christchurch, on Friday, November 29, Sister Mary Frederick, professed religious of the Nursing Order of the Little Company of Mary, passed peacefully away to her eternal reward. Sister Frederick and the Nursing Sisters and staff of Lewisham, heroically helped by the Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of the Mission, Marist Brothers, and a number of voluntary workers from St. Mary's parish, had labored with untiring devotion in combating the ravages of the influenza epidemic. Throughout those dread days when the epidemic was at its height, when patient after patient in the grip of septic pneumonia and in the throes of delirium, was rushed into Lewisham and the hospital taxed to its utmost capacity, Sister Frederick and her fellow Sisters worked on calmly, quietly, energetically, with heroic devotion, with unwavering fortitude. They gave of their best and Sister Frederick gave her beautiful, sweet, strong, innocent life. She gave it with the same calm courage that characterised her every action. Death had little fear for her. "I am going," she said quietly a happy smile lighting her face, "to Our Lady," to that Sweet Lady, Mother of God, under whose protecting mantle nestles the Little Company of the Nursing Sisters of Mary. Fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, surrounded by her Sisters in religion, she peacefully breathed her last on Friday morning at ten o'clock. The obsequies took place on Saturday. Father Quinn, S.M., who attended Sister Frederick in her illness, offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul, and officiated at the graveside. Dean Regnault, S.M., Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Father Fogarty, Father Roche, S.M., Brothers Palladius, Phelan, Emilian, and Luke, and a number of sympathisers were present. To Reverend Mother Pius, and to the Sisters of Lewisham, to Sister Frederick's mother, in Victoria, to her brother, Father James Reynolds, Missionary of the Sacred Heart, and to the other members of her family our heartfelt sympathy is tendered. May God reward, as He alone knows how, one who at the call of duty willingly laid down her young and innocent life!—R.I.P.

SISTER MARY THERESA, AND SISTER MARY LORENZO, ORDER OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, AUCKLAND.

Among the victims to the high call of duty (writes our Auckland correspondent under date November 29) are two members of the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph. Sister Mary Theresa (Wilson), a member of the community at St. Joseph's Convent, Grey Lynn, while

visiting the homes of the afflicted in the surrounding district, contracted influenza. Pneumonia supervened, death ensuing last Saturday. Sister M. Theresa was a native of Melbourne, Victoria. The interment took place on Sunday last at the Catholic cemetery, Panmure.—R.I.P.

The second victim was Sister Mary Lorenzo, who died at Matata, Bay of Plenty, where she labored for several years past. Sister M. Lorenzo, with her devoted colleagues of the Josephine Order, have labored assiduously amongst the European and Native populations of the district who have been attacked by the epidemic. The deceased Sister was a native of South Canterbury.—R.I.P.

IRISH GENEROSITY.

Ireland has risen splendidly to an occasion offered her. This year the annual collection made in all the dioceses for Peter's Pence has surpassed any previous figures, and this at a time when the Vatican coffers are seriously depleted by the exigencies of the war (writes the London correspondent of the *Catholic Herald of India*). No special appeal was made, but Ireland, as is her generous custom, gives of her first fruits to the service of God. Moreover, she has a sympathetic heart, and a quick understanding, and she seemed to awake spontaneously to the fact that many ordinary sources of supply are cut off from the Vicar of Christ, who will not take the pence of poor Belgium or the invaded districts of France, even when offered willingly by a broken people. So Ireland put her back into the collection, which is several hundred pounds in excess of last year. The Pope on his side never forgets Ireland. His Holiness has sent a signed photo of himself to the great Archconfraternity of the Holy Family established at Limerick, which recently celebrated its golden jubilee and sent a message of loyal affection to his Holiness. The portrait bears the following inscription:—"On the happy day on which the jubilee festivities of the Confraternity of the Holy Family in the City of Limerick are being brought to a close, we exult holly in the Lord at the advance and development of the sodality, and we impart the Apostolic Benediction to its Superiors and members, and especially to those who have belonged to it from its foundation, rejoicing in the hope that the Confraternity of the Holy Family at Limerick will ever witness an increase in the number and never a decrease in the fervor of its members."

God converses with man in prayer and reveals many things between a Pater and an Ave.—Father Olivaint, S.J.

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ROLL OF HONOR

PRIVATE JOSEPH SLATTERY.

Private Joseph Slattery, who died of wounds on October 8, 1918, was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Slattery, of 37 Suffolk Street, Linwood, Christ-



church. Prior to leaving with the 38th Reinforcement he was engaged in the carrying business. He was educated at the Marist Brothers' School, Christchurch. R.I.P.

PRIVATE JACK FITZGERALD.

The many friends of Private Jack Fitzgerald will regret to hear of his death in action, which occurred on November 4. The deceased was one of those young men who left during the earlier stages of the war, and who saw considerable fighting and came through several hot engagements. Educated at the Marist Brothers' School, the deceased spent most of his life in Wellington, where for his many noble qualities he was highly esteemed by an ever-widening circle of friends. He was the eldest son of Mr. T. Fitzgerald, of Moleworth Street, Thorndon, and a nephew of Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, of Murphy Street, Thorndon, and had recently sustained a heavy loss in the death of his mother. R.I.P.

SERGEANT ERNEST MICHAEL CASEY.

Sergeant Ernest Michael Casey, who was on the staff of the Labor Department before he enlisted with the 11th Reinforcements as pay-sergeant, succumbed on Sunday night, November 17, to pneumonia supervening on influenza, at St. Patrick's College Hospital. Deceased, who was 29 years of age, was unmarried. He was a native of Wellington, and was a son of the late Mr. J. J. Casey, formerly in business at Wellington as a draper. The late Mr. Casey was educated at the Marist Brothers' School and St. Patrick's College. He was a marine artist of great promise, whose pictures have been exhibited even recently at the Wellington Art Academy Exhibition. Deceased took part in the battle of Messines with the infantry, during which operation he was slightly wounded with shrapnel and subsequently invalided to England, and thence to New Zealand. The Rev. Dr. Casey, S.M., of Greenmeadows, is a brother of the deceased. R.I.P.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS H. RAE.

Another promising Catholic young man, Lieutenant Thomas H. Rae, has just been reported to have been killed in action on November 4. The deceased, who had seen about four years' service, was a member of St. Benedict's Catholic Club, Newton, Auckland, and was very popular. He was a member of the clerical division of the Railway Department before going to the war. His mother is Mrs. A. Rae, Hikutaiia, Thames. R.I.P.

PRIVATE THOMAS DAVIS.

The remains of the late Private T. Davis, a returned soldier who was badly wounded at Gallipoli, son of Captain and Mrs. T. J. Davis, of Nairn Street, Wellington, whose death took place at Palmerston North on Friday night, November 15, from double pneumonia, was interred at Karori on the following Sunday, Father Mahony officiating. The body was brought from Palmerston North on the previous Saturday, many members of the Army Ordnance Corps (to which branch the late soldier was attached), including Major Bosworth and Captain Trask, and several returned soldiers, following the cortege to the Palmerston station. The pall-bearers at the burial were members of the Army Ordnance Corps, under Lieutenant Ramsay. R.I.P.

RIFLEMAN WILLIAM T. LA BROOME.

Rifleman William Thomas La Broome, killed in action on October 8, 1918, was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. La Broome, of Port Ahuriri. He was born in Napier, and was educated at the local Marist



Brothers' School. After leaving school he was employed as a porter on the railways, and was stationed at Opapa before leaving with the 35th Reinforcements. He was killed after a few weeks in the firing line. Rifleman La Broome earned the respect of all who knew him, and much sympathy is felt for his bereaved family in their sad loss. R.I.P.

PRIVATE JOHN CONNELL.

Private John Connell, of the New Zealand Medical Corps, died at Trentham Camp on November 3, of influenza. Deceased was the only son of Mrs. Margaret Connell, of Newton, Auckland, and was a prominent member of St. Benedict's Catholic Club. R.I.P.

CAPTAIN JAMES CHARLES MCCARTHY.

I regret to have to record (writes our Auckland correspondent) the death, from wounds received in action on November 4, of Captain James Charles McCarthy. The deceased officer went to the Front with the 23rd Reinforcements, and was in the fighting line almost continuously, taking part in no less than 16 battles on the Western Front. He was mentioned in despatches for good work in attack and defence. At the time of his death he was holding the rank of Acting-Major. Prior to the war he took an active interest in the Volunteer movement, and held the position of adjutant of the North Island Battalion of N.Z. Railway Engineers. Deceased came to Auckland from Lyttelton about 10 years ago. Prior to enlisting he was in the service of the Railway Department. He was the son of Mr. C. C. McCarthy, of Ponsonby, and leaves a widow and two young children. R.I.P.

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SERGEANT PETER PRENDERGAST, M.M.

Sergeant Peter Prendergast, M.M., news of whose death has been received, was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. James Prendergast, of Eifelton, Canterbury. He was born at Longbeach 26 years ago, and received part of his education at the Convent School, Ashburton. He was a very popular young fellow, and took a prominent part in athletics, notably in football, wrestling,



and boxing. He won the heavy-weight championship of the 11th Reinforcements, of which he was a member, being awarded a gold medal. He was wounded on four occasions, and early in his career was awarded the Military Medal. Just previous to his being killed in action he received a bar in addition to the medal. Before entering the army Sergeant Prendergast was engaged in farming pursuits in the Eifelton district, and was for some time at Bracepeth Station, in the Wairarapa. A younger brother of the late Sergeant Prendergast enlisted with the 30th Reinforcements, was recently wounded, and is now in the Military Hospital at Hornchurch. —R.I.P.

PRIVATE DANIEL HIGGINS.

Private Daniel Higgins, killed in action in France, was born at Roslyn, Dunedin, in 1894. He was educated at the Marist Brothers' School, Christchurch, and after serving his time as a plumber worked at his trade until joining the Expeditionary Forces. He was of a quiet, unassuming nature, and much respected by all who knew him. —R.I.P.

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

The following are the results of the music examinations in connection with Trinity College, London, held recently at the Convent of Mercy, Lyttelton, by Mr. Charles Schilsky: Licentiate Piano—One. Intermediate One. Junior Violin—Two. Preparatory—Three. The following pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Akaroa, were also successful: Intermediate Piano—Two. Junior Piano—Two. Preparatory Piano—One; do. Violin, one.

At the examinations held in Methven and Rakaia the following pupils were successful:—Methven: Associate Piano—One. Junior Piano (honors)—One; do pass, one; do. singing one. Preparatory (honors)—One. First Steps—Two. Rakaia: Junior Violin—One; do. piano, three. Preparatory Piano (honors)—One; do pass, three.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

November 29.

Rev. Dr. Geaney, professor of theology at Greenmeadows Seminary, Hawke's Bay, who went to Featherston Camp as a chaplain, has now contracted influenza, and Father Outtrim, of St. Patrick's College, is relieving him. Father Daly, chaplain at Trentham, has also been laid up, and his place has been taken by Father O'Leary, of the Marist Missions staff.

At the last meeting of the Hibernian Society (St. Patrick's branch) a motion of sympathy and condolence with the priests and the people of the Dunedin diocese in the great loss they had suffered through the death of his Lordship Bishop Verdon, was carried in respectful silence.

Father Kimbell, S.M., of St. Anne's, Newtown, who has been suffering with influenza, has reached the convalescent stage. The condition of Father Mark Devoy, S.M., who is also prostrated with the same malady, is improving, but it will be some time before he will be able to resume his duties.

The Sisters of Mercy, Newtown, desire to thank the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., and other generous donors of gifts to St. Anne's Convalescent Hospital.

Mrs. P. McNamara, of St. Anne's congregation, Newtown, has suffered a double bereavement in the deaths of her son and daughter (Mr. P. L. and Miss C. McNamara), both victims to the present epidemic. In her affliction she has the deepest sympathy of a large circle of friends.—R.I.P.

The epidemic is now well in hand, so much so that one temporary hospital has been closed and the number of vacant beds at those remaining open are increasing. The St. Patrick's College temporary hospital is still being used, and has proved a great boon to the community. Father Gilbert, S.M., M.A. (Rector), and the Sisters of Compassion have had a strenuous time in coping with the demands made upon them.

St. Anne's Hall is still being used as a convalescent hospital, and the Sisters of Mercy, who are in charge, have done excellent work which is much appreciated by the Health authorities. Although the Sacred Heart Convent, Island Bay, has been offered to the authorities as a convalescent home, there has been no need so far to make use of it. The Sisters of Compassion have also been engaged in nursing the sick in their own homes, and have performed a service to the community that will not be soon forgotten.

The Marist Brothers stationed here have not escaped the epidemic, but all have recovered. The only case that caused alarm was that of the Rev. Brother Eusebius, of Thorndon, who developed pneumonia, with a slight touch of pleurisy. He is at present an inmate of St. Patrick's College Hospital, where his condition is improving.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. L. Loftus, of the Mail Branch G.P.O. and a parishioner of the Brooklyn portion of St. Mary of the Angels' parish, in the loss he has sustained through the death of his wife, who was a daughter of Mr. D. R. Lawlor, of Cuba Street. She contracted influenza and developed complications which resulted in her death.—R.I.P.

The many friends of Mrs. Norman A. Beagley (nee Mary M. Dillon) will learn with regret that she passed away, a victim to pneumonia, after a brief illness, which was contracted through volunteering for service during the present epidemic in Wellington, where she was attached to the voluntary nursing staff. The late Mrs. Beagley for three years prior to her marriage seven months ago was on the staff of the Wairau Hospital, Blenheim. When the call came she could not refrain from the work she loved so well.—R.I.P.

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DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

November 29.

Father Curley, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, has been transferred to Hamilton, Father O'Byrne going from Hamilton to the Cathedral.

The dreadful scourge which has visited the Dominion during the past month now appears to have almost run its course, but many bitter memories have been left in its trail. Our Bishop and the clergy in the city and suburbs have been working assiduously day and night during the epidemic, visiting the homes of the afflicted, conveying succor, and also personally assisting to lift them from their sick beds to take them to hospitals. In this work the Bishop has been very conspicuous with his motor car, and has won the sincere appreciation and gratitude of all sections of the community.

The Vermont Street Catholic Schools, which have been utilised as temporary hospitals during the epidemic, are being discontinued as such in a few days.

Public opinion has been rudely awakened to the great evils of insanitary conditions and poor housing which exist to such a deplorable extent in this city, and in which so many unfortunate people are compelled to live. In fact, throughout the whole Dominion it seems now as if good will come out of the terrible conditions brought to light. The Auckland City Council at a meeting held last night proposes to raise a loan of £250,000 to effectively deal with the problems raised by the epidemic.

The death occurred on November 16 of Mr. Andrew Markey, a well-known and highly respected Catholic of St. John's parish, Parnell, Auckland. The deceased, who was a native of Kildare, Ireland, arrived in Auckland as a boy of six years of age, and resided at Parnell ever since. He was educated at the local Convent School, being one of its earliest pupils. His genial nature made him extremely popular. He fell a victim to the epidemic, developing complications, from which he died. The funeral took place on Sunday, November 17, the remains being brought to St. John's Church, where the obsequies were conducted by Very Rev. Dean Cahill, members of St. John's Catholic Club being pall-bearers. Sincere sympathy is extended to his sorrowing family. R.I.P.

Last week the death occurred of Mr. Maurice Gilbert Power, town clerk of Taumarunui, of pneumonia following influenza. Deceased was the eldest son of Mr. Maurice G. Power, of Waihi, where he lived for a number of years, taking a prominent part in the affairs of that town. For two years he occupied the position of Mayor of Waihi. A sad feature of his death was that it was followed a few days later by the death of his wife. They leave a family of five young children. Sincere sympathy is extended to the relatives in their double bereavement. R.I.P.

Another of the recent victims here of the epidemic was Dr. A. W. T. O'Sullivan, assistant District Health Officer for Auckland. The deceased only recently arrived from Dunedin to take up that position. He was attacked by influenza, upon which pneumonia supervened, his death taking place on Thursday night last. R.I.P.

Mrs. Mary Jonas, of Rocky Nook, Auckland, has just received advice that her second son, Charles, has been awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous services rendered at the Front. Sapper Jonas was attached to the New Zealand Engineers.

HELD OVER.

We are obliged to hold over several important communications which reached us too late for insertion in this week's issue.

The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of Christ to en for the salvation of their souls because she recognises the dignity of man.

A LIE NAILED

In the first issue of the official organ of the P.P.A. reference was made to Father John Brennan, whose name was appended to the recent series of challenges to that organisation, with the result that Father Brennan took action, which has caused the P.P.A. authorities to insert the following apology in the *N.Z. Herald* and *Auckland Star* of November 16, 1918:—

APOLOGY.

In the official organ of the Protestant Political Association (the *New Zealand Sentinel*) for October 21, 1918, reference was made to Father Brennan, whose name was appended to every one of the challenges recently published in the *Auckland Star* and *New Zealand Herald*.

It was stated in the publication that to every one of the challenges was appended the designation, "Late Chaplain to New Zealand Expeditionary Forces." It was also stated that the appending of that designation was an appeal to the patriotic sentiment and sympathy of the unthinking. It alleged that the full active service of Father Brennan consisted of three days, and that the cost to the people of New Zealand was over £270. It imputed that Father Brennan was guilty of effrontery in parading such a service and seeking to win unmerited sympathy upon it.

We have been supplied, at the instance of Father Brennan, with the actual facts. They are as follows:—

Father Brennan sailed from New Zealand on October 9, 1915, as a chaplain to the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces on the Transport *Aparima*. He arrived in Suez on November 22, 1915. He acted as chaplain to various units from the last-mentioned date until January 19, 1916. He then sailed for Salonika, and served as chaplain there from about January 24, 1916, until March 1, in the same year. He was ordered back to Egypt in the first week in March, 1916, and was ordered to New Zealand on March 25 on account of ill-health by a medical board. He arrived in New Zealand about the end of May, 1916, and was discharged from further service at Port Chalmers about the first week in June in the same year.

We unreservedly accept as correct the information supplied to us. We regret that the publication in the *New Zealand Sentinel* mis-stated the facts. We particularly regret that we imputed to Father Brennan that his active service consisted of only three days, and that the cost to the people of New Zealand was over £270. The imputation that he was guilty of effrontery (as alleged) is quite unfounded.

We desire now to apologise to the Reverend Father Brennan for the statements complained of.

Signed by J. Slingsby Reekie and the Business Printing Works, Ltd.:—

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J. SLINGSBY REEKIE,

Publisher *New Zealand Sentinel*.

Witness to both signatures

J. F. W. DICKSON, Solicitor, Auckland.

On the Feast of All Saints his Lordship Bishop Gibney, of Perth, reached the 82nd anniversary of his birth. The venerable prelate, notwithstanding the infirmities which four score years and two bring with them, still retains much of his old vigor of intellect, and takes more than a passing concern in present-day problems. Bishop Gibney in his younger days had many exciting experiences in the wilds of Australia. In 1880 he was present at the hunting down of a notorious gang of bushrangers. After the capture of the leader, Father Gibney, as he then was, attended him; and a little later, while the two other members of the gang were making their final stand in the burning hotel at Glenrowan, Victoria, he entered the building to endeavor to rescue them, but found both lying dead, with no signs of wounds on either.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

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DEATHS

BEAGLEY.—On Sunday, November 24, 1918, at Wellington, Mary Margaret, the dearly beloved wife of Norman A. Beagley, and eldest daughter of John and Helena Dillon, Kauroo Hill. Deeply mourned.—R.I.P.

BREEN.—On November 25, 1918, at his sister's residence, Christchurch, Andrew, nephew of William Breen, formerly of Athol, Southland. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

BURNS.—On November 19, 1918, at 215 Grant Road, Wellington, Frank Hugh, dearly beloved son of Marion Burns, late of Kanieri, Westland.—R.I.P.

CARL.—On November 22, 1918, at Timaru, William Henry, beloved husband of Lucy Carl.—R.I.P.

CASEY.—On November 17, 1918, at St. Patrick's College Hospital, Ernest Michael, fourth beloved son of the late J. J. Casey and Teresa Mary Casey, Avon Street, Island Bay, Wellington.—R.I.P.

CLIFFORD.—On November 24, 1918, Jeremiah, only son of Patrick and the late Catherine Clifford, Winchmore, Ashburton; aged 30 years.—R.I.P.

FOTHERINGHAM.—On Sunday, November 24, 1918, at his parents' residence, 21 McMaster Street, East Invercargill, Archibald Inglis, dearly beloved husband of Margaret Fotheringham, and eldest son of Archibald and Mary Ann Fotheringham; aged 31 years.—R.I.P.

FRANCIS.—On November 26, 1918, at Dunedin Hospital, of pneumonia, following influenza, Winifred, beloved daughter of William Francis, 11 Lorne Street, South Dunedin.—R.I.P.

GIBBS.—On November 26, 1918, at Christchurch Hospital (pneumonia), Edward Leo, dearly loved second son of J. R. and K. Gibbs, 36 Carlyle Street, Sydenham; aged 18 years. So loved, so mourned.—R.I.P.

HOU LAHAN.—On November 29, 1918, at his residence, Dunedin, Michael Patrick, second son of the late Michael Houlahan, North-East Valley. Interred on Saturday, November 30, in the Catholic Southern Cemetery.—R.I.P.

KEARY.—On November 18, 1918, at Raetihi, of pneumonia, following influenza, Patrick Thomas, eldest and beloved son of Katherine and the late Timothy Keary, formerly of Coromandel; aged 47 years. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

McHUGH.—On November 15, 1918, at Te Awamutu Hospital, N.Z., of influenza, Patrick Edward, dearly beloved second son of Patrick and Mary McHugh, Darfield, Canterbury; aged 32 years. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

NESS.—On November 7, 1918, at Ohakune, of influenza and pneumonia, John Joseph, third son of Edward and Margaret Ness, of Makomako, Pahiatua.—R.I.P.

O'CONNELL.—On November 23, 1918, at Wellington, John Aloysius O'Connell, second son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. O'Connell (late of Masterton); aged 34 years.—R.I.P.

O'DONOHUE.—On November 23, 1918, at Lewisham Private Hospital, Christchurch, Daniel, beloved husband of Nellie O'Donohue, The Terrace, Wellington.—R.I.P.

QUINN.—On November 18, 1918, at Temuka, John Thomas, the beloved husband of Margaret Quinn, and eldest son of the late M. Quinn, Temuka.—R.I.P.

RYAN.—On November 27, 1918, at the residence of his brother-in-law, F. Moir, Tahakopa, Cyril, dearly beloved seventh son of Catherine and the late John Ryan, 220 Oxford Street, South Dunedin; aged 19 years.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

SIEGERT.—On November 28, 1918, fortified by the rites of Holy Church, Julia, beloved wife of Joseph Siegert.—R.I.P.

SULLIVAN.—On November 19, 1918, at his residence, "Gurteen Farm," Levels, of pneumonia, James Joseph Sullivan; aged 37 years. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

WALSH.—On November 23, 1918, at Thames, Thomas Edmund, beloved husband of Lily Walsh, and fifth son of Mrs. Walsh, Clyde Street, Ohakune; aged 34 years. Deeply regretted. Pray for his soul.—R.I.P.

WOODS.—On November 18, 1918, at Invercargill, George William, beloved husband of Minnie Steele Woods, and dearly beloved youngest son of Julia and the late John Woods, of "The Ridges," Wyndham; aged 39 years.—R.I.P.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

COAKLEY.—On November 10, at Whangarei Hospital, Austin Edward, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Coakley, Thames (late Waiau), late Main Body, 6th Hauraki Company N.Z.E.F., and Sergeant-Major Defence Staff, Whangarei.—R.I.P.

HIGGINS.—On October 23, 1918, killed in action in France, Daniel, the dearly beloved son of James T. and Isabella Higgins, late of Roslyn, Dunedin; in his twenty-fourth year.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

LA BROOME.—On October 8, 1918, killed in action in France, William Thomas, dearly beloved eldest son of Louis and Ellen La Broome, 11 Colin Street, Port Ahuriri; aged 31 years.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

LYSAGHT.—On November 25, 1918, at Kaikorai Valley, Dunedin, 13498 Lance Corporal W. D. Lysaght, 13th Reinforcements, eldest beloved son of Patrick and Catherine Lysaght, of Fairfield, Ashburton; aged 22 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

CROSSEN.—In loving memory of Private Robert Joseph Crossen, sixth son of Ellen and the late Thomas Crossen, of Rolleston, killed in action in France, December 3, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

HOGAN.—In sad and loving memory of Private Thomas Patrick Hogan, who was killed in action in France on December 3, 1917, beloved eldest son of Mrs. D. Hogan, Tweed Street, Oamaru.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

KINNEY.—In sad and loving memory of Private Francis Joseph Kinney (27th Reinforcements), killed in action at Passchendaele, December 3, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

Upon the stricken field of strife,

Thou, dearest Lord, hast called our son

To enter everlasting life.

The conflict o'er, his duty done!

Oh, sweetest Lord, Thou knowest best,

Grant to our boy eternal rest.

—Inserted by his sorrowing parents, sisters, and brothers.

McERLANE.—In loving memory of Hugh Patrick McErlane, who was killed in action "Somewhere in France," on December 3, 1917, eldest son of Charles and Margaret McErlane, Ranfurly; aged 22 years 10 months.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

—Inserted by his loving parents, brothers and sisters.

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SCOTT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Scott, third beloved son of John and Bridget Scott, Lyalldale, who departed this life on December 4, 1914.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FAISANDIER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Claud Felix Faisandier, who died at Clyde on November 24, 1916.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

GREGAN.—In loving memory of Patrick Gregan, who died at Hamilton (result of accident) on December 8, 1916.—O, Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on his soul.

—Inserted by his loving wife and children.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

MRS. M. A. JACKSON, 57 Leith Street, Dunedin, desires to gratefully acknowledge the numerous messages of sympathy sent by telegraph, letter and other medium in her recent sad bereavement.

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The Catholic Church on earth is continually losing by death Popes, bishops, and laymen. It is a divine institution, founded by Christ, who abides with it for ever, and illumined and directed by the Holy Ghost. It needs no man to keep it going. The Lord has promised that it will continue until the end of time. It trusts in His word.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 2.

Mr. James Jacques, Cashel Street, Christchurch, has received news by cable that his son Harold is quite well at Folkestone. He left New Zealand with the 25th Specialist Corps, and prior to enlistment was on the local staff of the Union Bank of Australia. Members of the Hibernian Society and M.B.O.B. Association will be pleased to learn of his expected early return.

Appreciation of the almost superhuman work of the Nursing Sisters and staff of Lewisham Hospital during the unprecedented influenza epidemic is the theme of comment among those whose experience has been centred in that splendid institution during these dreadful weeks of disease and death, whether as patients, helpers, relatives, or of the medical profession. At times the hospital contained just on twice the number of patients for which accommodation had been provided, the Sisters rising to the urgency of the occasion, and until the impossible happened, taking in serious cases without discrimination. They gave up their own sleeping apartments and occupied the balcony, screened from the elements by a tarpaulin only that was hastily hung, and which, on more than one occasion, failed to resist stress of the elements. The Superior (Rev. Mother Pius) and her little company, however, imbued with the one ambition—devotion to duty, labored on cheerfully, without rest and with scarcely time to snatch a hasty meal. At one time eight out of the fourteen Sisters, as well as several of the maids, were down with the malady. By the death of Sister Frederick, who was a general favorite, the community suffered a heavy loss. Her personality exercised a wonderful power over patients who were delirious, and therefore hard to manage. The assistance of several ladies from the Cathedral and St. Mary's parishes, who banded together to aid the Sisters, was an immense boon to the tired community, the members of which are deeply grateful for the services generously rendered. The self-sacrifice of the Little Company of Mary during this epidemic will not readily be forgotten by the people of Christchurch.

St. Mary's parishioners were delighted to see Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., again on duty on last Sunday morning. His health has improved so much after an attack of the prevailing malady that he was able to celebrate Mass.

Father Seymour, S.M., who has suffered a very severe attack of the epidemic, is now out of danger, and is making good progress towards recovery at Lewisham Hospital.

Father Long, also an inmate of Lewisham Hospital, is looking forward to being able to leave there in the course of a few days.

Death has claimed a very large number of victims during the past week through the epidemic at present prevailing. Among these was Leo Gibbs, an ex-pupil of the Marist Brothers' School and a promising Catholic young man. After leaving school he was employed at the General Post Office, where he gave every satisfaction to his employers, and by his genial disposition endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. He was a great football enthusiast, and had the honor of captaining the M.B.O.B. Fourth Grade during the past season. His death came as a sad shock to his friends. The burial took place at the Linwood Cemetery on last Thursday, the remains being followed to the grave by his old classmates and by members of the Post Office staff, four of whom acted as pall-bearers. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., officiated at the graveside, the Marist Brothers being in attendance. His parents, brothers, and sisters (among whom is Brother Eugene, of the Marist Brothers, Auckland) have the heartfelt sympathy of a wide circle of friends.—R.I.P.

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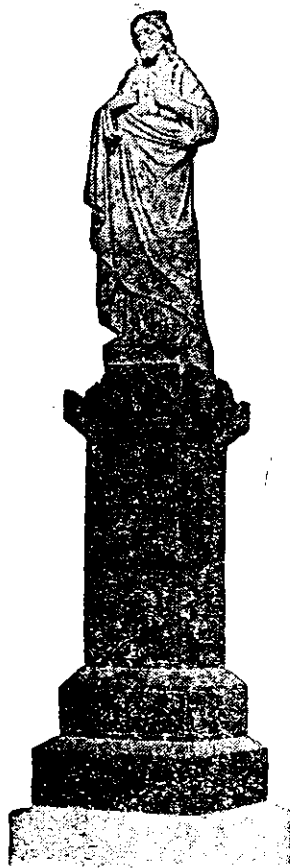
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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

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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, DECEMBER 5, 1918.

IRELAND AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE



FEW days ago Sir John Findlay said in Wellington that the man who spoke of the wrongs of Ireland nowadays had the prison gates open in front of him. Not a few of our countrymen have gone in at the gates of British prisons because they have dared insist that England keep her own solemn pledge that Ireland should be governed by Irishmen alone: not a few

have died because, when pleading in the name of reason and justice failed, they lost all patience and strove in vain to right their country's wrongs in foolish and hopeless fight; and there are in every part of the Empire to-day thousands and thousands who love right and justice too well to be prevented from advocating the freedom of Ireland. Lately we began mafficking on a false report that the war for small nations was over. Later the cables told us that the war for small nations is not over by any means, and that Bonar Law and Carson are as much as ever bent on oppressing the oldest small nation in Europe, which had England's solemn pledge that she should be ruled by her own people alone. Once again, in the moment of victory, the Orange gang have given the lie to England's war-aims and proclaimed to the world in fact that they care little indeed about small nations or scraps of paper. The English people do care: it is the Government that does not care; and the Government is composed of men among whom are a German and one who boasted of having the aid of the Kaiser in his efforts to kick the King's Crown into the Boyne four years ago.

A cable received here in November shows us how deeply interested in the fate of small nations these people are at present—

"In the House of Commons Mr. T. P. O'Connor moved that Britain should not attend the Peace Conference until it applied to Ireland the principle of the self-determination of small nations.

Mr. Asquith said it was urgent that before Great Britain entered the conference it should give an assurance that Ireland would not be behind any of our self-governing Dominions.

"Mr Shortt (Secretary for Ireland) said the failure in Ireland was shared by the Irish as well as the English. He asked the Nationalists to tell the House what settlement they would accept.

"Mr. Bonar Law said he had listened to Mr. Asquith with amazement. It was preposterous to claim that the British Empire should not take part in the Peace Conference until it had settled the Irish Question. The Conference had no right to deal with the matter.

"The motion was altered to read: 'In view of the approach of the Peace Conference the Irish Question should be settled in accordance with Mr. Wilson's principle of self-determination, for which the Allies were ostensibly fighting.'"

With all his weakness Mr. Asquith's heart remains true still. He has brains, at least, and he sees what a mockery the Orange gang have made of England, and how the world laughs at her protestations that she fights for small nations while she persists in refusing to allow four-fifths of the population of Ireland to govern their country. Bonar Law, the most stupid of all the stupid politicians foisted by party politics on England, remains true to the Orange type which has no other aim than its own selfish ends, and is the same to-day as when the *Irish Churchman* boasted, in November, 1913, of the friendship of the Kaiser:—"It may not be known to the rank and file of Unionists that we have the offer of the aid of a powerful Continental Monarch who, if Home Rule is forced on the Protestants of Ireland, is prepared to send an army sufficient to release England of any further trouble in Ireland by attaching it to his dominion. . . . And should our King sign the Home Rule Bill, the Protestants of Ireland will welcome this Continental deliverer as their forefathers under similar circumstances did once before." It is quite clear that as long as the Orangemen govern the Empire there is no hope for Ireland. We have seen how little they care about either England or the Empire, and how ready they were to join hands with the Kaiser four years ago, and we can have no doubt that the speeches of Carson, Bonar Law, and several Ulster preachers of Christian charity, had no little influence with the Kaiser when he was debating whether he should declare war or no. Still the fact remains that three times the people of Britain declared that it was their will that the people of Ireland should have self-government. So that it is not only the will of the Irish people the Ulster rebels, now aided by Lloyd George, defy: they also set at naught and mock the wishes of the English Democracy; and they do it, as we have seen, even while they are mafficking over the termination of a war which they professed to wage for the freedom of small nations. That is English statesmanship. Is there any need of comment on it?

The question has a present interest for ourselves in this way. It is our shameful record here in New Zealand that we are the only self-governing Colony that did not, during the war, call on the English Government to prove the truth and honesty of their assertions by giving to the Irish people the right they claimed for small nations under German or Austrian rule. That is our record, make what we like of it. Why is this the case? We believe that there is no doubt that if Parliament were given a chance of expressing its opinion on the case the verdict would be in accordance with that of Australia, South Africa, Canada, the British Democracy, the United States,

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THE MATRON.

and all decent men of no matter what race or creed. Is it because Mr. Massey has not the will or the courage to do his duty? He was told in the House by a member that the said member believed that the Premier was an Orangeman. It is a common belief. If he is not an Orangeman let him prove it now by doing his duty to this Dominion and voicing the feeling of the people. If he will not do so willingly let Sir Joseph Ward compel him to do it. They are going Home. It is not our province to say why or wherefore they are going, or whether they ought or ought not to go. But it is our duty to say that neither of them will find a warm welcome back here, as far as the majority of the people are concerned, if neither of them has the courage to advocate in the proper place that England be compelled to keep her own pledges to one small nation. Further, it is the duty of all those who care about the Irish cause, or about England's honor for that matter, to make it perfectly clear to Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph that they leave this Dominion now with a duty upon them to urge the Home Government to prove to the world that the talk about the right of self-determination and the sacredness of scraps of paper was not hypocritical nonsense.

NOTES

Ananias

Our attention has been called to a recent column in the *Outlook*. As a rule one does not expect to find attacks on Papists in our contemporary, but even Homer sometimes nods. The column appears under the heading, "A.A.A." Manifestly it ought to be printed "A.a.a." (Ananias). The scribe tells us some of the usual South American or Mexican "kerry-cow" tales. For instance we read that only one Bible was published in Mexico during centuries and that was sold at a very unreasonable price. Of course we are not told that the Mexicans could import Spanish Bibles at less than 2s 6d each. Again we read with bated breath that the Pope expressed his approval of King Bomba and of the Emperor of Austria, and that, later on, awful things happened to them! Right good P.P.A. logic that isn't it? For instance, if we went by the same laws we might say, with as good reason: Queen Victoria married a German, AND QUEEN VICTORIA DIED! We might also say that Ananias attacked the Pope, and that he became a donkey braying "A.A.A." in the *Outlook*.

Weather and Warmth

The Almanack tells us that we are on the threshold of summer. Our common sense tells us that we are in the depth of winter. And because many people had not common sense enough to follow the dictates of common sense they went on dressing as if it really was summer. This, considering the awful weather, the winds and the rains, and the sudden changes of temperature, is surely responsible for much of the influenza. Most of us who have had the wretched thing feel that if we could only get warm for a day or two again we should be all right. This morning is the last morning of November, and it is a relief to find that a mild breeze is blowing down here. On going out of doors and feeling the breath of the nearest approach to a zephyr we have yet had this year, a verse of an old Neapolitan song came to mind:

«Che bella cosa è una giornata di sole dopo la tempesta!»
Which being interpreted means, "What a beautiful thing is a day of sunshine after a storm." We have had no spring this year. The woods are green and the birds are heard occasionally; but the seasons have gone wrong. This morning's gentle breeze belonged to whatever month corresponds to an Irish April, and it is belated in what ought to correspond to the last day of the poets' month of May. However, the

Sanfter Wind vom blauem Himmel weht

(the gentle wind from the blue heaven breathes) at last, and we sigh for gratitude and relief. Give us our seasonable weather with as much warmth as we ought to expect, and the epidemic will go its way quickly. A man who has not felt warm for nine months and to whom the climate is an abomination is just the sort of person the microbes delight to honor.

The Outside of the Cup

From the *Evening Star*, also from the *Otago Daily Times*, and lastly from first-hand testimony, we have learned something this week. As it apparently is not a matter that is peculiar to Dunedin, and as we have heard whispers of similar conditions in other cities, we reveal the frightfulness. It is this—and it is frightful, or *schrecklich*, or damnable if you like:—fur coats often hide dirty linen, and away behind the partition that bounds the front room (in which stands the piano and crouches the gramophone) is a region of no order and sempiternal horror. It is a sad, bad, mad state of things. The helpers who threw themselves into the breach during the epidemic have discovered that, in many cases, while there were costly furs, and silks, and tweeds, hanging in the wardrobe, there were no clean linen, or homely flannel, garments to clothe the poor bodies that are now attacked by the microbes; and that whereas there was usually a decent room, swept and garnished for show purposes, in the back-ground there was frequent filth and squalor. Now that attention has been directed to this state of things let us hope the remedy will be speedy. In some ways it is very characteristic of our people's mentality.

Homer

We recently came upon a neat little edition of the *Iliad* in English prose. To all who feel at times an impulse to go back to the origins of literature we recommend this little book, published by Macmillan. To us it seems no shortcoming that the version is not in poetry. No poetry could reproduce the roll of the Greek hexameters, and good prose is better than the monotonous verses of Pope or of his imitators. The English in this translation is vigorous and clear, with an old-time flavor well in keeping with the subject. Here is a passage taken at random by way of illustration: "And when the sun went down and darkness came on them, they laid them to sleep beside the ship's hawsers; and when the rosy-fingered dawn appeared, child of morning, then they set sail for the wide camp of the Achaeans; and Apollo the Far-darter sent them a favoring gale." Prose like this, it seems to us, is a better medium than the best our poets could do to communicate the spirit of the original Greek to us. Probably a plea for Homer would in general fall on dead ears. Yet unless we feel attracted to the old books and unless we are irresistibly borne back to them for refreshment and relief after much reading of modern publications, we have reason to suspect the soundness of our taste. It is said that the capacity to appreciate Spenser is the measure of a man's poetic faculty. No less truly may it be said that the ability to read the Bible, Shakespeare, or Chaucer with delight is a proof of literary discernment. Of the old books—we speak here of the Bible in its literary value only—it may well be said that they are the best handbooks for a student of letters. Hardly less can be said of them for their message to humanity. They teach "manliness, courage, reverence for old age and for the hospitable hearth; justice, piety, pity, a brave attitude toward life and death." And of Homer it has been well said: "He had to write of battles; and he delights in the joy of battle, and in all the movement of war. Yet he delights not less, but more, in peace: in prosperous cities, hearths secure, in the tender beauty of children, in the love of wedded wives, in the frank nobility of maidens, in the beauty of earth and sky and sea, and seaward murmuring river, in sun and snow, frost and mist and rain, in the whispered talk of boy and girl beneath oak and pine tree."

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The Seer

Tradition tells us that Homer was blind. It has ingeniously been suggested that his name came from his blindness—*Ho me Hora*, the man who does not see. But nevertheless he is the seer par excellence among the poets. Let Andrew Lang tell what Homer saw:—

"Yet, he who sings of war, and sees it with sightless eyes, sees also the Trojan women working at the loom, cheating their anxious hearts with broidery of gold and scarlet, or raising song to Athene, or heating the bath for Hector, who never again may pass within the gates of Troy. He sees the poor weaving woman, weighing the wool, that she may not defraud her employers, and yet may win bread for her children. He sees the children, the golden head of Astyanax, his shrinking from the splendor of the hero's helm. He sees the child Odysseus, going with his father through the orchard, and choosing out some apple trees for his very own. . . . Such are the moods of Homer, so full of life, of love, and all things living, so rich in human sympathies, so readily moved when the great hound Argus welcomes his master, whom none knew after twenty years, but the hound knew him and died in that welcome. . . . He walks with the surest foot in the darkling realm of dread Persephone, beneath the poplars on the solemn last beach of Ocean. He has heard the Siren's music, and the song of Circe, chanting as she walks to and fro, casting the golden shuttle through the loom of gold. He enters the cave of the Man Eater: he knows the unsummed land of the Cimmerians: in the summer of the North he has looked, from the fiord of the Laestrygon, on the Mid-night Sun. He has dwelt on the floating Isle of Aeolus, with its walls of bronze unbroken, and has sailed on those Phaeacian barks that need no helm or oar, that come and go and return obedient to a thought and silent as a dream. He has seen the four daughters of Circe, daughters of wells and woods, and of sacred streams. He is the second-sighted man, and behold—the shroud that wraps the living who are doomed, and the mystic dripping from walls of blood yet unshed. He has walked in the gardens of Phaeacia, and looked on the face of the gods who fare thither, and watched the weaving of the dance. He has eaten the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, and from the hand of Helen he brings us that Egyptian nepenthe which puts all sorrow out of the mind. . . . He is a poet all of gold, universal as humanity, simple as childhood."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

- R. C. H. (Greymouth).—There is a good deal of reason in your complaint. We have sometimes sinned in the matter by not giving the English or Latin phrases. But in the case in question the sinner was the *Bombay Examiner*, from which we were quoting. As for ourselves, we have a firm purpose of amendment.
- R. C. (Feilding).—Our authority was an American paper. We will look out for the text of the prayer and publish it if we come upon it.
- J. K. (New Plymouth).—Much depends on the wording of the agreement. Without knowing that an answer is impossible. The safest course is to consult a lawyer—there used to be a few honest ones up your way.

Spirit is the highest element in man's nature: that which is immediately divine; that whereby man is connected with a higher order of things; the organ through which alone he is capable of understanding divine things.—Origen.

No better use can be made of the goods of this world than to employ them in works of charity. By this means they are in some sort returned to God, who is their source, and who is likewise the last end to which all things should be referred.—St. Vincent de Paul.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

His Lordship Bishop Brodie left Dunedin by last Monday morning's express on his return to Christchurch.

The Very Rev. J. Coffey, Administrator of St. Joseph's Cathedral, has been appointed Administrator of the Diocese of Dunedin.

The foundation stone of the new church at Roxburgh, to be dedicated to Our Lady of Peace, will be laid on Sunday next. Father D. O'Neill extends an invitation to all who can possibly attend the ceremony.

The Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, beg gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations:—“Two Wellwishers,” St. Clair, 30s; and £2 from an anonymous friend, for the sick and needy under their care.

On Monday morning Father M. Spillane celebrated his first Mass in the chapel of St. Dominic's Priory. Father C. Collins was assistant priest, and the servers were Arthur Gregory (a fellow-student at Holy Cross College) and H. Wilson.

We are pleased to be able to state that all the priests of Dunedin and district who became infected with the prevailing influenza, are on the fair way to recovery. Those from among them who fortunately escaped the epidemic have experienced a very strenuous few weeks.

A Press Association message from Wellington (says the *Evening Star*) states that the Military Cross has been conferred on Captain P. A. Ardagh. Dr. Ardagh was, prior to going to the Front, where he has done strenuous service for several years, in medical practice in Christchurch. He is a brother of Father Cyril Ardagh, of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin.

The solemn opening of St. Patrick's Basilica, Oamaru, which, owing to the influenza epidemic, had to be postponed from the original date fixed, will take place on Sunday next. His Lordship Bishop Brodie is to preach the dedication sermon at the morning ceremonial. On Monday following the celebrations in connection with the golden jubilee of the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay will be held at Teschemakers.

St. Joseph's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society contributed £3 3s to the relieving fund in connection with the Knox Auxiliary Hospital at an early stage of the appeal. The society has also donated a case of children's clothing made up by the members to the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin, for the large number of children now being admitted due to the death of parents during the prevailing epidemic.

Mr. J. Gleeson, president of the Charleville (West Queensland) branch of the Hibernian Society, who presided at a reception to the Most Rev. Archbishop Duhig, on November 19, in referring to the resident clergy said he would like to make a few remarks of appreciation of the visiting priests, Father Falconer and Father Coakley, both of whom had come there for health reasons. He hoped they would be speedily restored to health—not that he wished their departure.

He felt sure every one would be pleased if they made up their minds to stay there. Father Falconer in replying for himself said he was rather diffident in appearing before them as an invalid. That was due to the curative air of Charleville. He was glad of the opportunity of thanking, in a very special manner, Father Murphy for the many kindnesses he (the speaker) had received at his hands, and also the many friends he had made in Charleville.

The influenza epidemic, although apparently not so virulent in Dunedin as in the other chief centres, was severe enough to cause the health authorities serious apprehension. Alive to the importance of rendering all the aid possible, Father Coffey, Adm., at an early stage of the preparations that were being made to cope with the malady, placed the school buildings of St. Joseph's at the service of the Health Department as auxiliary hospitals. This was also done in regard to the

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schools and orphanage at South Dunedin. As events proved, the school buildings were not needed, but the accommodation of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage has been fully taxed to supply the pressing demands. The Dominican Nuns, while assisting in other ways, contributed £25 to the appeal to assist the large number of sufferers who were found to be in dire need. The Sisters of Mercy, besides coping with the enormous amount of extra work imposed upon them in connection with the orphanage, were out every day visiting and tending people in their own homes. At Port Chalmers similar good work was done by the local community of Sisters of St. Joseph.

On Friday last his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, Port Chalmers, to a number of candidates presented by the rector, Rev. J. O'Reilly.

On Monday morning Father W. Monaghan celebrated his first Mass in St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, Rev. D. O'Neill, of Roxburgh, being the assistant priest and Masters John and Noel Monaghan, brothers of the celebrant, acting as acolytes. The music of the Mass was devotionally rendered by a choir of children from St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage. Father Monaghan, with his relatives and friends, was afterwards entertained to breakfast in the convent as guests of the Sisters of Mercy.

The annual ordinations of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, took place on November 30 and December 1, his Lordship Bishop Brodie being the officiating prelate. Messrs. Marlow (Dunedin), Carmine (Wellington), Andersen (Christchurch), and Buxton (Auckland) received the subdiaconate on Saturday, November 30, in the College Chapel. Revs. W. Monaghan and M. Spillane, both belonging to the Dunedin diocese, were raised to the dignity of the priesthood in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday, December 1.

ECHOES OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL.

On Sunday, August 4, the Catholic Railway Workers celebrated at Montmartre the twentieth anniversary of the foundation of their society. They preceded the feast with a solemn night of adoration, High Mass being sung at midnight with a general Communion and sermon, at which many who were not free in the day-time assisted. At 7 a.m. the Federal Assembly of the Union took place, groups representing France, Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco attending. At 9.30 all who were free assembled in the Basilica for the Solemn High Mass sung by Cardinal Amette, with a sermon by the devoted Abbe Desforges. After the Mass the "De Profundis" was chanted for the members who have fallen in the war.

The English have a term which they used to apply to naval chaplains—"Sky Pilot" (writes a French correspondent to an exchange). That term has become literal to-day as far as French priests are concerned, for in addition to wishing spiritually to pilot their flocks to the eternal haven, they are now engaged in the material service of the air. We have a corps of abbés who are observers and pilots of aeroplanes, and many of whom are amongst the most daring of our flying men. They go everywhere and do all that the lay airman attempts in the service of France, for they are airmen proper of the French Army. But they also have marvellous opportunities of exercising their religious functions, and more than once absolution "in articulo mortis" has been given from a great height over a stricken battlefield in this campaign.

The capture of Beirut has released one of the foremost centres of Oriental learning in the East, a position it chiefly owes to St. Joseph's Catholic University, conducted by the French Jesuits. The University included a seminary for natives of all rites; a faculty of philosophy and theology; a faculty of Oriental languages and sciences, teaching the literary and conversational use of Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Ethi-

opic, etc. Attached to the University was a classical and modern tuition college with 400 pupils, besides three primary schools with 600 pupils. The Jesuits also manage a press now famous as the foremost Arabic printing-house. Since 1871 they have published *Al-Bashir*, a weekly Arabic newspaper, and since 1898 a fortnightly Arabic review, *Al-Mashriq*, the editors of which took rank at once among the best Orientalists. At the outbreak of the war, the French Jesuits were expelled from Beirut, and their buildings confiscated by Government for the quartering of Turkish troops. It is to be hoped that the institution will soon be re-opened and allowed to resume its scientific and educational work.

THE ANGELUS.

Good practising Catholics have always been accustomed to say the Angelus, but in some parts of France the ringing of the bell had fallen into disuse owing to the persecution, the want of labor, etc. Since the decision to revive the curfew chiming in America for war purposes, the Angelus was revived all over France, and it is interesting to refresh our memory with its origin. The Angelus was instituted during the Crusades in order that the whole Christian world should unite three times a day in praying to God to bless the Crusades through the intercession of our Lady. It was a comfort to take up again this thought and unite with our heroes at the Front in this invisible spiritual tie. The bell recalled to the soldiers that the national family prayed for them, and women, and the aged and the children left in the desolate homes, felt a profound consolation in recommending the absent to our Mother in Heaven and praying for our beloved France.

AMERICA'S SPIRITUAL OFFENSIVE.

America's response to the call for the supply of spiritual munitions, ever since the outbreak of the war, was quite in keeping with the spirit of her battle song: "As He (Christ) died to make men holy, so we'll die to make them free." The Catholics of the United States have been generous supporters of the Propagation of the Faith. Since 1897 they have contributed over a million pounds; and in 1917 the total collected amounted to over £160,000, the largest sum ever collected in a single year. America practically took over the responsibilities of Catholic Europe in the matter of finding men and money for the Church's Missionary Army. From these and other works, American Catholics would seem to have already taken in hand the many problems of construction and reconstruction which the nations of the world must face after the war.

DEARTH OF PRIESTS.

There are those who warmly approve of the conscription of the clergy, but no one, considering the consequences in France, can consider it a benefit to Christianity. In France the cry for priests was, according to the Catholic papers, very loud. One of these journals says: "This demand is heard throughout the country in a crowd of parishes, where presbytery and church are empty except on rare occasions when priests entrusted with the care of several and sometimes of numerous parishes officiate at ceremonies. Priests! How can the bishop provide any? He has none at his disposal. They have disappeared in three ways at one time. Over 2500 have fallen in the war. The old priests, greatly overworked, have broken down. Owing to mobilisation there are hardly any fresh supplies. What a grief for the bishops, the clergy, the superiors of religious Orders and their communities, and for all the Catholics to think of the vast number of souls deprived of spiritual aid!" It is with good reason that, ever since the beginning of the war, the Holy Father has besought the faithful to pray that it might speedily come to an end, for though it has brought about conversions from indifference in many cases, in numerous other instances it has been exceedingly harmful to religion.

OBITUARY

MR. GEORGE HENRY REDWOOD.

The sad and distressing news reached Woodville recently that Mr. George Henry Redwood, an old and very highly respected resident of the town, had died at Gisborne after a brief period of suffering from the prevailing epidemic. Mr. Redwood had gone to the northern town because of the death of a brother-in-law, and was detained there in consequence of the epidemic having dislocated the steamer service. He took ill himself and was confined to bed, but the attack at first appeared to be of a slight nature. On Wednesday his wife received a letter from him stating that he had influenza, but was recovering, and hoped to be home in a week. The handwriting betrayed a shakiness unusual in his letters, but the missive contained certain business instructions which did not indicate that his customary mental vigor had been impaired. The blow fell later, when Mrs. Redwood received a message, delayed because of the telegraphic service congestion, that her husband had died. The deceased gentleman was the third son of the late Charles Henry Redwood, and a nephew of Archbishop Redwood. He was born at Riverland, Blenheim, in 1871. Coming to Woodville, he entered, in conjunction with his brother Frank, into the brewery business. He soon began to take an active interest in public and sporting affairs, serving some years on the Borough Council, taking a leading part in the affairs of the Jockey Club, and being at one time a prominent footballer. He leaves a widow, three daughters, and three sons to deplore the loss of a kind and loving husband and father. The bereaved family have the profound sympathy of many friends. The body was brought to Woodville for interment.

At the first meeting of the Woodville Borough Council after the news of Mr. Redwood's death had been received the Mayor said that the town had received quite a shock that morning when the news came that an old and valued public man, Mr. G. H. Redwood, had died in Gisborne, where he had gone on account of the death of a brother-in-law. The deceased gentleman had served on the council during the period that important public works were carried out, and in connection with them had done work of great value to the town. He had retired from the council to contest an election for the mayoralty and had not again sought office. His Worship moved: "That this council express its deep sympathy with, and offer its sincere condolences to, the bereaved widow and family of the late Mr. Redwood, and place on record its appreciation of his valuable services to the town as a former councillor and public-spirited citizen."

After several of the councillors had paid tribute to the memory of deceased the motion was then put and carried in silence, all standing.—R.I.P.

MR. G. W. WOODS, INVERCARGILL.

One of the many victims of the prevailing epidemic was Mr. G. W. Woods, principal in the well-known motor firm of Messrs. G. W. Woods and Co., who passed away on Monday, November 18. The late Mr. Woods was a victim some months back of a severe attack of diphtheria, and he was not in the best of health to ward off a bad attack of influenza. The deceased was born at Wyndham in 1879, and served his apprenticeship to the cycle trade with the Massey-Harris Co. at Dunedin and Invercargill. In 1902 he started business on his own account with such success that he was the head of practically the biggest motor business in Southland. The late Mr. Woods was one of the founders of the Southland League, but his energies were chiefly directed to sporting bodies, he being connected with the Irish Athletic Society, Athletic Football Club, Southland Rugby Union, was one of the promoters of the New Zealand Athletic Union, and was Southland representative of the League of New Zealand Wheelmen till the amalgamation of these two last-mentioned bodies took place. Mr. Woods took an active interest in Church matters, and was the first president of the present branch of the I.A.C.B.

Society. In 1907 he married Minnie, the eldest daughter of Mr. Alex. Burns, of Union Street, Dunedin, who survives him. Father Woods attended the deceased during his illness, and Father Farthing officiated at the interment, which took place at Wyndham. Amongst a large number of messages of sympathy was one from Sir Joseph and Lady Ward.—R.I.P.

MR. HENRY OBEN, WELLINGTON.

The death recently occurred of Mr. Henry Oben, proprietor of the Shamrock Hotel, Moiesworth Street, Wellington, and a member of the executive of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. He was well known in various parts of the North Island, and took a keen interest in all kinds of sport. He was a parishioner of Thorndon.—R.I.P.

MRS. H. C. JONES, WELLINGTON.

The death occurred recently at her residence, 12 Karaka Avenue, Wellington, of Mrs. H. C. Jones. Deceased was the wife of Mr. H. C. Jones, overseer, Government Printing Office, and was a daughter of the late John McNamara, of the 65th Regiment. She was born in the Mount Cook Barracks in 1853, and is consequently one of Wellington's oldest residents. Mrs. Jones is survived by her husband, four sons, and one daughter. The sons are: Messrs. Harry C. Jones, of the Money Order Office, Masterton; David P. Jones, of the *Manawatu Times*, Palmerston North; John M. Jones (on active service); and Frank G. Jones, of the electrical lighting staff. The daughter is Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald, Murphy Street.—R.I.P.

MR. D. A. FAY, WELLINGTON.

One of the victims of the influenza epidemic is Mr. D. A. Fay, of Wellington. Deceased was for many years in business as a woolbroker, and since the commandeering by the Government of wool in New Zealand he had acted as grader. Deceased, who had been laid up for a week, was a brother of Father Fay, of Nelson, and a brother-in-law of Mr. H. P. O'Leary, solicitor, Wellington. He was an old boy of St. Patrick's College.—R.I.P.

MR. FRANK H. BURNS, WELLINGTON.

The remains of the late Mr. Frank H. Burns, who died recently in Wellington, were interred in the Karori Cemetery. Father Mahony officiated, and the chief mourners were his brother-in-law (Mr. A. S. Fagg) and members of the executive of the Engine-drivers, Firemen, and Cleaners' Association. He was the second son of Mrs. M. Burns, Grant Road (relict of Mr. T. Burns, of Kanieri, West Coast), and had for the past 15 years been in the locomotive running branch of the Railways Department, for most of the time at Wellington. He enlisted with the Rifle Brigade, and after about three months' training was discharged early in the year, and had since been following his usual occupation. His death, after a short illness, was due to complications following influenza. He was 30 years of age, and unmarried. The late Mr. Burns took a prominent part in the affairs of the Engine-drivers, Firemen, and Cleaners' Association, and was a member of the executive council of that body, in which, by reason of his bright, generous, and straightforward disposition, he was deservedly popular. One of his other three brothers (Mr. Joseph Burns) has been with the Wireless Troop in Mesopotamia and in France, since the commencement of the war. The other two—Messrs. Vincent and John Burns—have been serving in the mercantile marine.—R.I.P.

MR. RICHARD QUINN, UPPER HUTT.

A quiet but forceful and popular personality has been lost in the death of Mr. Richard Quinn, of Upper Hutt and Trentham, and formerly of Wellington. Mr. Quinn, with his mother and family, arrived there from the Westland goldfields, where his father in the early days opened the diggings called after him Quinn's Terrace. Deceased was born at the old goldmining settle-

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ment Staffordtown, about seven miles from Hokitika, 49 years ago. Until recently he was proprietor of Quin's Post Hotel, Wallaceville, and during the four years he was in the district he was a member of the Upper Hutt Town Board, vice-president of the Horticultural Society, and the Bowling Club, and a steward of the Petone Trotting Club. He was also a prominent member of the Catholic community.—R.I.P.

MR. W. J. BUCKLEY, WELLINGTON.

Keen regret is felt at the announcement of the death of Mr. W. J. Buckley at the Wellington College emergency hospital on last Saturday week from pneumonia, supervening on influenza. Deceased was the youngest son of the late Inspector Buckley, and one of the best Magistrate's Court clerks in New Zealand. For 17 years he was in the Public Service, and he was for 11 years connected with the Wellington Court. Prior to coming to Wellington he was at Wanganui. The late Mr. Buckley was held in the highest esteem by the magistrates and court officials, also the members of the legal profession. He had a most lovable disposition, and all who knew him held him in the highest respect. He was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. F. W. B. Greville, and his widow is left with three young children to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

CITY OF MYSTERY.

Together we
In that ancient City of Romance and mystery,
Like children, hand in hand, going our ways,
Glad with the happiness of lilac days,
That lilac time: And you were fragrant and fair
As was the lilac in your red-gold hair:
And your every glance
Was fraught with all the Beauty and Romance
And Mystery of that City of Mystery,
Where poets long ago had sung unwittingly
For you and me:
And where for us alone
Were built those palaces of subtilised stone,
And there one day
We wandered, thinking of love, and lost our way,
And found, in an unknown part of the City, a height
Whence, beyond the walls, in the westerling light,
We saw the hills and fields and trees, and distantly
A glimmering suggestion of the sea,
And held our breath with awe,
Then, turning, I saw
Beyond your eyes and smile, beyond your glance,
Beyond your beauty and mystery and romance,
Faintly and dimly as we beheld the far-off blue,
I saw the fugitive and elusive soul of you
For a moment's space: and then it was gone, and the
Sun
Set, and the stars shewed one by one,
As home we went. And since that day
We have often tried again to find the way
To that mysterious spot,
Whence hills and trees and sea were visible, and found
it not.
And often too,
I have watched for a gleam of the soul of you,
But unavailingly,
Lost in the maze of you, my City of Mystery.

DESMOND FITZGERALD.

Alluding to the English Trades Union Congress' resolution on Home Rule, the *Manchester Guardian* writes that if Labor so far diverges from the ordinary routine as to advocate that policy, "it is because organised Labor sees more clearly than some other parties that the development of the social side of democracy can only come into its full swing when the national questions are settled; because it sees too, that, as the Peace Conference draws near, it will be in vain for us to talk of the rights of nationalities abroad as long as we have a dissatisfied nationality at our own doors."

BISHOP PHELAN THANKED BY HIS FLOCK

The Sale branch of the Catholic Federation called a meeting for a Sunday lately, when St. Mary's Hall was uncomfortably crowded by members and parishioners to express to his Lordship Dr. Phelan their sincere thanks and admiration for the splendid manner in which he defended them against the recent attacks made by Bishop Cranswick. On entering the hall, the most reverend prelate received an ovation (says the *Tribune*), and after a few suitable remarks by the president and secretary of the Sale branch of the Federation, his Lordship said:—

The Church established on earth by our Lord and professing all the articles of faith enjoined by Him, whether contained in Scripture or in His oral teaching, cannot amalgamate with a Church founded by men who denied many of the fundamental truths of Christianity. Corporate reunion between Anglicans and Catholics is out of the question. The vast gulf can never be bridged without absolute submission to the Chair of St. Peter. And that is so foreign to the English mind that only a schoolboy's knowledge of history, or the philosophy of history, would lead a man to waste his thoughts on the subject. The overwhelming majority of the Anglicans are satisfied with the National Establishment—that is, the Church founded by State authority, and so wound up with the greatness and development of the British Empire that to be a good churchman and a loyal Englishman are synonymous terms. This insuperable barrier between the Anglicans and ourselves, springing from a variety of causes, makes the accusations of Dr. Cranswick ridiculous if they were true and more than ridiculous when they are false. This innocent or foolish prelate builds his charge of disloyalty against us on figures which I have proved to be incorrect. Since I gave our correct proportion of the population in the Commonwealth corresponding with our proportion in the ranks, a question has been asked in the House, and the Minister of Defence has stated that we sent to the Front the splendid quota of 60,503; and that out of the 335 chaplains accompanying the men, we had 66, or 19.6 per cent; that is, our just proportion.

The other charge made against you, when you are branded as a "priest-ridden" people, is not only false, but vulgar in the extreme. In the happy relations between the priests and people in the Catholic Church, neither whip nor spur is needed. You take us in the words of St. Paul, as "Ambassadors of Christ and Dispensers of the Mysteries of God." The Pope is the highest ecclesiastic in the world, and to all official documents he signs himself "Servus Servorum Dei"; that is, "Servant of the Servants of God." He, and all of us in authority, are mindful of the warning our Divine Master gave Peter at the Last Supper: "He that is first amongst you let him be servant of all." With us there is neither servitude or domination. But there is that band of affection and love out of which has sprung the marvellous works done for God, and the absence of which, in other denominations, is responsible for barrenness and sterility. With Australian Catholics the manifestation of respect and gratitude towards their priests is of a most pronounced type. The reason is not far to seek. Pastors and flock came directly or indirectly from Ireland. The memory of the penal days supplies that which is lacking in other nations—namely, the intensity of affection which springs naturally from the sufferings of both. The pastor and people fought and fell together for the faith.

General Pau and Commandant Andre attended 11 o'clock Mass at St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide, on the Sunday during his recent visit. They also visited the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor at Glen Osmond in the afternoon, and were presented with an address by the Catholic Women's League. Lady Galway and Miss d'Erlanger were present on both occasions.

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THE EFFECTS OF CATHOLIC TEACHING.

However various and mutually contradictory the religious opinions of Protestants may be, they are all based on the principle of "believe what you like," not on the Catholic principle of "believe what God tells you" (comments the *Catholic Matchman* of Madras). And how wonderful the vagaries of the human mind are is illustrated in an article of the *Nineteenth Century* entitled "Creeds More or Less Credible." The writer approaches the creeds as an occultist, a disciple of "the Master of Wisdom, Our Elder Brother, the Great Adepts." He puts more faith in clairvoyants than in the Gospels, and he is especially averse to the mention of hell and everlasting fire, though he does not say more about sin and sinners than this clause, "Leave the evil-doer out of account for the moment—the very bad cases have to be dealt with for a time in an appropriate fashion." The marvel is how satisfied these people are with their own teaching, how infallible they consider themselves and their little systems, and how they close their eyes to inconvenient truths that do not fit in with their theories. Thank God, we are Catholics. It is refreshing to turn from an unpractical, phony occultist to a grand Catholic demonstration in Ireland, and see the practical influence of Catholic teaching on the lives of those who have neither time nor inclination to trouble about occult science. The Limerick men celebrated the golden jubilee of their Holy Family Congregation, and a glorious pageant it

was. The whole town was decorated and ten bishops graced the occasion with their presence. There were two Pontifical High Masses for the two sections of the sodality, and at both Masses over 5000 men received Holy Communion. In the afternoon the two-mile-long procession wended its way through the decorated streets along the 140 altars erected there, and terminated in the Redemptorist Church, where, after a stirring sermon by Dr. Fogarty, the Bishop of Killaloe, the jubilee was closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. "Limerick," said his Lordship, "was proud of its sodality, and would not exchange it for all the factories of England. For this sodality gives her pure and happy homes, men both brave and lovable. What most adds dignity to life, grandeur to cities, and greatness to nations? For you, dear men, your Confraternity is a second country, and your love of it a second patriotism. You are proud of it, and well you may be. For Heaven alone knows how it sanctifies your lives, ennobles your character, exalts you above human weakness, and shields you from the fiery darts of the wicked ones."

Pray much, and keep an unshaken hope in your heart.

The work of our lives may be summed up thus: To leave ourselves and all things, to take the cross for our standard, arms, and recompense, and to attach ourselves for ever to Jesus Christ.

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SOME PHASES OF THE WAR.

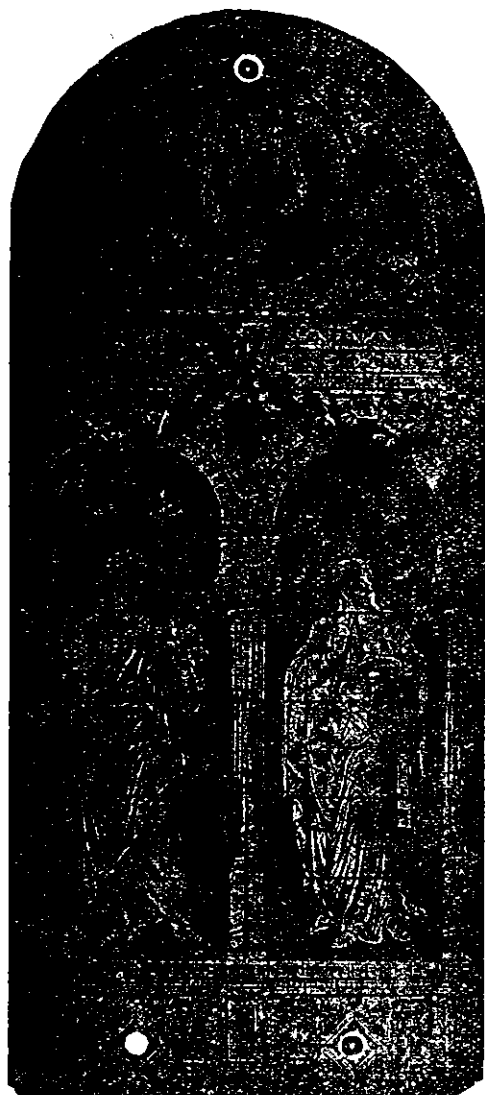
The Very Rev. F. O'Gorman, P.P., speaking at the opening of a garden fete at East Maitland, N.S.W., was very vigorous in reference to certain phases of the war. He said: "We are told that the war was waged to liberate oppressed people, but Catholics in this so-called free country are not at liberty, and are fighting for the liberty to educate their children, unless they paid a double fine. The present Minister of Education in Parliament said that, so far as he was concerned, if he could prevent it Catholics would get no assistance at all. We are approximately 20 per cent. of the population of Australia, and we sent 19 per cent. of our numbers to the Front, and Sunday after Sunday in our Catholic churches long lists were read out asking for the prayers of the congregation for many of our dear ones who had fallen somewhere in France, and yet what did they think of people who said Catholics had not done their share? It is useless to expect fair play or justice from that kind of people. There were 60,000 Catholic volunteers of the right stuff, and out of that big number we could only secure 720 officers of all ranks. The Presbyterians, for 16,000 or 11,000 fewer volunteers had secured 1300 officers' billets. That is the way the glorious virtue of patriotism works. We pay one fourth of the education tax, and we don't get a fourth part, or any part, of the funds. And that

is why we have to work and give our time and labor and means to organise affairs of this kind. But I am glad to say our Catholic people do it gladly. We thank God that this awful war has come to an end, and we rejoice that the great republic of America, over 50 per cent. of whose soldiers are Catholics, had freed the oppressed nations of Europe; and we hope and pray that there will be no more scraps of paper, that there will be no more broken words, and that President Wilson will keep his word and that no discrimination will be made between the oppressed nations to be freed; and we hope the oldest and most oppressed nation of them all, Ireland, will get its liberty. We hope that there will be no more Carsonism, which will have to follow Kaiserism to Holland or to the other place. There can be no peace in the world while one or the other is allowed to exist.

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

The Stonyhurst Fathers and the English-speaking world have suffered a great loss in the death of the Rev. Father Michael Maher, S.J., the distinguished psychologist and educationist, which occurred on September 14. The late Father Maher was born in Leighlinbridge, Co. Carlow, the birthplace of the late Cardinal Moran, 58 years ago, and was a nephew of Very Rev. Father William Delany, S.J., Litt.D., the former memorable president of St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg, and University College, Dublin.

The Director of Studies of the Oriental Institute is Father Delpuch, one of the White Fathers, whose reputation is that of being profoundly versed in higher studies pertaining to the East. The fact that he passed thirteen years professing theology in the Seminary of St. Anne at Jerusalem gives Father Delpuch the experience gained there.

Regarding the late Dr. Eneas W. T. O'Sullivan, who was well known and very highly esteemed in Dunedin and throughout Otago, Dr. J. P. Frengley writes to the *Auckland Star*: "Because of his personality, his mental capacity, his career as a student, work nobly done on active military service, and above all, his force of character, Eneas W. T. O'Sullivan was selected for special training as a health officer. His open, fresh, manly manner endeared him to all his colleagues, perhaps it was more than that we loved him. His seniors believed that in him New Zealand could anticipate one of the strongest men for the public health service. His devotion to duty in this epidemic stayed his course. He expressed his unwillingness, after partial recovery from the initial attack, to do nothing while there were so many heart-breaking calls for medical aid. He gave his aid with that determination so familiar to us all. Well be it said, 'O'Sullivan died to save others.' The dispensations of Providence are full of wonder. This very work he was to have finished the examination to entitle him to a full district health officership. His colleagues will miss his cheery presence, not for to-day, but always. He was a splendid fellow."

On October 30 news reached Sydney of the death of his Lordship Dr. Peter Broeyer, S.M., the Vicar-Apostolic of the Navigators' Islands. Of the 11 Vicars-Apostolic who rule the Church in the South Seas, there are but two senior to the late Bishop Broeyer, namely, Bishop Vidal, S.M., of Fiji, and Bishop Couppe, M.S.H., of New Pomerania. Dr. Broeyer was appointed Bishop of Polemonium on April 27, 1896, and was consecrated at Lyons, France, in October of the same year. He was the fourth Vicar-Apostolic of the Navigators, the first to include these islands in his jurisdiction having been the Apostolic Bishop Bataillon, who was one of the original members of the Marist Congregation, and came to New Zealand with Dr. Pompallier in 1838. He took charge of the Samoan Archipelago in 1843, and died at Wallis Island in 1887. He was assisted by Dr. Elloy, for some years as coadjutor, but he survived his assistant. Bishop Broeyer was one of the sailor bishops of the South Seas, spending most of his life on the water. He occasionally visited Sydney. His episcopal residence was at Apia, where he had a fine cathedral. His diocese, the vicariate-apostolic of the Navigators' Islands, comprised the Samoan Archipelago and the Tokelau group, and among the brown people of Oceania during his 22 years' rule he did great work in the cause of religion and civilisation.

A fine tribute to the zeal of the Archbishop of Sydney is paid by the Rev. Father D. J. O'Sullivan in the *Los Angeles Tidings*, a well-known Catholic paper. Father O'Sullivan visited these shores about 13 years ago, collecting for the South African Mission. "The Providence of God has provided the Australian Church with an admirable successor to Cardinal Moran in the present illustrious Archbishop Kelly of Sydney (writes Father O'Sullivan). In the earlier years of his priesthood an eloquent and successful worker in the missionary band of Enniscorthy, and for many years afterwards the distinguished Rector of the Irish College at Rome, Archbishop Kelly was equipped by Ireland and by Rome for his exalted office at the world's end with the missionary zeal of his native land, and with that broad and noble charity for his fellow-man which the great centre of Christianity inspires. Not in the least has the passing of the years diminished his zeal for the propagation of the Faith in heathen lands, or abated his successful zeal in the work of God at home. The Society of African Missions holds grateful recollections of his Grace's benefactions. Thirteen years ago, while still Coadjutor-Archbishop of Sydney, he generously accorded me the privilege of starting my last Australian mission tour in his church, and a few years later he honored us with a visit to the Central House of our Society at Lyons, France, where he addressed the Irish seminarists."

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

November 23.

His Lordship the Bishop (Right Rev. Dr. Cleary) is at present ill with a mild attack of the prevailing influenza. Latest advices are to the effect that his Lordship is improving.

One of the victims of the influenza epidemic was the Rev. Caspar Smiers, parish priest of Emmaville, N.S.W., who died at Te Aroha on Tuesday, November 12. Deceased was a brother of Rev. J. W. Smiers, of Opatiki, and had been spending a brief holiday for health-recruiting purposes. - R.I.P.

Many well-known Catholics of this city have succumbed to this dreadful visitation, several families suffering severely.

Mr. Robert McVeagh, the well-known barrister of this city, lost his only son, Robert, on November 13. The deceased young man was educated at the Sacred Heart College and Auckland University, taking his LL.B. degree at the age of 21 years, and had a promising future before him. He was only 23 years of age at the time of his death. On the following Sunday Mr. McVeagh suffered a second bereavement in the death of his wife. The deceased lady, who had been in ill-health for the last four years, died from pneumonia coupled with the shock of losing her only boy. Mrs. McVeagh was born in Auckland, being a daughter of the late Mr. D. J. Reardon. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. McVeagh and the remaining members of his family in their sad double bereavement. - R.I.P.

Another well-known Catholic family of Auckland, who have suffered severely is that of Mr. Maurice Casey, of Hamilton Road, Ponsonby. Last week the death occurred of Mr. Maurice Casey. The deceased was a resident of Auckland for many years, and at the time of his death was a member of the Auckland City Council. On the 17th instant the death took place of



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Mr. Theodore Henry Casey, eldest son of Mr. Maurice Casey, while yesterday (21st inst.) Mrs. Margaret Casey, wife of the late Mr. Maurice Casey, died. Sincere sympathy is extended to the sorrowing members of the family in the very sad times through which they are passing.—R.I.P.

During the times of stress through which this city is passing, the senior boys of the Marist Brothers' School have distinguished themselves in the matter of assisting the authorities to deal with the present situation, by acting as hospital orderlies and messengers at the various institutions. The boys are working throughout the whole time, taking their turns at night duty as cheerfully as the elder workers.

The *Auckland Star* of 21st inst., reports the following incident:—Last week Father Holbrook took in the Rev. Cable, the Anglican minister at Grey Lynn, who was quite overworked and run down by his ceaseless efforts in the district. The next day a visitor to the Father's house saw Bishop Cleary and Bishop Averill laughing together with Father Holbrook, his brother Tom, and the Rev. Cable, all in an amicable group. The sight nearly stunned the visitor, who, in common with many people thought that the clergymen of different denominations were deadly foes.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

November 23

The epidemic of influenza has claimed as victims quite a number of our Catholic people. St. Patrick's College has accommodated a large number of patients, and good work was done at that institution by Father Gilbert, S.M., M.A., Rector, and the Sisters of Compassion. St. Anne's Hall was offered as a convalescent home by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, and was gladly accepted by the authorities. This institution is under the charge of Sister M. Aloysius, of the Sisters of Mercy, Newtown. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea has also offered that fine institution, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Island Bay, to the authorities, and also the services of the devoted nuns of that convent. The Sisters of Compassion have been, and are, doing wonderful work. Not only are they nursing at St. Patrick's College temporary hospital, but they are visiting the homes of the stricken, nursing, comforting, and consoling the afflicted. This is all in addition to the care of the inmates of the Home for Incurables and the Home of Compassion; and as a result of the exertions of the devoted women a number of them have contracted the illness, and are at present laid aside awaiting recovery to again take up their work of charity. The Sisters of Mercy, Newtown, have also been busy visiting the sick and doing everything possible to assist those in distress.

Fathers Kimbell, S.M., and Mark Devoy, S.M., of St. Anne's, Newtown, are suffering from the prevailing epidemic. The Rev. Dr. Casey, S.M., of St. Mary's, Greenmeadows, is assisting at Newtown in the meantime.

A meeting of the Catholic residents of Thorndon, convened by Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., was held on Sunday afternoon last to consider ways and means of providing help for the sufferers through the prevailing epidemic in the district. There was a numerous attendance. Some volunteered for service at St. Patrick's College and the Normal School, and still other volunteers were instructed to report for duty at the headquarters, St. Andrew's Schoolroom, Wellington Terrace. Arrangements were also made for visiting Catholic families in the district.

The erection of the new girls' school at Buckle Street is proceeding steadily. The foundation has been laid and the bricklayers are busily engaged erecting the walls.

The Dominion Treasurer of the N.Z. Catholic Federation acknowledges the receipt of the following donations to the Catholic Field Service Fund:—Amount previously acknowledged, £6935 16s 2d; St. Andrew's, £80; Riverton, £21 7s 6d; New Plymouth (per Very Rev. Dean McKenna), £100; Maoris of Jerusalem (per Father Ginisty), £5; New Plymouth, £5 4s; Petone, 2s 6d; St. Anne's, Wellington, £10; Reefton Jockey Club, £10 10s; Catholic ladies, Eltham, £11 2s; Waimate Plains Special Appeal Committee, Manaiia, £100; J. J. O'Regan, Shannon, £8 9s 6d:—£351 15s 6d. Total, £7287 11s 8d. Less expenditure previously detailed, £4397 13s. Balance at credit, £2889 18s 8d.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

November 25.

Mass was celebrated on Sunday morning in the Cathedral at 9.30. His Lordship Bishop Brodie, addressing the congregation, spoke in terms full of faith and encouragement under the present sorrowful experiences. Above all, he impressed upon his hearers the necessity of resisting panic.

The Hibernian Society wishes to express appreciation of the great service rendered by the U.F.S. Dispensary, which rose to the occasion during the prevailing epidemic, and, recognizing its responsibility when many of our medical men were stricken with the malady, arranged that their courteous and able dispenser (Mr. Malcolmson) should prescribe for patients. This he did most successfully.

At St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, on last Sunday morning, Mass was celebrated in the open at 9.30 by Father Roche, S.M. In the course of a few remarks he referred to the ravages being wrought amongst the people of Christchurch, as in other parts of the Dominion, by the prevailing epidemic, and appealed for all available assistance to meet the demand for nursing. The services of men would, he said, be especially appreciated. The good work that had already been accomplished at Lewisham Hospital by the Sisters of the Mission, Sisters of Mercy, and Marist Brothers was beyond all praise.

Father Quinn, S.M., is at present assisting at St. Mary's, Christchurch, owing to the illness of several of the resident clergy.

BOOK NOTICES

Why Not Be a Catholic? By M. D. Forrest, M.S.H. Dwyer, Sydney; price, 4d.

We recommend Father Forrest's little book to our readers—Catholic and non-Catholic. It will help those outside the Church to get a clear grasp of the claims of the One True Church, and it will strengthen the faith of those who already belong to the Fold.

Contemporary Irish Drama. By E. Boyd. (Talbot Press Co.)

A useful handbook for those who are interested in the Irish literary revival. Mr. Boyd has already established his right to be heard on the subject. All Irishmen will not agree with him in all his judgments. But nevertheless the book is an important contribution.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD READ

Reprint of Auckland Sensational and Unaccepted Challenges.—"The War against Women," "Challenges to the Grand Orange Lodge and its Political Association." Ten open letters (with introduction), one attempted reply; notes, appendix, and index. Sixty-four pages. Price, Threepence; mailed, Fourpence.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Probate has been granted of the will and codicils of the late Miss Margaret McCarthy, of "Leinster Hall," Darlington. By her will, the late Miss McCarthy gave a number of small bequests to her friends. She also gave £1000 to St. John's College and her library and bookcases. She gave her property known as "Leinster Hall," Darlington, to the St. Magdalene's Retreat, Tempe, also £1000. Subject to a life interest, she gave some property at the rear of "Leinster Hall" to the Good Samaritan Convent, Glebe Point; £50 to St. Martha's Home; £50 to the Little Sisters of the Poor at Randwick; £200 to the Orphanage at Narellan; £600 to St. Mary's Cathedral; £50 to St. Vincent's Hospital. Subject to two or three small annuities, the residue of the estate is given to the Orphanage at Narellan. The estate has been sworn for probate purposes at over £14,000.

Chaplain-Father F. S. Bartley, S.M., M.A., of Wellington (N.Z.), who has been for some time at the Front with the Maorilanders, was lately on a visit to Sydney on his way home. Father Bartley has had exciting experiences, and was recently invalided to England. He is a brother of Fathers J. C. Bartley, O.F.M. (Waverley), and G. Bartley, and of Dr. Bartley (Broken Hill).

In the Sydney Domain on a recent Sunday a large crowd gathered round a neat platform, made and presented to the Catholic committee by Mr. J. P. O'Sullivan, of Randwick, and bearing the legend, "Catholics will speak here at 3.30 p.m." The idea of addressing the public on subjects of interest to Catholics was caused by the success of such work in other lands, and by the inadequate and unfair treatment of such matters by the daily newspapers (says the *Freeman's Journal*).

The Catholic Federation took the matter in hand, and found that a number of priests were keen about the need for work of this kind, and that his Grace the Archbishop was favorable to giving it a trial, so long as proper precautions were taken to prevent the expression of unsound Catholic doctrine. The committee has, therefore, arranged that a priest will speak on a religious subject, and a layman on a social topic. On the occasion under notice the speakers were Father P. Tighe, S.J., who gave to a large and attentive audience an address on "The Existence of God," at the close of which he answered a couple of questions. Mr. P. S. Cleary (president of the Catholic Federation) spoke on the Church and the worker, running quickly through the social activities of the Church during 19 centuries. The teachings of the Apostolic Fathers, the practical work of the Benedictines and the Friars, the evil effects following the destruction of the monasteries, the degradation of the workers by rationalistic political economy, and the revival of Catholic principles by Bishop von Ketteler, were briefly reviewed. The Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII., and the sympathetic labors of Cardinals Gibbons, Manning, and Moran were touched upon. Questions were asked and answered.

The committee had provided for sale a gross of pamphlets by the Catholic Truth Society on the fundamental principles of our faith, and on social questions; but the demand far exceeded the supply, and the pamphlets were sold in a few minutes. The following Sunday speakers were to be Father M. D. Forrest, M.S.H., who intended to take for his subject "Did God Reveal a Religion to Man?" and Mr. D. Noon, who was to speak on the "Charitable Work of the Church in Australia."

VICTORIA.

Under the will of Miss Marion Barbour, of Glenlyon Road, East Brunswick, who died on June 29, leaving personal estate valued at £4985, testatrix bequeaths legacies of £300 each to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Abbotsford; the Little Sisters of the Poor, Northcote; the Building Fund of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, North Fitzroy, and the

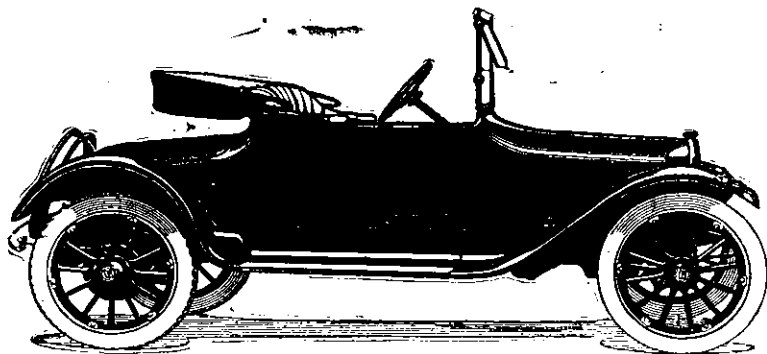
schools attached thereto; £100 each to St. Vincent's Hospital, St. Vincent de Paul's Society, North Fitzroy; the Foundling Hospital, Broadmeadows; St. Joseph's Providence, East Melbourne; St. Joseph's Receiving Home, Carlton, and the residue to her companion, Miss Bridget Markham.

On a recent Monday his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix) and the first division of the clergy, entered on retreat at Gracedale House, Healesville, one of the most picturesque and salubrious watering places around Melbourne. Father J. Hearn, S.J. (who was chaplain with the A.I.F. for some two years), conducted the retreat, which lasted for a fortnight.

General Pau touched a vibrant chord when speaking to a huge audience of women in the Exhibition Building recently (says the *Southern Cross*). He said that the women of France were not only tending the Australian wounded but were doing their best to keep in order the graves of the Australian soldiers. Since his arrival in Australia he had received letters from over 200 Australian parents, who had lost sons in France, and who did not know where the graves of their loved ones were located, asking him to assist them in finding the spot. It was his intention when he returned to France to try to organise an institution, privately or with State aid, to help the Australian parents to locate those graves. Although the task would be a difficult one he would endeavor to carry it out, and he appealed to them for their practical assistance in the project.

QUEENSLAND.

His Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane (Most Rev. Dr. Duhig) arrived in Charleville on Saturday, October 19, and was met at the station by a guard of honor, composed of the members of the Charleville branch of the Hibernian Society. On Sunday he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to some sixty candidates, and was entertained to luncheon by the society. In an interview with his Grace Archbishop Duhig, who visited Mitchell recently, we were able to learn something of his experiences in the far west during a trip just completed (says the *Brisbane Age*). First of all, the archdiocese over which the Archbishop presides is one of the largest in the world, being about 200,000 square miles in extent. Naturally the administration of such a charge entails enormous travelling. His Grace says "the advent of the motor-car has greatly facilitated the accomplishment of long journeys, but the motor-car can fail." So the Archbishop has had some rough experiences in this connection. On his present tour one of the driving wheels of the motor-car he was being conveyed in from Charleville to Thargomindah came completely out of gear. Father Murphy and Father McGinley, of Charleville, worked for two solid hours to put things right, but with no result. Then Father Murphy set out in search of Cowley Station, which he said should be close at hand. This was about 6.45 p.m. on October 22. After four hours' tramping Father Murphy returned, unable to find any house or person from whom assistance could be obtained, and the party decided to camp out for the night. Next morning they boiled their last billy of water for the tea forming part of an early light breakfast, after which, while the priests worked again at the car, the Archbishop set out in search of water, and, luckily, found a hole about a mile away. Soon afterwards two stockmen from Cowley Station came along, and by lunch time the party found themselves at the station, where they were most hospitably treated by Mr. McNeill. Charleville was got by 'phone and a wheel sent out for the car. Mr. Goddard, of Brerbank Station, and his mechanic did all the work of fixing up that was necessary. The Archbishop and party left again about noon on Thursday, 24th, and arrived at Thargomindah late that night. Leaving the latter town after Mass and Confirmation next day, Eulo was reached on Friday night and Cunnamulla on Saturday afternoon. His Grace visited Augathella on Monday.



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—Archbishop Ireland.

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RIGHT OF PUBLIC MEETING IN IRELAND

POSITION OF IRISH PRESS.

The new Defence of the Realm Order which prohibits (1) the holding of public meetings without a permit, and (2) the publication in the newspapers of reports of meetings for which no permit was obtained, has come in for a storm of criticism in Ireland. The new Order is described as "erratic and impossible despotism." Editors do not see how the papers can be expected to comply with the order, and claim that such an arbitrary exercise of power would not be permitted in Germany. The almost unanimous newspaper opinion (outside the Irish Party organs) is that the measure is directed solely against Sinn Fein. At first, the National Party decided not to apply for permits for the meetings of August 15, but subsequently permits in most cases were asked for. The Sinn Fein Party applied for no permits and held their meetings all over the country where a few only were suppressed by the police, total suppression being impossible.

We quote a few opinions from the Irish press on the order and its intended and possible effects.

"The Irish Executive have given the coercion screw another twist," says the *Freeman's Journal*. "In future newspapers in this country will be precluded from printing reports of public meetings, however lawful, whose organisers refuse to ask the Government for permits. . . . If such meetings are held any report which appears in a newspaper, though the matter published be wholly innocent, will expose that paper to as grave risks as if it used its columns to reveal the secret plans of General Foch."

It is pointed out also that the prohibition is issued under the D.O.R.A., which was passed purely for the purposes of the war. Not even Lord French could contend that the meetings, reports of which were now to be penalised, could interfere with the effective prosecution of the war.

What the Government now demand is a grossly illegitimate power to control, at their absolute discretion, the meetings of their political opponents in Ireland, so that not only shall the right of free speech be abrogated on the eve of a General Election, . . . but that the press shall be forbidden to place the issue . . . before the electors."

The *Irish Independent* says: "We believe that the Party will not be slow to take advantage of the muzzling of Sinn Fein and the comparative freedom which is . . . ensured to Mr. Dillon and his supporters. The only gathering interfered with on Lady Day was Mr. Dillon's public meeting at Omagh, and the police were moved to act in that instance because if they suppressed the Sinn Fein meeting and permitted Mr. Dillon's to be held, the discrimination would be so patent that it would tell against the leader of the Irish Party. But the stage management of the performance at Omagh was rather too crude. Though Mr. Dillon's public meeting was not held, he was allowed by special permission of the authorities to receive addresses in the Foresters' Hall, and he took advantage of the occasion to deliver there the speech which was meant for the public meeting, and which occupied several columns of his organ on the following day. Mr. Devlin's meeting at Monaghan was held under

permit, and the three-column report of his oration could not have been affected by the new Order. Mr. Nugent's Crossmaglen meeting, also held under police permit, could not have been affected by the Order. If the truth were known, we believe that other party meetings in Ulster on Lady Day were held under like conditions, and so would not have been prejudiced by the Order. Yet we find that the speeches delivered in these circumstances were mainly devoted to vilifying Sinn Fein, and, will it be believed, denouncing the Government for introducing the permit rule which was alleged to favor Sinn Fein and helping to kill the 'constitutional movement.'"

The *Waterford News* writes:—"The Government was recommended by an English newspaper this week to give Mr. Dillon's party a clear field. This undoubtedly has been done already. The party is allowed to hold meetings without any effective military or police interference, in spite of the Order proclaiming all public meetings in Ireland; whilst, on the other hand, Sinn Fein meetings are bloodily menaced, and often cannot be held, and the speeches of Father O'Flanagan [acting president Sinn Fein] and other revered and honorable gentlemen are entirely suppressed.

"In this way the Party is getting so much rope that it will no doubt end by hanging itself. For instance, by way of acknowledging the kind attentions of the Government on his behalf, Mr. Dillon at Omagh shamelessly announced that what he wanted was a *continuance of the Union with Great Britain.*"

Most of the Irish provincial papers write in a similar strain. The *Irishman* charges Mr. Dillon with running away from the pre-arranged issue in Omagh by applying for a permit. The *Armagh Guardian* states that inasmuch as the Sinn Fein leaders are all in prison, the National Party have the field to themselves. The *Ulster Herald* declares that the country is "fled up with meaningless platitudes about the 'old flag,' 'old platform,' and 'old cause,' and awaits but the opportunity of consigning the lot to the limbo of forgotten things, at the General Election."

FAREWELL TO A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH.

Sister Gaetano, who has been Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Arrowtown, for the past 21 years, left for Sydney on Monday last (says the *Lake County Press* of November 14). To mark their appreciation of Sister Gaetano's services during her lengthy connection with the local Convent School the members of St. Patrick's Church assembled in the schoolroom on Sunday morning last to wish her goodbye and to make her a presentation. In presenting Sister Gaetano with a well-filled purse Father Corcoran expressed the regret of the congregation and of the parents of the children attending the school at Sister Gaetano's departure, and wished her a pleasant trip to Australia and every happiness in the future. On behalf of the pupils attending the school Miss Grace Cotter read an address and presented Sister Gaetano with a sum of money with which to buy some memento. Sister Gaetano feelingly returned thanks for both presentations.

It happens many times that we seem much deceived in others because we first deceived ourselves.

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Mrs. Mary Phair, Kilskeery, Co. Meath, has just died. She was over 100 years of age.

A further suspension of the Government of Ireland Act, 1914 (the Home Rule Act), is announced in the *London Gazette*.

Mr. E. De Valera, M.P., Professor MacNeill, and Mrs. T. Clarke were voted the freedom of the city of Limerick by the unanimous voice of the city council.

The Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam, has written a letter warning young Irish girls of the dangers of accepting employment in large English cities in present conditions.

In the Crown prosecutions for the use of motor cars to attend the Croagh Patrick pilgrimage, the Roscommon magistrates granted "dismissals" on the ground that Mass celebrated on the Reek was a "business."

All sections of the Irish press welcome the announcement of the Government's intention to grant improved pay to the R.I.C. and D.M.P., and the hope is generally expressed that the terms will be satisfactory.

Rev. P. J. Reilly, P.P., Balla, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. He has obtained the tomb of the Burkes, Earls of Mayo, where Tiboid na Luine (Theobald of the ships), son of Grace O'Malley, is buried. To Grace O'Malley (Grainne Ní Mhaile) Ireland is indebted for one of its practical names, "Granwhale."

Judge Craig, addressing jurors in the Belfast Recorder's Court, said that it ought to be possible to bring back the miners from the Front now that there were 1,500,000 Americans doing their share on the battle field.

The Dublin *Evening Telegraph* says: "It is stated that police have been stationed outside the barracks in Ulster where it is known the rifles of the Ulster Volunteers are stored, and this step is naturally regarded as a preliminary to the seizure of the 50,000 stand of arms which are held by the Unionist revolutionary forces."

When a Road Board for the United Kingdom was established Mr. Lloyd George promised that the funds would be allocated to each country according to its needs, the poorest faring best. This promise was kept in the usual manner. For instance, for road widenings and the improvements of curves and gradings, England got £276,087 and Ireland got £3706.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin presented Coxswain Michael Dalton, Pigeon House Fort, with the Royal Humane Society's Certificate for having rescued from drowning Miss Bridget Phelan when bathing. His lordship mentioned that Dalton, who was 70 years, swam some 500 yards and rescued the girl.

SEDITION THAT PAYS.

"What I propose to do is, in the future may God grant it may be the near future when the war is over I propose to summon the Provisional Government together. And I propose, if necessary, so far as Ulster is concerned, that their first act shall be to repeal the Home Rule Bill as regards Ulster. And I propose in the same act to enact that it is the duty of the Volunteers to see that no act, or no attempt at an act, under that Bill should ever have effect in Ulster. . . . We have plenty of guns, and we are going to keep them. We are afraid of nothing."—Sir E. Carson (subsequently in the War Cabinet, etc., etc.) at Belfast, September 28, 1914.

(See *The Complete Grammar of Anarchy*.)

CENSORSHIP CONDEMNED.

The *Belfast Telegraph*, in a leading article on Irish censorship, while condemning Nationalist policy all round, says: "There can be little doubt that the Duke policy of 'hush,' as applied to Sinn Fein, if not in-

spired by the official Nationalist Party, at any rate evoked no protest from them. It certainly was in their interests that Sinn Fein should not get a hearing through the press. It is no less certain that the Nationalist Party was desirous that the British public should be kept in the dark as to the way Sinn Fein had swept the country and served notice to quit upon the body of Nationalist members." Again, this Unionist organ asks: "Who is to know in Ireland, in the welter of a general election, what meetings are not authorised or what speeches may or may not be permissible in the view of the censor? More and more the censorship, under direction, has been steadily drifting towards a political rather than a war supervision, though it was expressly declared that the censorship should not at any time assume political or semi-political functions. It is time to have united attention trained on the subject in order that the functions of the censor should be clearly defined and certain limits assigned to it."

ANTI-IRISH PROPAGANDA.

A glance at the American papers (says the *Irish Independent*) reveals the sinister operations of the propaganda department against Ireland and the presentation of her case to the Americans. Our searches have failed to find in the purely American papers anything more than a belated, cold reference to the message sent by the Mansion House Conference to President Wilson. Full publicity is, on the other hand, given to Sir Edward Carson's counter-message. It will be remembered that last week a Dublin Unionist journal hinted as much. In two New York papers of August 12 the greater part of the Orange manifesto is published, it having been cabled from London on the previous day. The Americans, therefore, were presented with this document 11 days before it was issued for publication in this country and Great Britain. It is a glaring and heinous crime if the Government is aiding this anti-Irish propaganda by facilitating the publication of Sir Edward Carson's manifesto and preventing by means of the censorship and other methods the publication of the important document which emanated from the Mansion House Conference.

IRISH AFFAIRS: AN ENGLISH VIEW.

It is reported that when Mr. Dillon accepted the Irish Party leadership (says the *New Statesman*) he said privately that the position was one to which nobody but a lunatic would aspire. But although Ireland is not yet a battlefield or "another western front," nothing worse from the purely Party standpoint could well be imagined than the present state of affairs. If the aim of the Government is to destroy finally a movement already suffering for certain faults of its own—faults inherent in age then its Irish policy in the last few months is of an astonishing ingenuity. The Party supported the Convention, regarding it as a genuine offer of self-determination; but the sittings of that body had no sooner ended than the Government entered upon a course of action every step in which favored an ascendancy of the Party's enemies, whether from Sinn Fein or from "Ulster." At the Convention a majority of the Party delegates had, at the urgent instance of Mr. Lloyd George himself, compromised with the Moderate, or "Southern," Unionists; the unity thus achieved proved of no avail: the *Premier* first omitted to read a report based on his own suggestions, and then by threatening to conscribe Irishmen, made the hardly attained relationship with moderate Unionism no longer possible. . . . When the Government weakened in regard to conscription the Irish people inevitably credited Mr. De Valera and Mr. Griffith, not Mr. Dillon and Mr. Devlin, with the victory. Possibly Mr. Shortt thought to do the Parliamentarians a good turn by the allegation of a S.F. German plot, and believed that many Irishmen, undecided between the claims of the rival National groups, would now forswear S.F.; if so, he blundered grossly. The necessary sequels of the "Plot" were, on the one hand, the re-establishment of ascendancy and the military regime, and, on the other, a S.F. domination in Irish politics.

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NOTES ON HEALTH

The question of Health is one Nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their Health by buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does this apply to Bread.

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is the ONLY BREAD made in Wellington which is TRULY AUTOMATIC. Many other Bakers are using this name and claiming it for their bread, but the only true Automatic Bread is the Famous "KELLOW" BREAD. Don't delay one day longer; have these Crusty, Golden-Colored, HEALTH-GIVING LOAVES brought into your house to-day.

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DOMESTIC

BY MAUREEN.

Honey Custard.

Six tablespoonfuls of honey, four cupfuls of rice stock, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cornflour, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs until well blended, add the salt, honey, and the cornflour, which has been mixed with a little cold water. Add this to the hot rice stock. Strain, and heat in the top of a double boiler until the custard is thick enough to coat a silver spoon evenly. Add the vanilla. Pour into moulds and grate a little nutmeg over the top of each mould. Serve cold.

Potato Custard.

Four good-sized potatoes, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, four eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, a quarter of a grated nutmeg. Pare the potatoes, wash in cold water, and grate them quickly into the milk. Beat the eggs whole, add the sugar, then add this to the milk. Add the cinnamon and nutmeg and pour the mixture into a baking dish. Bake until stiff, or for about 15 minutes.

Baked Nut Custard

Four cupfuls of milk, five eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar, salt, and nutmeg, and pour on slowly the scalded milk. Pour into a baking dish or custard cups. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Set in a pan of hot water on folds of paper and bake in a slow oven until firm. Test with a knife blade. Remove from the pan and set in cold water to cool quickly.

Gingerbread Nuts.

In a saucepan melt 3oz of dripping, two tablespoonfuls of treacle or syrup and two level tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. Put half a pound of flour in a basin, add to it a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and the grated rind of half a lemon, also a teaspoonful of

ground ginger and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. To the hot mixture in the pan add half a teaspoonful of baking soda, and mix all to a stiff dough. Form into small balls the size of a marble, and place these on a tin lined with a greased paper. Allow the nuts to stand for half an hour, then bake them in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

Rice Biscuits.

Put half a pound of flour in a basin, with 3oz of ground rice and 3oz of fine sugar. Crumble finely into these 3oz of butter, and add a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat an egg and add a little milk to it, also a teaspoonful of lemon juice or a drop or two of vanilla flavoring. Form the whole into a good firm biscuit dough, turn on to a floured board, knead and roll out a quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut into neat rounds the size of a teacup, and place these on a greased tin. Bake in a very moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. Allow to cool in the tin when baked until crisp.

Household Hints.

Before clothes are put into water be sure to dissolve the soda thoroughly. Should soda be allowed to lie on the clothes they are apt to become marked with spots of iron mould.

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.

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.

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

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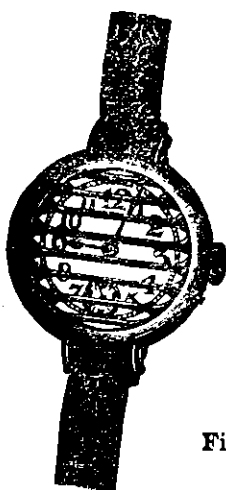
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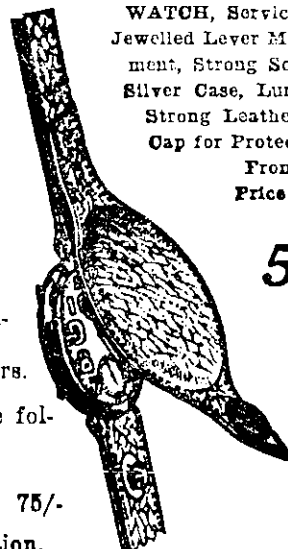
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FIRE-SWEPT PARISH, OHAKUNE

Our people, feeling the need of Catholic education for their children, determined to provide them with a Catholic school. This year a large and commodious school (where more than 80 Catholic children are now taught) was erected at a cost of £1600, and a convent was purchased at a cost of £1400—that is, a total of £3000. Our people have subscribed generously, but they are not rich in this world's goods, and they could only reduce the debt by £800. £2200 still remains as a debt. Since the erection of school and convent the terrible bush fires of last March swept over the district, inflicting heavy loss on some of our people. Moreover, we have no church and no presbytery yet. We are badly off. Hence we appeal to the benevolent throughout the Dominion to help us to keep the Faith in this backblocks and fire-swept parish. We are running a bazaar on November 20 to relieve our debt. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received and personally acknowledged. Address—

FATHER GUINANE, Ohakune.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Scale of Charges in reply to numerous inquiries:—

	£	s.	d.
Manicuring	0	1	0
Clipping and Singeing	0	1	6
Shampooing, Electric Hair Drying	0	2	6
Shampooing with Friction and Tonic	0	4	6
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The methods of treatment for hair and face adopted in Mrs. Rolleston's rooms are the latest and most scientific, and similar to those used in the leading saloons and parlors in London, Paris, and America.—256 Lambton Quay, and Cathedral Square, Christchurch.—Advr.

All correspondence with addresses enclosed replied to privately.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

The enemies of the Faith are never tired of repeating that the Catholic Church is an obstacle to the progress of science. The falsity of this charge is proved by the fact that so many of her devoted children, real practical Catholics, have been eminent in every branch of science. Not only laymen, but priests, too, and religious, who claim in life was to teach others the way to heaven, found time to advance purely natural knowledge. Copernicus was a priest and a canon; Mendel was priest and abbot; Stephen was a bishop, and Linacre became a priest late in life. These are persons, even if they existed alone, whose claims to recognition among the great men of science no one will deny. Our late Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., in a letter addressed to the members of the scientific society of Brussels, exhorted them to apply themselves to piety and to science so as "to prove that there never can exist any real opposition between science and religion." The lives of these religious, eminent as scientists, makes for truth and holiness, for holiness by the bright example of humility and obedience, and for truth in the testimony that science is not the monopoly of materialism and rationalism, but is compatible with a deep faith in the truths of revealed religion and the teachings of the Catholic Church.

My wife—just listen to her for 10 minutes and you will want to run to the nearest grocer for a packet of the genuine "NO RUBBING" Laundry Help. Economical too.—Irishman.

MEMORIAL TO FATHER DORE

AN APPEAL.

At a meeting of the parishioners of the late Father Dore, held on Sunday, July 28, it was resolved that a suitable memorial be erected to his memory; and as it was Father Dore's most keen desire, often expressed, to erect a new church at Foxton, that said memorial be a new church.

It was also resolved that a Subscription List be now opened, so that the many friends of Father Dore throughout the Dominion may have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of him who was such a sincere and faithful friend to their boys in their dire hour of need on the stricken field of Gallipoli.

Mr. James Hurley was elected chairman of the Memorial Committee, Father Forrestal and Mr. Denis Purcell joint treasurers and secretaries. Subscriptions will be received by the above, and also by the *Tablet*, in which all will be acknowledged.

TOILET SOAP

Are you contemplating purchasing? We have landed a large and well-assorted lot of Toilet Soaps—All British Manufacture. As we import direct, we are enabled to sell our Choice Soaps at Prices ranging from 3d to 1/- per caks.—INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

HANWELL WILLIAMS - Chemist - GREYMOUTH

GARDENING NOTES

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

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

The Kitchen Garden.—After the rains we are now experiencing work in the kitchen garden should be vigorously proceeded with. Much of the results of the labor expended in the garden early in the season have been destroyed by the severe frosts of November—the most destructive, I believe, ever known in New Zealand at this time of the year. Practically the whole of the soft vegetables such as potatoes, tomatoes, kidney beans, etc., have been swept away. Replanting must therefore in many instances be done, or a greatly lessened supply of essential vegetables will be the consequence. The present severe set back will serve as a reminder to growers to so arrange their sowing of early crops that tender vegetation may not appear above the ground until the frosts of November, which may reasonably be expected to occur, are past. Sow peas and beans as required, also cabbage, and cauliflower seed, for succession. Now is a good time to sow savoy and other curled greens to plant out for later use; a little lettuce and radish seed may too be sown. Plant out tomatoes for the main crop, pumpkins, and marrows. The seeds of these latter should be sown where the plant is intended to remain; they are gross feeders and must be kept growing, and for this reason require plenty of manure or they will not produce a crop. The main shoots should be pinched off to cause them to throw out lateral shoots. Treat cucumbers in like manner. Thin out, and keep the hoe going amongst the crops of carrots, parsnips, onions, turnips, etc. If the hoe is well pried now a lot of weeding will be saved later on. Mould up potatoes as required, and the last planting should be put in without further delay.

The Fruit Garden.—When trees are making heavy growth of young shoots these ought to be pruned back to give light and air to the bearing branches. Gooseberries, red and white currants, should have the young succulent branches shortened otherwise much damage will be done to the trees during heavy winds. Young, newly planted trees will benefit if a mulch of stable litter is applied around the roots to keep them cool and moist during the dry summer weather; this will also help the healthy continuous growth required by young trees throughout the season. To prepare runners for a strawberry bed cut away all the growth excepting two or three plants attached to the parent root. As strawberries usually run out in about three years, it is necessary to lay out new beds occasionally, and now is the best time for the work. The fruit of most late grapes will now be forming and thinning out should be done, while the berries are yet small. This work should not be put off until the berries have grown to any size. It is a tedious operation at any time, and where a quantity of vines require attention an expert at the work should be engaged. Those who undertake the work themselves must remember not to handle the berries but to hold the bunch firm with a forked stick, and then cut with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors. Grapes need severe but even thinning out, leaving sufficient room on the bunch for the fruit to mature. One bunch to each lateral shoot is quite sufficient to leave, and if the vine is not strong and vigorous even fewer bunches should be left on. If mildew should appear in the vinery apply a good dusting of sulphur to the leaves and fruit. It is necessary to keep a close watch for mildew, as if not arrested the whole crop will be destroyed, and as a precaution a little sulphur sprinkled about will prove a preventative if proper conditions obtain. Mildew is mainly brought about by cold draughts or too much moisture, so that both these ought to be avoided, and an even temperature maintained. During hot weather the vinery should be sprinkled over with water in the early morning, not ventilated too early, and closed up late in the afternoon while the atmosphere is warm so as to shut in as much heat as possible. Sulphur

must on no account be burned in the vinery during the period of foliage and fruiting, as it would destroy the whole; sulphur may, however, be burned with good effect in the destruction of disease germs, in the winter, after the vines have been pruned.

The Flower Garden.—Continue the bedding out of all tender plants suitable for a summer display. Stake all tall-growing plants; cut back outdoor grown chrysanthemums to prevent them growing excessively high; and keep the Dutch hoe in regular use among the beds and borders. Mow the lawn regularly and roll frequently to keep an even surface. Hedges should also now be clipped back and trimmed.

FACTS ABOUT IRELAND.

Ireland exceeds in area Ten European Independent States.

Ireland exceeds in population Five European States.

Ireland exceeds in Revenue the Kingdom of Sweden, the Kingdom of Norway, the Kingdom of Denmark, the Kingdom of Greece, the Kingdom of Bulgaria, the Kingdom of Roumania, the Kingdom of Serbia, the Kingdom of Montenegro, the Republic of Switzerland, or the Republic of Portugal.

Ireland is capable from within herself of sustaining a population of 25,000,000 of people.

Ireland is the Natural Centre of intercourse between the Old World and the New.

Ireland is commercially and strategically the Key of the Atlantic.

Ireland produces or is capable of producing all the necessities to civilised human life.

Ireland possesses more natural harbors for vessels of the largest size than does all the remainder of Europe.

Ireland possesses one of the richest fisheries in Europe.

Ireland possesses more fuel than any country in Europe except Germany, Great Britain, and France.

Ireland possesses every mineral of utility.

Ireland possesses coal and iron in juxtaposition.

Ireland possesses water power exceeding that possessed by the majority of European States.

Ireland, since the fall of the Gaelic policy in 1601, has had more repressive Acts passed against her industries and commerce than have been passed against the industries and commerce of all the other nations of Europe.

Ireland has had repressive measures passed against her Cattle Trade, her Woollen Trade, her Linen Trade, her Tobacco Trade, her Glass Trade, and every industry of importance established.

Ireland is the only country in Europe forbidden by the Government that ruled her from carrying on direct trade with the Continent of Europe.

Ireland is the only country in Europe where education of the people was made a crime punishable with imprisonment.

Ireland is the only country in Europe whose population has decreased and is decreasing.

Ireland is the only country in Europe where Famines have taken place while food was exported.

Ireland under English rule decreased its population one-half in the last seventy years.

Poland under Russian rule increased its population fourfold in the last seventy years.

Ireland has more Government officials in proportion to her population than any other country in Europe.

Ireland is the only country in Europe where to utter a word of the native language in a Law Court is an offence punishable with imprisonment.

Ireland is the one existing European example of a rich country made poor and kept poor by its Government.

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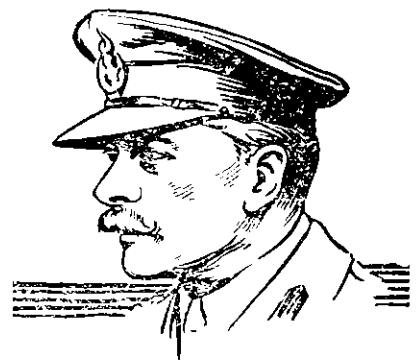
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—Sir Douglas Haig

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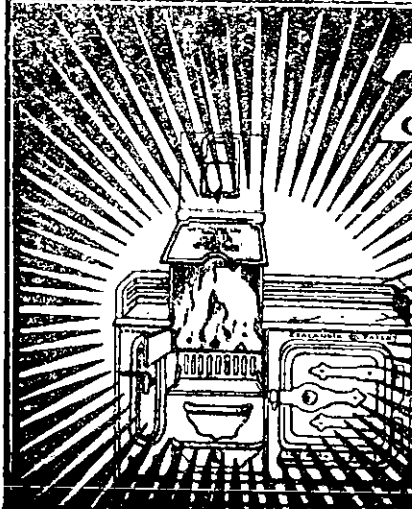
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The Family Circle

"WHEN I HAVE TIME."

"When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care:
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time!"

"When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—
When I have time!"

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent:
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her heart with sweet content—
When you had time!

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around, whose lives are now so dear;
They may not heed you in the coming year—
Now is the time!

ANGELS AND THEIR MINISTRIES.

Whoso reads the story of angel ministries in the Scriptures shall find therein consolation and guidance. We shall hearken to the first poet of the angels—David, the Shepherd King of Israel—and strive to follow the golden stream which he set afloat, down through the ages into all the literatures of the world, finding the light print of angels' feet on many a desultory, darkened page, hearing above discordant noises the distant flutter of their wings, and knowing for theirs the light that bids us pause on some fair and fugitive line.

Angels and their ministries have enriched and beautified literature: they have illuminated the best in art; they have purified the spirit of music, made song more sweet, and ethereal presences have brightened some of the blackest and most tragic moments in the world's history. They have lifted for us the wings of hope, and from the dungeon of our sin-imprisoned souls have loosened and set free those heaven-implanted aspirations which it is their most cherished joy to bear back to Him who gave them. Angels brood softly over the babe in its basket, guide the indecisive steps of childhood, and spread their bright wings over the innocent and the unwary. They watch with those who mourn, weep over the hardened sinner, and wrestle with the forces of evil. They are with us in life, and in death they do not desert us, contending with the powers of darkness for the sinking spirit. They are the ministers of judgment, leading the emancipated to the realms of the blest, or if purgatory is its portion, going down with it into that darkened region to cheer its flagging hopes with visions of what it will one day enjoy in heaven. Then, when purged of all stain, the soul is ready for the beatific vision, it is its Guardian Angel, radiant and joyous, who proudly conducts it into the presence of the redeemed.

The world has grown dark in these our later years: with desolation is all the land made desolate. War clouds envelop unhappy lands, even our own, and Azrael, the Angel of Death, has spread his sable wings o'er many a grisly battle ground. Wherever we turn man's hand is raised against his brother, and the wail of the widowed and fatherless, the maimed, the broken, and the blind, is heard above the careless laughter of a too careless world. But those to whom the ministry of angels is still the mercy of God made manifest are fain to believe that in the midst of all this misery somewhere Jacobs of to-day are slumbering in fitful dreams, their dazzled eyes held by that shimmering ladder down which, as of old, angels come, bearing balm for the stricken, strength for the weak, and the

light of heaven itself for those, high of heart and dauntless of soul, who fall in our country's cause.—
HELEN MORIARTY, in the October *Catholic World*.

THE PRIEST.

We recognise the priest as one chosen from among men to serve men in the affairs of God. He is the minister of reconciliation with God, the teacher of the truth, the one who offers the Sacrifice, who administers the Sacraments, who prays for the people. We distinguish in him that double character of man and priest: we recognise his tendency to human frailty, but we also recognise the divine character of the priesthood which forces us to bend the knee to him for the forgiveness of sins and to receive from his hands the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. His ordination has conferred upon the man the character of the priesthood of Jesus Christ. In the parish he is the ambassador of God, the administrator of the Sacraments, the guardian of the sacred deposits of faith, the defender of the people's rights, and the unselfish friend of everyone. From the cradle to the grave he touches intimately the lives of his people and brings to them in all the circumstances of life the blessings of the Divine Saviour, of whom he is the commissioned minister. The people feel that in the true priest there is no taint of selfishness, and that he is willing to sacrifice his life in order that the spiritual interests of his people may not suffer. Bishop Conaty.

SWEET TIPPERARY.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow;
When the feather folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble

With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slieve-na-moon puts her verdant vesture on.

And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring.

—Dennis A. McCarthy.

FOOTING IT.

Jimson lived at Highgate, and owned a flock of carrier pigeons of which he was immensely proud. His pride led to such continued boasting that it bored his friends.

One of these friends, Tom Smith by name, told him one day—

"I'm taking a trip up to Carlisle next week, and I'm willing to bet you a fiver that I can take one of your blooming pigeons up there and turn it loose and you will never see it again."

The bet was made, and Tom Smith, having arrived within two miles of Carlisle, clipped the pigeon's wings and threw the helpless bird out of the window. A fortnight later he returned to Highgate and asked Jimson for the five-pound note.

"You haven't won it," remonstrated Jimson, who guessed the trick that had been played. "That pigeon came home."

"He did!" exclaimed Tom, thoroughly incredulous.

"Yes," replied Jimson. "But, my word, his feet were sore!"

THOSE HELPFUL OFFICIALS.

The town man told the farmer man—

"Your duty's plain—raise all you can. To beat the far-flung German foe you needs must plant and reap and sow. Bend to your task with zeal and haste. Don't let an acre go to waste. To win the European fight just spade all day and hoe all night!"

"Quite so," the honest farmer said. "At half-past three I leave my bed. The horrid sound of war's alarm has made me tackle this old farm, and raise the dickens without stops, besides my ordinary crops. And

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I'll be true unto my trust, and raise a bumper crop or bust. But here I pause in my hard task to bow my head and humbly ask: 'What have you, gents, with all your prate, done for us farmers up to date?'

The town man threw his hands on high, then pulled them down to loudly cry—

"Ungrateful agriculturist, by cold rains soaked and hot winds kissed, do you not know that we are through when we have told you what to do?"

JUST A DIVERSION.

An old negro, whose sole means of livelihood was fishing, one afternoon baited his hook and patiently sat on the bank of the stream waiting for a "bite." The great heat and the slowness of the game proved too much for him, and he fell asleep. While he slept an extraordinarily big fish took the bait and pulled so that the old fellow, half awake and in a stupefied state, fell into the stream. "Snakes alive!" he exclaimed as he floundered about in the water: "am dis yer nigger a-fishin', or am dis fish a-niggerin'?"

SMILE RAISERS.

"I saw your mother going to one of the neighbors as I crossed the street," said the lady caller to her friend's little son. "Do you know when she will be back?"

"Yes, 'm," answered the truthful Jimmy, "she said she'd be back just as soon as you left."

Old Lady: "Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?"

Beggar: "I was always like you, mum, a-givin' away vast sums ter the pore an' needy."

The other day Teddy's father wanted to give him a dose of castor oil concealed in raspberry jam. But the boy refused the delicious-looking spoonful suspiciously.

"Why," said his father, "have you taken such a sudden dislike to your favorite jam?"

"Because it's mined!" answered Teddy.

Inspector: "Can any boy tell me what bird Noah let out of the ark?"

The smallest boy in the class: "Please, sir, a dove."

The inspector expressed his surprise that only the smallest boy in the class knew the answer.

"But, please, sir," replied one of the pupils, "his father keeps a bird shop."

The American soldier had arrived in England, and was describing his trip.

"Talk about sea-sickness," he said. "I never saw anyone suffer like my pal, Sam. I tried every remedy I could think of without avail. At last I said in despair, 'Can't you keep anything on your stomach, Sam?' 'Only my hands, George,' he groaned, 'only my hands.'"

An officer of the R.A.F. was being driven home in a hansom, the driver of which was very loquacious, and kept raising the flap, making such remarks as, "That's a funny-looking cloud, sir, over there!" or "Ah, we's got the Hun airmen seized up now!"

At each remark the horse would stop dead.

"That's the worst of him, sir," muttered the driver: "whenever I henters into conversation with my customer, he thinks as how he ought to stop and listen."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Papyrus.

In ancient times papyrus played a great part in civilisation, for except for parchment made from the skins of animals it was the only material on which records could be kept and literature could be preserved, and it is from papyrus rolls that we get the knowledge of ancient customs and habits.

The plant grows tall, from five to 25 feet high, and it bears long, grassy leaves. The stem is smooth and triangular and its inner skin was divided, by means of a sharp needle, into thin strips. These were placed on a table and kept moistened. Over them cross-wise other strips were laid and then the whole was pressed together till it became a flat sheet, which was dried in the sun, beaten by a mallet and polished with a piece of ivory. The breadth of the sheet was limited by the length of the papyrus slips, but its length could be carried indefinitely.

When finished the strip was rolled on a wooden cylinder, the ends of which projected beyond the papyrus and were decorated with painting and carving. This was the material on which the greatest examples of ancient thought were written with a sharp-pointed instrument which was the forerunner of our pen.

Is Khaki the Best Color?

What color is least easily seen at a distance? One would naturally say some dull neutral tint, a sombre grey or brown. This has been the conclusion of most military men, and our brilliant dress uniforms have given way for practical campaigning to khaki and other dull colors.

Is this a mistake? Possibly so, according to results obtained in recent experiments. It has been found that masses of dull color are more conspicuous at a distance than mixtures of bright tints. For instance, a battery of field artillery, whose carriages and caissons were decorated with stripes of red, blue, and yellow, could be made out with difficulty at 1000 yards, while other batteries painted a uniform brown or drab were easily seen at great distances. It would seem as if, on the same principle, a regiment of gaily-dressed troops might be less visible than one wholly garbed in dull-colored khaki.

Why We Wink.

Each time we wink we wash the eye (says the *Popular Science Monthly*). Up above each eye is a tiny water bag called the tear gland, and all the time we are awake it makes tears. When the front of the eye feels itself becoming a little too dry or dusty a communication is sent for a supply of moisture. The eyelid then comes down with a tear inside it to wash the front of the eyes. This is the most gentle and perfect washing in the world.

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