

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

January 26, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
 „ 27, Monday.—St. John Chrysostom, Bishop,
 Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 28, Tuesday.—St. Agnes (Second Time).
 „ 29, Wednesday.—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop,
 Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 30, Thursday.—St. Martina, Virgin and
 Martyr.
 „ 31, Friday.—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.
 February 1, Saturday.—St. Brigid, Virgin.

St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

This saint was born in Savoy in 1547. Naturally of a passionate disposition, he succeeded in obtaining such perfect control over himself that his name is a synonym for meekness and patience. Ordained priest, the sanctity of his life, united to a gentle, winning manner, enabled him to bring back to the Church numbers of his countrymen who had been imbued from childhood with the heretical tenets of Calvin. In 1602 he became Bishop of Geneva. He died in 1622, after having shown himself the model of a Bishop, as he had been that of a layman and priest.

St. Brigid, Virgin.

St. Brigid, one of the three patron saints of Ireland, was born about 455, of illustrious parents, at Faugher, near Dundalk. She received a good education, and to singular modesty and simplicity of manners united great charity. At the age of 16 she took the veil. Collecting a number of young girls like herself, she established a religious retreat in the county of Meath. Her reputation for sanctity increased daily, and crowds of young women and widows applied for admission to her institution. To establish similar monasteries she visited Limerick, Roscommon, and other parts of Ireland. Between 480 and 490 she removed to Kildare, which will ever be associated with her name. Her charity was only equalled by her humility; occasionally she used herself to tend the cattle belonging to the nunnery, while to poor people she was known to give away the rich vestments of the institution. To meet the religious requirements of the place, Conlaeth, a recluse, was elevated to the bishopric. She died at Kildare about 525, aged about 70, and was buried in the Cathedral.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

“LABORARE EST ORARE.”

Not always kneel I when to Thee I pray,
 My God, my Father; but Thy grace I ask
 Ere I essay each high, exacting task,
 Thy Hands Almighty on my spirit lay.
 Nor find I work for Thee all toil, no play;
 For in Thy fields of sunshine oft I bask—
 Fields white with joy of Thee, not with the mask
 Of shadowy light which men misname the day.

So make I this my life a living prayer
 As ceaselessly I breathe; I sink to rest,
 Knowing I can not pass beyond Thy care,
 That e'en in sleep I shall by Thee be blessed;
 And should I die, my spirit would be where
 Thy love should lead it, and that place is best.

—GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

Money, education, culture, a better civilisation can do much to further peace among men; it can do little to right the wrongs done to the rights of God. Unless the rights of God be secured there can be no peace among men.—Rev. M. L. Fortier.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(By arrangement with Messrs. Burns and Oates, London.)

CHAPTER IV.—SEEING THE WORLD.

“Follow, follow, follow me!” warbled little Fan, tripping out of the mountain school-house, with a flock of companions at her heels, who obeyed her call, and copying as best they could her bird-like flight through the air alighted around her feet on the top of a green bank sprinkled with daisies. There were Nell, Maury, and Bride, and Kat and little Judy, and they had all got a half-holiday. The old hawthorn bushes on the hills and hollows were white with bloom, and golden clouds lay low along the amethyst sea.

“Smell!” cried Fan, tossing her little nose into the fragrant air, and snuffing. “Isn't the world delicious?”

“It's too big,” grumbled little Judy. “I'll never be able to learn it all. I wisht Kistuffer Kilombus hadn't discovered Americay, and then there would ha' been fewer places on the map!”

And poor Judy gazed at her little open palm, which had a hot look, suggestive of recent punishment.

“Globes is worse,” said Kat, with all the importance of one in a higher class. “Always slippin' and slippin', and runnin' round, just as if there wasn't a spot o' ground to stand steady on your feet.”

Judy cast an upward glance of dismay at the speaker, and then gave her maltreated palm a little soft lick, as a kitten caresses the saucer where milk has been.

“Do you believe in maps and globes?” asked Nell, boldly; “for I don't. I know how much land there is and how much sea; and there's too much to be put on them bits of paper or on big balls. Why, they couldn't put half the mountain down on them, let alone Dooneen town; so what's the use of pretendin', and drawing out little squares an' corners like fields, an' callin' them names? I never seen anything but Killeevy mountain, and Dooneen town, an' the sea.”

“How do you know there's Dooneen town?” asked Judy eagerly. “I never seen anything but Killeevy.”

“Of course, there's the town,” said Nell contemptuously, “or else where do you think the pigs would come from?”

“Or shoes, or spades?” added Judy reflectively.

“An' don't you think there's a road out o' Dooneen town to some other place?” said Maury.

“I niver seen it,” said Nell obstinately.

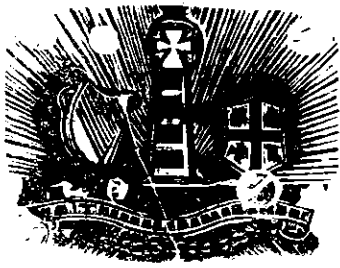
“You never saw a ghost,” said Maury, “and yet you're always the one to be whisperin' about ghosties and bogies.”

“Oh!” said Nell, looking round her with a start, “but they have the air to live in, and the clouds—and—and—it's a very different thing from believing in maps.”

“Fan will tell us about it,” said Bride laughing. “Wake up, Fan, wake up, and let us see if there's any more world besides Killeevy.”

“Of course there's heaven,” put in Nell, foreseeing that she should be beaten.

Fan was lying in the grass, absorbed in making a daisy chain. She flung it round her neck and sprang up in the midst of her friends. She was ten years old now, tall for her age, and slight and straight; her dark, silky hair sweeping backward, and hanging in waves rather than curls about her neck; her eyes soft, shadowy, and luminous, changing their expression every moment, and the rich color going and coming in her peach-like cheeks. The broad, innocent forehead, the slight, dark, mobile curves of the brows, and even the little slender nose and rounded chin, all at once, or in



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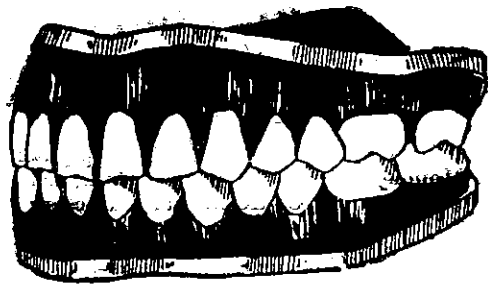
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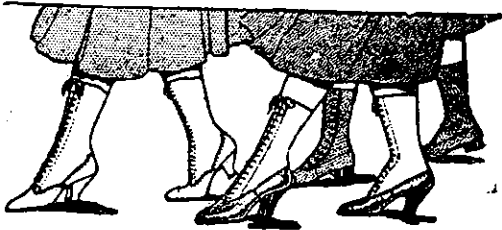
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turn, emphasised the meanings that crossed her young face.

She was accustomed to be thus appealed to by her companions, among whom she was a sort of queen by royal right of her joyous temper, her melodious ways, and a certain inborn refinement of nature which even the rudest recognised. As she stood there in her small white sleeveless bodice, and crimson skirt reaching scarcely below her bare, brown knees, all eyes were turned up to the little brilliant face which was expected to throw light upon their difficulties.

"Of course there is more world," cried Fan; "if not, where do you think all the fairy-tale people could ever have lived: all the kings and queens and the beautiful young princesses? Where would their palaces and castles be, and the city gates, and the market-place where the ox was roasted whole, and the big wood where the witches lived, and a great many more places that I can't remember?" The other children all looked triumphantly at Nell as Fan thus settled the matter. "Besides," added this enlightened of her species, "I know there is a great, great deal of beautiful world that we never even heard about. I can't help knowing, because Kevin told me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nell, having now got her advantage. "Kevin, indeed! Kevin that everybody knows is the stupidest fellow on the mountain."

"'Tisn't true," said Fan flatly. "He's wiser than everybody in the world—except Father Ulick."

"Nobody thinks it but yourself," said Nell; "not even his own mother."

"I don't care who thinks it," cried Fan, stamping her foot. "I know it!"

"He niver learned his books at school," persisted Nell, "and he niver goes to dances, nor jokes with girls and boys. The ould people's always talkin' about it."

"Let them talk!" said Fan: "he has beautiful things inside his own head that never were put into books. Books, and dances, and jokes, indeed! What does he want with such rubbish?"

"Oh, Fan!" cried Maury; "you that is so fond of your book!"

"And if I am, said Fan hotly, "it does very well for me that has nothing better to think about. I'm fond of dancing, too," she said, cutting a little caper.

"And of jokes, I'm thinkin'," said Nell, when you say that big stupid is wise."

"Nell, stop, or I'll—hit you," cried Fan, flushing all over with anger, and striking out her slim arm and doubling up her little fist.

"Can't you whisht, Nell, with your teasin'," said Kat, "when you know how fond she is of him."

Fan subsided among the daisies, and presently began warbling to herself disjointed words set to her own music; and the sun began to glow more warmly, and seemed to concentrate all its brilliance on two glittering crags of the mountain which stood out against the sky, looking like the jewelled gates of some indescribable paradise.

"Look there," said Fan, starting up, "I see a path into the beautiful world that I told you about. Who will come with me and see the world?"

"That's nothing but rocks with the sun on them," said matter-of-fact Nell.

"And clouds beyant," said little Judy.

"How do you know what it is?" said Fan. "You're not there. I think if we were once up there we could see the world. We could look down into fairy-tale country; we'd see the well of the world's end, and Jack and the Beanstalk's ladder, and the magic woods that people can't get out of, and the Giant's Castle, and the White Cat's palace—"

"Oh, do come!" cried little Judy.

But Fan was off already with her "Follow, follow, follow, follow me!" and her companions flocked after her as usual over hedges and ditches. On they went, swift as deer, towards the glittering gate with the golden path leading through to the world.

They scrambled up and down hill, and scampered across hollows; more than once they waded through marshy places where the water took them above the

knees, and then their screams of delight made the rocks ring. They got away very far from home; but what did that matter on a half-holiday? Wonderful spoils were made on the way: brilliant bog flowers and grasses, tiny heath-roses and forget-me-nots, fragments of glittering spar.

"I've caught a splendid butterfly!" shouted Judy.

"And I've got such a lovely water-lily!" screamed Maury.

At last, after many swift races and adventurous climbs the young explorers in search of an unknown world reached the rocks that had looked like jewelled gates, and were disappointed to find them nothing but ordinary crags.

"Never mind," said Fan; "we are going to see something we never saw before. This is the furthest part we can see from home. Now let us march on and see what is on the other side of our gates."

They found that the rocks shelved away, being, in fact, the ridge of a mountain which they had ascended by easy stages, but which was steep on the other side. The children proceeded cautiously, and leaning over from a green platform where they were safe enough, they saw a sloping shoulder of earth and stones beneath, glittering all over in the sunshine, as if the slaves of Aladdin had spilt their dishes of precious stones on the spot, and had left them there to sparkle in the sun.

"Oh, it is the Diamond Mountain!" said little Judy, clapping her hands. "It is the very same place where Sindbad lived with the diamonds!"

"That was a valley," said Fan; "but the valley may be down below. I suppose it is up here that the eagles live, the eagles that flew down for the pieces of meat stuck over with diamonds."

"I wish I had an eagle and a piece of meat," said Judy longingly.

"It's no use wishing," said Maury. "That was only a story."

"Oh, but stories are true," said Fan. "At least a great many are; and it may as well happen to be one as another."

"Call the eagles and see if they will come," cried Nell.

"That I will!" said Fan. And standing upon a higher ledge she waved her brown arms and sang an impromptu incantation in which the cry of the golden eagle broke out among soft, cooing notes of coaxing invitation. The little girls looked around expecting to hear the eagles replying and to see the shadow of their great wings; and so intent were they on their spells, and so wrapped in their dream of fairyland that they did not miss the practical little Judy, who busied herself, meantime, in finding the safest path by which to make her way to the diamond fields. At first she got along pretty well, planting one foot and then another carefully, letting herself slip with the loose shingle a short way, and then creeping a bit further towards the glittering goal.

"Easy, Judy!" she said to herself exultingly. "You can just slither now all the rest of the way."

But the next moment a cry made the rocks echo, and the other children were startled out of their play to see Judy down below on the treacherous shingle of the shining slope. Finding herself "slithering" further than she intended, and suddenly seeing a precipice yawning beneath her, the terrified child clutched wildly at the loose rubbish that gave way at her touch, and sent up shriek after shriek to her companions. Fortunately, before it was too late, a piece of solid stone came in her way, and clinging to it desperately she was able to hold herself motionless, though with the greatest difficulty. But it could not be so for long. Her head was giddy and her limbs were cramped. In a few minutes poor little Judy must certainly relax her hold, and her friends must see her go spinning down the precipice to her death.

"Oh, bring me back, bring me back!" she moaned. "Oh, somebody come and save me."

The other girls stood in a row above, with pale faces. Nell was paralysed with horror; Kat wrung her

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hands; Maury said despairingly, "There's nothing on earth we can do."

"'Twas I that brought her here," said Fan softly. "I must try and bring her back."

"Fan, Fan, you'll be killed, both of you," cried Kat wildly; for Fan began to descend cautiously, as Judy had done, a foot here and a foot there, feeling her way, only taking care not to get right on a line with the other child beneath.

Fan made no answer; all her wits were needed for her perilous expedition. As she went down she dug holes with her hands which might be useful for the feet going up again. With great caution she guided her course so that between creeping and slipping she made her way to the spot where Judy clung sobbing to the ledge of stone.

"Don't touch me, Judy, till I tell you," she said, and managed to squeeze herself securely on to the narrow resting-place beside the terrified child. "Now," she said presently, "stand on my back and put your knees in the holes above."

Judy did as she was told, and Fan, on all fours, raised her up as high as was possible. Her knees, and afterwards her feet, were planted in the holes by the efforts of the strong little hands from below, and finally, after much struggling and scrambling, Judy reached her companions in safety.

All eyes were now looking anxiously down upon Fan.

"Oh, take care!" cried one. "Go *very* easy!" said another; but Fan did not move from the stone where she was crouching.

"There's no one to push me up," she called at last; "and I couldn't reach the holes; so I won't try."

"Oh, Fan, Fan, what can we do for you?" wailed the children; and little Judy set up a long, piteous howl.

"You must just go home and tell Kevin," cried Fan, "and then you'll see whether he is stupid or not."

"But can you hold on till he comes?" shrieked Maury.

"I'll try," shouted Fan; "only be sure to make haste."

The children set off as fast as their light heels could carry them, each trying to outrun the other. Like a troop of antelopes they leaped up the crags and swept down into the hollows: nevertheless, the sun was sinking when they drew near the village and met Kevin coming to look for them.

In the meantime, Fan held on bravely to her lonely perch. Her attitude was a painful one, but she knew that if she could keep from trying to change it she should be safe. She never once glanced below, feeling sure that the moment she did so her head would reel round and she should drop over. Again and again the muscles of her little frame threatened to relax the tension that kept her fixed where she was; and only the utmost determination of the spirit within her prevented each moment from being her last.

"O God!" she whispered, "I will go to heaven if you like; but I would rather stay in this world a little longer!"

And later on, when endurance was becoming too difficult, and dizziness was beginning to take possession of her, she moaned: "Oh, my God, wait till I say good-bye to Kevin!"

A few minutes afterwards she heard Kevin's voice calling to her from the crags overhead.

"I am throwing you a rope," he shouted, "a rope with a strong loop on it. Put the loop over your head and round your waist, and hold on to the rope. Now don't be afraid to put your feet against the ground. Walk up and I will pull."

Fan silently did as she was told, and quickly found herself by Kevin's side. He snatched her up in his arms and covered her with kisses.

"My darling!" he said. "You have nearly killed me as well as yourself."

The child nestled her head on his broad shoulder and sobbed heartily.

"I know it was very bad," she said; "I nearly killed Judy first. But I wanted to see the world; and it was such fun."

"Wanted to see the world!" echoed Kevin. "Why, Fan, are you not content with the mountain where we live? What is it that you want to see?"

"The world," said Fan; "the places in the stories. Don't you ever want to see them yourself?"

Kevin looked at her in surprise, and pondered. Did he not want to see them really; or was it only in dreams that they fascinated him? He marched on in silence, carrying his beloved burthen, and revolving Fan's words in his mind. What if he were now bound for new lands, he with Fan in his arms; the two travelling together in search of heroic tasks and an ideal life, somewhere in the regions of story and song? The thought was new and puzzled him.

What should he do in those new lands, he who was thought so little of here? And how could he turn his back upon the old people? And yet his heart stirred strangely as the idea lingered with him. What if Fan should want to go? Could he let his singing bird fly into the distance out of his sight?

"What put such a thought in your head, Fan?" he said.

"You put it there," said Fan. "Your stories put it there."

"But it is you who bring the stories into my head," said Kevin. "So it must have come from yourself in the beginning."

"No, it couldn't."

"It is your singing that brings me the stories."

"I only sing of the things I see all round me; and then you turn them into stories about things that I never saw."

Kevin pondered again as he strolled along.

"Then there is something in your voice that you don't know about," he said, at last: "for the thoughts all come to me from you."

"And I don't know what I sing about till you tell me," said Fan. "So I think we must somehow be the same."

The same. Kevin's heart thrilled with joy at the simple words, and he kissed the little brown hand that lay on his shoulder. Could he tell the child how gladly he accepted such a faith? He, heavy, slow, stupid, had something mysteriously in common with her bright and bird-like nature. Had he not felt it since the first time she lisped in his ear?

"Fan," he said, after a time, "you know I love you better than anything in the world."

"Yes," said the child.

"And it will always be the same as long as I live."

"Yes," said Fan, "it would be too bad, you know, if you were to stop."

"I am not going to stop."

"And I love you, Kevin, for there is no one so good to me."

"I want to be good to you, and I shall always want. And you won't run away from me, out into the world?"

"Oh, no," said Fan earnestly. "If I went away out to the world I'd like you to be holding me by the hand all the way."

(To be continued.)

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XIII.—THE GLORIOUS DAY OF CLONTARF (Continued).

Mr. William Kenealy is the author of a truly noble poem, which gives with all the native vigor and force of the original, this thrilling "Address of Brian to His Army."

Stand ye now for Erin's glory! Stand ye now for Erin's
cause!
Long ye've groaned beneath the rigor of the Northmen's
savage laws.
What though brothers league against us? What though
myriads be the foe?
Victory will be more honored in the myriad's overthrow.

Proud Connacians! oft we've wrangled in our petty feuds
of yore;
Now we fight against the robber Dane upon our native
shore;
May our hearts unite in friendship, as our blood in one
red tide,
While we crush their mail-clad legions and annihilate their
pride!

Brave Eugenians! Erin triumphs in the sight she sees to-
day—
Desmond's homesteads all deserted for the muster and the
fray!
Chuan's vale and Galtee's summit send their bravest and
their best—
May such hearts be theirs for ever, for the Freedom of the
West!

Chiefs and Kernes of Dalcassia! Brothers of my past
career,
Oft we've trodden on the pirate-flag that flaunts before
us here;
You remember Inniscattery, how we bounded on the foe,
As the torrent of the mountain burst upon the plain below!

They have razed our proudest castles—spoiled the Temples
of the Lord—
Burnt to dust the sacred relics—put the Peaceful to the
sword—
Desecrated all things holy—as they soon may do again,
If their power to-day we smite not—if to-day we be not
men!

On this day the God-man suffered—look upon the sacred
sign—
May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did Constantine!
May the heathen tribe of Odin fade before it like a dream,
And the triumph of this glorious day in our future annals
gleam!

God of heaven, bless our banner; nerve our sinews for the
strife!
Fight we now for all that's holy—for our altars, land, and
life—
For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing temples
trace—
For the honor of our maidens and the glory of our race!

Should I fall before the foeman 'tis the death I seek to-day;
Should ten thousand daggers pierce me, bear my body not
away,
Till this day of days be over—till the field is fought and
won—
Then the holy Mass be chaunted and the funeral rites be
done.

Men of Erin! men of Erin! grasp the battle-axe and spear!
Chase these Northern wolves before you like a herd of
frightened deer!
Burst their ranks, like bolts from heaven! Down on the
heathen crew,
For the glory of the Crucified, and Erin's glory too!

Who can be astonished that as he ceased a shout, wild, furious, and deafening, burst from the Irish lines! A cry arose from the soldiers, we are told, demanding instantly to be led against the enemy. The aged monarch now placed himself at the head of his guards, to lead the van of battle; but at this point his sons and all the attendant princes and commanders protested against his attempting, at his advanced age, to take part personally in the conflict; and eventually, after much effort, they succeeded in prevailing upon him to retire to his tent and to let the chief command devolve upon his eldest son, Morrogh.

"The battle," says a historian, "then commenced; 'a spirited, fierce, violent, vengeful, and furious battle, the likeness of which was not to be found at that time,' as the old annalists quaintly describe it. It was a conflict of heroes. The chieftains engaged at every point in single combat, and the greater part of them on both sides fell. The impetuosity of the Irish was irresistible, and their battle-axes did fearful execution, every man of the ten hundred mailed warriors of Norway having been made to bite the dust, and it was against them, we are told, that the Dalcassians had been obliged to contend single-handed. The heroic Morrogh performed prodigies of valor throughout the day. Ranks of men fell before him; and, hewing his way to the Danish standard, he cut down two successive bearers of it with his battle-axe. Two Danish leaders, Carolus and Conmael, enraged at this success, rushed on him together, but both fell in rapid succession by his sword. Twice, Morrogh and some of his chiefs retired to slake their thirst and cool their hands, swollen from the violent use of the sword; and the Danes observing the vigor with which they returned to the conflict, succeeded, by a desperate effort, in cutting off the brook which had refreshed them. Thus the battle raged from an early hour in the morning—innumerable deeds of valor being performed on both sides, and victory appearing still doubtful, until the third or fourth hour in the afternoon, when a fresh and desperate effort was made by the Irish, and the Danes, now almost destitute of leaders, began to waver and give way at every point. Just at this moment the Norwegian prince, Anrud, encountered Morrogh, who was unable to raise his arms from fatigue, but with the left hand he seized Anrud and hurled him to the earth, and with the other placed the point of his sword on the breast of the prostrate Northman, and leaning on it plunged it through his body. While stooping, however, for this purpose, Anrud contrived to inflict on him a mortal wound with a dagger, and Morrogh fell in the arms of victory. According to other accounts, Morrogh was in the act of stooping to relieve an enemy when he received from him his death wound. This disaster had not the effect of turning the fortune of the day, for the Danes and their allies were in a state of utter disorder, and along their whole line had commenced to fly towards the city or to their ships. They plunged into the Tolka at a time, we may conclude, when the river was swollen with the tide, so that great numbers were drowned. The body of young Turlogh was found after the battle 'at the weir of Clontarf,' with his hands entangled in the hair of a Dane whom he had grappled with in the pursuit.

"But the chief tragedy of the day remains to be related. Brodar, the pirate admiral, who commanded in the point of the Danish lines remotest from the city, seeing the rout general, was making his way through some thickets with only a few attendants, when he came upon the tent of Brian Borumha, left at that moment without his guards. The fierce Norseman rushed in and found the aged monarch at prayer before the crucifix, which he had that morning held up to the view of his troops, and attended only by his page. Yet, Brian had time to seize his arms, and died sword in hand. The Irish accounts say that the king killed Brodar, and was only overcome by numbers; but the Danish version in the Niala Saga is more probable, and in this Brodar is represented as holding up his reeking sword, and crying: 'Let it be proclaimed from man to man that Brian has been slain by Brodar.' It is added, on the same authority, that the ferocious pirate was then hemmed in by Brian's returned guards and captured alive, and that he was hung from a tree, and continued to rage like a beast of prey until all his entrails were torn out—the Irish soldiers thus taking savage vengeance for the death of their king, who but for their own neglect would have been safe."

Such was the victory of Clontarf—one of the most glorious events in the annals of Ireland! It was the final effort of the Danish power to effect the conquest of this country. Never again was that effort renewed. For a century subsequently the Danes continued to hold

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some maritime cities in Ireland; but never more did they dream of conquest. That design was overthrown for ever on the bloody plain of Clontarf.

It was, as the historian called it truly, "a conflict of heroes." There was no flinching on either side, and on each side fell nearly every commander of note who had entered the battle! The list of the dead is a roll of nobility, Danish and Irish; amongst the dead being the brave Caledonian chiefs, the great Stewards of Mar and Lennox, who had come from distant Alba to fight on the Irish side that day!

But direst disaster of all—most woeful in its ulterior results affecting the fate and fortunes of Ireland—was the slaughter of the reigning family: Brian himself, Morrogh, his eldest son and destined successor, and his grandson, "the youthful Torlagh," eldest child of Morrogh—three generations cut down in the one day upon the same field of battle!

"The fame of the event went out through all nations. The chronicles of Wales, of Scotland, and of Mar; the annals of Ademar and Marianus; the sagas of Denmark and the Isles, all record the event. The Norse settlers in Caithness saw terrific visions of Valhalla 'the day after the battle'." "The annals state that Brian and Morrogh both lived to receive the last Sacraments of the Church, and that their remains were conveyed by the monks to Swords (near Dublin), and thence to Armagh by the Archbishop; and that their obsequies were celebrated for 12 days and nights with great splendor by the clergy of Armagh; after which the body of Brian was deposited in a stone coffin on the north side of the high altar in the cathedral, the body of his son being interred on the south side of the same church. The remains of Torlagh and of several of the other chieftains were buried in the old churchyard of Kilmainham, where the shaft of an Irish cross still marks the spot."

Leeston

A very fine memorial window was unveiled at the Leeston church at Christmas (writes our travelling correspondent). It was erected to the memory of one of the oldest parishioners, Mr. Joseph Campbell, and is placed in the north transept as a centre figure. It represents the subject of the Sacred Heart, and is a very tasteful and artistic example of the work of Messrs. Bradley Brothers, Christchurch, the well-known firm of experts in this line.

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REV. D. O'NEILL,
Roxburgh.

CONSTITUTIONAL AGITATION

(By D. MACDONNELL, in the *Catholic Bulletin*.)

We are constantly told by politicians that many and great victories have been gained by Ireland over England by what is known as "constitutional agitation." They produce a record of such victories, generally beginning with Catholic Emancipation and winding up with the Laborers' Cottages.

When a doctrine is acceptable to a large number of people, though acceptable perhaps for widely different reasons, it is extraordinary what easy credence it obtains; and this theory of the success of constitutional agitation in Ireland is pleasant to many people. The honest but timid patriot is pleased to believe such is the case, while the man who finds it his interest to uphold the British connection is delighted to point out how the country has only to make known her grievances and declare her wishes by constitutional means to have the one redressed and the other supplied. It is a doctrine which justifies the apathetic, brands the more passionate as irrational, and has the special advantage of placing England in the position of a just judge, only needing that the case should be clearly stated to command that justice be done. No wonder that such a doctrine has been accepted with little inquiry.

Now no one can, nor desires to, deny that concessions, beneficial to the bulk of the Irish people, have been frequently extorted from reluctant British Governments by the moral pressure of organised Irish opinion: but there is one point which is, I think, habitually overlooked: every concession so gained (with one exception to which I will refer later) has been gained by one section or class of the Irish people over, and at the expense of, another section or class of the nation; with the one exception, England has not paid. The solitary exception, the bright, particular star in the dark sky of Ireland's history, was the national legislative independence wrested in 1782, by Grattan and the Volunteers, wrested when England was exhausted by her unsuccessful struggle with America and filled with fears at the possibility of a French invasion. In no international treaty would guarantees be required more ample than those then given by England as to the permanence of this independence, yet 18 years later it was torn to pieces.

We have, however, numerous instances of agitations, organised for some local or national (not international) object, winning their way when they had grown powerful enough to cause disquiet or inconvenience to our British rulers; or even when two organisations in Ireland are struggling in rivalry, whichever party is the stronger, better equipped or better organised, is fairly safe to gain the support of England—always assuming that it is a question which affects Ireland *exclusively*. If the transfer of the mail service from Queenstown, which occurred just before the outbreak of the present war, had been a question between two Irish ports—let us say, between Queenstown and Galway—England would have stood aloof until she had seen which town had the larger measure of popular support, then thrown her vote on that side; and the triumphant seaport would have hailed it as "another constitutional success." In the question of the mail transfer English interests were affected, so England took another course. In spite of the overwhelming legal rights of the Irish town, in spite of the incontrovertible and practically uncontradicted evidence of naval experts, England carried off the "unconstitutional" victory by the primitive, disavowed but still secretly loved method that—

"... they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

Of the "Constitutional triumphs" over which Ireland is so often bidden to rejoice, one of the greatest was the Catholic Emancipation Act. It was a triumph gained from a bitterly hostile Government, a bigoted Ascendancy party and an opposing native aristocracy.

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It has always been cited as the crown of legal and constitutional agitation, and one that no leader less gifted than O'Connell could have gained. It changed the position of the Catholic portion (which was the far greater portion) of the Irish population towards the Protestant portion, but it did not change the position of either with regard to England. It set the Irish Catholic on an equality (theoretically, at any rate) with the Irish Protestant in the eyes of the laws which England had made, but it did not give either power to change or modify any of those same laws. The Irish Catholic could compete with his fellow-countrymen of any creed in trade or profession, but should his competitions in either clash with English interests England had not yielded an iota of her power to trample down such competition. And in after times, whenever it has so clashed, she has used that power.

O'Connell brought constitutional agitation to a degree of perfection which has never been surpassed by this country at any other period, or by any other country at any period. Lecky, an historian with no love for O'Connell, acknowledged that for leading and controlling a political organisation, no leader in the world's history surpassed him. During his gigantic agitation for Repeal it is computed that at Tara and other monster meetings the assembly numbered, not thousands nor tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands; yet so orderly were the proceedings, so well controlled those vast crowds, that there was afforded no pretext for military interference. By such tactics O'Connell had won Catholic Emancipation. Through the constitutional mouthpiece of the ballot box had an awakened Ireland spoken; and her voice had been heard and obeyed, and the penal laws blotted from the pages of her law books. Fifteen years had passed between the decisive election of Clare, in 1828, and the monster meeting called to meet at Clontarf in 1843: 15 years which might reasonably be thought to have made for the progress of freedom and justice even in British minds. The same men—Peel and Wellington—whom O'Connell had conquered before were the men whom he had to confront again. Little wonder that O'Connell believed that the methods by which he had won his glorious fight could not fail him now. He forgot that the victory he had won was the victory of the Irish Catholic over the Irish Protestant: the victory which he had set out to win would have been the victory of the Irish over the English nation; the later organisation, far stronger and more completely organised than that which had won Catholic Emancipation, proved powerless to win national freedom. O'Connell showed no less prudence and restraint than he had done during the previous struggle. Lawyer as well as statesman, acts of violence appealed neither to his character nor his judgment, so he would not permit any course of action which would give the Government a legal justification for interference. To suit her own purpose England defied her own laws: she declared O'Connell's lawful acts illegal. The events of that time do not need to be recalled to Irish readers: the proclaimed meeting at Clontarf, which but for O'Connell's exertions would have been a massacre, his subsequent arrest and release with one foot in the grave—in a word, the ruin of himself and his constitutional agitation by unconstitutional methods.

The Land Acts are the more modern monuments of renewed constitutional agitation. The triumph of the Irish tenant farmer involved the ruin of the Irish landlord. The latter, as a class, did so little good to Ireland that there is no need to drop tears over his grave; but the fact remains that in the Irish land struggles, whichever side lost or gained, England was not called on to suffer; she was the judge, but not the paymaster. In the land question Parnell triumphed—a hard struggle and a great victory;—but it was a struggle between class and class, between the *Irish* oppressed and the *Irish* oppressor: it let the question of nationhood alone.

The agitation for self-government was proceeding when the cloud which had darkened Parnell's life-path deepened and blackened his political sky and burst in thunder over startled Ireland. We have been told,

and told again, that only for that catastrophe and the consequent "split" Ireland's legislative freedom had been achieved. This is, and must ever remain, mere supposition. Had Parnell never loved unwisely Ireland's story would perhaps have been the same. He had come within sight of the goal—so had O'Connell; the might-have-beens of history are a sealed book. If Parnell had not given a weapon against himself we have no assurance but that some other weapon as fatal would have been found or forged for his destruction before he had been allowed to snatch the prize. One, indeed, had been forged previously, and failed, in the *Times* Commission. Had his unscrupulous accusers not then failed ignominiously to attach any degree of guilt to Parnell there can hardly be a doubt that he and probably his lieutenants would have suffered the extreme penalty. The subsequent divorce proceedings which eventuated in his undoing would not have been necessary, and the story through them unfolded would have been heard only in connection with some mysterious Diary such as was whispered about in relation to Roger Casement when he was not in a position to disprove the characteristic concoctions by which it was sought to sully his good name. Slander is a familiar means of discrediting, or attempting to discredit, Irish leaders, living and dead. O'Connell did not escape it. Even in our own day men and women very dear to the Irish heart have been slandered most persistently, and one deploras having to complain that it is not the work of England's agents alone, but that Irish Catholics, and not always lay Catholics, lend themselves to the dissemination of the slander.

Future historians will find it hard to convince their readers that the Ministry which ruled Great Britain at the commencement of the present war ever intended that any form of self-government should come into operation in Ireland. It is sufficient to review mentally the delays at every stage, the connivance of Carson's illegalities, and finally the transparently engineered Curragh strike. To sum up: no permanent concession of Irish freedom, however logically incontestable, however morally undeniable, will be yielded by a British Government in normal times. All the eloquence, reasoning, and moral force of Irish feeling are as waves spending themselves on the rock of English interests. This seems a dispiriting doctrine, but there is no wisdom in ignoring a truth because it is displeasing; and in ignoring this lies a special danger.

As has been already said, when Irish interests are alone concerned the moral force of constitutional agitation has proved strong enough not only to win but to hold: the penal laws have never been renewed; the Land Acts have never been repealed. When British interests are touched we need a surety stronger than our moral strength to guard our rights: the national freedom won by Grattan was shamelessly withdrawn when England was strong enough to break her pledge.

Taihape

At a meeting of the parishioners of the late Father Kinkead, held on Sunday, January 5, it was decided that a suitable memorial be erected to his memory. After a meeting of the committee, to be held on January 23, when the form of the memorial is to be decided upon, a subscription list will be opened in the parish and surrounding district. Friends of the late Father Kinkead in other parts of the Dominion should be in sympathy with this praiseworthy effort. Mr. Bartosh has been elected secretary.

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OUR ROMAN LETTER

(By "SCOTTUS.")

While most of the national colleges and religious institutions in Rome have been diminished or even depopulated by the ravages of a war that has dragged forth their peaceable inhabitants from the book and desk to wield the sword and shoulder the rifle in deadly combat against their fellow-man the Irish institutions in this city not only have remained intact, but have even been increased in number. Only a few days ago seven handsome young men, under the leadership of Father Cogan, O.C.C., arrived in Rome to start a new Irish Carmelite house, of which they are to be the nucleus and the root. It was my good fortune to be present the other day when they settled down for the first time in their new, if modest, quarters attached to the Church of Saints Celsus and Julianus, only a few steps away from the place where Old Hadrian's mole frowns down on the muddy Tiber; and as I took stock of the tiny community my mind went back to other days, when good Queen Elizabeth and good King James and his good heirs and successors were settling small nations in the old way, and when an Irish student could not be trained for the priesthood in his own land, but had to seek under strange skies the shelter and education he was forbidden to look for at home. In those far-off days Irish colleges were founded and nurtured and maintained all over the Continent, but chiefly in the Spanish Dominions and through the munificent zeal of Philip II. and Philip III. of Spain, most of them dating from the latter quarter of the sixteenth century and the first part of the seventeenth.

An official account of these colleges, written about 1630, gives some general idea of the origin and actual condition. Foremost amongst them stood the Irish College of Salamanca, the oldest of them all, founded and endowed by the King and Queen of Spain about 1592, with sufficient revenues to maintain some 20 students. Though it had its ups and downs it was able within the space of a century from the date of its foundation to send forth from its walls more than 500 priests, many of whom became remarkable men, including five Archbishops and five Bishops.

The Irish College at Lisbon was younger by hardly a year. In the beginning it had accommodated about 40 students, but internal troubles had impeded its development, so that at the time the report was written the number was reduced to less than 10. And a similar misfortune had pursued the Irish College at Santiago, which, though intended for 16 students, was soon reduced to one. The fortunes of three other Irish Colleges—one at Seville, another at Madrid, and a third at Alcalá—were not more cheering.

There were several Irish Colleges also in Belgium, most of them founded or helped by Spanish funds—Louvain, Douai, Antwerp, Lille, and Tournai.

France, too, did its part, and had its Irish Colleges at Paris and Bordeaux, and to a lesser extent at Rouen and Toulouse.

At Rome there was the Irish College, founded by Cardinal Ludovisi at the request of Archbishop Matthews of Dublin, and with the help of the celebrated Father Luke Wadding, which has had its own vicissitudes.

All these and others lived their life and had their day, till Napoleon rose above the horizon, and in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity, laid hands on them and suppressed them, and in his day wiped them out of existence. Few of them revived; and to-day of the Irish Colleges on the Continent there remain but three—that at Paris, that at Salamanca, and that at Rome.

To read royal decrees and Acts of Parliament one would be inclined to believe that these foreign seminaries were looked upon as hotbeds of disaffection, treason, and all malice by their Majesties Elizabeth and James. The old clergy dating from pre-Reformation days, or the clergy ordained at home in Ireland by

stealth in the days that followed, might be tolerated; but a priest returning to Ireland from a college on the Continent was regarded as a dangerous beast, and had an equal or greater price set on his head in the brave days of old.

Somewhat similar was the story of Irish novitiates of the religious Orders on the Continent. For many a year the various Orders had to depend on the charity of their Continental brethren for such chance hospitality as their members might find here and there in a Spanish or French or Austrian or Italian house. But eventually they too were able to start their own houses. The Franciscans still live and flourish in their historic house of St. Isidore's in this city, and at what may be called its branch house away up the hills at Capranica, though their foundations at Louvain and Prague have been long ago suppressed and abandoned. The Irish Dominicans still inhabit St. Clement's in Rome and the Corpo Santo at Lisbon, though suppression had driven them forth from Louvain more than a century before the Hun invented atrocities. The Irish Augustinians were later in the Continental field, met with many ups and downs, but have recently started with a new lease of life in the quarters attached to what will one day be the handsome Church of St. Patrick in this city. And last of all comes their youngest sister to settle down by the banks of the Tiber, where they can hear bells tollin' in old Hadrian's mole in, their thunders rollin' from the Vatican.

Time works many changes. To-day an Irish college or an Irish religious house is maintained on the Continent partly by force of a tradition that does not willingly part with the past and partly because there is some sort of idea that it is not a bad idea to have in Ireland a number of priests who have received their training at the fountain-head. But in the cruel past it was not a matter of choice. Education was banned at home by the English: and as the Irish exiles of that day wrote, "they forced the Irish to remain ignorant so as to make them slaves." And as none could be had in their own land they were driven to seek in exile and at the hands of strangers not merely their education, but a shelter, and even their daily bread, till they were fitted to go forth and face what lay before them.

It is better to be sometimes imposed upon than never to trust. Safety is purchased at too dear a rate when in order to secure it we are obliged to be always clad in armor and to live in perpetual hostility with our fellow.

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Current Topics

Michael the Catholic

About twenty years ago now a man wrote a dirty book. He was a briefless barrister, and he wanted to make money which he had not the brains or stamina enough to make in an honest way at his profession. And because he was a mean thing he set himself to write an unclean book, for he knew that there is always a market among unclean people for unclean books. When we say it was an unclean book that he wrote we do not mean that it was a pornographic work: there is a greater uncleanness even than that; and it is the work of a man who attacks the good name of his mother, or the religion of his fathers, or his country in order to make money. The book was received in decent quarters as such a book ought to be. The writer was dismissed curtly with the remark that his book was the book that such a man would inevitably write—the sort of book Judas would write were he alive to-day and did he want another thirty pieces of silver. But besides the decent men and women in the world there are others: there are those who make the market for writers like Michael McCarthy and for the books that such writers publish. And while the book was rejected with scorn by the first class it was received with delight by those others after whose heart it was. In time the story of Michael the Catholic became well known at home, and the vogue of his book passed away. But another market was still open, and the book was taken up by those who live on hatred of all things Irish and all things Catholic, and it was sent out to the Colonies, which abound with bigots. So it comes to pass, as a result of the low standard of education and of self-respect among us, that there are still people who write to the papers and quote Michael McCarthy as if he were an authority instead of merely a creature who set himself to make money by the prostitution of his honor. The falsehoods contained in Michael's pages have so often been refuted that we need not dwell on them here; but we will, for the benefit of our readers, say a word about the primary falsehood under the cover of which Michael advertised his other lies. This man tells us that he is a Catholic, and here there are fools who believe him. Let us examine Michael's Catholicity. First, he spent three years as a boy at Middleton Protestant School. Reflect on what that means in Ireland; and weigh the claims of the boy or the parents to Catholicity. But we can let that pass. He then spent four years in Trinity College, the chief stronghold of No-Popery in Ireland. That will also pass. He tells us that his learning (?) is due to his association with Protestants. He maintains that the Papacy was founded by a decree of the Emperor Phocas, and not by Christ; he denies the Catholic doctrine of the Mass and of the Sacramental system; he hints at his unbelief in the Real Presence, and sneers at Catholic observances as gibberish and mummery. In a word, he denies the teaching which is essential in the Catholic Church and cuts himself off from the Fold of Christ. He does what Luther did before him, and what every apostate does. But Luther and the ordinary apostates do not pretend that they are still Catholics, as Michael McCarthy does. His apostasy is so evident that no man can doubt it; and yet he screams and shrieks in his pages, "I am a Catholic! I am a Catholic!" when all who know anything about him know that he is not anything of the kind. Having begun by this initial lie he proceeds to attack the faith of the people of Ireland and to pander to the low bigotry of Protestants of the uneducated type by a series of sweeping propositions which proclaim his total ignorance of the social and economic problems with which he pretends to grapple. Here is not the place to go into that: Monsignor O'Riordan's book, *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland*, contains abundant refutation of the drivel of Michael the Catholic. Our intention is merely to bring before our readers the sort of man Michael is; and that can be judged from his assertion that he is a Catholic.

We have said his work was not pornographic; that needs a qualification: his condemnation of the chastity of the Irish people is tantamount to a plea for immorality.

Religious Statistics of Germany and Austria

A correspondent tells us that he is often told that Germany is a Catholic country and that the Pope and the Jesuits have unlimited power there. We are not surprised that there are still fools who retail such nonsense when we consider that Protestant Professors have not yet risen above the standard connoted by such statements. We have always taken it for granted that even in New Zealand State schools there could be nobody so ignorant as to be blind to the fact that the war was mainly between two Protestant countries—Protestant Prussia and Protestant England,—both as hostile to the Pope and the Catholic Church as it is possible for them to be under modern conditions. Both were indeed assisted by Catholic countries. Protestant Germany was helped by Catholic Austria, just as Catholic Italy and Catholic France filled in the gaps left on the Western Front when Orange generals turned tail and ran. And small thanks Catholics receive at the hands of Orangemen or other Prussians for saving them in the hour of peril. For the information of our correspondent we here give the religious statistics of Germany and Austria, as found in the last edition of the authoritative *Statesman's Year Book*:

(Page 907)

RELIGION IN GERMANY.

The constitution provides for entire liberty of conscience and for complete social equality among all religious confessions. The relation between Church and State varies in different parts of the Empire. *The Jesuit Order is interdicted in all parts of Germany (Italy's ours)*, and all convents and religious Orders, except those that are engaged in nursing the sick and purely contemplative Orders, have been suppressed. There are 5 Roman Catholic archbishoprics, 14 suffragan bishoprics, and 6 immediately subject to Rome. The following is the result of the last census:—

	1910.	Per cent. of Population.
Protestants	39,991,421	61.6
Catholics	23,821,453	36.7
Other Christians	283,946	0.4
Jews	615,021	1.0
Others	214,152	0.3

Catholics were in a majority in only three States—viz., Alsace-Lorraine, Bavaria, and Baden-Baden. They had more than 20 per cent. in only four others—viz., Oldenburg, Wurtemberg, Hesse, and Prussia.

(Page 697)

RELIGION IN AUSTRIA.

	1910.	Per cent. of Population.
Roman Catholics	22,530,000	78.8
Greek Catholics	3,417,000	12.0
Armenian Catholics	2,000	0.0
Old Catholics	21,000	0.1
Greek Oriental	66,000	2.3
Armenian Oriental	1,000	0.0
Evangelical	589,000	2.1
Other Christian sects	7,000	0.0
Jews	1,314,000	4.6
Others	25,000	0.1

From the above it is clear that Germany is not a Catholic country, and that so far from being under the heel of the Jesuits the Order is not allowed into the country at all. And as for the influence of the Pope with the Kaiser, unfortunately for Europe and for the cause of humanity the Pope has as little influence with Wilhelm as he has with his British relations.

Sinn Fein

In a letter from one of the prominent leaders of Sinn Fein among the senior clergy, received by us, shortly after the result of the elections was made

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known, we are struck by the quiet confidence in the power of a united Irish people to assert their rights against the rule of brute force. He speaks thus of the effect of the Easter Rising: "We have prevented the attempted revalidation of the fraud of the unnatural union between Ireland and England; at the cost of a little blood we snatched our generation from being inoculated with West Britainism, and delayed, at least, a national apostasy. Were it not for the men of Easter Week Ireland would be conscripted and partitioned. She would stand with one hand tied to Orangeism with a black knot, the other free to wave a Union Jack over the remnant of a noble race weeping in vain for the dead who died for England, while a scoffing world would only say: *Scienti et volenti non fit injuria.*" Thus, while even Sinn Fein itself was opposed to the hopeless Rising and while Eoin McNeill got ten years in gaol for trying to stop it, the people realise that the blood of Pearse and his comrades regenerated the Irish race; and we recognise that the regeneration would have been a failure were it not for the brutality of the soldiers and the criminal treachery of Lloyd George. These were the factors which turned the scale in favor of Sinn Fein, made its policy possible, and gave it the stupendous victory it has already won at the elections. The following is a copy of one of the Sinn Fein manifestoes issued by candidates for election:—

For 118 years we have followed the programme devised for us by Englishmen—namely, representation in the London Parliament,—and has it brought us any nearer even the meanest measure of freedom? The chosen leaders of the Irish race are now in English gaols—the laws are still made by Englishmen in England's interest—Liberty of the Press and Freedom of Speech are denied us—it is illegal to be Irish—the only freedom we have is to die for England and England's Empire.

In the last century—

Four millions of the Irish race have fled from Ireland.

Two millions have died of starvation.

Ireland's world-trade has almost gone.

Irish shipping is practically non-existent.

Ireland's taxation has increased from two million pounds when her population was eight millions to thirty million pounds when her population is 4,300,000— or 5s per head of the population when Ireland had her own Parliament, against £6 17s 6d to-day.

Why should Irishmen leave their country—it is one of the richest in the world?

Why should we pay England's taxes and her bills?

Are you satisfied that we should always be poor?

Why should we not be as free as England is herself?

Democracy is coming into its own again.

The bonds that have held us for 700 years are breaking.

You have only to push the door and it will open before us into the garden of freedom.

ELECT A FREE-IRELAND CANDIDATE!

For Democracy

Some months ago when discussing President Wilson's declaration that peace could be made only with the German democracy, Mr. Stead hinted that there were certain other countries in which the rights of the people were quite as much ignored as in Germany. We have since read in *Everyman* that some English papers have very definitely arraigned the British Government for its autocratic spirit and demanded that the people who were fighting should know at least what they are fighting for. England as well as Germany kept the people in the dark regarding things that the people had a right to know and to discuss; a British oligarchy as well as a Prussian assumed the right to make wars and to make treaties without the approval of the people whom these things most concerned, inasmuch as, although the men who form the Govern-

ments reap the profits, the men who are ignored have to do the fighting and the paying. The British tyranny is supported by a network of influences, at the back of which there is unlimited money for bribery. People who have never suspected how the political parties worked will have their eyes opened by reading Chesterton's work on Party Government, which gives some idea of how the money is raised and how it is spent in the interests of the rulers, and not at all for the good of the people. A clear proof that the English Government does not govern for the people at all is the fact that in spite of the people's mandate to give Ireland self-government Ireland is still oppressed in the interests of a few people who have money and know how to use it. Unless all the signs in the heavens are misleading the day is at hand now when this state of things must end. Democracy must become a reality as well as a name. The fate of a nation cannot be left in the hands of a few unscrupulous individuals such as Carson and Milner in England at present—the one a German agent, the other a German by birth. The lives of thousands of men cannot be left at the mercy of capitalists and economers who do not hesitate to sacrifice the workers whether in war or in peace for their own commercial aims. Mr. Hughes is reported to have said that the present war is a war for economic domination, which, as translated into English by Archbishop Mannix, means a trade-war: whether one agrees with Mr. Hughes or no there can be no doubt that the Boer war was a sordid trade war waged unjustly in the interests of British capitalists for whose aims thousands of British lives were lost and, still worse, thousands of Boer women and children died in the awful concentration camps through which, as General Butler says, England struck "at the womb of the nation." In Russia alone has the Democracy succeeded in beating the Autocracy. There is evidence of unrest in England and in Germany sufficient to warrant us in thinking that if the people are not consulted after the war it will not be very long until there is another war between Socialism and Capitalism, likely to be waged as universally as the present international conflict. At present there is hardly a country in which the Government cannot be described with more or less truth as the Capitalist State. Do we not hear it said every day here that the New Zealand Government is for the rich? And is there not much appearance of reason in the statement? In England the abominable class distinctions are tenfold worse, and in Ireland there is not even a pretence of an attempt to conceal the fact that the Government is exercised in the sole interests of the Orange minority. The war will have been in vain if all these wrongs are not righted, and if Democracy is still to be no more than an empty name and the people but instruments for exploitation in the hands of Capitalists. If as the outcome of all the slaughter a new era begins in which Governments will govern for the people, defending the rights of individuals, protecting especially the poor and the helpless, guided in all things by considerations of justice and truth, then there will be hope of a lasting peace such as President Wilson dreams about: but if the old wrong system is but fortified for the promotion of still more Imperialistic aims and for larger conquests, then it is very likely that instead of lasting peace we shall be face to face with the prospect of seeing in other countries such horrors as were the consequence of wrongful rule in Russia last year. The day is not far off when the people will tolerate no more tyranny on the part of their own Governments.

Oh, how dear are humble souls to Mary! This blessed Virgin recognises and loves those who love her, and is near to all who call upon her, and especially to those whom she sees like unto herself in purity and humility.—St. Bernard.

People believe and cling to a religion not because they have been taught that certain facts, dogmas, and rites are true, and ought to be held and performed; but for what they find by actual experience they can get by so believing and so doing.—Coventry Patmore.

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VISIT OF GENERAL PAU.

During the recent visit of the French Mission to Christchurch General Pau and his A.D.C., Commandant André, paid a visit to the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame des Missions, Lower High Street. Until the evictions of 1901 the Mother House of the Sisters of Notre Dame des Missions was in Lyons. The distinguished visitors expressed their joy to find so many of their compatriots in far-away New Zealand, and they much appreciated the cordial welcome offered them. One of the Sisters read an address in French, in replying to which the General said that they must not expect a speech from him, as he was accustomed to speaking to soldiers. He considered himself happy to be able to make a little visit to the Sisters, as he knew that from their convent numberless prayers ascended towards heaven for the happy conclusion of the war. These supplications had been efficacious. It was neither the armies nor the soldiers that carried off the victory; youth might be deceived into thinking that it was so, but "the old ones," who had had experience of many things, knew how much they had need of help from on High. "Therefore, with all my heart," said the General, "in the name of France, I thank you for your prayers. Yes, we thank you for having prayed for the success of the good cause. For was it not necessary that this good cause should triumph? But, alas! where is the man who at some time or other during the conflict of the last four years has not asked himself in all sincerity, 'What will become of the good cause?' We have erred many times. But if we have had our moments of error, if the French nation has had hers too—and, alas! will have them yet,—if France has sustained an eclipse of long duration, she was, in spite of all, on the side of the best cause, and this cause must triumph. Do not believe, ladies, all the evil that is spoken of France. Doubtless, I repeat, our dear Motherland is guilty of many grave errors—errors that we deplore, but France—the true France—is always what it has been, what it always will be,—the invincible France, with a heart valiant and full of faith. Ladies, once again I thank you. I do not say *Au revoir*, for at my age—70 years—this word is no longer for our use; but may God deign to gratify my wish—that we may all one day meet in heaven. I wish you, ladies, prosperity in your undertakings. I know very well that you do not work for an earthly reward, for you will receive a better one in heaven. Nevertheless, since it is an abiding trait of our human nature to be grateful for the encouragement of success, I wish you success and prosperity. *Au revoir*, then, ladies; *Au revoir* till we meet in heaven." Before retiring the visitors, who were accompanied by his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop

of Christchurch, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Very Rev. Dean Hyland, and several other ecclesiastics, made a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

NAMING A STREET.

Thus a writer in the current issue of the *Austral Light*: "The Coburg (Melbourne) Council is to be congratulated on its fine discrimination in the names of its streets. It was recently proposed to call a new street in that locality 'Mannix Street,' but the Coburg Council rose in its wrath and refused to permit such an outrage. Coburg boasts among other claims to fame the presence in its midst of Pentridge. It has not, to my knowledge, protested against this fact; but when it is suggested that the honor of possessing a street called after one of Australia's most prominent citizens be conferred on Coburg the council indignantly refuses this honor. Probably if it had been suggested that the street should be called after some two-penny-ha'penny councillor no objection would have been offered: thus, for example, Smith, Jones, Brown, or Robinson would have been regarded with complaisance; but the name of 'Mannix,' a name which posterity will regard with respect, was refused. Pump-handle politics again! Personally the writer is pleased that the name should not be associated with a small street; if it is to be known in such a manner it should be coupled with some large thoroughfare in the future capital of Australia: not with a small street in a small suburb."

THE STRUGGLES OF THE BACK-BLOCKS

OHIAKUNE'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

An esteemed correspondent writes: "We are struggling here to give the faith to our children. Who will help us? We have a Catholic school and a convent (both opened last year) to give the faith to our children. Who will help to lighten the burden of debt on them? You love your faith—why not help to spread it by supporting a school in the back-blocks? You love to see New Zealand peopled with sterling Catholic men and women, then give the children Catholic schools. How terrible to see our New Zealand children lose the faith of Patrick through ignorance; to see the Mac's and the O's renegades to the faith of their fathers! We are holding a bazaar on February 12 to lighten our debt. Kindly help us. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received by Father Guinane, Ohakune. Donations however small are acceptable. It means so little to you; so much to our children in the back-blocks; so much to the future Catholicity of your own land of New Zealand."

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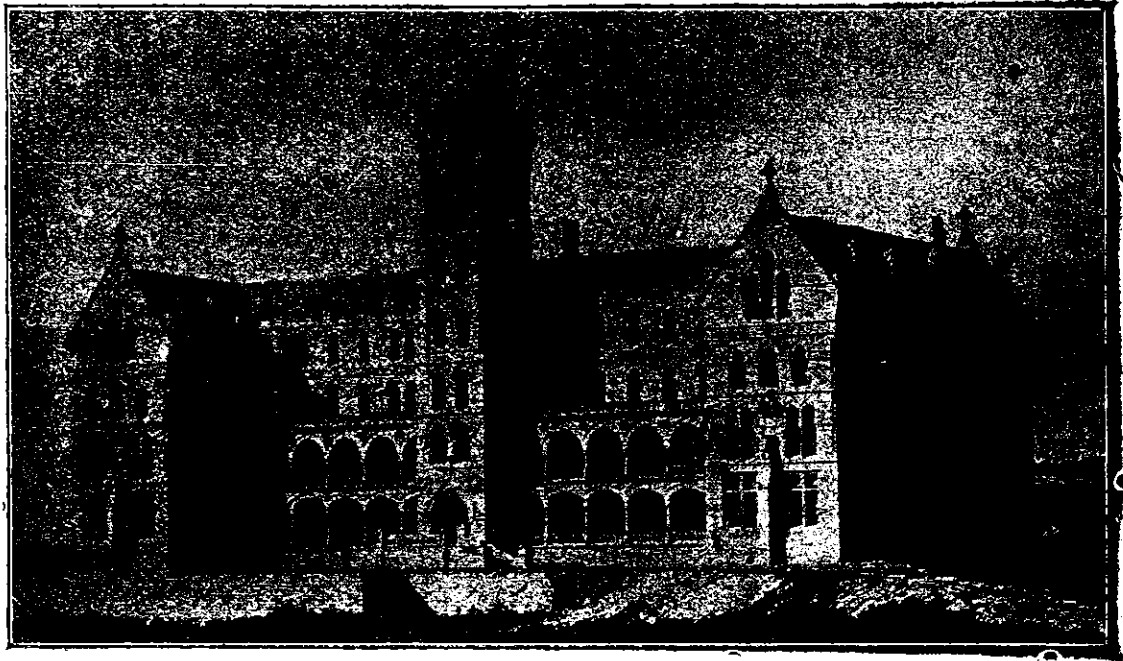
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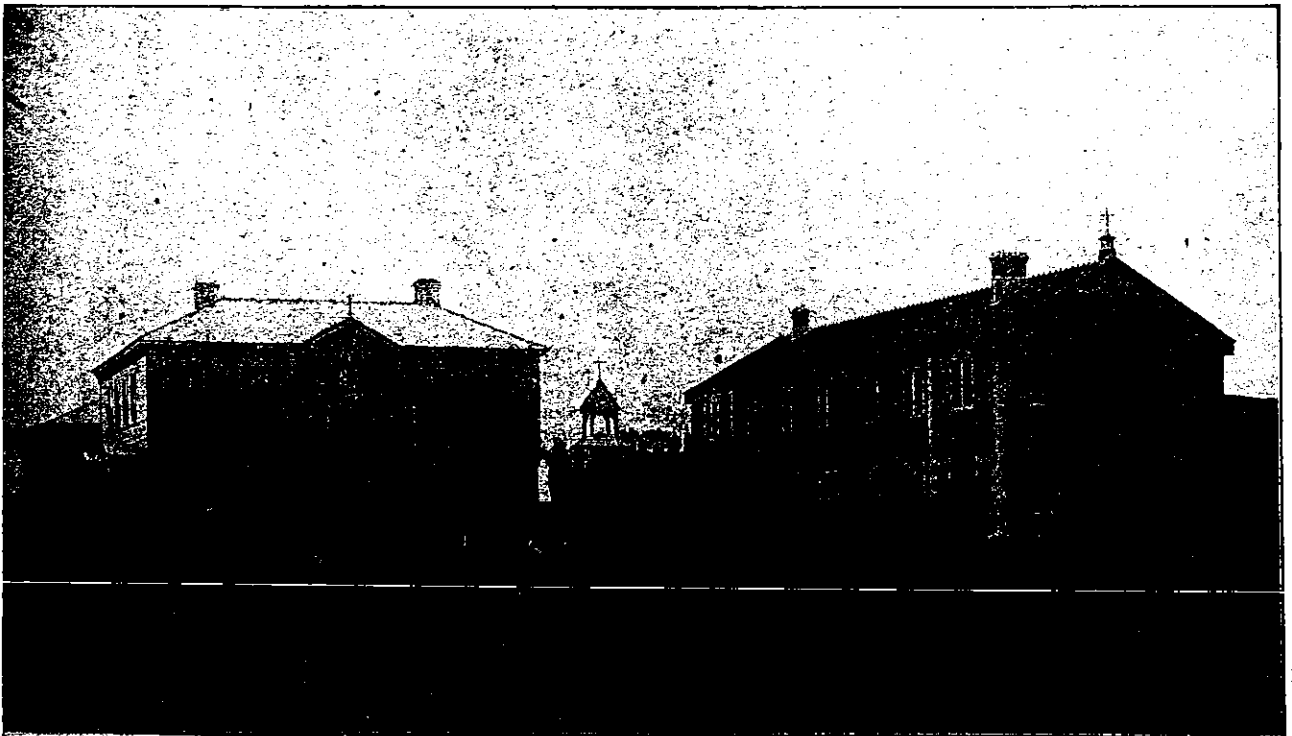
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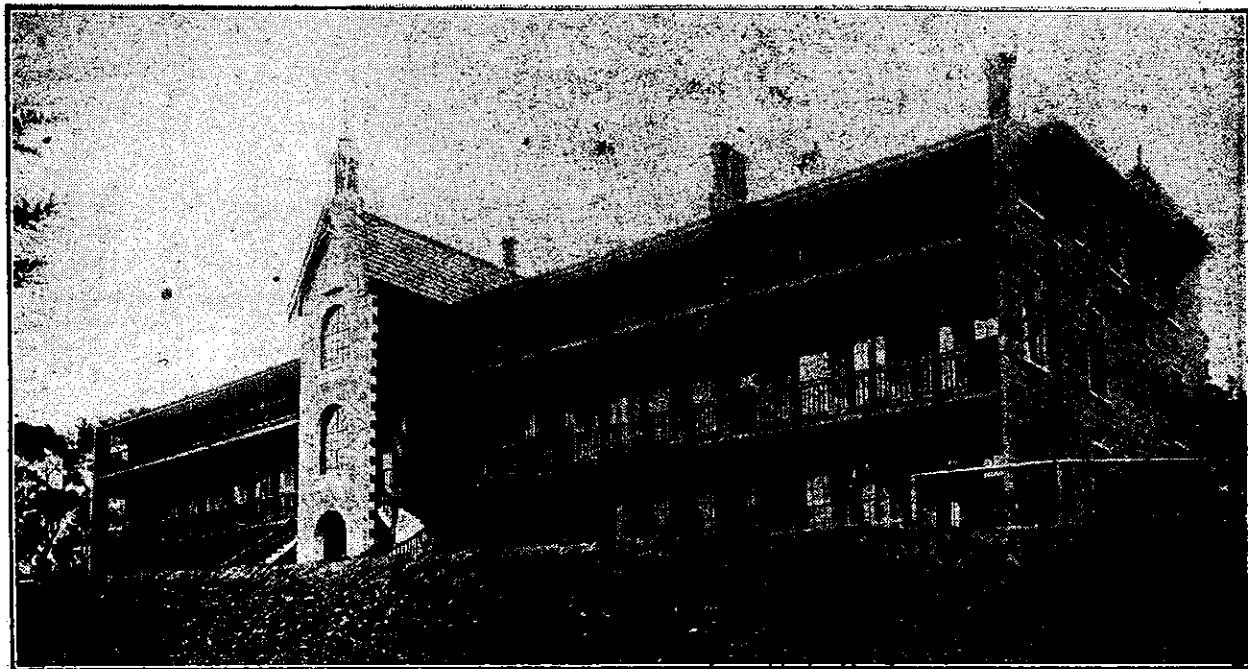
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The Right Rev. Dr. Verdon was consecrated Second Bishop of Dunedin (in succession to the late Bishop Moran) on Sunday, May 3, 1896. His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, was the Consecrator, and the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland, and Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, were the attendant Bishops. The consecration sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, Archbishop of Wellington, who alone of the number survives.



THE LATE MR. DONALD CAMERON.

Biographical notes relating to above appear on another page of this week's issue of the *Tablet*.



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It's the way with many people—a handsome face marred by defective teeth.

Yet why need it be?

Missing Teeth should be replaced by a crown or plate; or by bridgework, which I guarantee for ten years.

Decayed Teeth can be filled and made quite sound and serviceable again.

Discoloured Teeth can be perfectly cleaned.

By gentle scientific methods I can soon change a row of disfiguring teeth to a row of sound, pearly white teeth—teeth that make the sort of smile that people like to see.

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ULSTER'S REPLY TO CARSON

(By J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., in the *Irish World*.)

I desire, as a Protestant and the senior Ulster member in the Imperial Parliament, in which I have sat for nearly two-and-thirty years, to supplement the trenchant and masterly reply of my distinguished friend, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, to the Orange address to the President of the United States by a further examination of two statements in that address—one embodying a false suggestion, the other in itself an open, palpable falsehood.

The statement embodying a false suggestion is as follows: "The Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament," the address states, "throws a significant sidelight on this prevalent fiction." The "prevalent fiction," the subject of this reference, is that our political status affords any sort of parallel to that of the small nationalities oppressed by alien rule, for whose emancipation the Allied Powers are fighting in this war. "Ireland has," the address triumphantly declares, "thirty-nine more members in the House of Commons than she can claim on a basis of population strictly proportionate." This statement, if its accuracy can be admitted, constitutes not an argument for the maintenance of the Union, but the most damning evidence that could be adduced against that system of government, and a decisive proof that the point has been reached at which the process of national downfall under so disastrous a regime should be stayed.

Ireland Defrauded.

Under the provisions of the Act of Union in 1800 Ireland was defrauded of her just proportion of members. The Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, now consisting of 103 members, was then fixed at 100, the number of members for Great Britain being then 558. Mr. O'Connell conclusively proved that Ireland was entitled, on "a basis of population strictly proportionate" to the population of Great Britain, to no fewer than 291 members. In 1800 the population of the whole United Kingdom did not exceed fifteen millions, of which Ireland was estimated to have five. At the last census in 1911 the population of the whole United Kingdom was 45,870,540, of which only 4,390,219 (including the men of the army and navy in Ireland on the night of the census, as well as their wives and families) constituted the total population of Ireland. The under-representation of Ireland, according to the provisions of the Union, is the only grievance which the operations of the Union itself have redressed, but they have redressed it not by the increase of members, but by diminishing the resources and population of Ireland. So much for the "significant sidelight" thrown on the Irish question by over-representation in the Imperial Parliament.

Support From Froude.

I desire, moreover, to corroborate by the testimony of Mr. Froude, the Unionist historian, who was among the bitterest enemies of his generation to the Irish National movement, Mr. T. P. O'Connor's scathing refutation of one of the statements in the Orange address which embody actual falsehoods.

"The suggestion," says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "of the Orange address that the American citizens of Ulster descent who took such a prominent and glorious part in America's War of Independence represented the same political opinions as the adherents of Sir Edward Carson to-day, may also be left without comment to the enlightened opinion of America. Every American knows that these Ulster Protestants fled from Ireland because the party to which Sir Edward Carson belonged made life impossible for them in Ireland, and flying from Irish servitude to American freedom they took with them the same hatred as their Catholic fellow-countrymen, who fought by their side

in Washington's army, to English and Irish Tory misgovernment."

Here is Mr. Froude's testimony, written in 1861, by anticipation to Mr. O'Connor's statement. It lends a piquancy to Mr. Froude's words that the Mr. Upton to whom he refers was the first Lord Templeton, whose descendant, the present peer, has taken an active part in support of the Irish Union.

Cause of Ulster Exodus

"Most of his Antrim leases having fallen in simultaneously (in 1772), the fifth Earl and first Marquis of Donegal demanded a hundred thousand pounds in fines for the renewal of them. The tenants, all Protestant, offered the interest of the money in addition to the rent. It could not be. Speculative Belfast capitalists paid the fine and took the lands over the heads of the tenants to sub-let. A Mr. Upton, another great Antrim proprietor, imitated the example, and tenants over a whole countryside were driven from their habitations. . . . The most substantial of the expelled tenantry gathered their effects together and sailed to join their countrymen in the New World, where the Scotch-Irish became known as the most bitter of the secessionists. . . . It is rare that two persons have power to create effects so considerable as to assist in dismembering an Empire and provoking a civil war. Lord Donegal was rewarded with a marquissate and Mr. Upton with a viscountcy." (Mr. Froude is here slightly in error. Mr. Upton was made a baron in 1776, with 17 other gentlemen who were made peers on the same day. His son was made a viscount in 1806.) "If rewards were proportioned to deserts a fitter retribution to both of them would have been forfeiture and Tower Hill. A precedent so tempting, and so lucrative was naturally followed.

. . . In the two years which followed the Antrim evictions thirty thousand Protestants left Ulster for a land where there was no legal robbery, and where those who sowed the seed could reap the harvest. They went with bitterness in their hearts, cursing and detesting the aristocratic system of which the ennobling qualities were lost and only the worst retained."

Hence Bunker's Hill.

"All evidence shows that the foremost, the most irreconcilable, the most determined in pushing the quarrel to the last extremity were the Scotch-Irish, whom the Bishops and Lord Donegal and company had been pleased to drive out of Ulster." . . . "There is a Bunker's Hill close outside Belfast. Massachusetts' tradition has forgotten how the name came to Charlestown Peninsula. It is possible that the connection with Ireland is a coincidence. It is possible that the name of a spot so memorable in American history was brought over by one of those exiles." (See Froude's *English in Ireland*, II., pp. 130-155.)

I trust that Sir Edward Carson, the first signatory to this Orange address, a gentleman who had never any association with Ulster till middle age, who when at the Irish Bar contemplated at one time, owing to increasing business, a change from his old circuit (the Leinster) for a circuit more lucrative, designed not the North-east or North-west (Ulster) Circuits, but the Munster Circuit, as a sphere of fresh forensic achievement, will be content to rest on his laurels—that he will not rival the Ulster reactionaries of the eighteenth century, whom he claims as his forerunners in compassing the dismemberment of the Empire.

A recollected mind never quite ceases to think of God and of doing good, distilling into its very amusements drops of holy aspiration.—Father Elliott, C.S.P.

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—Father Faber.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

January 18.

Mr. W. F. Johnson, secretary of the Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation, accompanied by Mrs. Johnson, will leave next week on a visit to Australia. He will devote himself to the work of the Federation in the Commonwealth, and for that purpose will attend the Summer School in Victoria, which is arranged by the Victorian Federation annually. During Mr. Johnson's absence urgent matters will be attended to by Major Halpin, the Diocesan Treasurer.

The first meeting of the Dominion Executive of the Catholic Federation with direct representation from the four dioceses will take place at Wellington on Saturday, February 1.

The half-yearly meeting of the Dominion Council of the Catholic Federation, which takes place at Dunedin, will be held on Wednesday, February 26.

The growth of the private school system in New Zealand is causing much concern to the State school teachers. Quite a lot of time was devoted to this subject at the conference now being held in this city, and as a result a resolution was passed urging the Government to refuse to have the schools inspected and advocating other stringent measures. The injustice of such a resolution was pointed out by Mr. Malone, representing Grey, but without result, and the motion was passed with only one dissident.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

January 17.

The clergy of the diocese are beginning to arrive in the city for the annual retreat, to be held next week.

Regret is expressed here at the indisposition of General Pan, of the French Mission. Auckland citizens were in hopes of being able to tender to the distinguished General a fitting reception, but it is now feared his return visit to this city may be so brief as to preclude any public function.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Ormond, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation, Sydney, is expected to arrive in Auckland on Monday next on a visit to his relatives.

Mr. Cyril Towsey, conductor of St. Patrick's Cathedral Choir, is at present absent on a holiday, and is being relieved by Mr. W. J. Pringle.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

January 13.

The schools of the Cathedral and St. Mary's parish reopen on Monday next, the 27th inst. The Marist Brothers' School will re-open on the Monday following.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea is the guest of Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., and preached to a crowded congregation on Sunday evening at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street.

The M.B.O.B. Association has now before it the project of a Roll of Honor. Owing to the extremely ready manner in which the members rallied to the colors this means a big order. Old boys, and friends of the school, who would interest themselves in this memorial are asked to communicate with the secretary of the association (Mr. P. Greenlees), or with the local Marist Brothers. Suggestions and assistance of any kind will be gratefully acknowledged.

The attention of parents is directed to the new day and boarding school conducted by the Sisters of

Mercy in "Villa Maria," Upper Riccarton. Situated on Yaldhurst Road, and having entrances from Peer Street and Wakefield Road, the school combines the advantages of country life with easy communication with the city. Both primary and secondary courses are included in the syllabus, and, if preferred, a commercial course may be taken by pupils. Music receives much attention, and pupils are prepared for practical and theoretical examinations.

OBITUARY

DR. GEORGE DEAMER, REMUERA, AUCKLAND.

The death occurred at his residence, Grand View Road, Remuera, on Sunday last, after a lengthy illness, of Dr. George Edwin Deamer, aged 61 years. The deceased was the eldest son of the late Dr. Wm. Deamer, of Christchurch, and received his medical training at Edinburgh and London. For thirteen years he carried on a successful practice in Christchurch, afterwards residing in Featherston and Island Bay, Wellington. Failing health compelled him to retire about six years ago, and he went over to Sydney, whence he came to Auckland early last year. The late Dr. Deamer was a man of high intellectual attainments, and possessed of a very kindly and generous disposition. He leaves a widow, who is a daughter of the late Colonel Reader, of Wellington, and two daughters: Mrs. Albert Goldie, now in America, who has published novels as "Dulcie Deamer," and Dorothea, now Sister Mary Anne, of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Convent, Kensington, Sydney. A Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Dr. Deamer was celebrated on Tuesday morning last, the interment taking place afterwards at Waikaraka Cemetery, Father Doyle, of Remuera, officiating.—R.I.P.

FATHER DORE MEMORIAL CHURCH, FOXTON

At a meeting of the committee promoting the erection of a church at Foxton as a memorial to the late Father Dore, held on last Sunday, it was decided to discontinue the appeal appearing for some months past in the *Tablet*. Future donations will be acknowledged monthly in the *Tablet*. Amount already acknowledged, £635 6s 11d; Mr. W. Anderson, 10s; Mr. P. McGlinchy (Wyndham), £1.

INDEPENDENT BOHEMIA.

The Czech priests of all the dioceses of Bohemia met at Prague recently and adopted the following declaration: "Conscious of having come from the people and remaining united to them by indissoluble ties of blood, of language, and common traditions, we shall be with them in the warfare and suffering which they endure, until the day of victory. Faithful to the venerable traditions of the Slav apostles, SS. Cyril and Methodius, we declare that the manifesto of our writers and deputies and the national oath are the exact expression of the sentiments of the Catholic clergy and the most profound convictions of our souls. The creation of an independent Czecho-Slovak State will respond, we consider, to the demands of our political history. It is the will of God. A perfect entente is the indispensable condition of the realisation of our desires. We declare, in consequence, that only the Czech union is qualified to negotiate in the name of the nation, and we disavow all separate negotiations on the subject of the destinies of our country."

We cannot change the essence of our being, but we can direct our various faculties to a good end, and almost succeed in making our very faults useful; to do this, moreover, is the great secret and the great problem of education.—Sand.

IRELAND'S CASE

"Ireland is our one failure," has become a kind of commonplace in British political discourses, said the Most Rev. Daniel Cohalan, D.D., Bishop of Cork, recently. What is the cause of British misgovernment of Ireland. In Austria the trouble is racial, as the rival parties, Germans and Slavs or Magyars and Slavs, are mostly Catholics; but in Ireland the cause of British misgovernment is largely religious. At the Reformation a number of British families were enriched by the plunder of the Church. The Church of England separated from the Centre of Unity and became Protestant. The lords of the plundered Church property could defend their occupation of their lands only by defending the schism of the Church and the Protestantised Church, cut off from the Centre of Unity and with no life except as the life in a lopped-off branch, had to depend for existence on the temporal power, and principally on those who were enriched by the plunder of the Church and on their successors. The counterpart of the Lords and of the Anglican Church in Ireland are the Irish landlords and the Irish Episcopalian Protestant Church. And British misrule of Ireland has been, in the main, misrule by the House of Lords and the Tory Party in favor of the Irish landlords and the Irish Protestant Church. To this must be added, in regard to recent years, the fostering by the Tory Party of religious feuds in Ireland in order to stave off the day of reckoning for themselves in England. This brings me to the Carson campaign in Ulster. Irish Nationalists are convinced that Sir Edward Carson and his British Tory supporters did not give a jot for Protestant Ulster or for the Battle of the Boyne. But the supremacy, if not the very existence, of the House of Lords was threatened by the Veto Bill. How was the danger to be averted? By starting a religious war in Ireland. Let there be no doubt about it: the Ulster campaign, in principle, was made an anti-Papal, an anti-Catholic, campaign. For the main argument was: Your Catholic neighbors may be excellent people individually; but how can you trust the liberties bought at the Battle of the Boyne to a people owing allegiance to a foreign domineering Power reigning in the Vatican? Enmity was intensified between two nations, enmity that has cost England a good price during the war, to secure the interests of a political party. Every effort made by the Liberal Party and by the enfranchised British workers to redress the grievances of Ireland has been thwarted by the Tories in their own interest and in the interest of the Protestant landlord class in Ireland. They sometimes say: "If you in Ireland agree among yourselves we shall ratify your agreement"; and then they say to Ulster: "Take care, you, not to agree, and there will be no change."

Ireland and the War.

I have often been approached on the subject of recruiting: by Englishmen, by Americans, by Frenchmen; but I could never forget the state of coercion in which we are living in Ireland when the question of

military service was raised. Irishmen living in England, I said, should offer their services. It is a moral duty; they share in the good government of England. Irishmen in the United States, I said, should accept their share of the war burdens: it is a moral duty towards their country. So also Irishmen in Canada and in Australia should take their part in the war according to the system of military enrolment—voluntary or conscriptive—sanctioned by their country. But consider the peculiar circumstances of Ireland. Since the Parliamentary union of 1800 coercive law, one might say, has been the rule in Ireland; and there never were worse periods of coercion than under Mr. Arthur Balfour and under Lord French at the present moment. The Home Rule Act was hung up at the dictation of the Tory leaders. Irishmen are called on to offer themselves for the supreme sacrifice in an absolute unconditioned manner; and they get in return the hypothetical, conditioned promise: "It is probable that possibly at some future day, when the war is over and circumstances are changed and prejudices have abated, your country will get some watered-down form of Home Rule."

Bantry Incidents.

I was in Bantry one night in June when the local Sinn Feiners had a procession, with a band, to celebrate the return of Mr. Griffith, M.P. for Cavan. Soon a young lieutenant with a body of soldiers entered the town from a camp on Bantry House grounds. He said that shots had been heard; and no shots had been fired by the people. He said the soldiers' rifles were loaded, and that if the men were molested, even by stonethrowing, they would fire on the people. There was imminent danger of bloodshed. Next day the lieutenant's superior officer came into town and apologised, saying the young lieutenant had got a wound on the head at foreign service, and was not fully responsible! Within the past fortnight a dramatic performance was announced to take place in the parish hall in Bantry. It was announced by posters through the town. No notice of prohibition was given. At the time announced —7 p.m.—the people of the town and the American sailors on Whiddy Island were assembling at the hall. Then a party of soldiers with bayonets took up position, and it was announced that the performance was prohibited. There was danger of a row between the American sailors and the soldiers. And who, think you, was summoned to keep the peace? The parish priest, who speedily appeared on the scene and calmed the excited sailors and populace. Then West Cork has been put under military law for no sufficient reason. Military authorities, knowing nothing of the country, if they fall under the influence of a bad type of anti-Irish constabulary inspector are sure to commit excesses.

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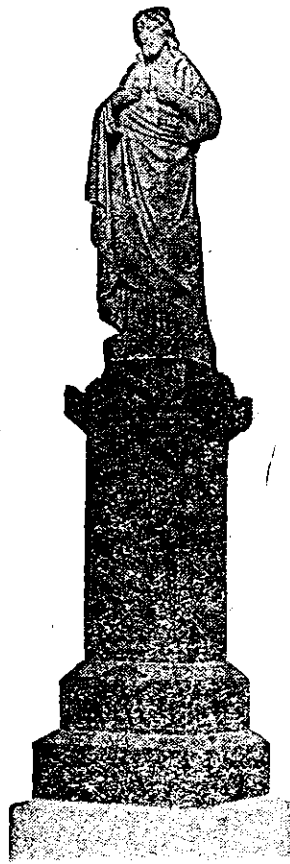
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MARRIAGES

REILLY—PAGE.—On December 25, 1918, at the Sacred Heart Church, Takaka, by Rev. Father McGrath, S.M., Lawrence Edgar, youngest son of Mrs. S. J. and the late Mr. James Reilly, to Emily, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Page, Waitapu.

SILVER WEDDING.

HALPIN—KENNY.—On January 17, 1894, at St. Mary's Church, Napier, by Rev. Father Grogan, Thomas Peter Halpin, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Halpin, of Wellington, to Elizabeth Kenny, fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Kenny, of Napier.

DEATHS

BENNETT.—On November 29, 1918, at Invercargill, William, beloved husband of Delia Bennett; aged 41 years.—R.I.P.

BOYLE.—On November 14, 1918, at Nightcaps, Mary, dearly beloved wife of Frank Boyle, and eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Cairns, Heddon Bush; aged 30 years. On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

CAIRNS.—On November 14, 1918, at Riverton Hospital, Timothy, dearly beloved fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Cairns, of Heddon Bush; aged 27 years. On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

CAIRNS.—On November 30, 1918, at Heddon Bush, Alexander, dearly beloved sixth son of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Cairns of Heddon Bush; aged 17 years. On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

CAMERON.—On Tuesday, December 31, 1918, at his residence, Glenfalloch Station, Nokomai, Donald Angus Cameron, dearly beloved husband of Margaret Emily Cameron; aged 83 years; born in Fort William, Inverness-shire, Scotland, on August 8, 1835.—R.I.P. Home papers please copy.

GAVIN.—On January 8, 1919, at Moa Creek Hotel, Mary Gavin, wife of the late Martin Gavin, of Ophir.—R.I.P.

KEAN.—On November 24, 1918, at South Hillend, Christopher John Kean, dearly beloved husband of Rose Ellen Kean; in his 41st year.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

McGRATH.—On November 23, 1918, at Invercargill, Marion Edith, beloved wife of J. McGrath, and daughter of Margaret and the late D. A. Cameron, Nokomai.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

HINDS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Hinds, who died at Mitcham, on January 6, 1917. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife and sisters.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Mrs. D. A. CAMERON and Family, Nokomai, desire to thank their many kind friends for telegrams and messages of sympathy in their recent sad bereavements.

SACRED HEART GIRLS' COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH.

The Sacred Heart Girls' College, Lower High Street, Christchurch, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame des Missions, will re-open both for boarders and day-pupils on January 27, 1919. The College offers, in addition to a careful religious and moral training, a sound general education, as well as courses in Dress-making, Fancywork, Cookery, and the accomplishments necessary to a complete education.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—What is a Nation? p. 25. Topics—Michael the Catholic; Religious Statistics of Germany and Austria; Sinn Fein; For Democracy, —pp. 14-15. Notes—Satirists; Persius; Moderns; "Last Songs"; Coel Sidhe, —pp. 26-27. Constitutional Agitation, p. 10. Death of a Pioneer, p. 35. Autonomy for Ireland: Great Meeting at Richmond, Victoria, p. 39. Ulster's Reply to Carson, p. 21.

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, JANUARY 23, 1919.

WHAT IS A NATION?



NOT long ago we called attention to the report that in order to prove that Ireland is not a nation Mr. Lloyd George gave as a reason that she had no national language, whereupon he was summarily held up to ridicule by Lord Ashbourne, who replied by making a speech in the Irish language. What Mr. Lloyd George thinks on the subject does not concern us at all. However, in these days when the world professes to be fighting for the rights of small nations, it is important to have a clear idea of what a nation is. No doubt, since

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Mr. Lloyd George turned his coat he would be glad of any excuse when he is accused by the entire civilised world of proclaiming at one moment that he is a champion of small nations and demonstrating by his actions at the next that he is in league with the Prussian Tories who are more bent on killing Ireland than they are on winning the war. Turncoats and renegades have occasionally *des mauvais quarts d'heure*; and notwithstanding his hypocritical camouflage the Prime Minister will have his own troubles when at the Peace Conference he is asked to explain why he deliberately broke his pledges to the Irish people and betrayed the trust of the British democracy. So we can afford to leave him to stew in his own fat and come down to the speculative consideration of the question: What is a nation?

If we go back to the beginning we shall find that no State developed immediately out of the family which is the essential unit of the civil society that men call the State. Through the village community, consisting of persons of different generations, related to each other by ties of blood and by marriage, the development slowly took place in the beginning. And in time intermarriage brought together various tribal units which many factors, such as community of speech, community of interests, identity of religion, of economic needs, and of common aims, welded into a homogeneous whole, one in spirit, in hope, in sympathy. Years that passed by slowly made for this community a common history and gave a unity of tradition arising out of dangers overcome or of victories gained, and also left on them a character of definite psychological and physiological interests and a spirit of self-reliance and independence which marked them as a distinct *people*. When such a *people* became large enough to develop a permanent tendency to self-dependence and to assert a claim to live their own life and work out their own destiny, whether social, economic, or political, they became a nationality. Such tendencies might be suppressed and opposed by a stronger power which might hold the people in subjection, but as long as the tendencies remain vital and as long as it only needs the breaking of the fetters imposed by the higher might the nationality of the inferior community or people is still intact. It is not the mere tendency towards self-independence that constitutes nationality: it is the causes which produce and support the tendency; that is to say, all these elements already mentioned which make for unity and self-dependence. The common language is only one of such elements: it is always a sign of nationality but, alone, is not an essential, as it is not the only note. If one note of those mentioned is more important than the rest it is the common tradition, which is comparable to the soil which nourishes the flower of nationality, and keeps its roots alive and vital deep down under the surface through years of hardship and oppression. Professor Ramsay Muir has well said:—

"The most important of all nation-moulding factors, the one indispensable factor which must be present whatever else is lacking, is the possession of a common tradition, a memory of sufferings endured and victories won in common, expressed in song and legend, in the dear names of great personalities that seem to embody in themselves the characteristics and ideals of the nation, in the names also of sacred places wherein the national memory is enshrined."

What in addition to the characteristics previously enumerated the people have a land that has been the home of their race from time immemorial, nothing is lacking in their claim to be a nation, distinct and independent from all others on earth. And in that land all their sacred traditions are centred and all their past and all their future bound up inseparably; and no power in the world is justified in dispossessing them or interfering with their right to govern themselves as a free, self-determining people. This is what a nation means. For people who can establish such claims as these to nationality liberty is a birth-right and a sacred heritage which they will assert as

long as their existence is a fact. For the vindication of their claim those fight now who are, not in word but in deed, fighting for the rights of small nations.

Lloyd George says that Ireland is not a nation, and every oppressor of small nations and every supporter of Prussianism repeats it after him. The whole history of the Irish people proclaims them liars; and, strive as they may to cloud the issue, they are to-day convicted before the bar of the world of planning the murder of that Irish nation. Is there any need to apply the notes and to see how they are evident in the case of Ireland? Have we not the community of blood dating back to immemorial ages? Have we not the common religion for which our fathers died? Have we not the common aim of self-defence against a tyranny extending over centuries? Is there any other nation on earth that has so proud a tradition, so noble a heritage of wrong endured and victory gained in the highest of all spheres, the sphere of religion? The ancient and unforgotten culture of the bygone ages is with us still as the inspiration of our music, our song, and our literature. The names of Ireland's saints are like clarion calls across the turmoil of years, and the memories of her warriors are as real to-day as they were when Brian drove the Danes into the sea or when Sarsfield kept his faith in Limerick in spite of the English perjury to which the Treaty Stone stands witness for ever. And what Irishman, be he still at home among his native hills, or be he far from the graves of his fathers in the new countries overseas, can forget the place of his birth, the scenes of sacrilege and rapine all round it, the battlefields that are spread thick through the land from Wexford to Castlebar, the school where he first learned to know what Ireland stands for, the church in which he was baptised and made one of the great fold covered by the mantle of Patrick? Ah, we do not forget. No lies can make us forget. For everyone of us Ireland is a nation; and it is our dearest aim in life to vindicate to her the right of self-determination that is hers by right divine. When Lloyd George has gone to his grave and when the epitaph he merits shall have been written, we, or those who come after us, will see another epitaph written on a grave that has lain waiting for a hundred years in Bodenstown Churchyard until the words fitting the faith of him who sleeps below could be penned by a free Irishman in a free Ireland.

NOTES

Satirists

Satire is a branch of literature which many great writers have cultivated and in which few have excelled. One could count the great satirists of the world on ten fingers: Persius, Horace, Juvenal, Rabelais, Swift, Voltaire, Heine, and shall we say G. B. Shaw? It is not accounted great literature although some good work has been done in that direction, as is clear from a mere mention of the foregoing names. Perhaps the reason that the satirist is never popular is the familiar one that people do not like being told of their faults. Woe to you if men praise you, it is written; but in spite of the warning the way of the world is to say woe to the men who do not praise the tyrants. W. L. Courtney, in his delightful letters, sets forth the three Roman poets as types of the three classes of satirists. Horace is an amiable Epicurean, content to criticise in a rather lazy way the morals of his time, too good-tempered, or too good-mannered to go very far into the subject of contemporary vice, laughing tolerantly rather than blaming the faults of his peers—and his own. Persius was sincerer and deeper. He loved goodness and esteemed virtue too well to be tolerant and good humored where Horace was. Juvenal, greatest of the three, says he is compelled to his work by fierce wrath—*saeva indignatio*—and it is hardly too much to say

that even a modern censor of cinema shows would hesitate before passing some of his word pictures of Roman society in his day.

Persius

Horace and Juvenal, it is to be presumed, we all know. Persius is comparatively unknown to the general reader and yet well worth knowing. He is a fine poet at his best, and he has left a few immortal lines that are worth recalling. In beautiful words he expressed the noble thought that the worst punishment for guilt was the consciousness of how far beneath virtuous people the wicked man places himself:—

*Magna pater divum, sacros punire tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno,
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictu.*

That last line—"they see virtue and pine away because they have forsaken it," is one of the finest in the language. Another memorable verse on self-knowledge runs thus,

Tecum habita, et moris, quam sit tibi curta suppellex

"Retire into thyself and thou wilt blush to find how poor a stock is there." Here is a couplet relating to the inner voice of conscience, that warn that dieth not, which every man bears in his bosom:

"Inus,

*Inus precipites' quam si sibi dicat, et intus
Palliat infelix quod proxima nesciat uxor.*

"'We are going down a precipice,' (whispers the inner voice) and the ghastly paleness is a mystery to the wife of our heart."

Moderns

Of the modern satirists Swift and Shaw are best known to English readers, and Swift is probably the greatest. Few people will be able to admire the man, but nobody who is a judge of good writing can help appreciating Swift's prose. There is not a better model for a vigorous, trenchant, clear, nervous style, and we could do with a little of his savage strength in an age when many think that sentimental softness is beauty. G. B. Shaw is still a mystery. Brilliant as he is we frankly do not care for him. Rabelais's coarseness puts him out of reach of most people, and only a student of literature would find a place for him on his shelves. With much truth has he been compared to the old Chinese pirates who overcame their foes by the stench of the stink-pots they hurled. Voltaire is as polished as a diamond and as cold. After all, "scoffer" is the word that fits him best. He is almost forgotten to-day, but the evil influence of his works will remain for ever. Last comes Heinrich Heine, no saint, but a human, lovable character withal, and perhaps the best of all the world's lyric poets. He is not forgotten and never will be as long as German literature lives.

"Last Songs"

In *Last Songs* we have the hitherto unpublished poems of Francis Ledwidge, that gifted young Irish poet who was killed during the war. "He has gone down," says Lord Dunsany, the poet's literary godfather, "in that vast maelstrom into which poets do well to adventure and from which their country might perhaps be wise to withhold them. . . He has left behind him verses of great beauty, simple rural lyrics that may be something of an anodyne for this stricken age. If ever an age needed beautiful little songs our age needs them; and I know few songs more peaceful and happy, or better suited to soothe the scars on the mind of those who have looked on certain places, of which the prophecy in the Gospels seems no more than an ominous hint when it speaks of the abomination of desolation." The songs in the little volume are true to the earlier inspiration of Francis Ledwidge; amid the thunders and terrors of war he still seemed to hear

the Irish thrushes singing and to see the hawthorn hedges in bloom. He has done better work than you will find here; but remember the poems in *Last Songs* were written at times when the wonder was that a man could write such poems at all.

Ceol Sidhe

Here is a song, written in France during the dark days of December, 1916, and as the name implies, the fairy music that haunts the green hills of Eire was louder in his ears than the drumming guns and the lashing shrapnel:—

*When May is here, and every morn
Is dappled with pied bells,
And dew drops glance along the thorn
And wings flash in the dells,
I take my pipe and play a tune
Of Dreams, a whispered melody,
For feet that dance beneath the moon
In fairy jollity.*

*And when the pastoral hills are grey
And the dim stars are spread,
A scamper fills the grass like play
Of feet where fairies tread.
And many a little whispering thing
Is calling to the Sidhe.
The dowy bells of evening ring,
And all is melody.*

And the last song in the book tells of another fairy dream in which the *Lanawen Shee* was still calling him. It is a fine poem, too long to quote: but here is the last stanza (the last, too, in the last song sung by Francis Ledwidge):—

*Some day I know she'll wait at last
And lock me fast in white embraces,
And down mysterious ways of love
We too shall move to fairy places.*

And thus, in the middle of the great war the young poet died, dreaming of the "wood-ways dim," and waters dim, and slow sheep seen upon uphill paths that wind away through summer sounds and harvest green," and of the fairy music that was calling him from Ireland. *Sit illi terra levis!*

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, had 36 proficiency passes to its credit at the recent examination. The school re-opens on Monday, February 3, after an extended vacation.

Mr. Gerard M. O'Malley, son of Mr. G. O'Malley, Ranfurly, has been successful in passing his final examination in law. In view of the fact that he passed a fairly lengthy period on active service as a member of the 14th Reinforcements, and was wounded at the battle of Messines, returning to New Zealand in May last, his success is all the more creditable. Pursuing his studies privately, Mr. O'Malley took his degrees at the Otago University. He is now in the office of Mr. Hei, barrister and solicitor, Gisborne. Two brothers of Mr. O'Malley were at the war, one of whom was twice wounded, and is now studying for a commission at Oxford University.

Captain L. A. J. Emery, of Musselburgh, Dunedin, has been awarded the Military Cross for gallantry on the field of action. He was formerly a pupil of St. Patrick's College, Wellington.

The Christian Brothers' cricket team played Carisbrook B on the main wicket at Carisbrook on Saturday afternoon under conditions not favorable for cricket. Showers of rain fell during the progress of the match, and made matters uncomfortable for the players. Carisbrook batted first, and were disposed of for 65 runs, Patrick and Aitcheson being the only batsmen to reach double figures. Christian Brothers', who had

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practised very hard during the week, were rewarded for their industry by defeating their opponents by four wickets and 4 runs. Thorn (19), A. Tarleton (17, not out), and C. Tarleton (10) were the highest scorers in the winning team. Christian Brothers' bowling analysis: Hally, 5 overs, 9 runs, 1 wicket; Otto, 4 overs, 18 runs, 2 wickets; Toomey, 5 overs, 13 runs, 3 wickets; Bond, 3 overs, 4 runs, 2 wickets; Fogarty, 6 overs, 5 runs, 1 wicket.

The half-yearly meeting of the Dunedin Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation will be held in Dunedin on Tuesday, February 25, when it is hoped delegates from the various parish committees will be present in good numbers.

General Pau and those of the French Mission who remained behind with him during his recent indisposition, attended the nine o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday, and left for the north by Monday morning's express.

A well-attended meeting of the members of St. Joseph's Cathedral branch of the Catholic Federation was held on last Sunday evening, after devotions. The Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, presided, representatives being present from North-East Valley, Kaikorai, and Mornington. The Very Rev. chairman explained that the principal business to be considered was in connection with the approaching half-yearly meeting of the Dominion Council, which was appointed to be held in Dunedin on Wednesday, February 26. Father Coffey outlined a suggested programme covering the period the delegates would likely devote to Federation work and attendant functions. This was generally approved of, and a committee comprising the officers of the Diocesan Council Executive—Very Rev. J. Coffey (president), Mr. J. Hally (treasurer), and Miss Freda Kennedy (secretary) and Messrs. M. Reddington, J. O'Neill, St. J. Dunne, M. Miller, J. Brown, and P. Byrne was appointed to arrange details. This committee met on Tuesday evening and fully discussed matters likely to have an important bearing on the success of the Dominion Council Conference. It was decided to arrange a public meeting, to be held on Thursday evening, February 27, when selected speakers will be asked to address the assemblage on important subjects.

IRELAND SHOULD BE REMEMBERED.

Under the title, "A Plea for Justice," the *Catholic Register* and *Canadian Extension*, of Toronto, Canada, the most influential Catholic journal in that section of the Dominion, said editorially just before the close of the war:—

"This is a time when those who owe anything to Ireland—whether it be birth or blood or admiration for heroic endurance of unutterable wrongs and for the steadfastness of a martyr to the Faith—should strive to pay their debt. For this is one of her dark hours of need. And it is also an hour when the thoughtless, even among the descendants of her own children in this Empire and in the United States, are doing her less than justice.

"A prodigious effort is being made to bring her into hatred with the people of the United States. The *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin charges that this is being done by British war propaganda, at the head of which is our former Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook, who has certainly done his share to bring one institution into thorough disrepute in this Dominion, as was recently evidenced in our House of Commons.

"Whether or not this be the case, it is at least quite evident that a well-organised campaign to discredit Ireland is being waged in America. It is well recognised that in the friendship of the United States, and in the devotion to Ireland's cause of the descendants of her exiles there, lie perhaps her very greatest hope of securing that right to self-government for which she has so long and valiantly striven; and that

if the sympathy of these and of their fair-minded fellow-citizens of other origin could but be successfully alienated from her, that her right might, for a time at least, be denied her. And for a similar reason, if in a less degree, the sentiment of the Canadian people is sought to be turned from her.

"Of course the charge against her is failure to take her part in the war for civilisation, and many shallow and excitable people are accepting without question everything that is said against her on this subject. They do not stop for a moment to consider the fact that on the day when Britain decided that honor bound her to fight for the integrity of Belgium, the great advocate of that course, the man who, more than any other living, so far as the world knows, had striven to keep the peace of Europe, declared Ireland to be the one bright spot upon the dark horizon.

Such was the enthusiasm with which the Irish people flung themselves into this war for the world's freedom. Of the causes which eventually drove Ireland to a great extent out of the war it should be enough to say that they have been characterised by the British Premier himself as stupidities and malignities on the part of the War Office. They have been recounted over and over again in Parliament and in the press. They are almost unbelievable.

"Irish recruiting was actually discouraged at the outset of the war. Irish Catholic officers would not be appointed: chaplains were refused the men until the Bishops had to threaten to forbid enlistment. Everything conceivable was done to crush any war enthusiasm in Ireland.

"Meanest and most despicable of all the malignities, all mention of the gallant deeds of the Irish regiments at the Front was suppressed. Recruits raised for their support were diverted to other units. The late John Redmond told, if not the whole at least a portion, of the almost incredible story in the House on October 18, 1916. Not one word of justification was, or could be, offered.

"And if some of the stupidities and malignities have ceased, other forms of exasperation of the Irish people have been continued, and are in practice at the present moment. To say nothing of the Government's betrayal of them in regard to Home Rule, there is the persistent policy of governing Ireland not only without consulting the wishes of her people, but in direct opposition to those wishes.

"The Government instituted the Convention; the Irish leader went to extraordinary lengths to ensure the Unionist and Protestant minorities in Ireland far more than their proportionate representation upon it. The report of the overwhelming majority of that body was utterly ignored. A committee of its members—three out of five of them Unionists—unanimously reported that to attempt to conscript Ireland without first establishing an Irish Parliament and securing its assent to the measure would be absolutely disastrous. The very day the Convention Report was received that disastrous course was taken by the Government.

"There was a young and brilliant Irishman of whom his country was proud—the late Prof. T. M. Kettle. He not only made an extraordinary recruiting record in Ireland, but he himself enlisted and gave his life for the cause. The other day his young widow was subjected to the unspeakable insult of having her house searched by the authorities. Fancy the United States War Department searching the home of the widow of the late Joyce Kilmer on alleged suspicion of its owner's implication in a German plot!

"Thus was the enthusiasm of the people of Ireland for the war killed. Thus is it being kept from reviving. To speak of them as if these things had never happened is to be guilty of folly—even when done by so eminent and ordinarily reasonable a man as Mr. William H. Taft. For men of Irish descent to do so is a shame. It would be a scandal that these should be less reasonable and sympathetic towards the oppressed country of their origin than are thousands of patriotic Englishmen for whom papers like the *Manchester Guardian*, the *London Daily Chronicle*, and the *Evening Standard* speak.

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Blenheim

The death of Master James Patrick Barry, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barry, of the Marlborough Hotel, Blenheim, occurred on November 4, after a comparatively short illness (writes a correspondent). The deceased had been in delicate health for some few years, but it was expected that he would ultimately recover. He was of a lovable disposition, kind and thoughtful for others, and during his long term of suffering he bore his affliction with unflinching sweetness and patience. A Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church at 9 a.m. on Wednesday, November 6, for the repose of the soul of the deceased, during which the school children sang appropriate hymns. At the conclusion of the Mass the "Dead March" was played. Immediately after Mass the funeral left the church for the Omaka Cemetery, where the burial service was conducted by Fathers O'Reilly, S.M., and Herring, S.M. The deceased, who was a member of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, was followed to his last resting-place by the school children and his sorrowing fellow-sodalists, dressed in regalia, six of whom acted as pall-bearers. Much sympathy is felt for the parents in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

MARSHAL FOCH'S DAILY PRAYER.

We were asked by a correspondent recently to give publicity to the prayer of the great French General to whose bravery and sound judgment the success of the Allies' cause in the great war was largely attributable. The *Boston Post* has published the subjoined under the above heading:—"O God, my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, accept my sufferings and my life if need be, for the sins of my past life; keep my heart clean and pure that I may be worthy to be near Thee. And every day be with me. God, my Saviour, in peril and in danger stand at my side; and then if death must come, welcome death, for I know that I shall never be more ready to die. O God, keep me and bless me. Let me go on during the rest of my life to fight for Thy holy cause. May Thy name be glorified. May my soul be saved.—Amen."

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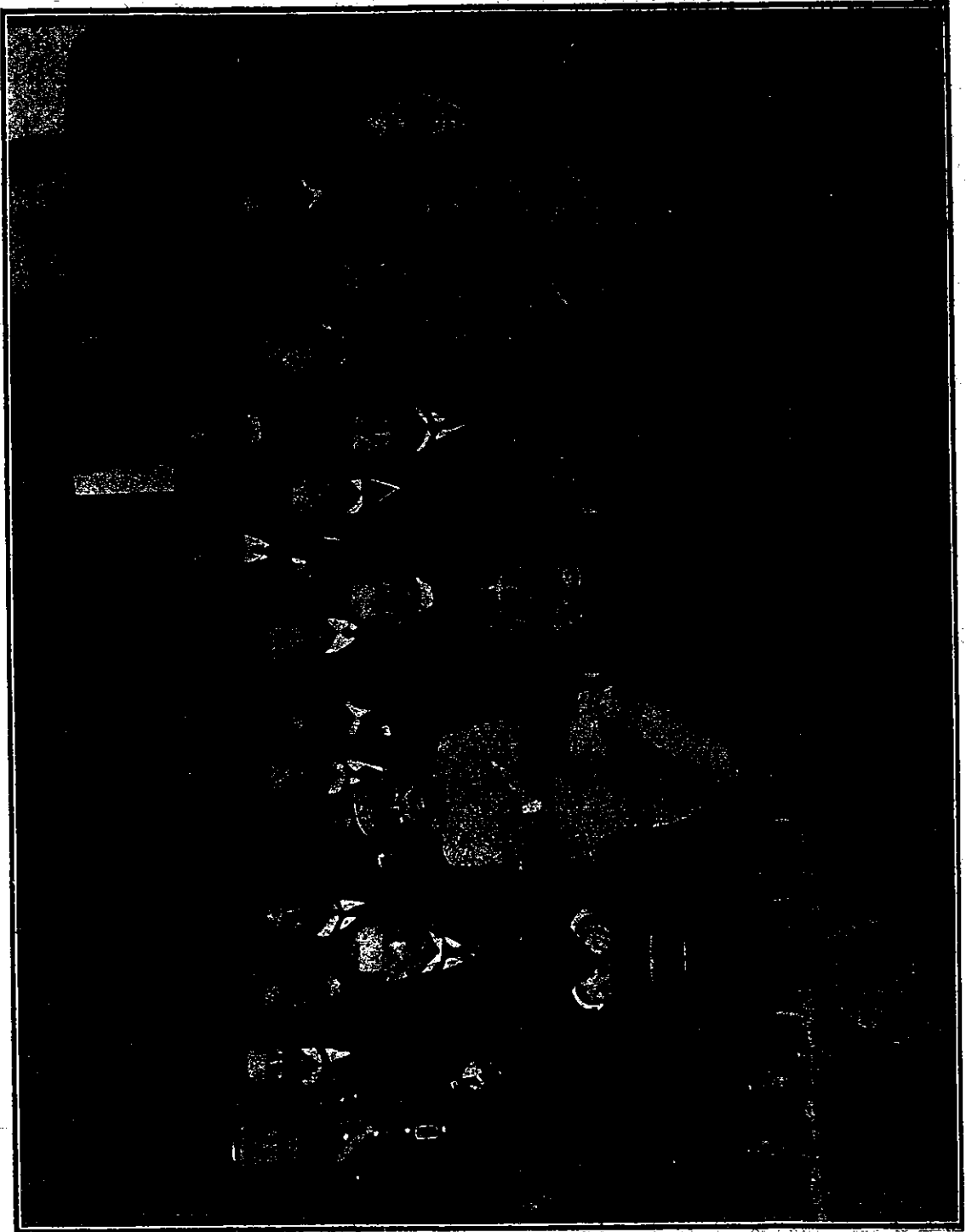
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We are indebted to the Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, Grey Lynn, Auckland, and to the *Auckland Star*, for the fine plate from which our illustration is produced.

Following Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, the members of the French Mission and an official party were entertained to lunch by Bishop Cleary. Reading from left: Front row (seated)—Hon. A. M. Myers, General Pau; Dr. H. W. Cleary, Catholic Bishop of Auckland; Hon. W. H. Herries; Commandant d'Andre, A.D.C. to the General; M. Leon Hippeau, French Consul for New Zealand. Second row—Colonel G. W. S. Patterson; M. Andre Siegfried, Professeur a L'Ecole des Sciences Politiques, General Secretary to the Mission; Mr. T. W. Leys; M. Leclercq-Motte, of Roubaix, Wool Manufacturer; M. Mathieu, of Lyons, Silk Manufacturer; Mr. R. M. Hacket; Mr. A. J. Entrican, Deputy-Mayor of Auckland; M. Corbiere, of Normandy, Cattle and Horse Breeder; Sir George Clifford; Father J. J. Bradley. Back row—M. Bader, Secretary to the Mission; Very Rev. Chancellor H. F. Holbrook.

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Right Rev. T. Broderick, S.M.A., who has been appointed First Vicar Apostolic of Western Nigeria and Titular Bishop of Pednelissensi, was formerly Superior of the Seminary of the Irish Province, Blackrock.

A cable message to the daily press, under date London, January 16, says: "Sinn Fein M.P.'s at Dublin yesterday discussed the question of a National Assembly, and appointed Messrs. De Valera and Griffiths and Count Plunkett as delegates to the Peace Conference."

The London correspondent of the *Independent* ridicules the idea sedulously advanced in the English press that America has hardened her heart against Ireland. The suggestion is untrue. A prominent Irishman now in America is quoted as saying that "President Wilson is determined to see that justice is done to Ireland in the re-settlement after the war." That much may be taken for granted. Wilson is a man of sincere ideals. And the Irish vote in the States is almost as big as ever, although thousands of Irish-Americans have fallen in the war, one-fourth of the American army and one-third of its navy being men of Irish blood.

IRELAND'S CLAIM TO SEPARATE NATIONALITY.

The *Freeman's Journal* in a leading article on the recent Irish debate in the House of Commons restates the position of Constitutional Nationalists regarding Ireland's claim to self-government. Nationalists as well as Sinn Feiners, it says, have never abandoned Ireland's claim to separate nationality. Grattan, O'Connell, the Young Irelanders, and Parnell offered in exchange for a peaceful solution of the Irish question to settle the question by friendly compromise, first on the basis of Repeal (of the Union) and in later years on the basis of Home Rule.

All Nationalists, Sinn Fein and Constitutional alike, start with the position that English rule in Ireland has no better warrant than German rule in Belgium, both resting on the superior power of the invader and both resented and resisted (as far as practicable) by the native populace. The Home Rule Act and the acceptance of it presuppose all that. Britain, unable to conquer the Irish, consents to discuss terms. The Home Rule Act embodied the terms. But until those terms are operating the original position endures—viz., British rule in Ireland rests on the bayonet of the invader.

SINN FEIN OFFERS POLITICAL ENTENTE.

The willingness of the Sinn Fein leaders to confer with representatives of other political parties in Ireland, with a view to presenting a united demand for the settlement of the Irish question, was expressed by Mr. Eoin McNeill, who, as president of the Gaelic League, was presented with the freedom of Limerick City. Mr. McNeill said he was glad to see by the recent Trades Congress that the honest working men of Ireland had decided to stand aside so that there would be no side issue to Ireland's claim for self-determination, and had requested the Lord Mayor of Dublin to arrange for an opportunity for united declaration on behalf of the different sections of public opinion for self-determination. That proposal was backed by the Sinn Fein organisation. If it came to a political test Sinn Fein would sweep the country. Nevertheless, those who were responsible for Sinn Fein, were PREPARED TO MEET THE REPRESENTATIVES OF OTHER POLITICAL ORGANISATIONS TO PRESENT A UNITED FRONT in their demand for unrestricted, unfettered, and unshackled self-determination. He was glad to see that some of the strongest supporters of the Irish Party held the same views.

ENGLISH PLEDGE OF SUPPORT TO IRELAND'S CLAIM.

Recently addressing a notable gathering at the Catholic University at Washington, U.S.A., Bishop Keating, of Northampton, England, pledged the unswerving support of English Catholics to Ireland's cause. Besides the English and French ecclesiastical delegation noted American churchmen and statesmen were present. Bishop Keating said in part—

"No such scheme of co-operation among English-speaking Catholics can be complete or satisfactory which does not include the ancient, glorious, and ever faithful Church of St. Patrick. For, strange as it sounds, it is the Church of St. Patrick that has been the foremost evangelist in the English tongue and that has planted or replanted the faith in every land where that tongue is spoken. It is the Church of St. Patrick that has colonised this great Republic and every Dominion of the British Crown with church builders and school builders, with bishops and priests, with religious men and women, and with a laity which sets no bounds to its generosity and loyalty. In every age the eyes of the greatest leaders in the English Church have been turned in longing expectation towards the Church of St. Patrick, from Milner to Manning and Wiseman, and especially Newman in the imperishable lectures delivered to the Irish Catholic University.

"English Catholics to-day are no less warm in their affection or less eager for co-operation. For the moment, indeed, the horizon is overclouded by maddening political intrigues which have put Ireland in a false position before the world. With these political intrigues the Irish hierarchy considers itself bound to deal, because the Irish people are accustomed to look for guidance to their clergy in temporal as well as spiritual matters. But the English hierarchy, like the American hierarchy, are very differently situated. We have nothing to do with party politics anywhere. But this I can say: that the British public in general and British Catholics in particular are determined that the findings of the Irish convention shall not remain a dead letter, and we shall give our support *en masse* to the Government when it incorporates those findings in a new and final Home Rule measure. The red hand of Ulster cannot be allowed to wreck any more statutes. Ascendancy must end in Ireland as it must end in Prussia and elsewhere. No British party—certainly no British Government—will ever again be willing to play Ulster's hand or seek to perpetuate the intolerable situation which has wrought misery to so many generations.

"Gentlemen, in spite of present appearance, a new day is dawning for our Sister Isle—a day of political freedom, material prosperity, and of striking intellectual development. It is to the new Ireland that our eyes are turned in hope, for when the Irish problem is solved then the problem of co-operation among English-speaking Catholics will be solved with it, to the enormous advantage both of the Church and of human society. For the world of English thought and speech is waiting for its soul. Even moulded in material clay, it is a thing of beauty, with its fine natural organism, its love of democratic government, its sense of justice and honor, its loathing for falsehood, double-dealing, selfish ambition, and all the other vices of the super-man. Let but the spirit of God be breathed upon it, let it but be quickened by the touch of the supernatural, then shall we see a marvellous creation, and the face of the earth will be renewed."

The sentence, "A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," contains all the letters of the alphabet.

Think not that if peace has flown from this world this has been without a divine purpose. God permits the peoples who have set their thoughts on things of this earth to be punished by one another for the contempt and carelessness with which they have treated Him.—Benedict XV.

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MOTUEKA'S MARBLE CHURCH.

The following extract is from the *Ave Maria*, the weekly publication of Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A., having reference to the new marble church at Motueka (Nelson):—It is interesting to note that the only marble church in Australasia—a beautiful one, now complete—is dedicated to Blessed Chanel, the martyr of Futuna; and that the material for it and the wall by which it is surrounded was the gift of two non-Catholics, the owners of marble quarries in the immediate vicinity. It is easy to know what the feelings of the venerable Archbishop Redwood must have been while dedicating this church to God. Blessed Louis-Marie Chanel was the first martyr of Oceania, and, like the Archbishop, a member of the Marist community.

Final perseverance being the last and most important grace, God has especially confided it to His Blessed Mother. We should never pass a day without asking it through her intercession.—Father Thomas Burke, O.P.

Are you weak? Ask God for strength. Are you sad? Ask God and He will be your solace. Are you distrustful and in darkness? He will be a lamp to your feet.



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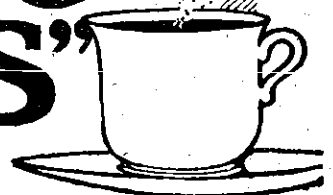
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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

GENERAL.

The Little Sisters of the Poor have accepted his Grace Archbishop Clune's invitation to open a house in the State of Western Australia.

His Grace Archbishop Delany administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Joseph's Church, Hobart, on Sunday afternoon, December 15. There were 225 candidates, out of which 34 were adults, including 15 converts to the faith. This is probably the largest number that has been presented for Confirmation at this church for many years past.

Rev. Brother Burton, M.A., of the Christian Brothers' College, Adelaide, left recently on a visit to Sydney, en route for New Zealand, on a well-deserved holiday in his native land. He has spent five years in Adelaide, after a term in Western Australia. He was seen off by a number of friends, including Rev. Brother Joseph (director of the Sacred Heart College), members of the C.B.C. staff, and old C.B.C. boys.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

On Sunday afternoon, December 15, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney unveiled the handsome memorial at the Catholic Club to the memory of the late Hon. John Louis Trefle, M.L.A., in the presence of a large gathering.

Speaking at St. Mary's Cathedral High School on December 19 his Grace Archbishop Kelly called attention to a very serious matter in which the Federal Government is concerned. There is no provision made at the National Naval College in Jervis Bay for the attendance of a Catholic chaplain.

His Lordship Bishop Gallagher, in his remarks at the annual distribution of prizes on December 18 at the Christian Brothers' School, Goulburn, quoted the following conclusion of an address on "Religion and Dogma in Education," by Arthur Balfour:—"For my part, I have always looked forward to that time when it would be possible to give in our elementary schools to every child in the land that religious training which the parents of the child desired for it. This is the goal to which I have always steadily looked forward. It is the only solution which seems to me perfectly consistent with our ideas of religious liberty and with the fundamental doctrine in which we all agree—that it is a misfortune, the greatest of all misfortunes, that children should be brought up without religious training in the schools of the country." The education imparted in nearly all the schools of the British Isles, said the Bishop, is essentially religious or denominational. Might not, indeed, a thoughtful mind ascribe in great measure the recent triumphant success of the British arms to this loyalty to Christian faith and Christian principles in the education of the young? How different from our conception of education in Australia, where our system is so secular that our Federal statesmen, brought up in that system, only a few days ago practically by a formal act denied the immortality or existence of a soul in man! The greatest single religious fact in the Commonwealth of Australia to-day was undoubtedly the Catholic school system, maintained by the self-sacrifice, generosity, and faith of the Catholic people. The Australian Catholic Directory for 1918 tells us that the Catholic primary and secondary schools within the Commonwealth total 1287, and that the children who receive their education within these schools reach the splendid figure of 144,839. No fewer than 588 Brothers and 6354 Sisters unselfishly devote their lives to the teaching and moulding of the Christian character of youth and childhood in these primary and secondary schools. This magnificent system is at the present moment being crowned by residential Catholic colleges within the universities not of

Sydney alone, but of Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth. It is maintained at a yearly cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds without any aid, but rather with much opposition, from Governments. Australia, as far as I am aware, is the only country in the civilised world in which schools—especially primary schools for the poor—are not only shut out by Government from all assistance, but made subject to general and special taxation. The municipal tax on the Catholic schools of Goulburn at present reaches £70 a year, whilst the sites and recreation grounds of all other schools are free. Yet this embargo retards not our progress. The efficiency and success of our Catholic schools and colleges have long been demonstrated by examination results, and are at last generally, though slowly and grudgingly, acknowledged. The Catholic schools teach everything that is taught in the schools of the State, and in addition, teach religion and morality as founded on revealed religion. The standards of education in all secular branches are equal, and, it is admitted, in some instances even higher, than those adopted in the schools of the district, whether public or private. Australia will admit some day—and let us hope and pray it may not be too late—what a deep debt of gratitude it owes to the Catholic Church for the great and not unsuccessful struggle she is making to preserve for her belief in God as moral Governor of the world and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord.

VICTORIA.

When the "Gloria" was reached in the Solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, on Christmas Day, the words, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," shone out in electric light over the High Altar, and produced a fine effect.

Despite the unfavorable weather a magnificent gathering attended at the Exhibition on Monday afternoon, December 23, in connection with the St. Vincent's Hospital pageant, arranged by the Noble Guards, who were formed on the occasion of the silver jubilee of St. Vincent's. The concert hall at the Exhibition, including the galleries, was crowded, many having come from outlying suburbs. It was a public recognition of the splendid work carried on by the Sisters of Charity at St. Vincent's Hospital, which is one of the best-managed institutions of the kind in the State, and at the same time testified unmistakably to the great popularity of his Grace the Archbishop, who had appealed earnestly for support for the good Sisters. The pageant was a brilliant spectacle, and a varied and pleasing entertainment was also presented. It is satisfactory to record that as a result of the efforts of the Guard a deserving institution will materially benefit. Prior to the entertainment St. Augustine's Boys' Band, Geelong, and the Irish Pipers played agreeable selections. The arrival of his Grace the Archbishop (the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix) was heralded with a great outburst of applause. Escorted by the Irish Pipers and the Noble Guards, he proceeded through the hall to a reserved seat near the stage. Rounds of cheers greeted the Most Rev. Prelate, for whom a guard of honor was provided by about 50 returned soldiers, including a number of Anzacs. Four of the soldiers were in uniform, and Lieutenant E. J. Gaynor (an Anzac) was at their head. Captain Cyril Bryan had charge of the Noble Guards, 125 in number, whose picturesque uniform (similar to that worn by the Guards surrounding his Holiness the Pope) brightened the whole surroundings and gave added importance to the pageant. The uniform had been well designed, and it was complete in every detail, even to the helmet and white plumes. The Papal flag was borne in front of the Guards, who carried themselves well. His Grace the Archbishop, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, said he wished to congratulate everybody concerned in promoting that most brilliant pageant. Despite the unfavorable weather, and even the war precautions,

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they had a magnificent assemblage to help Mother Rectress and to help St. Vincent's Hospital. He wished, first, to pay his own debt, and to thank each one for giving him such a warm and cordial reception. He wished to thank the commander of the Noble Guard and each Noble Guard for their great kindness, not only on that night but on previous occasions. He desired to thank in a very special manner the returned soldiers who, despite all obstacles, had come in such large numbers to show their sympathy with St. Vincent's Hospital and to pay him a personal compliment. He was truly grateful to them, all the more so because he knew that insidious—and he might almost say diabolical—attempts had been made—and probably were still being made—to poison the minds of the Australian people—especially the minds of the soldiers—against the Archbishop of Melbourne. He did not wish to dwell further on this matter. From his heart he wished to thank the returned soldiers for their great kindness. He wished to thank them as a body. He believed that only a very small number of the returned soldiers, whose minds had been poisoned, were hostile and inimical to him and to those who in reality had been their best friends. Some people seemed to be afraid of their lives that he (the Archbishop) was going to recruit some sort of army for the purpose of making war on some body or everybody. He believed already those people saw the writings on the wall. He thought they were afraid of what the returned soldiers would do when they came back. His belief, and his hope, was that when they came back with their minds unpoisoned by the sectarianism and bigotry that people thought to inoculate men with when they were back again in free Australia—they would give some, if not all, of those people to whom he had referred just what they deserved. His Grace said he wished to thank the returned soldiers for the compliment they had paid him, and he would like to shake hands with each of them. They had his gratitude, and would have it always.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

January 13.

At the half-yearly meeting of the local branch of the Hibernian Society the following officers were installed by Past-President Bro. D. J. Corcoran:—President, Bro. J. Minogue; vice-president, Bro. the Rev. H. Woods; warden, Bro. J. Maher; guardian, Bro. J. Burke; sick visitors, Bros. A. H. Fitzgerald and W. Pender. The secretary reported that as a result of the influenza epidemic £75 sick pay had been paid out during the quarter. It was decided to hold the usual St. Patrick's concert in the theatre on March 17. Feeling reference was made to the death of Mrs. Matheson, the wife of the capable secretary. Motions of condolence were also passed in connection with the deaths of Bros. J. Shepherd, M. Kennedy, and W. Poff. It was recorded with regret that two Brothers (Sergeant-Major Peter Scully, D.C.M. a past president, and Private Pat. Shepherd) had recently been killed in France.

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WEDDING BELLS

O'BRIEN—NEAL.

A pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Wellington, on January 2, when Ida, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Neal, and Jack, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Brien, were joined in the bonds of Holy Matrimony (writes our own correspondent). Both bride and bridegroom belong to Wellington, the latter being a member of a well-known Catholic family of St. Mary's parish, and prominent in all church undertakings. The Rev. S. Mahony, S.M., officiated. The bridesmaids were Misses Eileen and Kathleen O'Brien, sisters of the bridegroom, Mr. R. T. McElligott was best man, and Mr. Ben. O'Brien groomsman. The reception was held at the New Century Hall. The bride's travelling costume was electric blue and white hat. The honeymoon is being spent in Auckland.

REILLY—PAGE.

A pretty wedding, the first to take place in the new Church of the Sacred Heart, Takaka, was solemnised at Christmas. Father K. McGrath, S.M., officiated. The bride was Miss Emily Page, youngest daughter of Mr. James Page, of the Globe Hotel, Waitapu, and the bridegroom was Mr. Lawrence Edgar Reilly, youngest son of Mrs. S. J. Reilly, of Takaka. The bride was given away by her father, and was gowned in a beautiful frock of ivory charmeuse satin, richly hand embroidered and finished with flounces of silk lace and pearls. The bride carried a sheaf of Christmas lilies and a gold-mounted prayer book, the latter a gift from Father McGrath. Miss Jenny Reilly, niece of the bridegroom, was chief bridesmaid, and wore a pretty frock of shell pink taffeta, with an overdress of floral nylon and a black picture hat, and she carried a shower bouquet of pale pink and bluebells and maidenhair fern. Mr. Charles J. Emms was best man, and Miss Nora Reilly attendant on the bride. Mrs. B. R. Gapper as organist played appropriate music. After the ceremony about 150 guests sat down to a Christmas dinner at the residence of the bride's parents, when the customary toasts were honored. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold bangle set with diamonds, to the chief bridesmaid a gold brooch, and to the attendant bridesmaid a gold pendant. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold ring with a shamrock engraved thereon. The bridal couple left shortly after the dinner by motor car on a tour to the West Coast. Their future home will be in Takaka. The array of presents was evidence of the popularity of the happy couple, several substantial cheques being included.

St. John, surnamed Chrysostom, or the golden-mouthed, on account of his eloquence, and whose Feast is observed this week, was born in Syria, A.D. 344. At first a lawyer, he afterwards became a priest, and was subsequently elected Archbishop of Constantinople. Undeterred by human respect, he boldly denounced the vices of the Imperial Court, thus making for himself many powerful enemies, at whose instance he was banished to a remote district situated to the east of the Black Sea. The saint never reached his destination. Worn out by the exhausting journey, he died in Armenia, A.D. 407.

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DEATH OF A PIONEER

MR. DONALD A. CAMERON, OF NOKOMAI.

A link with the very earliest days of settlement in the Mataura Valley and Wakatipu districts was snapped on Tuesday night, December 31, when Mr. Donald Angus Cameron died with the Old Year at his home at Nokomai, Southland. The cause of death was pneumonia supervening on an apoplectic seizure. Mr. Cameron was born in Fort William, Scotland, in 1835, so that he was 83 years of age when the call came for him. Having spent some years in business in Glasgow he emigrated to Australia in 1854. For some time he was manager of a run known as Mount Sturgeon Plains Station, which was the property of his uncle, Mr. Alex. Cameron, popularly known in South Australia as "the King of Penola." Arriving in New Zealand in 1859 in company with two relatives (the late A. A. Macdonald, of Reaby, near Gore; and Wm. Cameron, son of the noted Lochaber stockowner, "Corrychoillie,") he at once visited the Wakatipu district, where he selected the run on which he lived for the long span of 60 years, being at his death probably the record-holder of New Zealand for length of years in occupation of the same station. One of the first white men to behold the scenic wonders of the Cold Lakes district, it was his privilege to suggest the names that have long since become known to lovers of the beautiful in Nature throughout Australasia and far beyond the boundaries of these southern lands. Ben Nevis, Lochly River, Nevis River, the Devil's Staircase, etc., were named by him after their prototypes in Lochaber and Glencoe. In these days of luxurious trains, convenient hotels, and good roads it is not easy to imagine what rough work lay before the pioneer settlers out back, and only the possession of grit and determination by those who blazed the tracks for future generations could account for their resolution to hold on. The extremes of heat and cold are amongst the experiences of sheep farmers around the Wakatipu. The snowstorms frequent and bitter decimated the flocks, and the dreaded kea added to the total of the losses that had to be faced with as much philosophy as the runholder was possessed of. The late Mr. Cameron successfully negotiated all the vicissitudes of the surroundings: like the patriarchs of old, his flocks and herds increased, and in his declining days he had the fruits of his many-sided activities visible in the homestead at Nokomai, in Closeburn, romantically situated on the side of Lake Wakatipu; in Fassifern, near Tapanui; and in Mabel Bush, where his up-to-date farming methods have been much admired. The character of Mr. Cameron may be summed up in the words, "A Highland gentleman." Fidelity, honor, integrity, were conspicuous in all his dealings. As the first Chieftain of the Highland Society of Southland he shed a halo of dignity over that then enthusiastic body. Everything connected with his native Highlands appealed to his inmost feelings. A fluent speaker of the Gaelic tongue, an ardent lover and exponent of historic pipe music, an enthusiastic devotee of the graceful dances identified with his native land, and well read in the history of the Highland clans, he shone a typical Highlander. With all his enthusiasm a more self-controlled man it would be hard to find, and his modesty and shrinking from publicity were proverbial. A sincere and devoted member of the Catholic Church he was prominently identified with every movement for the advancement of his faith in Otago and Southland, and was a consistent supporter of and subscriber to the *Tablet* from its first issue. He was a descendant from the famous branches of the Lochaber race; on one side from the Camerons of Glen Nevis, and on the other from the Camerons of Letterfinlay. He was married in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, in 1863, to Miss Margaret McDonald. He is survived by Mrs. Cameron and five of a family—Misses F. and E. Cameron, Nokomai; Mrs. Peter McCormick, Closeburn Station; Mr. A. Cameron, manager Glenfalloch Station; and Mr. E. A. Cameron, lately manager of the Mabel Bush Estate. Mr. Came-

ron's brother resides at Fassifern, Tapanui. The interment took place on Saturday, January 4, at Tapanui Cemetery, where deceased's two brothers, Angus and John, together with a relative, Angus Mackintosh, are buried. The Highland Society of Southland, of which the deceased was chieftain, sent five pipers, and a Highland funeral was conducted under the auspices of the society. There was a large gathering of friends and relatives. The services were most impressive. Fathers O'Donnell and O'Neill officiated.—R.I.P.

BOOK NOTICE

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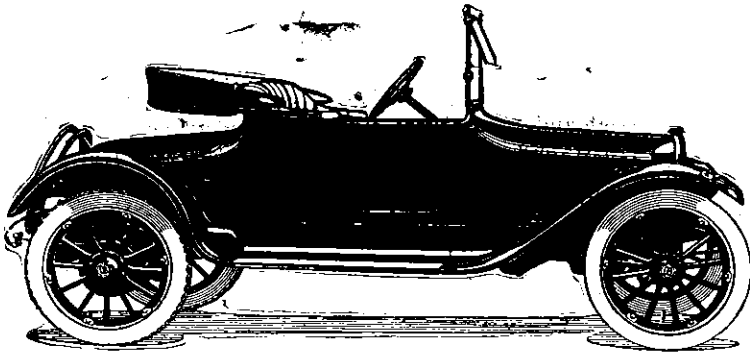
The vision of God in the glory of Heaven is the ultimate end of man and his royal heritage which it depends on himself to win and which no man may take from him unless he wills it so. On earth too members of Christ's mystical body, the Church, have a royal heritage of grace restored through Christ and of means towards the attainment of unending life with God. What that heritage in the Church is and all it means is too little understood by Christians. It is all in the words of the Catechism but of the many who learn the words from teachers who are at no great pains to explain the day's lesson few indeed in after life try to pierce into the depths of wisdom contained in the old words which are a memory of childhood. Good preachers and catechetical instructors have the gift of making simple lessons on the text of the Catechism interesting to a congregation; but whether it is that too few have the gift or not, it is true that too few take up the little book week by week and page by page to explain it simply to the people, though to do so were far better than most sermons. It is certain that there is ignorance among the rank and file of our people as to the full greatness of Catholicity. It is also certain that there are only two ways of dispelling the ignorance: by oral teaching and by good reading. The book we are noticing is a work that will help an earnest Catholic man or woman to a clearer view of all that our religion means: it will even suggest to a theologian new trains of thought and new avenues passed by in the dry study of early days. The explanation of how various Catholic doctrines depend from the teaching of the nature of the mystic body of Christ offers a key to many difficulties and an incentive to piety and devotion. The deep subjects are handled in clear language that anyone can follow. The work is an admirable review, or better *Rundsch* of the theology of the great Catholic truths; and it is as exact and thorough within its limited space as a text book ought to be. There is a well-done appendix at the end which at a glance directs the reader to his subject. There are spiritual books which one could without irreverence regard as at least superfluous; there are others that one used to the sound language of theologians would probably describe as hysterical; and there is a limited class of new books which are fit to find a place on a shelf beside the old tomes that gave us strong meat and sound doctrine. To the latter class Father Hughes's book belongs.

Under the veil of the Most Blessed Sacrament, as a vesture hanging between His presence and our sight, there is the Word Incarnate; and out from that vesture there goes forth the virtue of healing, as it went out from the hem of His garment when the poor woman touched it visibly on earth.—Cardinal Manning.

The garden of the Lord hath not only its roses, the martyrs; but also its lilies, the virgins; its ivy also, the wedded; its violets, the widows. Let no sort of people despair of their vocation. Christ suffered for all. With truth it is written of Him that "He would have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth.—St. Augustine.

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ROLL OF HONOR

CORPORAL H. T. CORCORAN.

The sad news of the death on November 14, at Trentham Military Hospital, of Corporal Hugh Thomas Corcoran, from pneumonia following influenza, came as a great shock to his relatives and residents of the Harapepe and surrounding districts, where the deceased was well known and highly respected. He had resided there for the past 23 years, and carried on farming most successfully in the interests of his aged mother till her death three years ago, and from then with his sister, Miss Corcoran. The deceased, who was 37 years of age, was a fine stamp of robust manhood, of a cheerful and affectionate disposition, and was much respected and esteemed by all who knew him. The late Corporal Corcoran was the fifth son of the late Patrick and Mary Corcoran, of Harapepe, was born at Rangiaohia, and entered upon farming pursuits with his parents on leaving school. He took an interest in all affairs tending to the progress of the district, was an excellent horseman, a keen sport, and an active participant in athletics. The sincere sympathy of a wide circle of friends is extended to the bereaved relatives, including deceased's sister (Miss Corcoran), his brothers (Lance-Corporal P. M. Corcoran, still on military duty in France; Private T. Corcoran, recently invalided home; James and Michael, of Harapepe), and also his step-sister and brother (Mrs. J. Turnbull, New South Wales; and Mr. James Reilly, Mangare). Deceased was a fervent Catholic, and received the last sacred rites of Holy Church at the hands of Father Daly, chaplain at Trentham Military Camp. Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Joseph's Church, Pirongia, by Father Lynch, for the repose of the soul of deceased.—R.I.P.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, CHRISTCHURCH.

The chief business transacted at the meeting of St. Matthew's (Ladies) branch of the Hibernian Society, held on Monday evening, January 7, in the Hibernian Hall, was the election of officers for the ensuing term, as follows:—President, Sister E. Jacques; vice-president, Sister S. Greenlees; secretary, Sister B. M. Sloan; treasurer, Sister M. Smyth; sick visitors—Sisters Duggan, Blackaby, and Gleeson; guardian, Sister K. Tasker; warden, Sister M. Kirwan; Federation delegates, Sisters S. Morgan and K. Ryan; U.F.S. Dispensary delegate, Sister Greaney; auditors, Bros. M. Garty and E. J. P. Wall. The retiring president (Sister E. Brophy), who presided at the meeting, installed the officers, and thanked the members for the ready assistance given during her 12 months' term as senior officer of the branch. Sister R. Rodgers found it necessary to relinquish the duties of secretaryship, and complimentary references to her devotedness and valuable service were made by various members. P.P. Sister D. Smyth moved that a motion of appreciation and thanks for the excellent work done by Sister Rodgers be recorded in the minutes. This was carried unanimously. During the evening one new member was initiated and one nomination was received. A special report from the U.F.S. Dispensary was referred to the Management Committee.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Mary's branch was held in Ozanam Lodge on Monday, January 6, Bro. Ormandy, B.P., presiding. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Bro. F. A. Roche; vice-president, Bro. T. Gardiner; assistant secretary, Bro. W. S. Rodgers; treasurer, Bro. A. B. Young; warden, Bro. C. R. Dallow; sick visitors, Bros. A. J. Ormandy and P. Gunn; auditors, Bros. R. P. O'Shaughnessy and F. A. Roche; delegate to U.F.S. Dispensary, Bro. J. H. Johnston; delegate to U.F.S. Benevolent Association, Bro. T. Y. Wagstaff; delegate to U.F.C. Council, Bro. J. V. Kaveney. The newly-elected officers were installed by the District Deputy, Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy, who advised the Brothers to work hard during the year, and their efforts would be crowned with success. St. Mary's branch (he said) had made steady progress, and the dawn of peace would encourage members to work to make the branch a flourishing one. Father Roche, S.M. (chaplain), addressed the Brothers, and assured them that the Marist Fathers would give them every assistance in their campaign for new members. The newly-elected officers briefly returned thanks.

ST. BEDE'S COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Catholic population of the diocese will learn with satisfaction that the new St. Bede's College building is now being erected at Papanui. According to plan, the completed structure, in brick and concrete, will be in the form of the letter H, of three storeys, in the Tudor-Gothic style of architecture, and will be a very handsome edifice. The architects are Messrs. Swan and Swan, of Wellington; Mr. W. Taylor, builder, Christchurch, being in charge of the work of construction. Very Rev. C. Graham, S.M., M.A., Rector, states that the first portion of the complete design will provide accommodation for 60 boarders, and will be ready for occupation early in 1920. The foundation stone is to be laid about the end of February. The erection of a large gymnasium in brick has already begun, and a seven-court ball alley and swimming baths are also part of the sports appointments. The Marist Fathers deserve to be complimented on their enterprise in the cause of sound Christian secondary education and congratulated on being so fortunate as to secure such a fine site. The property consists of 30 acres of the finest land, situated right on the Main North Road and directly opposite the tram terminus—the trams, in fact, stop at the gates. The college is being built well back from the road, leaving about eight acres as a sports ground in the front, through which will be a fine drive to the college buildings. At the rear about 16 acres will be devoted to agricultural science, which it is intended to make a feature of the college course. Fathers Graham and Burger are working under great difficulties at present owing to unsuitable appointments; and they, the students, and all interested in Catholic education will gladly welcome the new St. Bede's.

At every Mass many souls are delivered from Purgatory and wing their flight to Paradise.—St. Jerome.

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AUTONOMY FOR IRELAND.

GREAT MEETING AT RICHMOND, VICTORIA.

"This is one of the most magnificent meetings I ever attended, and I hope that our words, in spite of the Protestant Federation, will reach to the other end of the world." It was in this summing up that his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, the great democratic leader of Australia) expressed his feelings in regard to the wonderfully enthusiastic meeting held on the Richmond City Reserve on Thursday night, December 19, to demand autonomy for Ireland (says the *Tribune*). It was originally intended to hold the meeting in the Exhibition Building, but the use of this place was refused by a majority of the trustees. By all right-thinking people the small-minded action of the Exhibition trustees was strongly condemned. Their refusal really tended to create additional interest in the meeting, and this, no doubt, will be a bitter pill to the trustees concerned in the rejection of the application. From an early hour on Thursday evening people wended their way to the Richmond City Reserve, and it was a great sight to see hundreds of trams passing along Bridge Road crowded with men and women making their way to the meeting. It was a case of all roads leading to the Richmond City Reserve, and at eight o'clock a dense crowd had assembled. Fully 50,000 were present, and the cheering from this vast multitude must have been heard many miles away. Prior to the meeting the Irish Pipers played selections, and the gathering sang hymns and "God Save Ireland." Many carried Irish flags, and these were waved during the proceedings. Throughout the enthusiasm was intense, and the various speeches were loudly applauded. Three resolutions were submitted and were carried unanimously amidst a scene of wonderful and marvellous enthusiasm. It was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle to see the forest of hands held up when each resolution was put to the meeting for acceptance. The crowd was addressed from three platforms at different parts of the ground, and all the speakers were well received.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Irish national societies, and was well organised by the Australian Catholic Federation. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and he was greeted with deafening cheers on entering the grounds and taking his seat on the central platform.

The Mayor of Richmond (Cr. Barcello) extended a welcome to his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, and said that Richmond was pleased to have the great democrat of Australia in its midst. (Applause.) On behalf of the citizens of Richmond he was delighted to offer a most cordial welcome to his Grace. Richmond was one of the great democratic cities of Australia, and it was fitting that that great meeting should be held there. In a way the Richmond people were pleased that the Exhibition trustees had refused the use of the building, because it enabled the meeting to be held in the City Reserve at Richmond. As a democracy they thought that Ireland should be given a fair deal. The wearing of the green could not be put down by any law. (Applause.)

Ireland's Paramount Claims: The Archbishop's Speech.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, who was received with a great outburst of applause and the waving of flags, said it was a great privilege and a great honor to him to preside over such a magnificent meeting. They had no unworthy objects and no sinister aims, whatever some people might credit them with. The cause that they were there to support was a cause that could be supported in the open. They believed it was a just cause, and they were there in answer to the call of the blood. They were Irishmen or descendants of Irishmen, or, at least, sympathisers with Ireland and with Irishmen. They were there, too, to defend the weak against the strong, and to defend right as against might. (Applause.) They were there while the map of Europe was being reformed to claim for the one small nation in which they were most interested the justice that had been too long denied. They were told from the other

end of the world that the question of Ireland's autonomy was a domestic question. The people who told them that it was a domestic question were at the same time laying down the law for the whole of Europe, that conscription must be wiped off the map. He, at all events, would not regret that. Conscription in the countries of Europe was not a domestic question in the British Isles, and, if they were going to settle whether or not the countries of Europe were going to have conscription, he thought also they might be prepared to admit that the question of doing justice to Ireland was a question in which the British Empire might be supposed to take a legitimate interest. Those who told them that Australia should take no interest in Ireland were the very people who some time ago said that Australia should send the last man and the last shilling to defend Belgium and the other small nations. The question of autonomy for Ireland was an Imperial question and a world-wide question. When it was granted England would get affection and loyalty in a full measure from Irish hearts. They had been fighting for the little nations of the world, and Ireland was a nation. He appealed to England to do justice to the little nation at its own door. They had a right to demand that England should hear the voice of Australia when Australia spoke in no faltering tones and demanded that Ireland should get at least the autonomy that Australia possessed. Ireland was older than the British Empire, and had every right to self-determination. The Irish people should have the right to govern themselves and for themselves. They were perfectly entitled to make a demand to England to do justice to that little nation at its door. A fundamental blunder had been made by England in hanging up the Home Rule Bill at the behest of the Orangemen of the north-east corner of Ireland. On this subject his Grace spoke at length, and said they could appeal confidently to the Peace Conference to give the right of self-determination to Ireland. He trusted that President Wilson would stand up to his principles. (Applause.)

Resolutions.

Mr. F. G. Tudor, M.H.R. (leader of the Federal Opposition) moved, and Mr. Frank Brennan, M.H.R., seconded, the following resolution:—

"That this meeting of Australian citizens, affirming the principle of self-determination for all nations, as outlined in the peace proposals of President Wilson, demands that action be immediately taken to concede the fullest measure of national autonomy for all Ireland."

Mr. McGlade asked that all those in favor of the motion should hold up their right hand. Immediately a forest of hands shot up. Many held up both hands, and amidst great enthusiasm the motion was declared unanimously carried. The same enthusiastic scene took place at the other two platforms.

The Rev. J. J. Malone, P.P., in an eloquent speech, moved, and Mr. Frank Brophy (Ballarat) supported the second resolution:—

"That, failing immediate action on the part of the Imperial Government to concede to all Ireland her full national freedom, this meeting deems it imperative that the claim of Ireland to autonomy should be submitted for settlement to the Peace Conference."

The resolution was declared unanimously carried amidst loud and prolonged applause.

Mr. R. Laird (Bendigo) moved the third resolution, as follows:—

"That the foregoing resolution be cabled to President Wilson with a request for his personal support of Ireland's claim."

Mr. W. P. McMahon seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. McGlade moved—"That a vote of thanks be tendered to his Grace the Archbishop, who was Australia's leading Irishman and Australia's leading democrat." (Great applause.)

The motion was carried to the accompaniment of a great outburst of cheering.

His Grace quoted some telling passages from a pamphlet on the Irish situation issued by Sir Horace Plunkett, and said that night's meeting was one of the most magnificent he had ever attended.

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(By MAUREEN.)

Black Currant Jam.

In making currant jam or jelly it is essential to have the fruit in perfect condition. If too ripe it will not "jelly." For each pound of currants allow 1lb of sugar. Put the berries in the preserving pan; sprinkle over them 1lb or 2lb of sugar, with one breakfastcupful of water for 8lb of fruit. Put the pan on the stove, where the heat is only sufficient to draw the juice without cooking it. When the syrup is well formed put the pan on the fire and boil it quickly for five minutes, then add the rest of the sugar gradually, and boil steadily till the juice hangs in large, thick drops to the edge of the spoon. It must then at once be taken off the fire. Let it stand for a minute or two, and pour into hot jars. Cover next day. If the sugar is carefully heated in the oven and added gradually to the boiling fruit the jam should not require more than about ten minutes' boiling.

Jam Puffs.

Required: Quarter of a pound of flour, three ounces of dripping, one teaspoonful of baking powder, quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes, jam. Mix the flour and baking powder together, rub in the dripping; mix in the potatoes, and add cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll out very thinly, cut into rounds; put a spoonful of jam on each, wet the edges, and fold them over. Put on a greased tin and bake for 10 minutes in a quick oven.

Scotch Bun.

Ingredients: Half-pound of raisins, 1/2 lb of sultanas, 1/2 lb of peel, 2oz of almonds, a dessertspoonful of spice, a dessertspoonful of cinnamon, half a small teaspoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of ground ginger, half a small teaspoonful of ground cloves, a grated nutmeg, 1/2 lb of butter, 2oz of brown sugar, 3 eggs, a cupful of flour. Method: Have fruit cleaned

and dried. Blanch and chop the almonds very finely. Cut peel very small; beat the butter and sugar, add the eggs beaten, then the flour and other ingredients previously mixed together. Line a well-buttered cake tin with a plain short paste. Fill with the mixture, cover the top with paste, and prick all over with a fork. Bake slowly for three hours.

A Cold Fruit Pudding.

Line a basin with pieces of bread, not cut too thinly, but not crust. Stew some raspberries and red currants, with sugar to taste. Pour them on to the bread; put another layer of bread on top, and press tightly. Let stand all night or for several hours; turn it out into a glass dish. Make a custard and pour round the pudding, and serve cold. Any other fruit may be used.

Cheese Sandwiches.

Grate some cheese and mix it to a paste with a little vinegar. Add to it a seasoning of pepper, salt, and mustard. Have thin slices of bread and butter; spread these with the cheese mixture, and form into neat sandwiches.

Household Hints.

One egg well beaten is worth two partly beaten.

The smaller the cake you are baking the quicker should be the oven.

A little vinegar added to the water in which bacon or ham is boiled improves the flavor.

Lace should be ironed through muslin and never touched with the bare iron.

If you are putting on fresh coal while a cake is in the oven put it on the side of the fire farthest away from the oven.

Varnished paper on walls can be cleaned with a flannel dipped in weak tea. Polish afterwards with a dry cloth.

Few housewives know that re-baking stale bread for 45 minutes makes it equally as palatable as new, and more digestible. Dip the loaf in water before putting it in the oven.

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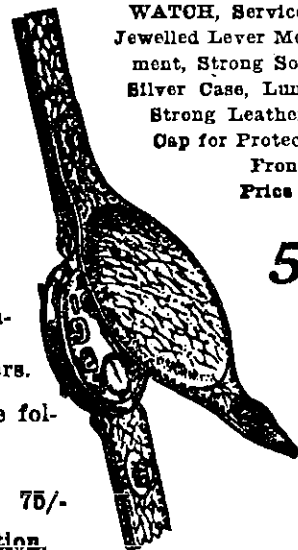
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Our people, feeling the need of Catholic education for their children, determined to provide them with a Catholic school. This year a large and commodious school (where more than 80 Catholic children are now taught) was erected at a cost of £1600, 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 from February 12 to February 19, 1919, to relieve our debt. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received and personally acknowledged.

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INFLUENZA'S EFFECT ON THE HAIR.

The patient who is convalescent after influenza frequently finds that her hair is falling out and is in poor condition generally—this is especially the case where the sufferer has had a high temperature. Mrs. Rolleston is devoting the whole of her time just now to the treatment of such cases—with great success.

For those patients who are unable to attend personally Mrs. Rolleston has prepared a special lotion, which has already gained the approval of a number of ladies in the country. The cost of this preparation, postage free, is six shillings.

Mrs. Rolleston is a Specialist in Hair Treatment and Diseases of the Scalp (qualified London and Paris), and her skill has gained her a very high reputation. Her addresses are: 256 Lambton Quay, Wellington; and Dominion Buildings, Cathedral Square, Christchurch.

MARY PICKFORD'S GIFT.

St. Vincent Hospital at Los Angeles, known affectionately all through Southern California as the Sisters' Hospital, has had added to its already splendid and modern equipment an appliance which has nothing at all to do with the latest methods of surgery. It is intended by its fair donor as an instrument of entertainment for Sisters, nurses, and patients. An Edison high-power moving picture projection machine has been presented to St. Vincent Hospital by Miss Mary Pickford in token of the love and esteem she cherishes for the Sisters of Charity and nurses of the hospital for the tender care of her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, during her recent illness there. Miss Pickford will make her beautiful gift complete by supplying all of her pictures for it, and hereafter there will be a moving picture entertainment every week at the hospital.

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 Forrester 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.

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ON THE LAND

THE HONEY CROP.

The Director of the Horticultural Division of the Department of Agriculture has received from the apiary instructors the following report concerning the honey crop prospects:—

Auckland.—The climatic conditions have not been favorable to either the secretion of nectar by the clover or the gathering in by the bees, cold nights having been the rule during the past month. Unless the season is somewhat later than usual the crops generally will be below the average. Beeswax is quoted at from 2s to 2s 3d per lb.

Wellington.—The climatic conditions have been rather unfavorable for apiculturists. However, there is still time for a good crop to be gathered should an improvement be forthcoming. The balance of last season's crop has ceased to come into the grading store for export, and will be used for local consumption; but it is anticipated that a number of new lines of this season's output will be forward shortly. There is a demand for beeswax at 2s 6d per lb. Honey in pats and pound sections is not procurable.

Dunedin.—The prospects of a good season have greatly improved. In the northern districts indications point to a good crop. Advices to hand from Canterbury indicate assured payable returns. Extracting is in progress. In Otago and Southland the weather conditions have not been so favorable. However, it is still early to forecast this season's returns. There is still time to secure a good crop if climatic conditions are favorable. Generally clover is in good heart, more especially in Canterbury, where there has been a phenomenal growth. Prices are firm.

Mr. Clayton, of Peel Forest, who has a bee farm of 500 hives, states that the season is going to be a record one for honey. The growth of white clover in the district is abnormal, and honey is plentiful. An Ashburton resident is arranging to take 20 returned soldiers to the farm to demonstrate the lucrative business of bee farming.

THE KEEPING OF MILKING-GOATS.

The whole subject of the keeping of goats for milking purposes deserves far more attention in New Zealand than it is at present receiving (says the *Journal of Agriculture*). We have only to look round and see the large number of unoccupied or partly occupied sections, and patches of rough, hilly ground growing nothing but scrub and weeds adjacent to many workers' homes, to recognise that there is a splendid opening for people with limited capital to bring these into profitable use with much benefit to themselves and good results to the land. Thousands of acres at present lying idle in small patches all over the country could be leased at a mere nominal rent, or even secured rent-free in return for keeping down the weeds. Again, many home sections in our outer suburban districts are large enough to run a milking-goat; tethering can be largely practised in such situations.

Goats as a means of supplying the home with a pure, wholesome milk have, indeed, been woefully neglected in this country, especially when we see what beneficial advances have been made in that respect all over the world. This apathy is probably largely due to the fact that animals of good milking-strains have

not been imported. The best milkers are found in the Toggenburg-Swiss and the Anglo-Nubian breeds and their crosses. It is not unusual for these animals to reach a yield of three or four quarts per day.

DIocese of CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

January 13.

The quarterly Communion of St. Matthew's and St. Patrick's branches of the H.A.C.B. Society took place in the Cathedral on the first Sunday of January at an early Mass celebrated by Father J. O'Connor, S.M., of Wellington.

The annual Retreat for the Marist Brothers, to be conducted by Father T. McCarthy, Marist Missioner, begins here on Sunday next.

During the week his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, S.M., was a guest of Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., at St. Mary's Presbytery; and his Lordship Bishop Cleary and Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna, V.G., were guests of his Lordship Bishop Brodie at the episcopal residence.

A social is being promoted by the members of St. Matthew's (Ladies) branch of the Hibernian Society, to be given in the Hibernian Hall on Wednesday evening, January 29, to assist in the furnishing of the branch's stall at the annual garden fete now being arranged in aid of the Cathedral parish schools.

In addressing the members of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament at the Cathedral on last Tuesday evening, his Lordship the Bishop exhorted his hearers to make an united effort towards securing increased membership.

The annual picnic of the members of the Christchurch Celtic Club and their friends was held during the holidays, at Victoria Park, Cashmere Hills, and proved thoroughly enjoyable. An interesting sports programme was carried out and games of various kinds were provided for the children. The elevated position of the park affords a very fine view of the city and plains, and this greatly enhanced the pleasure of the outing.

OBITUARY

MR. J. J. LYNCH, LOWER HUTT.

An old and respected member of the community, in the person of Mr. John Joseph Lynch, died at his residence, Lower Hutt, recently, after a long illness. The deceased was born in Co. Cork, Ireland, 75 years ago, and came out to New Zealand 50 years ago, where he took up farming in the Hutt district, an occupation he followed until 1904, when he retired. Possessed of a genial and kind disposition, the deceased was well known and loved by young and old. A few months back his eldest son (Corporal Cornelius Lynch) died of wounds at No. 3 Casualty Clearing Station, France. The deceased leaves a widow, two sons, and five daughters to mourn their loss. The sincere gratitude of the family is extended to Very Rev. Dean Lane and Father Fitzgibbon, also to the Sisters of the Missions, Lower Hutt, who so practically showed their sympathy and did everything possible to alleviate the suffering of the late Mr. Lynch during his illness.—R.I.P.



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Dawn in Ireland—By Marie Harrison. 5/3

Trench Pictures from France.—By Major William Redmond, M.P. 5/3

A Spiritual Retreat for Religious.—By Bishop Hedley, O.S.B. 7/2

Spiritual Exercises for Retreats.—By Rev. P. Dunoyer. 8/9

The Dead Altars.—By M. Reynes-Monlaur. 5/2

Outline Meditations.—By Madame Cecilia (imitation leather). 8/9

Mysticism True and False.—By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. 7/2

The Soul of the Soldier.—By Thos. Tiplady. 6/8

Your Interests Eternal.—By Rev. E. F. Garesche, S.J. 4/8

The New Canon Law in Its Practical Aspects. 7/9

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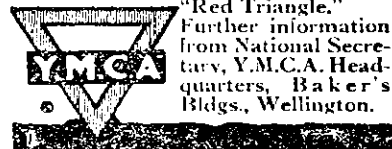
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MY HEART AND I.

So much there is we know,
My heart and I,
That as we forward go,
My heart and I,
We simply plod along,
Avoiding all the throng,
And making life a song,
My heart and I!

We're gayer than we seem,
My heart and I,
We're not too old to dream,
My heart and I,
And spite of tameless days,
And often tangled ways,
We still find much to praise,
My heart and I!

Sometimes we seek a range,
My heart and I,
Where dwell the new and strange,
My heart and I,
But there we find no rest;
Men do not stand the test;
For us the old is best,
My heart and I!

Some day we'll strike a trail,
My heart and I,
We know we cannot fail,
My heart and I,
It leads from care and fret
To where we can forget;
We'll find that lost path yet,
My heart and I!

We have some pleasant hours,
My heart and I,
We often miss the flow'rs,
My heart and I,
But still we jog along,
And strive to do no wrong,
But make of life a song,
My heart and I!

—Amadeus, O.S.F.

HER FIRST COMMUNION.

A little Belgian girl was preparing to make her First Communion. Her father had been killed in battle, and her mother was very sad. You can imagine how troubled she must have been, but the thought of receiving Our Dear Lord filled her heart with joy.

When the kind priest gave the children their final instructions he bade them ask pardon for all the members of their families for having ever offended them in any way.

This act of humility little Annette performed very thoroughly, even asking pardon of Joseph, who was six years old. Joseph burst into tears.

"You have never been naughty or unkind to me," he cried; "and I love you, Annette."

Later, he was heard talking to himself:

"It was so beautiful," he said.

When Annette crept into her mother's arms and told her how much she loved her, and how sorry she was if she had been disobedient or idle, her mother cried, just as did little Joseph, but for another reason.

"How happy your papa would be to-morrow," said the mother, "if he were here and with us to see his little Annette receive the good God."

"But, mamma, he will be with us," said Annette. "Since he is in heaven it will be quite easy for him to come, and even if we do not see him we can feel that he is looking at me and asking God to take care of his little girl and keep her good. If it was last year, when papa was at the Front, of course, he couldn't have come; but now, mamma, I feel God will let him be there."

The mother dried her tears and kissed the little comforter, whose childish faith was so trustful and consoling.

SPEAKING KINDLY OF OTHERS.

Human nature is such a cross-grained affair that quite often there will be found people who can hardly bear to hear kind things said of other people. They are possibly ready to assent to the praise, but—Now, this is a very unfortunate attitude of mind to be in. Better be generous, over generous, than to be slack in one's praise of another. We notice that the happiest people have a fashion of saying kind things of others; and we notice they are the unhappiest people who carry a quiver of sharp things to be said against others. It may often be right to refer to the faults of another, but it can always be done kindly. It is easy enough to detect the animus behind a criticism. It is wonderful how one's temper gets on the outside and reveals itself. You can tell instantly if a stricture is sincere or hateful. It is in the tone of voice, the upward or downward utterance, and the occasion that lies back of it like the lay of a land.

A RESOURCEFUL WOMAN.

A remarkable story of the part played by a woman's resource in the saving of 50 lives is told by a survivor of the Galway Castle. A number of those who had escaped from the ship after she had been torpedoed had found safety for a time on a raft, hoping to be picked up by one of the rescue ships. After they had been drifting about for some time a woman passenger took a mirror from her handbag—all she had been able to save from the ship—and suggested to one of the sailors that it might be possible to use it for making heliographic signals for help. Although not very hopeful, the sailor took the mirror and made the attempt, flashing signals in various directions. These were picked up by a destroyer, which presently raced at full speed to the spot and took the party on board, with a number of other survivors who had been clinging for hours to bits of floating wreckage in the vicinity.

LOST—A LITTLE TEMPER.

Someone lost her temper quite;
Who, I dare not say.
Lost it on her way to school—
All went wrong that day.
Strange as it may seem to you,
No one saw it go;
But it vanished like a flash—
That is all I know.

Silly sums would not come right;
Teacher, too, was cross;
All because that temper went—
Wasn't it a loss?
But when mother's arms were stretched,
Someone to enfold,
Back the little temper came,
Just as good as gold.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

"Bandmaster," said Smith to his friend, "can you loan me—?"

"No, sir, I can't," replied the bandmaster. "And if I could I wouldn't. I have been loaning you money for a year, and you make no effort to return it."

"But I wanted to know if you could loan me—"

"And I tell you beforehand that I won't."

"Well, then, don't. I wanted you to loan me your fountain pen to make out a cheque for what I owe, but if you're in no hurry neither am I."

The bandmaster was sorry he spoke.

SUCH A RELIEF.

Stray Stories:—She put down the book with a sigh.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing."

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"But you had such a sad look in your eyes just now."

"I know. I've been reading about the unhappiness that the wives of men of genius have always had to bear. Oh, Alfred, dear, I'm so glad you're just an ordinary sort of a fellow."

SORRY TOO LATE.

An Irishman dreamt he was on a visit to the king, who presently asked him what he would take.

"Shure, your Majesty," said he, "I'll take a drop of whisky."

"Hot or cold?" inquired the King.

"Hot, may it please your Highness."

Before the kettle had time to boil Pat awoke from his dream.

"Well," said he, "and it's sorry I am now as I didn't have it cowl'd."

WOULD HAVE TO.

A man whose every word and action betokened a son of the soil stepped up to the booking office of a provincial railway station. After a cheery, "Gude marn-in' to yer!" he asked the clerk for a ticket to London.

"You will have a return, won't you?" inquired the clerk.

"What do you say?"

"Why, you'll want to come back, won't you?"

"Noa, that I shan't; but ye'd better give me a return all the same."

"Rut," expostulated the clerk, "if you don't want to come back it's only a waste of money."

"Look 'ere, young man," replied the old fellow, in a tone of subdued confidence, "that's my business. I sartinly shan't want ter come back; but I shall jest as sartinly have to!"

ALL THE SAME FAMILY.

The new recruit walked into the orderly room and made himself at home with the clerks there. "Say, who is the General Staff I hear so much about these days? I see his name in the papers almost as much as Marshal Foch's. I never heard of him before."

"He's a son of Major Operations," said the Sergeant Major.

"And a brother to Corporal Punishment," said the Post Corporal.

"Also a cousin to Private Entrance," said the orderly room clerk, as he showed him out. "Didn't you see their names on the door as you came in?"

SMILE RAISERS.

Little Willie: "Dad, what is 'sheet music'?"

Dad: "Snoring, my son."

Benny (having difficulty in teaching little sister to whistle): "Aw, just make a hole in your face and push."

Caller: "How is your new office boy getting along these days?"

Business Man: "Oh, fine; he's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't do without him!"

"You've 'eard of Cleopatra, ain't yer, Jack?"

Jack (referring to ship of that name): "Yes, I was out in China with 'er in '96."

"The dooce yer was! Then she ain't been dead so long as I thought."

Man from Town: "What very changeable weather you get down here."

Old Fisherman: "Changeable do ye call it, sir? If it 'ad been changeable we'd 'ave changed it long ago."

Sergeant: "Now then! Line up alphabetically for pay. What's your name, my lad?"

Private: "Phillips, sir."

Sergeant: "Well, what yer doing up here? Get back among the F's at once!"

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Peat-Coal Fuel.

The Belfast correspondent of the *Irish Times* writes: "Mr. S. C. Davidson, the founder and chairman of the Sirocco Engineering Works, Belfast, has patented a method of dealing with peat and forming from it a synthetic coal, which should relieve the situation due to the coal shortage. Mr. Davidson's method is the simple one of putting back into the peat some of the oil substances which have been washed out owing to its greater proximity to the surface of the ground. The peat is first disintegrated and mixed with about 15 per cent. pitch dust. This mixture is placed in the hydraulic press, and comes out in a solid block of what looks like polished hardwood. The fuel burns readily.

The Coldest Spot on Earth.

The coldest spot on the earth's surface is near Werkhjansk, Siberia. There, it is said, "the culminating point of excessive climate in all the world is reached." In other words, it is the pole of the greatest known cold. The lowest reading of the thermometer, taken by Sir George Nares, was noted there—81 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. For a long time it was supposed that Yakutsk, 400 miles from Werkhjansk, was the coldest place in the world; recent observations, however, have exploded that notion. The soil at both places above mentioned is frozen to a depth of nearly 400 feet. It is believed to have been deposited in a frozen state during the glacial epoch, as no amount of cold could penetrate the earth to such an enormous depth.

Earth's Crust not Rigid.

To the layman nothing may seem more rigid than the crust of the earth, but men of science say that it bends and buckles appreciably under the pull of the heavenly bodies. Observation has shown that the shores on opposite sides of a tidal basin approach each other at high tide. The weight of water in the Irish Sea, for example, is so much greater at that time that the bed sinks a trifle, and in consequence pulls the Irish and English coasts nearer together. Thus the buildings of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as bowing to one another across the channel, the deflection from the perpendicular being about one inch for every 16 miles. It has also been shown that ordinary valleys widen under the heat of the sun and contract again at night.

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