

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- February 2, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- „ 3, Monday.—St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 4, Tuesday.—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 5, Wednesday.—St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.
- „ 6, Thursday.—St. Titus, Bishop and Confessor.
- „ 7, Friday.—St. Romuald, Abbot.
- „ 8, Saturday.—St. John Matha, Confessor.

St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Agatha was born at Palermo, Sicily, and was martyred on February 5, 251, at Catania during the persecution of Decius. Quintianus, the Governor of Sicily, seeing his love for her repudiated, took revenge by accusing her of being a Christian, and caused her to suffer most cruel torments. She was scourged, burned with hot irons, torn with hooks, and then placed on a bed of live coals and glass. From all these tortures St. Agatha went forth triumphant, and finally died in her prison. The inhabitants of Catania invoke her, especially during an outbreak of Mount Etna.

St. John of Matha, Confessor.

The life of St. John of Matha was one long course of self-sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of his neighbor. As a child his chief delight was serving the poor, and he often told them he had come into the world for no other end but to wash their feet. He studied at Paris with such distinction that his professors advised him to become a priest, in order that his talents might render greater service to others; and for this end John gladly sacrificed his high rank and other worldly advantages. At his first Mass an angel appeared clad in white, with a red and blue cross on his breast, and his hands reposing on the heads of a Christian and a Moorish captive. To ascertain what this signified John repaired to St. Felix of Valois, a holy hermit living near Meaux, under whose direction he led a life of extreme penance. The angel again appeared, and they set out for Rome to learn the will of God from the lips of the Sovereign Pontiff, who told them to devote themselves to the redemption of captives. For this purpose they founded the Order of the Holy Trinity. The religious fasted every day, and, gathering alms throughout Europe, took them to Barbary to redeem the Christian slaves. They devoted themselves also to the sick and prisoners in all countries. Worn out by his heroic labors, John died in 1213 at the age of 53.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

OUR LADY GUIDING.

Of rosy, toddling, stumbling feet,
Queen Mary guides the way;
With silv'ry laugh like runlet sweet,
Prince Jesu walks to-day.

With shyest eyes of deep, dark blue,
Small hands in Mary's clasp,
Thee, Mother Mary, leading, drew
Safe on her heart at last.

Ah, tiny feet in after years
To walk Woe's awful way,
Our Blessed Mother through her tears
Shall picture this bright day.

—Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage.—Emerson.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

CHAPTER V.—A SONG OF THE SEA.

"I never seen a child so improved," said Kevin's mother. "She's downright giving up her wild ways. I'm beginning to hope she'll turn out a proper, hard-working girl yet."

It was Saturday evening, and Kevin had laid the spade and other emblems of labor in the corner of the outhouse and come in for his evening meal, the tea and hot bannocks with which his frugal mother regaled him on the eve of the day of rest.

She shifted a needle in the stocking she was knitting as she spoke, and pointed to Fan, who, mounted on a little wooden stool, was up to the elbows in flour, as she made ready the last batch of cakes for the griddle.

"She's able to do all that for me now," said the strong, hard-featured housewife, with a quizzical look in her kind, shrewd eyes. "There'll be no need of an old woman about the house after this. She is taking all into her own hands."

"I made the tea, too," said Fan, looking up at Kevin for approval. "At least I can't pour in the boiling water, but I did all the rest." And she deposited her last cakes on the griddle and touched up the little bits of red turf ember that were keeping the teapot warm. Then she began tugging out a table from the wall, but this Kevin took out of her hands.

"We mustn't allow you to kill yourself with hard work," he said, laughing.

"But you must let me set out the tea-things."

"Well, run away and wash your hands, and we'll see."

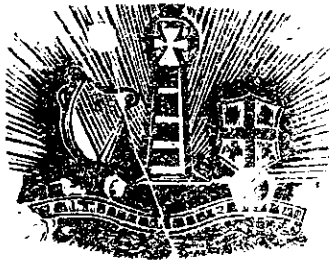
"She's that changed I wouldn't know her ever since she gave you the fright," said Kevin's mother when the child had vanished up the little ladder-like stairs to her own particular nest under the thatch. "I couldn't ha' thought a child would have taken it so much to heart. The tears comes into her eyes whenever she thinks of it. 'Mother,' she said to me the other evening, quite sudden, 'he did look so sorry. If I had been killed he would have been too sorry.' 'And shame 'twould be for you to make Kevin sorry,' I said to her. 'I will never do it again,' she said, as serious as an old woman. 'And tell me,' she says, 'what I can do to make him happy.'"

"I just looked up at her, sitting there with her eyes as big as saucers, and she thinkin' and thinkin' all over, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. 'Well,' I said, for I couldn't help humorin' the seriousness of her, 'you must give up a bit of your wildness, and not be hoppin' and skippin' so much about dangerous places; and you mustn't go roving so far away from home, pretendin' to be a bird and singin' unairthly songs; for you haven't got any wings when your two feet fail you, and it'll be time enough to be a bird when the wings begin to grow.'"

"'Mother,' said Kevin, 'you couldn't be so cross to her!'"

"'Couldn't I? And she didn't take it for crossness. But she says, 'I'll try,' with her eyes lookin' straight at mine as if they were askin' something more nor I could well understand. 'But you don't know how my feet do keep dancing,' she says, 'and how hard it is to stop them, and to keep from singing.' 'I don't want to keep you from singing, my dear,' I said; 'only I would rather hear you oftener at your hymns. And if you want to make Kevin happy——' 'I do,' said she. 'Well then,' I says, 'I'll show you how to work for him, to make his supper, and knit his stockings,' and I declare she set to like lightning,

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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
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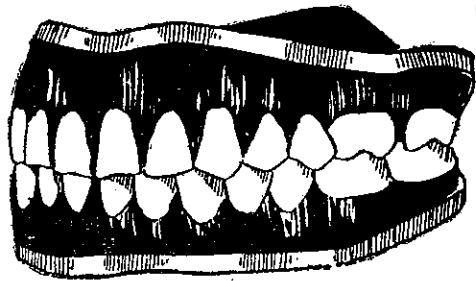
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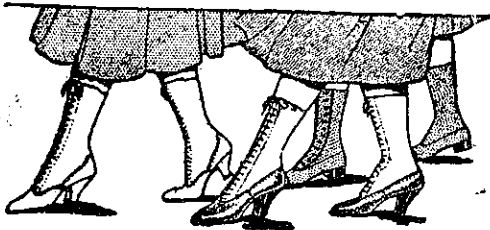
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and she has learned more in one week than most children would do in a year."

At this point down came the little girl again in her Saturday evening attire, a clean print wrapper reaching half-way down over her crimson petticoat, grey stockings, and well-black shoes. Her thick hair was brushed smoothly into a darkling mass upon her shoulders, leaving a short curly undergrowth to cluster about her temples; her brunette cheeks were glowing after a scrubbing, and the grey eyes which were the charm of her young face shone with the consciousness that she was a good girl at last. She brought in her arms a coarse white cloth, which she spread on the table, and on which she arranged the cups and plates, buttered her bannocks with fresh sweet (but well-smoked) butter, and finally filled the teacups, with a little assistance from Kevin.

"She'll do yet," murmured the mother, sitting up in state and allowing herself to be helped like a visitor. "Maury needn't ha' been so uneasy about her, nor Connor neither."

When tea was over Fan brought her stool to the good housewife's knee and produced the beginning of a stocking, over which she bent her brows, glancing up now and again to see the effect of her good conduct upon Kevin, who sat watching her with all the interest her heart could desire. At last she sighed—

"Oh, Kevin! I wish your foot wasn't so big. I'll never get down to the heel."

"Put it away and sing us the *Ave Maria*," said the mother; and the child gladly obeyed, folding her hands and fixing her eyes dreamily on a large bright star that was shining through the doorway. The sweet, clear refrain rose and fell as the twilight deepened, and the soft Gaelic words seemed to grow holier every time they were uttered, intoned in notes of such power and fulness as made the listeners gaze in astonishment at the little creature who gave them forth.

Kevin walked to the door before it was done and drew the back of his brown hand across his eyes.

"Fan," said he, after a silence of some minutes, "there will be a holiday next week, and I will take you to the island."

Fan's eyes suddenly burned with delight, and, flinging her knitting into the corner, she threw up her arms and danced across the floor.

"Well, well, well," said the mother; "but she's as wild as a hare yet."

"I'll knit six rows every day until then," sang Fan, "and when I get to the island I may do what I like. I'll earn my wildness, and then nobody must scold me!"

An hour later, when Fanchea was fast asleep, with her small hands crossed on her breast, as Maury had taught her to place them, and when the mother had taken her knitting into the next cottage for a chat with a neighbor, Kevin followed a winding path uphill and knocked at Father Ulick's door. The old priest looked surprised to see him.

"No one ill at home, Kevin, I hope?" he said.

"No," said the youth; "no, thank God." And then, after a struggle to shake off his shyness, he made his business known.

"I've come to ask you to help me, sir. You know I was always stupid at my books at school, and now I keep wishing that I had learned more than I did. I can't go to school, for the people would laugh. I have got such a name upon me. You know it yourself, sir."

"Ay, Kevin, they say you are dull."

"Yes, sir, I read very badly. Long ago I did not care. The little bits I got to read were all about nothing, and I liked better to be looking at the stars and the sea. But lately I've been longing to read fast and well. There are things I want to know about that I can only find in books."

The old man took off his spectacles and shifted the turf sods on his primitive hearth; and then he looked up at the youth's kindling face, all flushed and excited with the effort he had made to give forth so much of his confidence.

"You are a good fellow, Kevin," he said, "to come and talk to me like this. But why are you so anxious to know the things that are in books?"

"I do not know, sir. I think I should be happier."

Father Ulick looked at him again and mused. Strange that this lad, who was looked on as the dullest on the mountain, should have suddenly been seized with a thirst for knowledge. Was it a freak that would pass away? Had the desire been roused in him by wounded pride? or was this the tardy awakening of some natural gift? The priest was puzzled and interested.

"Let us see, Kevin," he said. "There is the night school, of course."

"I could not, sir; indeed, I could not bear it."

"Well, we must think of what we can do. Suppose you come to read to me here of an evening."

Kevin's face blazed with pleasure.

"Oh, sir, you are so good. There is nothing I would like so well."

"Come to-morrow night, then. But before you go, my boy, let me talk to you a little. How is it that you speak so much better English, have a better accent, and are altogether more refined than most of the young men about the place, even than those who consider themselves better scholars?"

Kevin blushed up to the roots of his hair at the compliment, which took him completely by surprise.

"I do not know, sir; unless it may be talking to Fan, sir," he said simply.

"Talking to little Fan!"

"She's different from all the rest, sir; her voice is so like an angel's, and her words are so soft and fine. I don't know how to describe it, but nobody could be very rough, sir, who is always with her."

Father Ulick smiled an indulgent smile as he thought of little Fanchea.

"Ah!" he said; "I forgot about that wonderful friendship. She is, indeed, an uncommon little creature. And so she already repays you for your protection of her?"

"Sir, it is I——"

"Ah, well, cherish that holy and beautiful affection. The love of a child is a message from God."

Then Kevin went away, and as he walked down the hill again he thought of how he had been nearly led into trying to tell Father Ulick of all his thoughts about Fanchea. And it was better he had not attempted it. Probably the good old man would have told him they were wild, exaggerated, and even superstitious. Such as they might be, they were to him as his life, and it was better he should share them with no one. Looking back over his shoulder he saw Father Ulick still standing in his doorway, his white hair gleaming in the starlight. The old man was looking after the youth with some wonder and much interest in his heart.

"What a frank, handsome face the lad has," he thought, "and what a thrill in his voice when he speaks of that little creature. They are a very unusual pair, and I cannot but think that Providence has some purpose in their friendship. If the Lord should spare me I will be curious to see what comes of it."

The holiday found Kevin and Fan on their way to the island. Fan danced over the hills, and sang her wild songs, and chased the sea-birds till she was tired; and then she was very glad to light a fire and roast the potatoes which they had brought in the boat for their refreshment. No feast was ever sweeter than this "dinner of herbs," which the happy creatures shared between them.

"Kevin, you must tell me a story," said Fan.

"Then you must sing first, and I will listen; and I will tell you whatever story your song tells me."

"I am going to sing the song of the sea," said Fan, joyously, when they had perched themselves on a rock from which they could behold the sun beginning to set royally towards the rim of the wide, lone Atlantic, and the long line of mountains on the coast catching the fire of heaven upon their faces.

She began a winding, fitful, picturesque song without words, in which her clear, ringing voice

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mimicked all the different sounds of the sea, from the long, slow rise and fall of the waves that broke now at their feet stained red as wine by the sunset, to the hurrying and confusion of the billows in a storm. As she sang the color rose in Kevin's cheek and his eyes kindled; and the child herself was carried away by the weird power of her own music, rising and waving her little brown arms in the tempest, and sinking down and rocking her body backward and forward dreamily as the waves subsided into peace again.

When she had finished Kevin, who had covered his face with his hat, removed it, and gazed at her with adoration in his eyes. Then he took her two slender, sunburnt hands into his own large one and kissed them reverently.

"You liked it," said the child eagerly. "Oh, then, quick with your story!"

But before Kevin could reply a figure appeared which took them both by surprise. A large dark, singular-looking woman was standing before them—a real gipsy of the more respectable class. Her brilliant black eyes and eastern-tinted complexion were enhanced by the varied and glowing colors of her dress, which was so clean and well arranged as to be vividly picturesque rather than gaudy. Elderly and portly as she appeared, yet there was something brisk and elastic about the whole expression of her figure, and her face was strangely handsome in its setting of scarlet and amber and white.

In most country places gipsies are not an uncommon sight, but in remote Killeevy they were unknown. Strangers of any kind were seldom seen, and the apparition of this foreign-looking creature on their lonely island struck our two simple friends with a surprise which left them breathless. Both sprang to their feet, and Fan slid her little hand into Kevin's.

"My pretty dear," said the woman, with a sort of contralto laugh, which was not unmusical, "you are not going to be frightened of the gipsy. I have been listening to your singing. When I came over to see this nice little island I did not expect to find a bird among the rocks with so sweet a pipe."

"You startled us," said Kevin smiling: "for we do not see many strangers. No one comes to this island but ourselves."

"I saw your boat," said the gipsy, nodding her handsome head, "and I thought I should startle somebody, for we never have been in this country before. But we are friendly people, and nobody need fear us. When you return in your boat you must come and see the gipsies, my little dear."

"I do not know your house," said Fan shyly, gazing with fascinated eyes upon the stranger.

"My house!" laughed the gipsy. "No one ever knew it, my pretty. Gipsies have no houses; but they live under the hedges and in the pleasant green fields. Look yonder, where some white things are shining in the sun, on the slope of the hill, just under the mountains! Those are our tents, where we are resting from a journey."

Kevin and Fanchea looked towards home, following the gipsy's finger with their eyes, and saw tents gleaming on the hillside, which had not been there in the morning.

"We have music in there," said the stranger, "and dancing and singing, and all sorts of games. People come to see our show and pay us money, but when you come, my little singer, you need not bring anything but your own pretty face."

Music, and singing, and games! Fanchea became interested and forgot her shyness. "Oh, thank you!" she said gladly. "I will be sure to go to see you."

"We are greatly obliged to you," said Kevin, more slowly.

"Oh, I did not promise to refuse *your* money, young man," said the gipsy laughing. "Be sure to fill your pocket when you come to our tent."

Kevin blushed. "I did not mean—" he began, proudly, but the stranger nodded her head at him and moved away. They saw her descend the rocks, where she was met by a man. They entered the boat and put off from the island.

This trifling incident was an event of importance to our inexperienced pair. Neither could forget the stranger, but sat silently watching the retreating boat.

"Kevin," said Fanchea, "what are gipsies?"

"People that wander about," said Kevin. "Shawu Rua told me of them."

"You will bring me to see them, Kevin?"

"Yes, but you must hold tight by my hand. They are not always good people, I fancy."

"Oh, she spoke so kindly, I am sure she must be good."

"Are you wishing to come home, Fanchea?"

"Home, without your story?"

"Ah, well," said Kevin, "I thought you had forgotten the story." And his slight jealousy of the gipsy melted away. "Indeed, I have almost forgotten it myself."

"But you must try to remember it."

Kevin covered his eyes for a few minutes and listened to the long roll of the waves breaking on the beach. Fan sat patiently watching the shifting of the crimson clouds until he spoke.

"Once upon a time there was—"

"A brave prince and a lovely princess," said Fan. "That makes such a nice beginning."

"Very well. And the brave prince loved the beautiful princess so well that he became braver every day, and all men were afraid of him in the wars."

"Does loving people do that?" asked Fan.

"Yes," said Kevin, "it can do everything wonderful. It brings out all the good that is in people."

"Go on."

"It was his love that made the world beautiful to him; his heart grew larger every day, and great thoughts poured into his mind. The prince used to think sometimes that the princess had his soul in her hands."

"How could that be? God gives every one a soul of his own."

"I don't know how it could be," said Kevin wistfully, "but I know the prince felt that it was only by living near his beloved princess and doing everything good to please her he could hope to win in the end the soul she had in keeping for him. When he had won his soul he thought he would do some noble work in the world."

"Well," said Fan, "do make haste. I hope she kept it for him well."

"She did," said Kevin: "but something happened."

"What?"

"The brave prince had an enemy."

"Oh," said Fan, drawing a long breath.

"An enemy who had been overthrown by him in the battle. And this enemy was longing to destroy him. And he thought and thought for a long, long time. At first he intended to kill him."

"Oh, *what* did he do?"

"He thought the most terrible thing he could do would be to carry off the princess; and he put her in a ship, and sailed with her away into far distant seas. They arrived at a lighthouse one calm, moonlight night—a tall, lonely lighthouse on a rock in the middle of the ocean. He killed the lighthouse man and put out the light and imprisoned the princess in the lonely tower in the darkness. Then he sailed away and left her."

"Oh-h-h-h!" sighed Fan.

"When the prince found she was gone he became so unhappy that he could scarcely bear his life. However, he thought he must surely be able to find her somewhere in the world; and he set out to search for her all the wide world over. He went from land to land, and from city to city, inquiring if any one had seen his beloved princess; but no one could tell him anything about her. And years passed on and still he could not find her. His heart was always breaking, and his hair grew grey, and still he kept searching and searching. But he never became wicked and fierce, as his enemy thought he would become. If he had left off searching he would have grown wicked and fierce,

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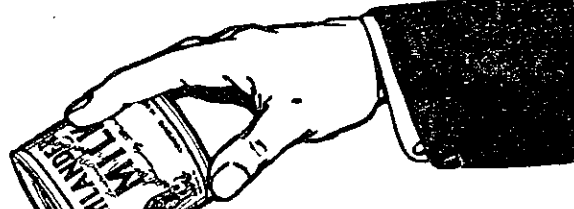
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but he kept on seeking and hoping, and became greater and better as the years rolled away."

"And what was the poor princess doing all that long time in the dark?" asked Fanchea, anxiously.

"She was also very unhappy, but she tried to keep hoping that her prince would come for her. She was dreadfully lonely, and only for the little white sails she sometimes saw in the distance, and for the moon and stars at night, I think she would have gone mad from loneliness. On stormy nights, when the waves dashed against the lighthouse windows, it was terrible, and vessels were often wrecked upon the cruel rock, for the poor princess had no light to put in the light-chamber, and she had to sit in the dark listening to the cries of the people who were drowning."

"What did she have to eat all that long time?" asked Fanchea.

"Let me see!" said Kevin, rather startled and puzzled. "I never thought of that. Well, I believe there was a good store of provisions left by the poor lighthouse man who was murdered; and then the princess had a very small appetite, you see, and she did not eat very much at a time."

"No, poor thing!" said Fanchea, who was accustomed to be healthily hungry.

"And so the years kept rolling on, till at last one night there was a violent hurricane at sea, and the prince's ship was on its way from one country to another seeking as usual for the princess. The vessel was wrecked, dashed to pieces against the rock, and the body of the prince was washed into the princess's arms as she leaned from the lighthouse window. A sudden flash of lightning showed her that it was her prince."

"Yes," said Fan, eagerly, "and what did she do then?"

"She tried to restore him," said Kevin, "but she could not do it, for he was dead. She was herself so wasted that it only required this shock to kill her, and she lay down beside him and died. Their souls floated away above the storm together, and they are now living a splendid life far beyond the ocean and the stars and the moon."

Fanchea heaved a deep sigh.

"Are you sure that was the end of it?" she said. "I like that, you know, about their souls afterwards; but in the meantime, Kevin, I'd like to have a different kind of ending. I am sure that he was not dead, but that the princess and he got away on a raft and came home to their kingdom. And the enemy was also in the vessel that was wrecked, and was also washed into the lighthouse: only the raft went away without him, and he was left in the lighthouse instead of the princess."

Kevin laughed. "Have it as you like," he said; "but you oughtn't to have sung of how they died in the storm."

"I didn't," said Fan, reproachfully and half-frightened. "You put things into my songs that I never thought of."

Kevin took her little brown hand and spread it out on his own broad palm.

"You are my princess, Fan", he said, "and you pour everything that is beautiful and good into my mind. I often feel that you have my soul in your little hands."

"Do you?" asked Fan, looking straight into his eyes with her clear gaze. "But I don't feel a bit like a princess. Do you feel like a prince?"

"No," said the youth, laughing, "but I would like to do something great in the world all the same," he added dreamily.

"So you do, and so you will," said Fanchea, stoutly. "I wonder what it will be. But, Kevin, you won't let any one shut me up in the lighthouse where you never will find me till you are dead?"

"God forbid!" said Kevin, heartily. And at this moment the last burning rim of the sun having quenched itself in the ocean, the two friends agreed that it was time to return to their boat, whence they could see the faint smoke from the cabins on the mountain warning all wanderers that supper-time was near.
(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XIV.—"AFTER THE BATTLE." THE SCENE "UPON OSSORY'S PLAIN." THE LAST DAYS OF NATIONAL FREEDOM.

Three days after the battle the decimated but victory-crowned Irish legions broke up camp and marched homewards to their respective provinces, chanting songs of triumph. The Dalcassians (who had suffered terribly in the battle) found their way barred by a hostile prince, Fitzpatrick, lord of Ossory, whose opposing numbers vastly exceeded their effective force, which indeed was barely enough to convey or convoy their wounded homeward to Kincora. In this extremity the wounded soldiers entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be driven into the ground, and suffer each of us, *tied to and supported by one of these stakes*, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds the historian, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops! Never was such another sight exhibited!" Keating's quaint narrative of the event is well worthy of quotation. He says: "Donogh then again gave orders that one-third of his host should be placed on guard as a protection for the wounded, and that the other two-thirds should meet the expected battle. But when the wounded men heard of these orders they sprung up in such haste that their wounds and sores burst open; but they bound them up in moss, and, grasping their lances and their swords, they came thus equipped into the midst of their comrades. Here they requested Donnadh, son of Brian, to send some men to the forest with instructions to bring them a number of strong stakes, which they proposed to have thrust into the ground, 'and to these stakes,' said they, 'let us be bound with our arms in our hands, and let our sons and our kinsmen be stationed by our sides; and let two warriors, who are unwounded, be placed near each one of us wounded, for it is thus that we will help one another with truer zeal, because shame will not allow the sound man to leave his position until his wounded and bound comrade can leave it likewise.' This request was complied with, and the wounded men were stationed after the manner which they had pointed out. And, indeed, that array in which the Dal g-Cais were then drawn was a thing for the mind to dwell upon in admiration, for it was a great and amazing wonder."

Our national minstrel, Moore, has alluded to this episode of the return of the Dalcassians in one of the melodies—

Remember our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
When the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirred not, but conquered and died.
The sun that now blesses our arms with its light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

With the victory of Clontarf the day of Ireland's unity and power as a nation may be said to have ended. The sun of her national greatness, that had been waning previously, set suddenly in a brilliant flash of glory. If we except the eight years immediately following Brian's death, Ireland never more knew the blessing of national unity—never more was a kingdom, in the full sense of the word. Malachy Mor—well worthy of his title "the great"—the good, the magnanimous, the patriotic, and brave king, whom Brian had deposed, was unanimously recalled to the throne after Brian's death. The eight years during which Malachy ruled in this the second term of his sovereignty, were marked by every evidence of kingly ability and virtue on his part. At length, finding death approaching, he retired for greater solitude to an island in Lough Ennel (now called Cormorant Island), whither repaired sorrowfully to his spiritual succor "Amalgaid, Archbishop of Armagh, the abbots of Clonmacnoise

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and of Durrow, and a good train of clergy"; and where, as the old chronicles relate it, "after intense penance, on the fourth of the nones of September, died Malachy, the pillar of the dignity and nobility of the western world."

He was the last "unquestioned" monarch of Ireland. The interval between his death and the landing of Henry the Second (over one hundred and fifty years) was a period of bloody and ruinous contention, that invited—and I had almost said merited—the yoke of a foreign rule. After Malachy's death Brian's younger son, Donogh, claimed the throne; but his claim was scorned and repudiated by a moiety of the princes, who had, indeed, always regarded Brian himself as little better than an usurper, though a brave and a heroic sovereign. Never afterwards was an Ard-Ri fully and lawfully elected or acknowledged. There were frequently two or more claimants assuming the title at the same time, and desolating the country in their contest for sovereignty. Brian had broken the charmed line of regulated succession, that had, as I have already detailed, lasted through nearly two thousand years. His act was the final blow at the already loosened and tottering edifice of centralised national authority. While he himself lived, with his own strong hand and powerful mind to keep all things in order, it was well; no evil was likely to come of the act that supplied a new ground for wasting discords and bloody civil strife. But when the powerful hand and the strong mind had passed away, when the splendid talents that had made even the deposed monarch Malachy bow to their supremacy, no longer availed to bind the kingdom into unity and strength, the miseries that ensued were hopeless. The political disintegration of Ireland was aggravated a thousand-fold. The idea of national unity seemed as completely dead, buried, and forgotten, when the Normans came in, as if it never had existence amongst the faction-split people of Erin.

'Twas self-abasement paved the way
For villain bonds and despot's sway.

Donogh, never acknowledged as Ard-Ri, was driven from even his titular sovereignty by his own nephew, Torlogh. Aged, broken, and weary, he sailed for Rome, where he entered a monastery and ended his life "in penance," as the old chronicles say. It is stated that this Donogh took with him to Rome the crown and the harp of his father, the illustrious Brian, and presented them to the Pope. This donation of his father's diadem to the Pope by Donogh has sometimes been referred to as if it implied a bestowal of the Irish sovereignty: a placing of it, as it were, at the disposal of the Father of Christendom for the best interests of faction-ruined Ireland herself and for the benefit of the Christian religion. Perhaps the Pope was led so to regard it. But the Supreme Pontiff did not know that such a gift was not Donogh's to give. Donogh never owned or possessed the Irish sovereignty: and even if he had been unanimously elected and acknowledged Ard-Ri (and he never was) the Irish sovereignty was a trust to which the Ard-Ri was elected for life, and which he could not donate even to his own son, except by the consent of the Royal Electors and Free Clans of Erin.

(To be continued.)

A MARSHAL FOCH INCIDENT.

Preaching in the Jesuit Church at Farm Street, London, Father Bampton, S.J., related an incident concerning Marshal Foch which he heard from a French chaplain. On the eve of the great offensive the Marshal had called together the generals of divisions to explain his plans for the morrow. On taking leave of them he said: "I have now done all I can; I leave you to do the rest; now I beg to be left undisturbed for the next hour." Soon after an urgent message came through for the Generalissimo. Marshal Foch could not be found at first, until the chaplain, who knew the secret, conducted the messenger to a lonely chapel, where the Marshal was found on his knees in prayer.

IS FRANCE STILL CATHOLIC?

(By GABRIEL M. MENAGER, S.J., in America.)

The legal warfare which has for almost 40 years been waged against Catholic France, and especially against her numerous religious institutions, has been an indictment of the whole people. In outside nations an opinion is current that the French, if not downright irreligious, are at any rate too sceptical, indifferent, and pleasure-loving to think or care much about religion.

Needless to say, German propaganda, in the form of more or less clever lies, was not altogether unsuccessful in bringing numbers of superficial and ignorant persons to form such an opinion. The French, it was asserted again and again, had become a people without stamina, physical, mental, or moral; frivolous and irresponsible to the point of positive folly, and consequently unworthy of the honored place they had won for their country among the sisterhood of nations.

Thank God, these loathsome calumnies are not without an incontestable answer. This is found in the splendid and truly inspiring manner in which the sons of France, from near and far, have rallied around the flag of their country, and since August, 1914, have been pouring out their life blood in the struggle against her ruthless and unscrupulous foes.

May a simple review of facts give at least a partial insight into the real state of affairs and teach the fair-minded not to judge France by her present Government, or by the slanderous statements of her enemies, or even by the countless books translated for exportation and sold under the title of French novels?

"By their *fruits* ye shall know them," is the great test given us by the Master. What must be said of the Catholic spirit of France in view of its splendid achievements? This spirit it is that has produced so many thousands of vocations for the foreign missions and such generous financial help for the same grand cause, while at home the really marvellous things it has accomplished and is still accomplishing would fill pages upon pages.

It has been well said: "Every individual soul is a sealed book." So in a lesser degree is the inner life of a nation. Why, then, judge without having broken the seal? Open the book; investigate. We concede you will find a few blotted pages, but do we not generally judge affairs by a majority, and not by a few isolated instances? We do not doubt that some of the good people whom we have heard stigmatise the French as atheistic would think a person very stupid and unfair indeed were he to judge Ireland's Catholicism by her so-called "Orangemen," or measure her people in the light of her present ruling power. We grant that the French Government has persecuted our French Catholics in every possible way, but we deny that all its efforts have made of that great Catholic country an atheistic people. After all, is not persecution as necessary to the spiritual life of a nation as cultivation of the soil to the seed that has been planted in its bosom? Our Saviour tells us to rejoice when persecuted in His name, for "in the Cross is salvation." The important thing is to stand steadfast and face the enemy courageously, and that France has done. What of all the guilds, "patronages," and associations founded and so splendidly kept up? What of the *Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Francaise*, started 25 years ago, at the suggestion of the great Count Albert de Mun, and numbering in 1914 125,000 disciplined and active workers? It is a society governed by a central council and a president who have their headquarters in Paris, but its members are scattered all over France and are kept closely in touch with the Paris centre. They belong chiefly to the intelligent, well-to-do *bourgeoisie*, or nobility, and to the student world. Some are landed proprietors in the provinces; others engineers, artists, writers, lawyers, doctors, wealthy merchants, or agriculturists; all are cultured, energetic men, determined to extend the reign of God to the best of their ability. The Apostolic spirit is the link that binds the young members of the A.C.J.F. to-

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gether; they purpose to help Catholic France, and to be, wherever their lot is cast, the devoted helpers of the clergy, towards whom their attitude is one of filial deference. After the age of 30 members may continue to belong to the association, but its chief activities are, as its name implies, in the hands of the young.

Another point which is often misunderstood by the partially enlightened critic relates to France's actual educational status. On more than one occasion the writer has heard it remarked: "No wonder France is atheistic; it has no Catholic schools!" A mere glance at what Catholic France has been doing in this line will prove a revelation. The "eldest daughter of the Church" has always made it a law to propagate the Faith, and the greatest means which she has ever used have been the schools. When in 1882 religious instruction was proscribed from the public schools by the laws of laicisation, French Catholics did not forget their role of educators. Faithful to the voice of Leo XIII., they said with the Belgians, "Wherever a public school is built, let us have, across from it, a Catholic school." Huge was the task indeed. Up to the year 1901 the cost of the undertaking amounted to 56,000,000 francs. But the result surpassed all hopes.

In vain, to make things harder, did the Government impose the obligation of a degree before one could be allowed to teach. In 1897 53,502 persons fulfilled all the legal requirements and were admitted to teach in the Catholic schools. This relative triumph must needs bring retaliation, but also new victories. After the laws of 1901 and 1904, which refused all legal existence to teaching, religious Orders and all non-authorized congregations, free schools—i.e., Catholic schools—were closed by the thousands. Thanks, however, to the charity of the men and women of France, and also to the daring initiative of the religious teachers, who gave up wearing the religious dress to be able to keep the Faith alive in the hearts of the young, these schools sprang up again and became more numerous than before. Strange to say, even since 1910, the number of pupils in the Catholic schools has steadily been increasing. Referring to the statistics of one of the late years, we find an increase of three schools per 1017 pupils for the public schools, whilst for the Catholic schools the number goes up to nine per 1028 pupils. Is not this result remarkable, especially in view of all the hardships that had to be encountered? The schools are due to the deep religious vitality of France, which has manifested itself even in other ways. It may come as a surprise to readers to learn that on the actual Front in Champagne, in the devastated villages, it is the German guns alone which succeed in taking the crucifix out of the public schools. Taken down by the Government authorities, the *municipalités* one after the other took pride in replacing and keeping there the precious sign of our salvation. It is also very consoling to see how little patronised, in certain regions, are the public schools. Between 1909 and 1910, for instance, in Ile-et-Vilaine, Loire-Inférieure, and Mayenne the number of pupils lost by the public schools and gained by the Catholic schools was 1000; 3000 in the departments of Côtes du Nord and Maine-et-Loire. La Vendée, the country of the Chouans, should be put in a separate place, with a record of nearly 9000 for six years.

It is not a little amusing to note the statistics in some departments. For instance, in one of the regions of the west there are 24 public schools without a single pupil, and 23 having each three pupils, and 46 having only five. In certain towns of the same locality we find—

140 pupils in Catholic schools as against	20 in public schools.
160 " " " " " "	8 " " "
140 " " " " " "	2 " " "
85 " " " " " "	0 " " "
105 " " " " " "	0 " " "

These reckonings are merely local, but they, nevertheless, prove how active the old spirit of practical religious life still is in that great country whose glorious title of eldest daughter of the Church has ever been her proudest boast. We ask her critics to investigate and get familiar with things French and they will soon

be persuaded that France, although the Government is on the whole atheistic, as a people is still Catholic.

THE LIBERATION OF PALESTINE

(An interview with COL. SIR MARK SYKES, BART. M.P.)

The newsboys along Whitehall were going by, shouting out the latest reports of the driving out of the Turk from the Holy Land. In a cavernous room, somewhere amid the solemn and interminable corridors of the British House of Commons, Col. Sir Mark Sykes was speaking about the significance of the liberation of Palestine by the British Armies under General Sir Edmund Allenby. Sir Mark Sykes speaks of the Eastern question from his own personal knowledge. He has travelled extensively in the Turkish Provinces of Asia, and he has served as Honorary Attaché at



LIEUT.-COL. SIR MARK SYKES, M.P.

Constantinople. The results of his travels and experiences are to be found in the seven volumes that appear under his name, all dealing with the Turkish dominance in the East. In the Boer War Sir Mark Sykes served through the entire campaign with the 3rd Battalion of the Yorkshire Militia, and the two blue chevrons on the right cuff of his service tunic are the outward token that he has served two years overseas with the British Forces in the present war. The Turk had just been cleared out of Nazareth, and was in full flight across the Jordan, and Sir Mark was asked whether the present occupation of the Holy Land by the British Forces could, with any degree of accuracy, be said to be the final achievement of the task the Crusaders set out to accomplish. His answer was emphatic, and negative. The war is not a Crusade, and the Turk has not been driven out because he is an unbeliever, but simply because he is the Turk.

"The liberation of Palestine by the British Armies," Sir Mark said, "has nothing whatever to do with the driving out of one religion, and its displacement by another. What it means, briefly, is that the Holy Land has changed hands in circumstances entirely different to any that have prevailed hitherto. There is, actually, no similarity whatever between the action that has just taken place and the events that happened centuries ago. Palestine has changed hands, that is all! It has changed hands before, but the conditions were entirely different. In the Babylonian times the land was invaded, the Jews were driven into

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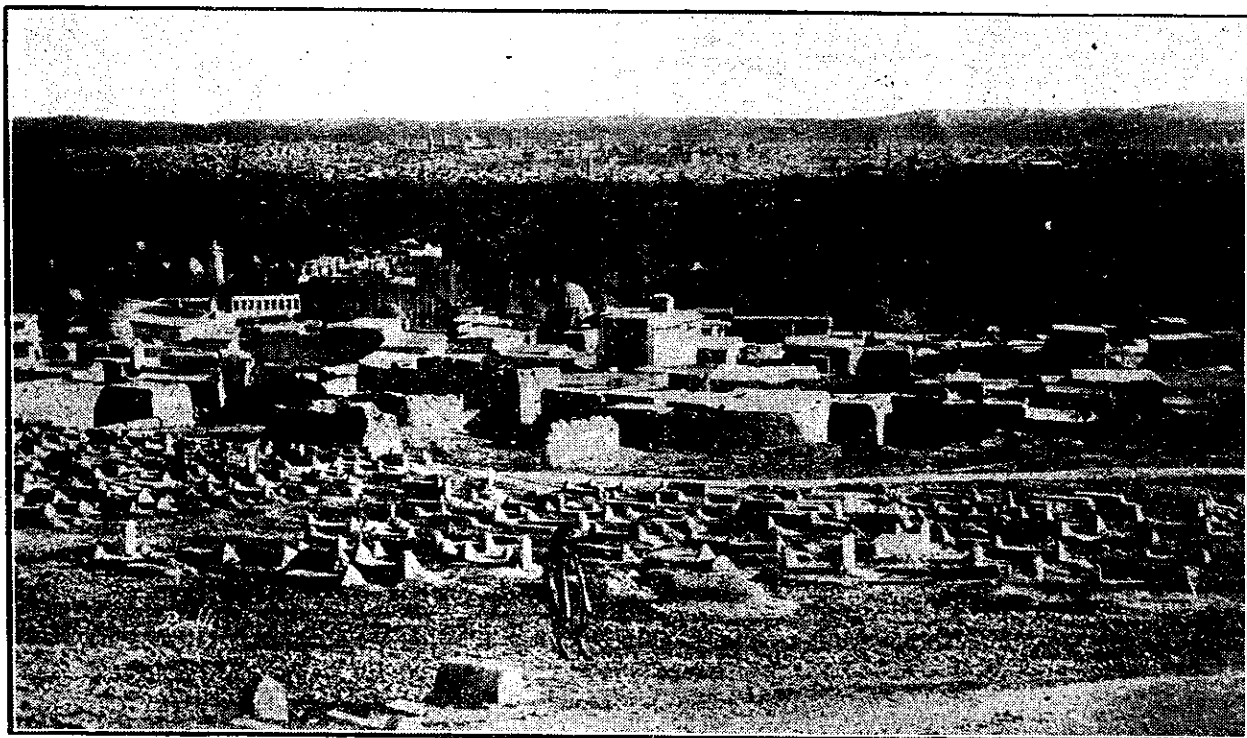
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exile, and when the days of their captivity were over they were allowed to return. That process of changing hands meant that the nation was driven out from its fatherland. It changed hands again in Graeco-Roman times, when the conquerors established themselves and the people were dispersed. Since that time Palestine has passed from one domination to another. The Byzantines established themselves there, and they gave place to the Arabs. The Crusaders held it, and from them it passed to the Moslems, who in turn yielded it to the Mameluk, who lost it to the Turk. The process went on. The Turk gave way to the Egyptian, and the Egyptian to the French.

"Sometimes Palestine was taken by one race from another race; by one religion from another religion; by one imperial power from another imperial power. But now we have seen happen to Palestine what has never happened before. It has not been conquered, nor has it been invaded, as the term is generally understood. With the free consent of its whole population—a consent which I may say has been given without a single exception,—it has been occupied by the forces of civilisation and liberty in the name of freedom and humanity. And that is why I say that

have been found riding at the right hand of General Allenby, like those noble emirs who recently entered Damascus riding in company with the British Forces. The most significant thing about the victory of General Allenby is that it is at once the realisation of the ideal of Judas Maccabaeus, of Khaled the Sword of God, and of Godfroi de Bouillon. The essential things these three great heroes strove for have been realised in this crowning victory of General Allenby. It brings to pass the realisation of the ideals that Palestine should afford not only a national home for the Jewish people, but also a spiritual focus for the Hebrew national ideal. Another result of the clearing of the enemy from Palestine will be that the way is open for the spread of the Arabic civilisation, which in ancient times radiated science, art, and literature from its capital at Damascus, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Wall of China. Christendom sees in the event a victory for those elements which were represented by the orthodoxy of Heraklaeus, the enthusiasm of St. Bernard, and the devotion to the gospel of Wicliffe and John Bunyan. The Englishman feels a national pride when he considers that the great event has been brought to pass by an Englishman, with the consent



VIEW FROM THE SALHIEH, THE PLACE FROM WHICH MAHOMMED SAW DAMASCUS (Catholic War News Service).

it is not the final achievement of the Crusades. Nor is the liberation of Palestine an imperialistic victory, nor is it a national triumph; though it has in it something of these things. It is not a victory of one creed over another creed, of one race over another race, nor of one Government over another Government. It is the fulfilment of the Crusades in so far as the essential purposes of the Crusades have been accomplished—that is, that the Holy Places are safe and religious freedom is guaranteed. The clearing out of the Turk from Palestine is a matter of great satisfaction to both Christians and Jews. This satisfaction is equally shared by every Moslem, for each of his holy places is preserved inviolate, and every *wakf*—that is, a pious bequest made by devout Moslems for charitable purposes—is now secure from the rapacious inroads of an alien and corrupt bureaucracy. The Arabic language, which is the language of the people, is no longer proscribed in the schools, and the Moslem is now able to plead his cause in court before a judge who understands his language. The Palestine Arab, whether he is a Christian or a Moslem, now enjoys a freedom that was unknown to him before; his liberty is safeguarded in every way. If Saladin were alive to-day he would

and approval and co-operation of every one of our Allies, on behalf of the whole of mankind. The Irishman, too, has his share in the pride of this achievement, when he learns that the keystone in the arch of Turkish resistance was broken by the infantry corps under the command of that gallant Catholic Irishman, Major-General Bulfin, who might have been seen kneeling at the midnight Mass in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem last Christmas, the first Christmas since 1186 when the Christian soldier, armed and spurred, stood a conqueror on the threshold of that ancient and holy place. There are some people who see in the events of our times the fulfilment of prophecy. For them there is this amazing consideration. On September 28 of this year a battle was fought on the Field of Armageddon. Those who took part in this battle were Jews, Arabs, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Indians, Egyptians and Armenians, negroes from the British West Indies and South Africa. There were South Africans, Australians, and New Zealanders—all arrayed against Germans, Austrians, and the Turk. The great war is not won yet, though its end comes more and more in sight as the days pass.

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Current Topics

Where Do We Stand?

We read in the daily papers that a new era for civilisation is about to begin after the horrors of the great war. We are told by one political liar that he is striving to make the world safe for democracy by freeing those small nations which he is not paid by Orangemen for keeping in servitude; another tells us of the freedom of the seas to which he will agree provided that it means what he means; minor lights talk of the fleet of new ships and of the soaring airplanes that are to link up the centres of civilisation and make the brotherhood of man a reality. And, generally speaking, there was never a time when so much utter bosh is talked right throughout the whole world. As a matter of fact where do we stand? Have we made any progress at all? Does the fact that airplanes can fly from Woolloomooloo to Timbuctoo, and that Moritz Mond was able to become an English Minister in war time mean progress? It is surely an idea of the decadence and the ignorance of our age that when we speak of perfection we mean the perfection of a petrol engine, and when we speak of Progress we mean some new means of putting money in some capitalist's pocket. Telephones and telegrams, airplanes and seaplanes bring men closer together and make it easier to get at one another's pockets, but it is about time we realised that civilisation is not progress of that sort. Neither robbery nor jobbery nor snobbery means advance for mankind. But it seems we are so keen on the advance of machinery that the men do not matter: as a matter of fact it is the way of the rich to regard the men as inexpensive machines and nothing more. Progress? Do we not stand as far apart as ever? Is not the brotherhood of man a dream still? Was there ever a time that the arrogance of Governments, the hypocrisies of Lloyd Georges, the ineptitudes of Bonar Laws, the autocracy of men who have long purses created so much hatred between class and class? In what other age could a war be so bloody and so cruel and so inhuman as the war that has ended? Was there ever so much underhand plotting, so many broken pledges, so many downright lies? At the root of all the trouble lies the lust of men for power and gold: and it is because our States to-day teach men that nothing else matters that such wars and such conduct are possible. Not only have modern Governments left the people without guiding principles but they have set them upon a wrong direction and taught them to make their last end of things that lead inevitably to war and strife. Luxury is now a virtue, deceit and chicanery a branch of mercantile training, political economy has become a science of selfishness. The plain truth is that mankind was never as far from perfection before and that the only progress we have made is on the road to destruction. That the end of man is the love and service of God, and that he must work out his destiny here by loving his neighbor is a forgotten truth. People and Governments have no time for God: God does not pay. Instead of the stern sanction of the Ten Commandments a Minister of Education will give a sickly lecture on *esprit de corps* or on honor and ideals: he knows no better and the teachers who suffer his presence in their schools know no better. And that is Progress! The plain truth is that our Government and others like it are leading men away from Christ. And unless you are ready to admit that going rapidly to the devil is Progress we are not progressing. We are doing the other thing most successfully. And foremost in the procession walks a figurehead marching pompously to the tune of "Boyne Water." God save New Zealand!

The Just Aspirations of the People

In the sane suggestion as a basis of peace the Pope laid down that the arrangement to be decided by the League of Nations must take into account the just

aspirations of the people of every nation. After duly accusing the Pope of being a pro-German the British press adopted this very suggestion as soon as the ideas of the Pope had been plagiarised by President Wilson, whom, once a weakling and a pedant (according to the same British press), is now an angel of light. The British Government is in accord with the press either because the press is the tool of the Government or because the politicians who get to the top of the greasy pole are the mannequins of the millionaires who control the press. And therefore politicians and pressmen alike display a commendable speculative anxiety for the interests of oppressed people, provided always that the oppressed people are not those oppressed by the British Government. For Poland and for Belgium Northcliffe and Lloyd George weep copiously and artistically. But for Ireland they have no tears to shed. Yet Ireland is a nation in far truer sense than Belgium or even than England. The Irish people are a nation if there is a nation on earth to-day, as distinct from a conglomeration of all races such as may be found in America and England; they have a unity and a solidarity that neither England nor America possess; and the best proof of their nationality is that they have fought incessantly against the tyranny of England for long centuries in defence of their national ideals. While professing to the laughing world that they are fighting for small nations the Northcliffe-made Ministers are doing all in their power to kill Ireland still. The unspeakable stupidity of adding the insult of an attempt to enforce conscription to the outrages of broken pledges and torn scraps of paper which make up the record of English misrule in Ireland is only eclipsed by the attacks made on the Irish bishops by that asinine body called the Catholic Union of England. And, as might be expected from a nation which entered into a disgraceful plot to prevent the greatest moral force in the world from having a share in promoting peace, the loyalty of the Irish Hierarchy to their native land and their bold attitude in the face of persecution brought forth once more a storm of No-Popery abuse that is the last word in Anglo-Saxon blindness and effrontery. Conscription was passed in Canada by wretched trickery and shameful chicanery. Australia made it clear through the voice of her brave soldiers that she would have no driven slaves in her army. South Africa set her face against militarism; and Ireland was reviled by every rag in the Empire in the pay of Northcliffe because she would not allow the Government that oppresses her in deference to the will of a bigoted Orange rabble to put its uniform on her sons. If England had given Ireland Home Rule and kept her pledged word there would have been no trouble. If a little sanity had replaced the enormous madness which has characterised the dealings of people like Lloyd George with Ireland there would have been no need to talk about conscription for Ireland. Even yet, if British statesmen attained to sanity and made a reasonable attempt to do justice to the nation they have so cruelly wronged it is quite certain that Irishmen would be found ready and willing to flock to the colors to fight for France and Belgium. It is too much to expect them ever to fight for an Empire which has taken the bit from their mouths and ground them beneath the heel of Protestant bigotry. The latest brilliant effort of the Government to infuriate Irishmen and drive them to rebellion was the declaration that the Gaelic League and Sinn Fein are dangerous societies. This move is something like the Prussianism which we have been told was practised on another small nation by other members of the great Saxon family. *Quos deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

Stiggins

Swift explained how it was that the dignitaries of the Church of Ireland, that State institution foisted on a Catholic people by the tyranny of England, were as a rule such "characters," in the following manner. A number of respectable, holy men were appointed, and when they were wending their way across Hounslow

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Heath, on their journey to Dublin, they fell in with a gang of cut-throats and highwaymen, who robbed and murdered the travellers, invested themselves in the brand new pontificals, and proceeded to Ireland, where they were consecrated by mistake. How, we wonder, would he explain Stiggins? From Dickens we know who Stiggins is. He is a man of side-lines. He makes a good thing out of widows and devout females who are possessed of some cash. Ostensibly he is a preacher of the Gospel, but the side-line is predominant. And as a rule the side-line that pays best in No-Popery. To define Stiggins more clearly let us say that he is a sort of hanger-on in the ministry, a sort of nondescript fringe that very often brings the good and learned ministers of the Churches in too close connection with the mud. The learned men, the zealous men, the charitable men of all Churches go quietly on their way, disgusted with Stiggins. Very many of them, from time to time, tell us (privately of course!) of their disgust and repudiation of his antics. But there he is all the same; and when he speaks he pretends to speak even for them that tell us how they detest him. If they would only come out in public and tell all the people what they think of Stiggins it would be well done; but for some reason that we will not attempt to explore they have never been known to do that act of grace. So Stiggins flourishes, and howls amain, and tells the world that he is speaking for all Protestants. Stiggins does a lot of harm. He takes up a side-line and runs it with a magnificent ignorance, and a shameless parade of that ignorance which not unfrequently gets him into trouble. At times he displays a wild disregard for truth, and tears the Ten Commandments to scraps of paper: for instance, when he goes about calumniating dead nuns. And even then the marvelous thing about him is that those to whom he "hangs on" will not come out in public and repudiate him for his blackguardism. It is often left to a magistrate to do it. At times the brother of a girl who has been calumniated takes the law—and a horsewhip—into his own hands. Honest, God-fearing Protestant laymen will say out boldly what they think of such infamous conduct; and still the very men who are most injured by the conduct of Stiggins, the men to whom he "hangs on," have not a word to say! Stiggins is a holy terror on a platform, surrounded by weak-minded dupes. As a historical acrobat he is a wonder. He forgets as a rule that a certain Book tells us that the test of Christian sincerity is charity for our neighbors; but he never forgets what a street-walker called Maria Monk or a renegade named Chiniquy said. In an ordinary man his statements before the footlights would be promptly dismissed as barefaced lies, for an ordinary man would not be ignorant that such things as he says have been proved false again and again. But Stiggins is ignorant: that is his rationale—ignorance so crass and supine and affected that he does not know enough even to be able to tell a lie. A man who tells a lie states something that he knows not to be true; but Stiggins knows nothing except that any fool who attacks Catholics is well paid. So he thrives and waxes fat, living on the fringe of the Churches which for some inexplicable reason tolerate him, little knowing the disgrace he brings upon them. Now one could easily reckon the number of Stigginses in this Dominion; but it would be a wise man who would compute how many benighted people in this Dominion are taught the creed of hate by Stiggins; it would be a wiser man who would compute how much Stiggins makes out of his trade—side-line, we mean;—and the wisest man of all would be the one who could explain why the respectable, learned, God-fearing ministers who come to us and tell us sympathetically how deeply they sympathise with us on account of the antics of Stiggins have not the courage and straightforwardness to make a public profession of their contempt for the side-line man. That explanation is still to seek. If we had it we could understand many things that we do not at present.

Workmen and the Church

"How draw workmen to Church?" asks Vida D Scudder in the *American Church Monthly*. She pictures herself asking the question at a meeting of religious and social workers, and tells us that the answer would be: "The Roman Catholics do it." "Their church is on the same block with my home in Vermont; there are five Masses on Sunday. The people come pouring out, more than half of them men. Crowds of men," says one speaker. "It is the same near me," says another. "I hear the patter of their feet at six o'clock in the morning." As to the fact that Catholic men are the best, and practically the only, churchgoers of the male persuasion, there is no denying it. What is the reason? The writer again pictures the assembly debating the point and offering tentative explanations. "It is the discipline," says one. "It is enforced confession," says another. "It is catching the children," says another. In comment *America*, our efficient and worthy Catholic contemporary, says:—

"But what compulsion can the Church exercise over the free, intelligent, wide-awake American working-man to make him accept her discipline? Why should he sacrifice his Saturday evening as well as his Sunday morning to attend to the welfare of his soul by confessing his sins in anticipation of the Holy Communion on the morrow? As for the children, it is one thing to catch them, and quite another to hold them when they have grown up into maturity. The mystery has only been made more insoluble for the Protestant mind. But there is a solution. And it can be no other than the fact that the Catholic Church not merely dates back historically through her unbroken line of Pontiffs, to the days of Christ and the Apostles, but that she is the only Church that has preserved intact every word of His teaching and every institution of His Divine love for man. At the stable of Bethlehem, in the workshop of Nazareth, beneath the Cross on Calvary she has learned to make her own the poor and lowly of the earth. In Christ Himself, the Carpenter of Nazareth, she has beheld the dignity of labor. The fullness of His spirit, His teachings and His Sacraments can be found with her alone."

The words of our contemporary give us the ultimate reason why the Catholic Church can hold her children when they grow up, whether they be rich or poor—why she can hold the poor especially, for it is not the humble and the lowly who desert her, but rather the rich whose eyes are blinded and who have divided their allegiance in trying to serve God and Mammon. But we are convinced that the proximate reason was indicated by one of the imaginary speakers who said, "*It is catching the children.*" That is the real strength of the Church. At the cost of immeasurable sacrifices she has made it her aim to catch the children. When other Churches have bent their necks in State idolatry the Catholic Church has insisted that it is her duty to see that children are brought up in schools which put the last end of man in its proper perspective and teach the young folk that it will not profit a man anything to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his own soul. God gave to Christian parents a duty and a right to see that their children are brought up Christians; and the Catholic Church alone has stood for that right and refuses to traffic with immortal souls. While other Churches are satisfied to allow the children to attend schools where vague ideals of Progress and Culture and poetic abstractions are put in place of the immutable laws of God which teach that sin is wrong and that vice is punished and that only by God's grace can we resist temptation, the Catholic Church has provided schools wherein children are impressed with the fear and love of God and taught the true philosophy of life in a little book, called the Catechism, in which the conclusions of the greatest minds of Christianity are set out in simple language such as a child may understand; and it is thus that the unlettered Catholic man or woman has the answer to the problems which baffle scientists and scholars, as well as the key to the right formation of character which infidel educationists strive for in vain. So that the Catholic child leaves

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school convinced that God is above all things and that He is watching over all, that God will reward the good and punish the wicked, that to serve God by loving Him and by loving our neighbor is the most important thing in the world, while other children go forth into the world having learned that religion is a thing of little importance, often sneered at by teachers and hardly thought worth while bothering about by the State which is the God of those teachers. And thus, from a practical point of view it is the schools that matter: it is catching the children that fills the Catholic churches and it is neglecting them that leaves others empty. As we have more than once remarked, there are signs that the eyes of the heads of other Churches are being opened. Men who profess to be Christian ministers are realising that they are worshipping the State as well as God.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, CHRISTCHURCH

B.P. Bro. J. M. Coffey presided at the half-yearly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, held in the Hibernian Hall on Monday evening, January 13. Fathers Long (chaplain) and Fogarty were present, and there was also a full roll of officers and a good attendance of members. The amount of sick pay disbursed was £14 5s 1d, and accounts totalling £13 2s were passed for payment. Three candidates were nominated for membership and one member was initiated. The election of officers for the ensuing six months resulted as follows:—President, Bro. J. M. Coffey; vice-president, Bro. T. P. O'Rourke; secretary, Bro. M. Grimes; assistant secretary, Bro. M. Mannix; treasurer, Bro. W. P. Daly; warden, Bro. L. Courtney; guardian, Bro. A. F. Jarman; sick visitors, Bros. J. McCormick and L. Haughey; auditors, Bros. M. Garty and E. Wall; delegates to Catholic Federation, Bros. M. Grimes and M. Mannix; delegates to U.F.S. Dispensary, Bros. M. Grimes and G. Dobbs; delegate to U.F.S. Council, Bro. M. Grimes (who is secretary to that body); delegates to U.F.S. Benevolent Fund, Bros. M. J. O'Connor, J. McCormick, and A. F. Jarman. The various officers were installed by the District Deputy, Bro. D. P. O'Shaughnessy. The valuation report, together with balance sheet as received from the Government actuary, showed the branch to have considerably advanced from a solvent standpoint since the last report was presented. The business was then adjourned till the 27th inst., when the notices of motion tabled on the agenda paper for the district meeting in Auckland will be fully dealt with. After closing the ordinary business the president (Bro. Coffey) made eulogistic reference to the devoted and untiring services rendered to the branch by P.P. Bro. J. Jacques, and asked Father Long to present him with a P.P. collar on behalf of the branch. In

doing so, as chaplain, Father Long expressed his pleasure at this recognition extended to Bro. Jacques by his fellow-Hibernians. He spoke of the fidelity of the recipient in attending to the very many duties he had been entrusted with and the able manner in which he had performed them; and wished Bro. Jacques many years of good health to wear the beautiful collar he had received that evening. Many of the brothers present endorsed the remarks of the president and chaplain, and when the deservedly popular P.P. rose to respond he was greeted with applause. Bro. Jacques feelingly expressed his appreciation of the gift, and in the course of his remarks urged the younger members to aspire to office in the branch. The speeches were interspersed with musical items, and the proceedings closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

ELECTION OF MOTHER-GENERAL.

The election of a new Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart, in succession to the late Mother Baptista, was an important event that brought to the Mother House in Mount Street, North Sydney, representatives from all parts of the Commonwealth (says an exchange). His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney presided at the election, and for many hours the council sat before the final unanimous vote was given which placed Sister Mary Lawrence in the high position. Born in Co. Clare, Ireland, she came to Australia when still a girl, and quickly realised the need there was for nuns to carry on successfully the scheme for educational work, as well as organising great institutions for orphans and the destitute. She found that her vocation meant joining the band of nuns which represented the new Australian Order in Central Queensland, in New Zealand, but especially in South Australia, where she lived prior to entering the community. Her devotion to religion and education is now fully recognised and appreciated. Her years in these various centres have borne good fruit; her tact, her kindness and genuine sympathy for the poor and distressed made her many friends. Of late years she has been acting as local Superior in Mount Street, and has gained the respect and confidence of all who came in contact with her. Under her prudent leadership the St. Joseph nuns are sure to flourish as in the days of Mother Mary Bernard and Mother M. Baptista.

In proportion as we possess sufficient evidence to know the truth, Almighty God will require us to give an account of that truth at the Last Day (says Cardinal Manning). We must then give an account both of what we have known and what we have not known, the reason why we have not known that which we might have known.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

January 25.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea returned on Tuesday last from the south.

A Solemn Requiem Mass will be offered at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, on Wednesday, February 12, for the repose of the souls of Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis, who died during the recent influenza epidemic.

Father Bartley, S.M., M.A., invalided home after service with the Expeditionary Forces, and who subsequently spent some time in Australia for health-recruiting purposes, recently arrived in Wellington. He preached at St. Anne's Church on last Sunday evening, and gave an interesting account of his experiences in France, where he ministered to some 500 New Zealand Catholic soldiers, whose conduct and splendid Catholicity were the admiration and edification of the French people. These boys were always prepared for death, and he assured those who mourned the loss of relatives that their boys died fully prepared to meet their Maker. He eulogised the work of the French nuns, who displayed conspicuous bravery. Right from the beginning of the war to the end these nuns were in the war zone, witnessing all sorts of human distress. How they survived when the most hardened of soldiers could not withstand it was miraculous. The officers and men moved about and enjoyed short respites and furlough leave, whereas these brave nuns remained at their posts right through that long and awful period. The bravest man he met was the good cure of Nieppe, who displayed remarkable coolness and courage in the gravest of dangers. He feelingly referred to the death of Father McMenamin, to the temporary burial of his remains, exhumation, and re-burial in the vault provided for the cures of a parish in France.

I very much regret to record the death of Mrs. M. A. Madden, relict of John Madden, a well-known officer of the New Zealand Police Force, which occurred suddenly at her residence, Coombe Street, Wellington, on last Monday. The deceased lady was born in Ireland, and arrived in New Zealand with her husband and family early in the 'eighties. She was a staunch Catholic, and reared a large family of sons and daughters. The sons are Messrs. Maurice (Auckland), Thomas, John, Richard, and David Madden (Wellington). Among the daughters, of whom there are five, are Mesdames T. Brennan (Nelson) and Manning (Wellington). The youngest son (Lieutenant David Madden), after being wounded, arrived from the Front on Tuesday, the day after the demise of his mother. The interment took place at Mount Street Cemetery. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., officiated at the church, and Father Buckley, S.M., at the graveside. Very Rev. Dean Lane, Lower Hutt also assisted.—R.I.P.

Advice has been received that his Grace Archbishop Redwood, who has been in Australia for some time, and whose return to New Zealand has been delayed through the shipping trouble, now intends to remain there a little longer, as he has been requested to assist at the consecration, on Sunday, February 2, of Dr. Nicholas, lately appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Fiji. His Grace Archbishop Redwood is to preach the consecration sermon.

Another old resident of St. Joseph's parish, Te Aro, in the person of Mrs. Beveridge, of Kent Terrace, passed away at her residence on Tuesday last, after a long illness, borne with Christian resignation. The deceased lady, who was in her eighty-first year, was a staunch Catholic and reared a large family. Mr. J. Beveridge, of Wellington South, and Mrs. O'Goff, of Berhampore, are members of the family. Two grandsons are serving with the Expeditionary Forces. The interment took place on Thursday.—R.I.P.

While the members of the French Mission were in Wellington they were waited upon by Father Nicolas,

a visiting Syrian priest, and a deputation representative of the Syrian community of Wellington. Reference was made to the traditional links of sympathy between France and Syria, and to proofs of friendship given to France during the war. On behalf of the deputation Father Nicolas presented General Pau with a handsome Maori-carved pipe, for which the illustrious soldier returned his deep thanks. In addition, Father Nicolas has received the following letter from General Pau:—
"Dear Father Nicolas,—I desire to thank you very much, and to ask you to convey to your Syrian friends my most cordial thanks for the visit you paid me this afternoon and for the fine present which you left with me. As I told you, the ties of sympathy which link France and Syria are traditional. I know they have continued during the great war: and I sincerely trust that they will do so in the future. On behalf of the French Mission and of my country I thank you, and I want to express to you all by best wishes for the happiness of Syria and the Syrians."

The following mention in the *Gazette* refers to Sergeant-Major Du Flou, an ex-pupil of St. Patrick's College, who was awarded the Military Medal:—
"8/3807, Company Sergeant-Major L. L. J. Du Flou, Otago Regiment, organised and led personally, through an intense barrage, parties of carriers and kept the Lewis gunners and bombers of the front line well supplied with munitions, though suffering himself severely from the shock of a shell explosion. Later, he assisted in carrying out the relief of the company, which had lost all its platoon officers, displaying admirable qualities of organisation and initiative."

In last Saturday's junior cricket championship matches Marist Brothers' Old Boys defeated Petone by an innings and 82 runs. The scores were: Marist 233 (Hanratty 38, Hayden 32, FitzGerald 28, Waller 21, Costelloe 21, and Carruthers 19); Petone 84 and 67. Bowling for Marist, Carruthers took six wickets for 20 runs, and three wickets for 19 runs, Hayden six for 46, Waller two for 14.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

January 27.

Rev. V. Geaney, S.M., D.D., of Greenmeadows Seminary, is the guest of Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., and preached at St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening last.

The extensions to Villa Maria Boarding School, controlled by the Sisters of Mercy, at Riccarton, are now nearing completion. The extra accommodation provided will be greatly appreciated by the staff and students.

The annual garden fete in aid of the Cathedral parish schools funds will be held on Saturday, February 15.

Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., is at present on a visit to Greymouth.

At the ordinary meeting of St. Matthew's (Ladies) branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, held on last Monday evening, one new member was initiated and three candidates were nominated for membership. Sister E. Rodgers was appointed delegate on the Dispensary Committee.

The Marist Brothers of the South Island, as well as part of the Brothers' teaching staff of Wellington, concluded their annual retreat on Thursday last. On Sunday afternoon they were taken for a motor drive, in company with representatives of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society and the Celtic Club. The route chosen was through Cashmere, Halswell, Tai Tapu, and Lincoln, returning via Fendalton. During the run calls were made at the residences of Mr. A. C. Nottingham and Mr. O. McGough, the party being cordially and hospitably received. The outing was most enjoyable, and the Brothers expressed their hearty thanks for the kindness shown them. The trip was due to

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CHIEF CONSPIRATOR.

MR. ASQUITH'S SPIRITED REPLY TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Speaking at Huddersfield, London, in support of the candidature of Mr. E. Woodhead, Mr. Asquith, as reported in our recent exchanges, asked why that gentleman was being opposed, and said it was because he would not pledge himself to run in blinkers. He regretted to say this was not an isolated case. Some of the best Liberals whom he had known—some members of Parliament who had been fighting for their country—were being proscribed in the name of what were called a coalition, though since the withdrawal of Labor that had ceased to be its appropriate title. (Hear, hear.)

What was the offence of those members of the Liberal Party—what had they done to deserve ostracism, and to have Tories preferred before them? Their sole offence was that they had refused to bind themselves by a blind pledge in advance to be the docile items which were needed to make what was called a reliable majority.

The Irish Members.

The Coalition said they must have a reliable majority, and by way of illustration of its necessity the Prime Minister at Wolverhampton selected one example from the history of the last Parliament. The Prime Minister said that during the last two years they had experienced difficulties, and in particular a difficulty about securing unity of command, and that the Irish members were begged to come over to help to overthrow the Government. "I cannot," said the Prime Minister, "trust that sort of business." "Though," continued Mr. Asquith, "I regret that a statement historically so baseless should have been made, I am rather glad to have the opportunity of referring to this matter. If there was a conspiracy to overthrow the Government, I suppose I must have been the chief conspirator (laughter), for it was my motion to which reference is being made. It was a motion made by me, and I will say at once that there is no act in the whole of my Parliamentary life, now extending over more than 30 years, for which I am less repentant or ashamed. Conspiracy to overthrow the Government, forsooth. Why, as a matter of fact, I have been doing, as my countrymen know, everything in my power to assist and support the Government in what was undoubtedly the most perilous and critical military situation of the war.

The Conscription Proposals.

This happened in May. In the preceding month of April, when matters were even worse

"the Government, on the very morrow of the report of the Irish Convention, introduced their ill-advised and inopportune proposal, from which such disastrous consequences have flown, to apply conscription to Ireland."

I pointed out to them in the House of Commons more than once the folly of what they were about. I predicted the consequences." Explaining why he would not vote against them on that issue, Mr. Asquith quoted from his speech in the House on April 12, and humorously observed that some of his friends were very much alarmed. He dared say some of the stalwarts thought he was degenerating into a mealy-mouthed dotard, but he had to take the risk of that. (Loud cheers.) The Prime Minister said the "crisis" had to do with unity of command, but it had nothing whatever to do with unity of command.

The history of the unity of command would have to be written one of these days. Unity of command

came into existence under stress of battle a few days after the German offensive began. At the time of General Maurice's letter it was an accomplished fact, and had been in operation, without criticism from anybody, for nearly six weeks.

It was a complete travesty, he would venture to say a grotesque and inexcusable travesty, to say that the debate and division had anything in the world to do with unity of command.

"The Coalition Label."

If an occasion of the kind were to recur, anybody who accepted the Coalition label would be told that he was bound to suppress his judgment and his instinct of fairness and justice at the risk of being told that he was a mutineer and had broken faith with the constituency that returned him. (Hear, hear.)

"I would," exclaimed Mr. Asquith with great emphasis, "rather never sit in the House of Commons again, much as I prize and value a seat there—and every Liberal must feel the same in his heart of hearts—than sit in it under conditions so humiliating as to reduce members to practical impotence." (Loud cheers.)

WEDDING BELLS

DAY—EMMS.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Takaka, on New Year's Day. The contracting parties were Miss Hilda Emms, daughter of Mr. Arthur Emms, a very old resident of Takaka, and Mr. Francis M. Day, of Westport. Father McGrath, S.M., officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a gown of ivory crepe de chine trimmed with real lace and pearls. The bridesmaids (Miss Florrie Emms and Miss M. Day) were attired alike in dresses of ivory mousseline de soie, with black picture hats touched with pink. Mr. Charles J. Emms and Mr. George Boshier, two wounded returned soldiers, acted as best man and groomsmen respectively. The beautiful bouquet carried by the bride was the gift of Miss Ella Baigent, of East Takaka. The bridal party and numerous guests assembled after the ceremony at the bride's parents' residence, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of in a large marquee erected in the grounds. A short toast list was honored, and a special toast was accorded to Mrs. S. J. Reilly, the grandmother of the bride. Many valuable and useful presents, including several cheques (one being marked especially for the purchase of a piano for their new home), were received by the happy couple. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold wristlet watch, and to each of the bridesmaids he gave a gold chain and pendant. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold and cameo ring. Mr. and Mrs. Day left subsequently by car on their way to their new home in Westport. The bride's travelling dress was a navy tailor-made costume with a pink crepe de chine hat.

NEW CHAIR OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

A few months ago the course of religious instruction, for which a chair was recently established by a Frenchman, a member of a religious Order, in the Gregorian University at Rome, was inaugurated with applications for admission. Not only University students and young men who have finished their intermediate course applied, but also a number of adults who are known to be men of learning and culture. It is believed that the new chair will have the effect of bringing many laymen into closer contact with Christian philosophy and the theories of the Church on delicate points in science. The new chair will to some extent have the effect which the teaching at the Universities of the Middle Ages in Italy had when each of them had a chair of theology frequented by laymen. As *La Civiltà Cattolica* remarks, it was this that enabled a layman like Dante to write so profoundly on theological questions.

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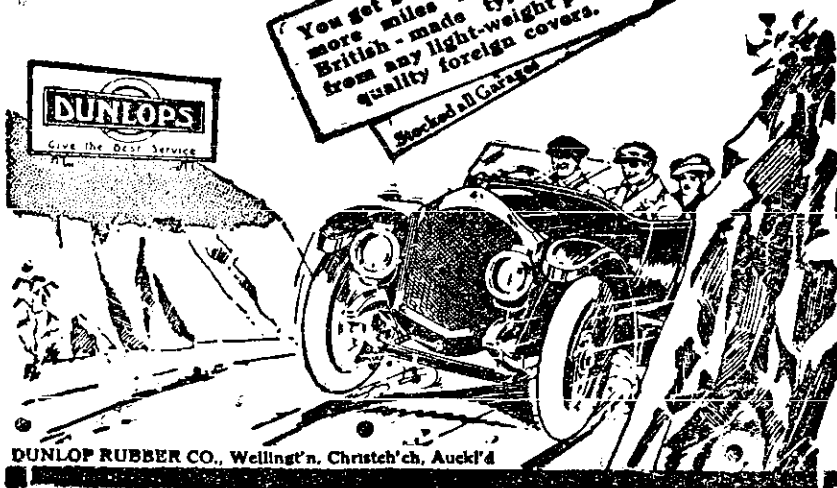
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BABY FARMING

A SCATHING CONDEMNATION.

At yesterday's meeting of the Wellington Hospital and Charitable Aid Board (says the *Dominion* in its issue of January 24) Mr. F. T. Moore moved—"That the board takes into immediate consideration the imperative need for the establishment of a permanent home for all foundling and indigent children in lieu of the existing evil system of farming out such children in congested, unclean, and unsuitable private homes."

Mr. Moore, in moving the above motion, said that everyone knew the value of home association and environment on children, and he wished to say something about the children who were adopted by the State, and for whom the board found the money. Children who were boarded out on the State system, who were quite innocent, were regarded as outcasts, and were treated as such; whereas they deserved to be treated as well as the State could afford, and not placed in the meanest and poorest homes of the people. They should not be given over to the care of people with pig farms and left only to the society of pigs and fowls. There were children who were kept in dirty back yards, and not allowed to associate with children from other homes.

The chairman: Have you any proof?

Mr. Moore said the proof could be obtained if a commission of inquiry were set up. Some people had been known to boast of the pure gain these children were to them, as the food they ate was nothing more than would have to be provided in any case, and they helped to feed the pigs and poultry. His information had come from members of town boards and county councils, who had worked during the recent epidemic under the wide powers given them. Some of the State children were in homes that were found to be in a disgraceful state, where pigs and poultry had the run of the house. It was the duty of every member of the board to inquire into the conditions under which these children were being cared for. The board should set up a home similar to others he mentioned, which were heaven to the inmates compared to the lot of those whose condition he referred to. Such a home should not be a barracks, but an attractive place where the children should be cared for in a manner worthy of the State. The evil was such that there was actually competition for the children, and the speaker quoted cases which had been discovered by members of a town board. To allow them to remain in such homes was wrong. They were regarded as little beasts and treated like little animals. They were utterly neglected and left entirely to themselves. There was no continuous supervision, no system. The board should bestir itself to found an institution in which to house and rear such children in a manner that would be a credit to the City of Wellington. "There could be no better achievement," concluded Mr. Moore, addressing the chairman, "to crown your years of service than to establish such a home and call it the Baldwin Home." (Laughter.)

Mr. H. van Staveren seconded the motion *pro forma*. He said that a lot of what Mr. Moore had said was right. It was the board's duty to start a home of the kind. They already had the nucleus of a fund for the object. The State had a right to care for these children, and they all knew how they exercised it, and they should be no party to anything of the kind.

Mr. A. J. McCurdy asked if the board had the power to establish such a home.

The chairman stated that they had the power. All children committed were boarded out by the State, but he did not think they need commit them if they had a farm or home of their own. All children who were sent to the orphanages were committed, but that was not the place to make complaints. Mr. Moore should go to the Education Department. If his facts were well grounded he should bring them before the Education Department or the Minister of Education.

Mr. Petherick said that some good might arise out of the motion. He suggested that the board should get some data on the question from the Superintendent of Charitable Aid, who had informed him that between 70 and 80 per cent. of the cases were infants under 12 months old. Some definite data would help them to arrive at a conclusion.

Mr. D. Campbell favored Mr. Moore's motion. They knew what was going on all along. They had asked the permission of the Education Department to grant two ladies the right to inquire into the conditions under which these children were cared for. The reply was: "What do you want?" After being told the reason the Department had said: "If you want to take care of the children get a home of your own. All you have got to do is to foot the bill." Two cases had been sheeted home, but they had beaten them over a third case. If Mr. Moore would give the names of the parties to the Charitable Aid Committee they would see into the cases. Pending fuller information, he suggested postponing the matter until next meeting.

Mrs. Aitken said that those who footed the bill should have some say as to where and how the children were kept, but they had no power, no access to them. Lots of the children were kept as little slaves in homes in order to make ladies and gentlemen of their keepers. The homes should be cottage homes, not barracks, with something like home life and training. When they had seen the Minister he had quoted the lines laid down in the Act, but they knew that those lines were not kept to. Let them do what they could for these little unfortunates.

Finally, on the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Elliott, it was decided to postpone the discussion in order to obtain data from the Superintendent of Charitable Aid, who is to be asked to attend the next meeting.

A WORLD'S CONFITEOR.

Long since, O Christ, ought I have known Thee;
But in my peaceful, careless days,
No thought of Thee, upon the Tree.
My soul was stranger to Thy praise,
A worshipper of Baal, on bended knee.

I rashly dared to say, "There is no God."
But in my secret soul I knew
That someone held and swayed the rod
Of Justice; wreaking vengeance, too,
On sons of ingrate race and senseless clod.

Grim War, black as hate, from out behind
The curtain stalks; his shadow well defined;
Now out he leaps with sword blood-reeking.
He dashes here—there slashes shrieking:
Now gnash the teeth of bitter foes enraged,
As beasts forgetting Nature's law, engaged
Themselves in death.

Now hear the wail of widows:
The orphans' cry for bread, O God, but shadows
Of yesterday. Now swells the sob of sorrow
O'er epidemic's waste each morrow.
O God, we pray Thy mercy, 'strain Thy flood
Of anger just. Remember Christ's dear blood.

And now, with heart oppressed before Thy throne
I come, Thy mercy to implore:
Forgive the malice done. Unknown,
A beggar, knocking at Thy door
I seek admittance, lest to death I moan.

Most loving Lord, to save Thou knowest best,
To wash my wounds, to heal my fault.
May I not wither in the test
That almost tempts my soul to halt,
But purified may find a place of rest.

—LOUIS GALES in the *Missionary*.

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THE PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM

Some anxiety has been expressed as to the safety of the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, and it was reported that the Vatican had made representations to the British Government to make inquiries as to his place of abode and to secure his release. The Patriarch is safe, and a Catholic officer in the British Forces in Palestine writes of him as follows:—

"We were able to rescue the Patriarch from the clutches of the Turks and Huns. When these gentry had to leave Jerusalem last winter the Patriarch, who is over 70, was taken to Nazareth. During the summer months he was given leave to go to Haifa. As soon as our advance took place he was ordered by the German Commander-in-Chief to leave Haifa and join him in his rapid retreat. The Patriarch replied by a medical certificate, and before further action could be taken we were in Haifa, and he was rescued. He is, however, not at all well, and is staying at Haifa until he is somewhat recovered and means of communication have been improved." A later report says: "After a year of exile his Excellency Mgr. Camassei, Patriarch of Jerusalem, made on November 3 his solemn entry into the Holy City. He was met at the railway station by the principal notabilities, who, with the representatives of the municipality, welcomed him; all the Christian communions, as well as the Mussulman clergy, taking part. Loud acclamations greeted his Excellency at the Gate of Jaffa, while the many sightseers of all creeds bore themselves respectfully, as is the custom in the East for any religious ceremonial. Mgr. Barlasoina, Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar-General, having spoken some affecting words, the procession began its march. At its head came delegations of the schools and orphanages; then a picket of French soldiers, a picket of Italian soldiers, the young Catholic men, and numerous representatives, in choral dress, of the secular and regular clergy. His Excellency advanced under a canopy borne by the Catholic notables of the city. Mgr. Barlasoina, Mgr. Kourdebache, Chaldean Catholic Bishop, and Mgr. Fellingier, Patriarchal pro-Vicar, preceded him, and he was followed by Lieutenant Durieux, delegate of the French High Commissary for Palestine, with, on his right, Mr. Gladstone (Catholic) Military Governor of Bethlehem, delegated by the Military Governor of Jerusalem, and on his left, Captain the Marquis of Dorania, Italian High Commissary. The clergy intoned the 'Benedictus.' At the threshold of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, before the Stone of Unction, the Custos of the Holy Land, Father Diotavelli, awaited the Patriarch. The procession wended its way to the Tomb of Christ, before which the Custos saluted the Patriarch in a discourse founded on this verse of the Psalms: 'Thou hast blessed Thy land; Thou hast brought back the captives of Jacob.'" Mgr. Camassei responded, praising Divine Providence in being so merciful to him in the sadness of exile as in the joys of return. His Excellency also cordially thanked the civil and military and religious authorities for the warm welcome they had provided for him. After kissing of hands, the ceremony terminated with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by the Patriarch in the chapel of the Franciscans."

The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same, and yet be always developing.—Mallock.

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OBITUARY

SISTER MARY AQUINAS (GAWNE), O.S.D.

The death of Sister Mary Aquinas, which occurred on the morning of Sunday, January 26, brought sorrow to the hearts of the members of her community and of her many friends and former pupils. Although for some years the deceased Sister had been in failing health and it had been evident that the end was not far off, still, as often happens in such a case, death came almost suddenly. For 38 years Sister Mary Aquinas had, as a devoted child of St. Dominic, labored zealously for the salvation of souls and for the spiritual welfare of all those who came under her influence. Deeply imbued with the true spirit of the Order of St. Dominic, she sought to instil into the minds and hearts of others strong personal love of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and unstinted generosity in the service of the Divine Master Whose interests were ever foremost in her own mind and heart. To the community of St. Dominic's Priory and to the members of the family of the deceased Sister, we offer our sincere sympathy. May she rest in peace!

Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Sister M. Aquinas was offered in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Tuesday morning. The Very Rev. J. Liston (Rector of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel) was celebrant, Rev. C. Ardagh, deacon; Rev. B. Kaveney, subdeacon; and Very Rev. J. Coffey (Diocesan Administrator), master of ceremonies. In the choir were Rev. R. Graham and Rev. E. Rooney. The incidental music was most impressively rendered by the Dominican Nuns' Choir. The funeral took place immediately after Mass. The Very Rev. J. Coffey officiated at the interment, practically the whole of the clergy above-mentioned being present.—R.I.P.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE—DICTATOR.

The speech at Wolverhampton was full of platitudes and full of evidence that Mr. Lloyd George does not dare to speak out the real conditions under which the Tories have permitted him to pose as their leader (says an exchange of recent date). Nobody need believe him when he talks of taking land for the soldiers; he himself knows that the Tories won't let him. But we can easily believe the end of his speech, in which he demands a House of Commons as obedient to his orders as a regiment to those of its colonel! What has Mr. George done that England should make him dictator? He entered into the inheritance of the preparations made during the first two years of the war. He has had the luck to be in office when Germany admitted defeat. He says he discovered Foch! But M. Clemenceau discovered that military genius before the war broke out. To pretend that Mr. George found out a man whom the French people had not noticed is the merest nonsense. Who can think that France had not thought over the winning of the battle of the Marne? Mr. George might with as much reason and truth say that he had discovered General Pershing, or President Wilson, or the Continent of America. What Mr. George has discovered is, that he has no hope of remaining Premier except as the tool of the Tories and the Tory-Liberals. His political platform betrays him. He has ceased to be a democrat. He dreams of being a dictator. His ambition is to rule over England and the British House of Commons as William Hohenzollern ruled over Germany and the Reichstag. Every vote for Lloyd George is a vote for Prussianising England and militarising the working classes.

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ACTS OF POPE BENEDICT XV. HAVING TO DO WITH THE WAR.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* of Rome has just published a pamphlet which groups under ten heads the interventions of Benedict XV. in the war. It is to be translated and reproduced in all languages of the world.

The ten chapters are: Initiative of the Pope for the liberation, exchange, and hospitalisation of prisoners, civil and military.

Intervention in favor of epistolary correspondence in the occupied countries.

In favor of Sunday rest of prisoners and of the graves of the Entente soldiers in the Dardanelles.

In favor of private persons condemned to death or prison.

For material help to most distressed populations.

For religious and moral care.

Solicitude of the Pope for the nations most affected—Belgium, northern France, Poland, etc.

For the establishment of offices in behalf of prisoners in Rome, Paderbos, Frieburg, Vienna, etc.

Intervention for right and justice; for a just and durable peace.

PROTESTANT REVOLT AGAINST CARSONISM.

Sir Edward Carson does not intend to contest the seat for Trinity College, Dublin, which he has held for 26 years (says an exchange). The fact is that he has been forced to go. His letter to Provost Mahaffy shows that his departure is due to "differences of opinion between the Unionists of the North of Ireland and those of the South." In other words, Trinity College repudiates his policy of partition and has kicked him out. The Provost's complaint that in leaving Sir Edward put the electors and himself "to the utmost inconvenience he could possibly have devised for them" reveals the unfriendly character of the parting. That Trinity is disgusted and has revolted there can be no doubt. And it has the full sympathy of the Southern Unionists, of whom the *Irish Times* says they realise that under partition "Belfast would cease to be a great city of which Irishmen throughout the world are proud, and would be merged in the undistinguished prosperity of the English Midlands." The Southern Unionists are also convinced, according to the *Irish Times*, that no English intercourse would compensate North-East Ulster for the loss of that economic vitality which the rest of Ireland pours into her veins. Above all, Southern Unionists loathe the prospect of a divided Ireland, and "regard partition as an unnatural offence against their country." The Southern Protestants have learned to estimate quite correctly the Irish policy of Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Lloyd George.

A TRIBUTE TO IRISH SOLDIERS.

That the daughters of Erin are noted among women everywhere for their chastity is a commonplace of past and present history; that their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons are also exceptionally clean in their language and lives is not perhaps so well known, or at least so often adverted to (says the *Ave Maria*). The author of a recent war book, however, pays tribute to the decency of the Irish soldiers in a regiment on duty in Macedonia. It is an English officer who bears this testimony: "These Irishmen find that they can get on quite well without bad language, and they do. They are, of course, practically all Catholics, and that accounts for it. It accounts, too, for the fact that one never hears an echo of that lewd, indecent talk which forms 75 per cent. of the conversations in some English settlements, nor any of the obscene songs with which English soldiers sometimes amuse themselves." The Irish have their shortcomings, but their besetting sins are assuredly not profanity and obscenity.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Some Catholics know little about the Catholic faith. All Protestants know less. Historic Christianity is the one big subject that most intelligent men lack information about. Rev. J. M. Hemmeon, the Methodist minister of Wolfville, N.S., says:

"It is a strange and lamentable fact that not one Protestant in ten thousand knows the truth about the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church.

Not one Protestant in thousands ever seeks information concerning the Catholic Church from Catholic sources.

They generally believe a distorted caricature and call it Romanism."

And Rev. T. R. Thompson, Congregationalist, of Chicago, says:

"In all fairness it must be admitted that popular ignorance, superficial knowledge, and malicious slander have misrepresented her (Catholic Church) teachings in many instances."

DR. FOGARTY AND SINN FEIN.

Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Lord Bishop of Killaloe, in the course of a letter to Mr. James O'Meara, Sinn Fein Director of Elections, says:—

"Enclosed subscription carries with it my best wishes for the success of the Sinn Fein cause in the coming elections, handicapped though that cause is by the unjust imprisonment of its leaders.

"The country is sick of the House of Commons, with its plutocratic record of oppression, corruption, and chicanery. Ireland, since it came under its influence a hundred years ago, has wasted and withered as Armenia under the Turks.

"I am not afraid of Abstention.

"Partition is to be defeated and liberty ultimately won, not by talking to the dead ears of the House of Commons, but, under God, where, and as emancipation was won, landlordism broken, and conscription defeated—at home in Ireland by the determined will of the people.

"John Mitchel was right when he called for the withdrawal of the Irish members 50 years ago, and time has fully verified the words he then used in speaking of this subject—

"That Parliament," he said, "is a lie, an imposture, an outrage—a game in which our part and lot are disgrace and defeat for ever; to Ireland it is nothing besides a conduit of corruption, a workshop of coercion, a storehouse of starvation, a machinery of cheating, and a perpetual memento of slavery."

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

A man is educated only in so far as he is able to relate his knowledge and acquirements to the business of human living here and now (says Bruce Calvert in *The Open Road*). Learning is not education. A man may possess a vast amount of learning and yet be a fool. Here information is not education. To know how to make the right use of information is the only education. The encyclopedia is packed with all the scientific and literary facts of the world, but it cannot use one of them. There is a great deal more learning than education in the world. Our schools and colleges are for the most part well called "Institutions of Learning." That they are, but of education, I am sorry to say—not. To yoke up learning with life must be the great educational work of the future.

Four years ago there were twenty-five thousand French priests in the ranks of the French army. Only three hundred of these were appointed as military chaplains; the others were soldiers.

Life well employed consists in this: a faithful correspondence to grace and a good use of the talents given. There is no other religion than this, and the rule of life is the same for all. —Bl. Theophane Vénard.

J. M. J.

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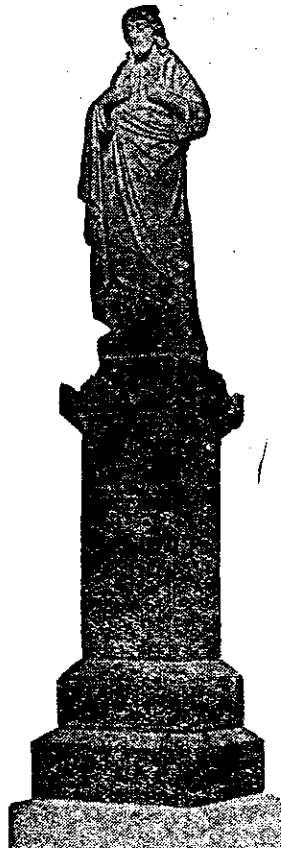
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DEATHS

CROWE.—On January 19, 1919, at his mother's residence, Burnett Street West, Ashburton, William Joseph, beloved son of Marie Josephine and the late Daniel Crowe; aged 12 years.—R.I.P.

FARRELL.—On October 23, 1918, at Urenui, Taranaki, Bridget, relict of James Farrell, of Kihikihi; aged 84 years.—R.I.P. Interred Hairini, Waikato.

ROBINSON.—On November 22, 1918, Edward Michael (Ned), beloved husband of Ellen Robinson, of Manakau, and second loved son of Mrs. and the late Mr. J. Robinson, of Otaki; aged 38 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

QUINN.—In loving memory of our dear sister, Rosella, who died at Dunedin, on January 26, 1918.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her loving sisters and brothers.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader,—The Servile Press—p. 25. Topics,—Where do We Stand?; The Just Aspirations of the People; Stiggins; Workmen and the Church—pp 14-15. Notes,—The Light Behind; In a Glass Darkly; Knowledge Analogical but Still Real; Omar Khayyam; A Comparison—pp. 26-27. Is France Still Catholic?—p. 10. The Liberation of Palestine, p. 11. Chief Conspirator: Mr. Asquith's Reply to Mr. Lloyd George, p. 19. Erasmus, p. 34. Cardinal Bourne on the Proposed League of Nations, p. 28.

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MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900. LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1919.

THE SERVILE PRESS



It was said of old, *The Truth shall make ye free.* History proves that there is no power, and no combination of powers greater than the truth; that armies will be routed, and kings killed, and thrones overturned; that the poor shall overcome the rich, and the weak vanquish the strong, by the power of truth. The truth conquers primarily because truth is from God

Who will not be mocked, and secondarily because truth wins to its banner every man in the world who loves honesty and justice and hates deceit and tyranny. And as this love of justice and this hatred of deceit are normal in humanity, in spite of every perverting and corrupting influence devised by the foes of mankind, it follows that truth must retain its unconquerable power as long as human nature in the main is sound and sane. A lie cannot live if truth gets a chance; and every injustice and every tyranny is at heart a lie which lives only so long as truth is suppressed and kept from the people over whose minds and hearts its power is still incalculable. Granted then that there are people whose interest it is to maintain injustice and tyranny it follows that it is also their interest to hide the truth and to keep alive the lies on which their position is established. This obvious consideration is important inasmuch as it is the simple explanation of the corrupt and baneful influence wielded in our time by the unscrupulous capitalists who have made the press an instrument for promoting their own schemes at the expense of the people.

There was a time when the press could be relied upon to tell the truth, and when its mission was to report public opinion faithfully; but, except in the

case of a few papers, in most countries, the press no longer fulfils that function. With the growth of Capitalism and Finance the press, in the main, passed into the hands of a wealthy oligarchy, for the greater part of low origin and of no estimable principles. It became in the main a commercial speculation, with all its force employed in the interests of the capitalists who controlled it; for although read by millions, there is no doubt that it is run by capitalists. In England lately one such capitalist managed to get control of a large number of widely circulated papers, which thenceforward became in every sense of the word his creatures. Such a power and such a control placed in his hands would be at all times a serious thing; but it was tenfold more serious considering the personality of him who now wields the power, and wields it for his own interests. In a word, we are face to face with the spectacle of a capitalist ruling through his own press and having the awful power in his hands to make puppets of politicians who for one reason or another have not the courage to save their souls. It is no doubt a sad spectacle; but no man who reads the few free papers still honest enough to defend the truth and the interests of mankind can doubt that it is a reality. The man who thus controls the press can practically print anything he wishes, provided it is not so outrageous as to run counter to the plain, common sense of his readers. There is indeed that limitation; but even that is nothing. He must print news; news cannot be kept back from the public long by censorship or any other means; but as long as the controller has it in his power to garble news and to suppress whatever he wants to suppress, the news he issues is in matter of fact deceitful. Besides the plain way of telling a lie the end can be attained by a suggestion of the false and by a suppression of the true methods which give us a lie all the worse for being presented under the garb of truth. No man who reads the newspapers nowadays requires to be furnished with instances of how this is done week after week. We have had the admission made in Parliament that the greatest perverter of the press the world has ever known is employed for what is by a sort of camouflage termed "press propaganda." And what sort of propaganda that is we know from the falsehoods about Ireland circulated all through the Empire by the Harmsworth ring of newspapers and their ramifications. There is no need to labor this point. It is obvious to every intelligent person that the plea that the press represents public opinion and tells the truth is a piece of hypocrisy.

Papers such as the *New Witness*, the *New Statesman*, and the *Herald*, are leaving no stone unturned in order to bring home to the English people the scandal of the Harmsworth influence over the Government. They do not hesitate to call it a Harmsworth Government pure and simple; they are not so hopeless about the honesty and good-will of their countrymen as to think that it is not possible to break the fetters which the unscrupulous capitalists have forged for so many politicians in England to-day. The capitalist press dominates the situation. In the words of Mr. Belloc, "The tiny oligarchy which controls it is irresponsible and feels itself immune. It governs, and governs abominably."

Here, then, is the key to the mystery. A fomenter of rebellion is rewarded by the Government against which he plotted, and the men who aimed at forcing that Government to keep its pledges are exiled and killed. Generals against whom grave charges are made are retained until their incompetency brings about a national disaster. The enemies of small nations and the breakers of treaties are denounced from the house-tops while the oldest small nation in Europe is persecuted in the interests of a bigoted foreign minority. Men are arrested (and refused a trial) on alleged evidence which is never produced, and which could not in any case be stronger than similar evidence against members of the Government. Campaigns of No-Popery are launched simultaneously in

every paper under the influence of the moving spirit and attempts are made to stir up bitter sectarian animosities in order to put the people off the scent of the incompetent creatures kept in power by the autocrat of the press. Within the past weeks we have seen it stated in bald words in two prominent London papers that the present Government cannot be trusted—one writer went so far as to say that no foreign statesman could, with safety to the interests of his country, trust the present Government. And all this is possible because England is ruled now by Harmsworth! Who shall tell what bungling and what jobbery have been hidden from the people who are fighting and paying? Who shall tell how far the disasters which have occurred are due to the same baneful influence? If through any fault of their own the British people have allowed this state of things to come to pass they are paying for it heavily. Their shame in the eyes of the whole world, the opposition of America, the strong weapon placed in the hands of Germany against England when she speaks of the rights of small nations are what she has to thank King Harmsworth for now. The one ray of hope remains in the fact that there are still in England a few honest pressmen like G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and Austin Harrison who put their country and truth first and refuse to sell their souls to the dominant capitalists. Truth will prevail, but until it does the situation is serious.

The Dispensation allowing the use of Flesh Meat on Fridays granted during the Epidemic of Influenza is Withdrawn in the Diocese of Dunedin as from the 1st of February.

JAMES COFFEY
Administrator of the Diocese.

NOTES

The Light Behind

The sorrow that has come upon so many homes during the past years has brought back to many minds the old, old problem of evil and pain. To all it is not given to know that evil and pain are two distinct things; to very few it is given to recognise that pain is often not an evil at all, but a real good. The sufferings of the present time are particularly hard for those who have not the supernatural key to unlock the mystery. At best we can but see God in a glass darkly, or in an enigma—the word is St. Paul's. But for them that see Him even thus the riddle is easily read. For them there is no evil but sin, and pain and evil are not synonyms at all; they understand how it is that suffering may be, and as a rule is for them, a purification, a revelation, a renovation. To know one of those simple Christians whom pain, sorrow, losses, poverty, hunger, and whatever else the world can send in the way of trials, have crushed as in a wine-press or beaten as on a threshing-floor, is one of the most beautiful and edifying things in life: *Blessed are they that mourn.*

In a Glass Darkly

Let us always remember that God created us just as He created the beings that we can only see by the aid of a powerful microscope, and that it is in the same degree ridiculous for us and them to feel proud. Lucifer was as far above us in perfection and strength as the meanest microbe is beneath us: pride in Lucifer, or in us, or in the microbe is really the same sort of madness. Time spent on meditation on the greatness of God, Who made the heavens and the earth, and the living things that live between them, would be well rewarded by an increasing sense of our own nothingness and of God's greatness. Our own nothingness we can know: if we are honest with ourselves we cannot help knowing it; but God's perfections we cannot know

here, except very imperfectly and distantly. Because of God's infinity no human mind can ever comprehend Him, whether in this life or in the next. In the next, it is true that we shall see Him face to face, with a knowledge only limited by our finite intelligence and the grace He gives us; here below the enigma will always remain. Our best and clearest notions will be inadequate; our language symbolical and analogical. Even the greatest theologians have to speak stammeringly and laboriously when they discourse on the Divine Nature and the Attributes of God: they are as infants even. Therefore symbolism is a necessity in religion. Therefore to attribute to God perfections and virtues exactly in the same sense as we would attribute them to man is to be avoided. There have been simple people who did not avoid it, and who fancied for themselves what is called an anthropomorphic God: that is to say a human God, measured by human standards, limited by material conceptions.

Knowledge Analogical But Still Real

We must avoid that error. Christ became a perfect man, but the Godhead is something that we may not speak of with the same clearness as we may of the sufferings, or the compassion, or the hunger of Christ Who felt these things as we do. Neither are we to say that we cannot know anything about God: that would be Agnosticism. Between the extremes lies the mean. Between a definite univocal knowledge and Agnosticism lies the analogical knowledge which is the foundation of our hope and love, and the image of what our knowledge will be hereafter. Be sure, at all events, that it is sufficient for us—which of us cannot recall instances of people for whom it sufficed so magnificently! *The fool said in his heart, there is no God.* But the heavens above the fool's head proclaimed His glory to the wise man. Here below we are wrapped in the cloud, later we shall be overwhelmed by glory. Ruskin has a passage worth quoting here: "Our whole happiness and power of energetic action depend on our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here, and closing there; rejoicing to catch through the thinnest films of it glimpses of stable and substantial things: but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that a kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied." Too little does the world know of theology; the science of Imperialism is to learn how to make money: *Rem, rem, sed quocumque modo rem!* And then? And then? And then? . . .

Omar Khayyam

It has often been asked whether a little poem which we all loved in our youth is really Fitzgerald's or Omar's. We all know how popular it became as soon as it was taken up by Swinburne and Rossetti, and how we still find it among the little Christmas books on every book-stall. Its pensive, melaucholy, Epicureanism appeals to young men and women in the romantic period which comes to most individuals as it comes to literary movements. It was after a *Sturm und Drang* period, when Byron's wild fire had flickered out, that Omar found the public; and it is after the *Sturm und Drang* period of youth that his call is for the young reader who is ready to accept his disdain of vexed questions and to take life as he finds it. Whatever was due to the original inspiration there is no doubt that the poem we have is a far greater one than that which the old Persian wrote hundreds of years ago. Translations into verse are as a rule an abomination: the best of them are doggerel. But Fitzgerald accomplished the impossible when he gave us a work that surpassed the original. That was only possible because he made the original his own instead of trying to translate it literally. Even the thoughts of Omar have become more beautiful when subjected to the alembic of Fitzgerald's mind.

A Comparison

A comparison of the literal rendering with Fitzgerald's will bring this out clearly. Take one of the most famous of the quatrains: Fitzgerald writes,

*The moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.*

The literal version is,

*From the beginning was written what should be,
Unhaltingly the pen writes, and is heedless of good and bad;*

*On the first day He appointed everything that must be,
Our grief and our efforts are vain.*

Another favorite stanza is,

*Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
The wilderness is Paradise enow.*

All that Fitzgerald had to suggest this was,

*Forsake not the book, the lover's lips, and the green
bank of the field,*

Ere that the earth enfold thee in its bosom.

Anyone can see that in Fitzgerald's *Omar* we have a proof that poetry in another tongue can be translated into ours; but it is also a proof that it can only be done by a poet who makes his own of the inspiration and forgets the fetters of the original words and verses. It can be done: that is about all that we may say about it. For Fitzgerald's success there have been thousands of failures. The moral is that if you want to render Latin or Greek or German poetry into English you must do it in prose. For our part we find any passable translation of Homer or Virgil in plain prose infinitely better than even Pope or Dryden. Fitzgerald conceived that style was "saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way, what one thoroughly understands, and saying it so naturally that no effort is apparent." He was a good stylist himself and could have given us a good prose rendering of Omar. Let us be thankful that he gave us poetry instead.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

St. Dominic's College, Dunedin, will re-open on Tuesday next, February 4.

St. Joseph's Glee Club will resume practice in St. Joseph's Hall on next Monday evening at 7.30.

All the Catholic primary schools of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish re-open on Monday next for the ensuing scholastic year.

The new Catholic school situated in Clyde Street, Mornington, to be conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, will be opened on Monday next for the first time.

St. Philomena's College and St. Patrick's primary schools, South Dunedin, will re-open on February 3. Boarders should be in residence on Monday evening.

Miss Agnes Segrief, of Wellington, gave a most artistic and devotional rendering of Niedermeyer's "Pater Noster" at Vespers in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday evening.

Seventy-seven Sisters of Mercy from the convents of the Order throughout the diocese assembled at the Mother House, South Dunedin, for their annual eight days' retreat, which was conducted by Father M. O'Leary, S.M., and came to a close on Friday, 24th inst.

An interesting letter is to hand from Lieutenant James Monaghan, son of Mr. John Monaghan, St. Andrew Street, Dunedin, and brother of Father Monaghan, of this diocese. He left Dunedin with the Tenth Reinforcements as a private, and was given his commission in the field, and was in the final fighting before the armistice. Incidentally he mentions the gallantry of Lieutenant Michael McKeefry, who was killed leading his platoon in action. Lieutenant Monaghan writes that the New Zealanders took the news of the armistice without the slightest rejoicing, keeping up their reputation as matter-of-fact soldiers. He expects to be home shortly after the signing of peace, as

the New Zealanders are forming part of the army of occupation in Germany.

THE LATE BISHOP VERDON

WORTHY TRIBUTE BY STUDENTS OF HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, CLONLIFFE.

A Solemn Requiem Mass, at which his Grace the Archbishop presided, was celebrated yesterday in the Church of the Holy Cross, Clonliffe College, for the repose of the soul of the Right Rev. Dr. Verdon, Bishop of Dunedin (says the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of December 3).

The celebrant was the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon Fitzpatrick, P.P., V.G.; the deacon, Rev. Jos. Valentine, Holy Cross College; subdeacon, Rev. J. Mulcahy, Holy Cross College.

The Archbishop was assisted at the throne by Very Rev. Canon Murphy, P.P.; and Very Rev. Canon Petit, P.P., V.F.; the assistant priest being Very Rev. Canon Waters, President, Holy Cross College.

Rev. M. S. MacMahon was master of ceremonies at the throne.

A very large number of priests was in attendance.

The sacred ceremonies and music were carried out by the students of Holy Cross College with that exact accordance with the spirit and letter of liturgical law which has been so characteristic of the college since its foundation.

The whole function of the Requiem Mass and Absolution was a telling instance of the beauty and impressiveness of Catholic ritual when performed with due attention to correctness of detail.

It was a worthy tribute paid by his Grace the Archbishop and the clergy of the diocese to a former distinguished diocesan, and by the students of the college he loved so much, to a former President, who fostered that enviable tradition of excellence in sacred music and ceremonial of which yesterday's function was a striking example.

MOST POPULAR SONG OF THE CATHOLIC MEN.

In a recent interview, Madam Schumann-Heink said: "You wonder, perhaps, what is the song that the boys like best. It is one that critics are apt to speak slightly of—but I love it and so evidently do the boys, for these is never a concert that I am not asked to sing it. It is Nevin's 'Rosary.'"

"The silence is tense when I sing that song. Just let me repeat the words to you and realise what must be a soldier's heart as he hears them:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary, my rosary.
Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrong.
I tell each bead until the end—
And there a cross is hung.

"O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain and bitter loss,
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross, sweetheart.
To kiss the cross."

Mr. A. G. Neill, an ex-student of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, who, for some time past has been practising in Woodville, has acquired the legal business of the late Mr. C. N. Scurr, and will continue to carry on in the present office under the name of Scurr and Neill.

CARDINAL BOURNE ON THE PROPOSED LEAGUE OF NATIONS

An important meeting was recently held in London, by the heads of the different religious denominations, in support of the proposed League of Nations. Among those present were the representatives of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, but at a subsequent meeting, held at Lambeth Palace, the historic home of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the Cardinal was neither present nor was he represented. In a letter, published in the daily press, his Eminence sets out his reasons for taking no further part in the deliberations. During the course of his letter the Cardinal said:—"I am very grateful for your kind invitation to the proposed conference, but I feel considerable hesitation about being present or represented at it, and my hesitation is strengthened by the report given to me by Bishop Bidwell and Canon Jackman of the discussion that took place previously. I suppose that we are all agreed that the project of a League of Nations deserves our support. But beyond this I do not see that we can go at the present time. The question is not merely an English, nor a British, nor a British Empire one. It is pre-eminently an international question, and one distinctly for international statesmanship. It is the statesmen alone who can work out the details of any practical scheme; and, so far as I know, they have hardly begun to do so. I think we may easily place ourselves in a false position in the eyes of non-British statesmanship if we anticipate the work that statecraft has to do. If a workable scheme can be devised it goes without saying that it will have the support of Catholics throughout the world. I ought perhaps to add that for the reasons which I have given Bishop Bidwell did not feel able to support the resolutions that were voted, and, indeed, had left the meeting before they were passed." That, however, Catholics have their share in the shaping of the world's future, and that they have done their share in that shaping of the world's destinies in the past, was pointed out in a public meeting by the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, Professor William A. S. Hewins, a prominent London Catholic. If the British people would take their minds back, the Colonial Under-Secretary said, to the origin of many of the principles which governed the economic and social life of the British Empire, especially on the labor side, they might very naturally ask whence they came. If they went back to the ages when the Catholic Faith was the Faith of England, they would find the stamp of that Faith upon every typical institution. The British Constitution, which had been imitated by every civilised country in the world, was almost a transcript from the ancient Benedictine constitutions. The English universities were founded by Catholics, as also were the great endowed public schools. No one could read through the ancient ordinances of the guilds, the regulations of the municipalities, and the Statute Law of the Realm up to the time of the Reformation without the obvious application, to all the details of ordinary life, and the principles of the Catholic religion almost hitting him in the face. When in this war they said they were fighting for Western civilisation, what they were fighting for was what remained of what their Catholic ancestors gave them. When the English Government changed the faith of the country, these old social and economic arrangements did not disappear. To a very large extent many of them were even improved. For instance, the regulations affecting the relations of employers and employed were actually codified and applied more generally in the reign of Elizabeth than before, and it took a very long time—several generations—before the influence impressed on the country by the Catholic Church failed to express itself in the legislation of the country. The religious revolution was followed by an industrial, and they had only to consult the old Rolls of the recusants to find that the strength of the Catholic religion after the Reformation was amongst the yeomen and the working people of the land.

A JOINT OF MEAT MAY BE TOUGH

but the delicious **MILITARY PICKLE** is always tasty. If your grocer is out of this appetiser, send your order to any other storekeeper. **DO IT NOW.**

LADIES!

If your Grocer is out of the delicious **MILITARY PICKLE** he's asleep. Just order it from the next Storekeeper. Buy a bottle to-day.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S STORY.

In Courtrai the advancing troops found among the inhabitants an elderly lady, a cousin of President Wilson, who had been in the city throughout the whole period of the German occupation. The story of this wonderful old lady is told by Philip Gibbs, the world-famous Catholic war correspondent. Mr. Gibbs says—"I found one old English lady in the city—or, rather, an Irish lady—named Miss Mary Cunningham. She is an old lady over 70, who has lived in Courtrai for 12 years, at first in well-to-do circumstances, her father being a flax spinner, but afterwards obliged to earn her living teaching French and English to Flemish pupils. Even that failed her after the war, because, as it dragged on, English and French did not seem much good to people surrounded by Germans. So Miss Cunningham is poor now, and lives in a tiny house opposite the cathedral, with a cooking stove in her parlor and not much to cook in it, poor soul. But she received us as a great lady of the old school, with most beautiful dignity, undisturbed by 'noises without,' ominous crashes close at hand, and sounds of breaking glass.

She made only one remark showing that she noticed these things. 'Do you mind shutting the door,' she said; 'I don't like those bombs coming in.' I noticed that 'bombs,' as she called the German shells, had already broken the front part of her little parlor, and she was very close to the danger point of hostile shell-fire ranged by the belfry of Courtrai. She did not say much about the war, except when she spoke of the Germans as highway robbers; but her mind went back to Ireland and her old friends there, and her old people. Her grandmother was a Miss Himmins, the sister of President Wilson's great-grandmother. She told us that as a passing thought, but I was startled by her words and thought how queer it was that I should be sitting with President Wilson's cousin in a little front parlor of Courtrai, with Germans not far away and the city under shell-fire. I do not know President Wilson, but I should be glad if he could hear this old lady, so brave, so gracious in her poverty and danger, with such a gallant spirit."

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Addressing the gathering at the laying of the foundation stone of a new presbytery at Camden, on Sunday, January 5, his Grace Archbishop Kelly, who was enthusiastically greeted, dealt with the Peace Conference, and deplored the exclusion from it of the one man who had at heart the peace of the world—the Pope. The Archbishop then referred to the question of the necessity of a complete education for the children, so that they would not only be thoroughly prepared on secular matters, but they would be able, through the influence of religion, to gain eternal glory hereafter. In the matter of the injustice under which the Catholic community labored in not only providing a system of education for their own children, but had to contribute towards the public school system, his Grace the Archbishop hoped that members of other denominations would, as in the quarantine case, lend their support in order that this kind of penalisation would be remedied.

Our quarantine authorities (says the *Freeman's Journal*) are patting themselves on the back for having successfully held up the pneumonic-influenza, and no one will begrudge them praise and thanks for devoted and successful labors. But it might be just as well to point out that it was Providence that saved Australia and not the quarantine doctors. For a time there was absolutely no barrier between the scourge and the Australian people. Although England was stricken, and troopships from English ports were arriving in the Commonwealth almost every week, no steps were taken in the direction of quarantining them. The *Freeman's Journal*, when it called for drastic action on the part of the authorities, had noted with dismay the indifference to the deadly peril. Fortunately we did not speak too late, and a week afterwards the quarantine staffs properly awakened. And they were just in time. However, we recall with thankfulness the old saying, that "All's well that ends well." But no matter how well the quarantine authorities finish up, they will never live down the sad circumstances that surrounded the death of that martyr to duty, Nurse Egan, and their attack on the most sacred sentiments of a Christian people. To insist that patients should die like dogs, without the religious consolations for which they yearned in their last hours, was cruelty and paganism of such a barbarous character that to this day we find it hard to believe that educated men were behind the policy. And then the Federal Government's indifference to the cries of the patients until Archbishop Kelly forced its hand, and the whole country practically rose against it. We have heard Little Australians babble of many things of which this country should be ashamed, but nothing in our whole history could be worse than this attempt to divide man from his Maker by official red tape.

Father R. Peoples, of St. Mary's Cathedral (Sydney) staff, was still engaged in his devoted labors at the Quarantine Station (according to our latest Australian exchanges). Happily, the condition of the patients has improved so much that all are looking forward to the official declaration that the State is safe from this dreadful disease. In regard to the outbreak, the Archbishop of Sydney and the staff of St. Mary's were inoculated recently.

The Premier of Queensland (Mr. T. J. Ryan), accompanied by Mrs. Ryan, called on the Archbishop of Sydney on Christmas morning at St. Mary's Cathedral Presbytery, Sydney. They were on the following Friday the guests of the Archbishop of Sydney at the Palace, Manly.

VICTORIA.

The Very Rev. Albert Power, S.J., M.A., Rector of Newman College, within the University of Melbourne, arrived in Melbourne by the Sydney express on Tuesday, December 31. He relinquished an important post in the Old World to take up the Rectorship of

Newman College. Having an intimate acquaintance with the educational systems of various lands, Father Power, who is in the forefront of Jesuit scholars, will be in a position to introduce the latest ideas into the curriculum of Newman, which, under his rectorship, promises to become one of the most noted educational establishments in the land of the Southern Cross. His career fits him peculiarly for his new position. After a brilliant university course, in which he gained first places in first-class honors, besides scholarships and exhibitions, he was professor and director of studies at Riverview College, Sydney, and during his six years there he gained an insight into the character of Australian youth and into Australian educational problems. After leaving Australia Father Power studied philosophy and literature in Holland and Ireland. He became attached to the professorial staff of Milltown Park College, Dublin, where he lectured in theology, Scripture, and ecclesiastical history for ten years, and for eight years of that period was Rector of the college. It was this position he relinquished to come to Victoria.

Mr. Charles J. O'Driscoll, in the thirtieth report on the Catholic primary schools of the archdiocese of Melbourne for the year ended September 30, 1918, states that the number of primary schools in operation was 123 and of high schools and colleges 40, making a total of 163 schools. Three new schools were opened during the year. The inspector points out that he examined 107 primary schools in secular subjects, and in the great majority of cases the results were excellent. A uniform system of secular instruction is adopted from the course of study in State elementary schools. The pupils in the senior grade are examined each year in the State schools for the merit certificate. Mr. O'Driscoll says that the success of the present year's endeavors marks a triumph for the Catholic system of education. The total number of pupils in the 123 primary schools was 30,475, and in the 40 high schools and colleges 5061, making a grand total of 35,536, compared with 34,222 in the previous year. The number of teachers also increased from 561 to 604. The number of pupils in Catholic schools in Victoria for the year was 46,565. New schools were erected during the year at a cost of £18,100, and additions to schools absorbed £3947. During the past five years £39,677 has been expended on new schools, with additions and alterations. The report states that the Catholic schools won 35 out of 38 scholarships offered by the Government for competition among the registered schools of Victoria; in the archdiocese 554 pupils from the Catholic schools received their merit certificate during the year. Mr. O'Driscoll says: "The growing strength of our educational system is due to the fact that it expresses the intensely earnest convictions of the Catholic people of Victoria to give to their children a sound Christian education. A flourishing Catholic school is the pride of every parish."

QUEENSLAND.

His Grace Archbishop Duhig at St. Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, referred recently to the number of brilliant boys who were wasting their time working as servants, either civil or commercial. He strongly advised parents to place their children in avenues of employment which would ultimately make them their own masters, and considered that our boys should go more on the land, and not seek so many jobs in the public service, etc. During the coming year he intended starting on the Darling Downs an agricultural college, on the lines of those same institutions in the United States, which had proved so successful; and the Brothers in America, who have so sedulously and scientifically devoted their lives to this particular phase of missionary life, would soon be amongst us, willing to do for our Australian youth what they had instilled into the minds of the young Catholic farming element in America. Judging by his Grace's remarks, the Catholic schools for boys will specialise in the future on encouraging the lads who have the inclination for country life to aim for instruction from the new college, and, no doubt, the results will be substantially bene-

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ficial to Catholic youth in the State. His Grace also announced that the home for Catholic pioneers would be soon ready at Wynnum, and he felt that these old veterans, who had borne the burden of the day, would be happy, free, and independent as guests amongst the Sisters of Mercy, who had undertaken the responsibility of their care and protection. Dunwich and pauperisation would thus be avoided.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

At Strokestown a charge against the Misses Sharkey for exposing alleged seditious literature for sale and "causing discontent in the minds of the people" was dismissed without prejudice at the Petty Sessions, Mr. Nixon, D.L., withdrawing the case.

Count Plunkett, writing from Birmingham Prison regarding his selection as candidate for North Roscommon, says he is proud to represent the pioneer constituency, and he desired no greater honor. He was not at liberty to say more at present.

At the meeting of the Bibliographical Society of Ireland, in the Public Library, Great Brunswick Street, a paper by Mr. P. J. McCall on "Irish Street Ballads" was read by Mr. John Condon, librarian, Royal College of Science. The remarkable feature of these ballads, said the writer, was the almost infinite variety of the subjects with which they dealt. Examples of these were read at this meeting in Dublin.

At the Longford October cattle fair, which is one of the principal of the year, there was an enormous supply of stock in all departments exhibited for sale, but owing to the present restrictions on export there was practically no buying for anything worthy of the name. Owing to the previous dull fairs in neighboring towns the supply was even greater than in former years, and accordingly the result of the depression is a big blow to the agricultural industry. The pig fair was slightly better than recent fairs in other towns.

People were not to be turned out of their homes to make room for racehorses, the Right Hon. the Recorder said he hoped, when dismissing with costs an application by the Baldoyle Race Company for possession of a house occupied by Margaret and Patrick Thunder. It was a proceeding he would never sanction. The plaintiffs' case was that they required the cottage to demolish it and build stables on the site. They purchased it from Mr. Gaisford St. Lawrence, and were paying £20 a year and taxes for it, but were receiving only £5. Margaret Thunder said the family had been in the house for 60 years, and they could not find another if ejected. The Recorder said if the Increase of Rent Act was to have any force at all this was a case in which it should be operative.

Father Bolger, of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, who has been at the Front as chaplain to the Forces through the whole campaign in France and Belgium, and has been twice wounded, has been decorated by the French Government for his untiring energy and devotion to duty in times of stress and danger.

INFLUENZA IN IRELAND.

A press report from Dublin, under date October 25, says:—The extent of the influenza epidemic, and the rapidity with which it claims its victims where pneumonia supervenes, exhibit particular virulence. Dr. O'Brien, Merrion Square, states that it has no parallel in medical history since the leprosy of the middle ages. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has ordered prayers in the churches of the diocese for deliverance from the dangers that threaten us. The Dublin medical practitioners are overstrained endeavoring to attend to the numerous sufferers. The calls on them are unprecedented. Some of them are almost exhausted from excessive exertion and lack of rest. The Dublin Corporation called on the Government in such an emergency to release from internment in English gaols

Dr. Hayes, Dr. Cusack, and Dr. McNabb, and also to allow Dr. Kathleen Lynn to give her services to the public afflicted with this malady. One of the latest victims was Father Murray, chaplain to the Mater Hospital, who, while ministering to the influenza patients, was himself stricken and succumbed to pneumonia.

CREATING CRIMES.

In Ireland, it appears, it is a crime to give one's name in Irish instead of in English to an inquiring policeman (says an exchange). We read in the *Freeman's Journal* lately that in the Southern Police Court, Dublin, a girl named Maisie O'Loughlin was charged with having sold flags without a permit, and also with having refused to give her name to the police in English. She had given it in Irish, and considered that that was sufficient. Mr. J. K. Woods who defended her, contended that the police in arresting her committed an illegal act, which justified her in resisting arrest, as she was alleged to have done. The name in Irish was that by which she was called and wished to be known. At Mountjoy Prison, when she objected to be searched, she was knocked down and dragged about by her hair. Mr. Swifte, the magistrate, said that as the defendant had been in custody for a week he would only fine her 10s on each charge. In each of two other similar cases he imposed a fine of 20s. Why should the giving of a name in Irish be treated as an offence? In these cases there was no attempt at deception, and the statements could easily have been verified. Would women be arrested and prosecuted in Wales for giving their names in Welsh instead of in English, or in Canada for speaking only French? It would seem as if the motive of the needless vexation in Ireland is to show that the law as administered is anti-Irish.

GAELIC LEAGUE NOTES.

A meeting of the Sligo Co. Committee, Gaelic League, was held recently in the Town Hall, Sligo. Rev. Professor O'Flaherty, D.D., presided. Arrangements were made for the teaching of classes throughout the country for the winter session.

West Waterford is almost entirely Irish-speaking. Parties charged there under the Lighting-Up Act who gave their names in the only language in which they were proficient were heavily fined. Those who gave them in the necessarily ridiculous versions got off scot-free, or practically so.

At the opening of the Gaelic League Session in Killarney lately Most Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan wrote stating that he had always regarded the Gaelic Revival as a movement fruitful with many rich blessings for their people. There was one feature of the movement which should have a very special interest for them just now, a feature which was fully appreciated by the enemies of their name and race—it was that in the fight for the maintenance of national individuality the Irish language was their strongest and foremost rampart. It was, and would be, a determining factor in the solution of the question of Ireland a nation.

Mairghread Ni Fhaodagain and Caitlin Nic an Bhreithimh, arrested at Rathmines for selling Gaelic League flags without permit, and declining to give their names in English, are at present in Mountjoy Gaol, having been remanded in custody at the Police Court. Again at the prison they persisted in giving their names in Irish. The brother of one of them visited Mountjoy, asking permission to see them, giving his name and those of the prisoners in Irish. He was officially informed that unless the English language was used in identifying the ladies no person could be admitted.

PLEA FOR THE EMERALD ISLE.

In an editorial, the Denver (U.S.A.) *Catholic Register* of November 14 says—Now that actual fighting has stopped in the war, and the Peace Conference

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is about to begin, it cannot be termed treason by anybody (except an Orangeman) to plead the cause of Ireland. Through our President we have asked again and again for the self-determination of foreign-ruled nationalities. Ireland has never willingly submitted to English rule. Her people are of an entirely different branch of the white race. They are of a different religion. They are intellectual, and have been civilised many centuries. Before passing under British domination their monks civilised practically the entire northern part of Europe. By justice, by race, by desire, by history they have as great a right to rule themselves as the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Belgians, the Jugo-Slavs, the Ukrainians, or any other race of Europe. They have done far more for civilisation than any of these other small races. They ought to be permitted to vote on their own destiny. If they want Home Rule and wish to remain in the British Empire let them do it. If they wish complete independence that is their right. They are not satisfied with their present condition. The Irish in the United States have done more than any other single race to win this war. One third of our army is Catholic, and a large proportion of that is of Irish blood. Never in all American history has this nation asked in vain for help from the Irish.

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

The only woman elected to a seat in the House of Commons was the famous Countess Markievicz, the "lady in green" of the Dublin rising. She was elected for St. Patrick's, Dublin. From her earliest childhood she had a romantic love for Ireland and everything Irish. She was always riding and driving about the country and getting to know the country people. And on her long sketching expeditions she would sit in the cottages for hours talking to the peasants and hearing all sorts of odd stories and legends about Ireland's past and her futile struggles for freedom. These stories took a strong hold on her imagination. She was further influenced by her intense sympathy with the poor and those suffering under oppression. This feeling led her to throw herself with enthusiasm into her work during the big Dublin strike, when she fed 600 children every day for six months, working day and night to do everything in her power to relieve the terrible distress prevailing in Ireland. The variety and oddness of her talents have always been a source of surprise to her friends. Wood-carving, panelling, play acting, scene painting, writing, and doing beautiful embroidery are a few of her most typical indoor activities. From the latest news to hand it is reported that a move is being made to bar the countess as an elected representative in Parliament on account of her husband, a Pole, not being naturalised.

The principal event in Victorian Catholic circles (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*) is the arrival of the first Rector of Newman College, within the University of Melbourne, the Very Rev. Albert Power, S.J., M.A., who came to us with the highest credentials as a teacher in the fullest and most complete sense of that term. In him we have not only ripe scholarship, but ripe experience in the study hall and the classroom of higher education, where the searchlight of up-to-dateness (to coin a term) played on his methods and their results. As the complete system of primary and secondary Catholic education in the archdiocese of Melbourne was the brightest jewel in the mitre of the late Archbishop Carr, so the placing of the coping stone on that system by the building, equipment, and staffing of Newman College is and must continue to be the brightest jewel in the mitre of Dr. Carr's successor, the Most Rev. Archbishop Mannix, who made the project a personal matter, and raised as a nucleus for Newman College no less a sum than £40,000—and that, too, from a handful of people. Then Mr. Donovan, filled with admiration at the courage and remarkable success of the Archbishop's plan of campaign, endowed the bursary fund with £30,000, followed last year by the late Mr. Brennan, of Yarram, with £20,000 for the College Carr Memorial Chapel. The latter had already given £25,000 to Newman College. But to return to the rectorship. Since the opening of Newman College, at which 40,000 people were present, the Very Rev. J. O'Dwyer, S.J., acted as rector. So popular did Alma Mater become that its halls were crowded with students, and "more room" is the cry. In passing, it may be said that few, if any, residential colleges afford so much convenience to students as does Newman College. Father Power was director of studies at River-view for six years, and has been absent from Australia for a score of years. He will take up his high and responsible duties after the Christmas recess.

Very little is known in Australia about Mr. De Valera, the Sinn Fein leader (says an exchange). Of one who has taken such a conspicuous part in Irish affairs the Home papers have been strangely silent, and the cables have only caricatured him. However, Mr. John Dillon's victor was nominated for four seats at the general elections, and was returned unopposed by his former constituency, East Clare. He was beaten at South Down, and by Mr. Joe Devlin in the Falls Division, Belfast. In the East Mayo contest, against Mr. Dillon he scored 8975 votes against his opponent's

4519. Mr. De Valera is an American by birth. His father was a Spaniard and his mother a native of Bruree, Limerick. As an infant De Valera was taken to Ireland by his mother, and after the usual primary school education he finished his secondary course of studies at St. Munchin's College, where his career was marked by brilliant successes. From there young De Valera went on to the professorial staff of the Blackrock College, outside Dublin, and there he was a keen student and lover of Irish history. When the tragic events of 1916 convulsed Ireland, heart and soul De Valera threw himself into the struggle. His stirring championship of the participants soon led the authorities to arrest him, and, though released after a time, it was only temporary, and we find him re-arrested on some charge a few months later and lodged in prison. The Irish people, however, had taken him to their hearts, and when the first vacancy occurred—that of East Clare—he was nominated and triumphantly returned. His fire and eloquence soon made De Valera a rallying figure, and under his leadership Sinn Fein candidates were nominated throughout Ireland, with the result we know.

The recent death of Right Rev. Mgr. Francis Silas Chatard, Bishop of Indianapolis (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*), recalls the fact that he was Rector of the American College in Rome 50 years ago. Though, as the *Gerarchia* records, he was a student of the Pontifical College of Propaganda Fide, he was chosen as Vice-Rector of the American College, and on May 24, 1868, appointed to the rectorship of this institution. Towards the end of the year following his election in 1869 and the first half of the year 1870 the American College was a very important element in the ecclesiastical world of Rome at this period, when the Vatican Council was in session. American Archbishops and Bishops were to be met with in its halls, and it was a centre of much interest. Mgr. Chatard's urbanity and judgment were found equal to the occasion. Ten years later, in 1898, he was nominated Bishop of Vincennes, the second Rector of the College and the second to be raised to the episcopate. Mgr. Louis Hostlot succeeded to the rectorship, but five years afterwards he died, after a brief illness. Mgr. Schulte undertook the direction of the college in the very difficult time that followed, until after a few months Mgr. Denis O'Connell, a former student of the college, came here as Rector—an office he filled during 12 years. Some years after his retirement he was appointed Rector of the University of Washington, and then Bishop. He was succeeded in the rectorship of the American College by Mgr. William H. O'Connell, who in 1901 was nominated Bishop of Portland, Me., being consecrated by Cardinal Sattolli, Archpriest of the Lateran in that great basilica, such being regarded as a high honor. Later he, the fifth Rector of the American College at Rome, became Archbishop of Boston, and seven years ago was named Cardinal—the first student of this college to reach this most elevated dignity and to become Boston's first Cardinal. Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy succeeded Cardinal O'Connell, and his rule continued during 16 years, until his death in August, 1917. His rectorship is the longest in the college records. It was under his rule that the college attained the highest number of students. This fact indicates the advancement of Catholicity in the United States during recent years. Mgr. Kennedy was appointed Bishop, and afterwards Archbishop. Thus five out of the six Rectors of which the college has had till now reached the episcopate. The present Rector is Mgr. Charles O'Hern.

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ERASMUS

In a review of *The Epistles of Erasmus*, Vol. III., translated from the original by Francis Morgan Nichols, Mr. Theodore Maynard comments thus in the *New Witness*—

Among much in Froude's *Life and Letters of Erasmus* that is malicious and mendacious one true thing stands out—the dictum that the student of the early part of the sixteenth century could hardly do better than to observe the age through the eyes of Erasmus. To understand Erasmus is to understand the difficulties which beset the Church, and the complex motives of the revolt against it. In the soul of the man who was the most important figure of the day the battle was begun, before it extended and convulsed Europe; and his exquisite balance is the most exact measure of the history of his time. It was the lot of him who had the widest circle of friends in the world to go down to his death embittered and worn by conflict with a countless host of foes. To both sides he was a Laodicean. The Catholic Party clamored for aid from Erasmus and for a repudiation of Luther, which could be taken as an exculpation of himself; and the Protestants never forgave him for not joining their side after he had armed them for revolution. He was shot at from before and behind. He had laid the egg that Luther hatched, though, as he himself explained, the resultant bird was not of his rearing. The fairy tale became reversed, and what was to have been a swan scandalised the farmyard in the shape of a very ugly duckling!

The tragedy of Erasmus was the failure of consistency. In an age of violence few were able to understand how the scourge of degenerate monks in *Moria* and in the notes of his New Testament could be a satirist of clerical morals, not an opponent of the Church. His denunciations of corruption were never so hot as those of the saints, and his language sounds mild after the invective of St. Catherine of Siena. Perhaps it was because he was not a saint himself that his reform failed. He was too much a man of the world to draw the world with him. Yet the world would have been wiser for listening to his advice. He saw clearly and with an amazing power of detachment what should be done, but he was unable to be a partisan in the sense that the fanatics of the opposing groups demanded of him. His own position was discussed time and time again in letters to friends. To the Bishop of Tuy, in Galicia, he wrote in 1520: "Luther's party have urged me to join him, and Luther's enemies have done their best to drive me to it by their furious attacks on me in their sermons. Neither have succeeded. Christ I know; Luther I know not. The Roman Church I know, and death will not part me from it till the Church departs from Christ. I abhor sedition. Would that Luther and the Germans abhorred it equally. It is strange to see how the two factions goad each other on, as if they were in collusion."

If any movement is in progress injurious to the Christian religion, or dangerous to the public peace or to the supremacy of the Holy See, it does not proceed from Erasmus. Time will show it." Time did show it, but the present showed a man who apparently couldn't make up his mind. Once he jestingly said, "Others may be martyrs if they like," and the world took the remark literally; when all that Erasmus meant was that he wished to use what influence he possessed to compose the tumult, and not to give his name as a flag to either of the armies of disputants. To the end he hoped for peace, and was in constant communication with the Emperor and the Pope. Nobody would listen to him, though everybody asked his advice. Conciliation at one stage seemed practicable, and three succeeding Popes were ready to hear what the reformers had to say. But the Church's too zealous henchmen and a Germany drunk with religious reaction made peace impossible, and Christendom thundered down to ruin.

In this the third and last of the volumes which stand as a noble monument to the scholarship of the late Mr. F. M. Nichols, the letters comprise the period from August, 1517, to September, 1518. Though the translation has not quite the same journalistic snap that Froude managed to give to his version, it is far more faithful and accurate. We have none of those misleading condensations and little twists of phrasing with which Froude knew how to twist the writer's meaning. The connecting notes are the result of much research, but are given to make a point clear and not merely to make a point. This is the unembellished Erasmus. Here and there are trifling slips, as in the case where *Guardiano Minoritarum* is translated as "Warden" instead of "Guardian" of the Friars Minor, but these in no way detract from the value of the work.

The only regret is that the translator did not live to complete the whole of the correspondence. The most exciting years of Erasmus's life are unaccounted for, as the third volume abruptly ends 18 years before his death. But the key to the later years is given, for the humanist was already in the midst of incessant controversy. The Friars, incensed by the stinging gibes of an ex-Augustinian at large, were his enemies; and a large number of the letters in the third volume concern the quarrel between Erasmus and Le Fevre. The thin-skinned scholar, always impatient of criticism, was naturally deeply hurt by the attack made upon him by an old friend, instigated, as he believed, by the monks. It is amusing to note that his resentment appeared to be very slight at first; but when Le Fevre's book was given an importance which Erasmus would not believe that it deserved, he gradually got more angry at its success, and replied at length, with a rejoinder which, in his own eyes, made an end of the theologian. To his friends he complacently announced that it was granted on all sides that victory had been with him; and, made good humored by this glory, he felt himself in a position to say generous things of his opponent. However, it is evident that the friends themselves, even when they admitted the superiority of the humanist's dialectic, were in some cases scandalised by the vindictiveness of his spirit. One of these, Budé, wrote a long letter to him full of a kindly and humorous good sense, but Erasmus could only say in reply: "I received on the first of September that prolix epistle of yours, written on the 12th of April, . . . but its contents are such that I know not whether it would not be better for the credit of both of us that it should be suppressed. . . . What will be thought if those sentences of yours should reach posterity?"

Posterity, I imagine, would not be far wrong in thinking Erasmus a vain fellow, with all the petulance of vanity. The truth, moreover, is that several unpleasant characteristics were his. He sponged freely upon other people, and I do not think that in the matter of the authorship of *Julius Exclusus* he can be acquitted of downright lying. A large number of the letters in this book show the great man's part in a rather undignified episode. Afinius, a certain doctor, was inflamed with an ambition to receive a dedication from Erasmus, and approached him on the subject. The bargain was struck—on condition that a present of two silver cups should be forthcoming. Erasmus's private opinion of Afinius was not very high, but cups were cups. Some correspondence, extending over a considerable period, passed. At first the letters were merely complimentary in the effusive style of the humanists, and Erasmus, though he made no mention of the present, yet evidently hoped that letters would recall the matter to the doctor's mind. However, as Afinius was "slow to part," hints which gradually grew broader and broader were dropped; and eventually Erasmus made no bones about it, but simply wrote to him in the strain of, "Where are those cups?" Finally he actually sent his servant to bring them to him. No letter is extant acknowledging their receipt, but as a treatise on medicine was duly dedicated to Afinius we

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may conclude that the cups eventually found their way to a certain lodging in Louvain.

If Erasmus had imperfections—and who is without them—he had them along with very definite virtues. He could lie about the authorship of a scurrilous squib, and yet try—as he sincerely did try—to serve the cause of truth. Moreover, if he “sponged” upon others—he, the writer of *Spongia!*—it was only because he was conscious of his gifts and their use to the world, and needed money to exercise them. His income was tolerably large, yet he was always crying out for more. Good wine was necessary for his delicate stomach, and books, at a time when books were costly, for his studies. More than once he refused a benefice because the giving of it was tainted with Simony or because it would interfere with his pursuit of learning. *This* was his one great passion. A pure enthusiasm for scholarship made him the undisputed prince of the commonwealth of letters. He hoped that baptised muses would redeem the world, and thought that he could see, as he said in one of his letters, “a truly golden age arising.” Almost every educated man in Europe gave him a veneration practically amounting to idolatry. It was an honor to be a correspondent of Erasmus, and a mild form of beatification to be one of his friends. So many and so varied were these, and so deep their devotion to him, that we may be sure that under all the vanity there was not only charm but a true nobility of character.

After dinner Erasmus

Told Colet that what he was saying was blasphemous;

Whereupon Colet, with some heat,

Requested him that last remark of his to repeat.

(I gather this gem from Mr. Edmund Clerihew Bentley's *Biography for Beginners*. But as the book is out of print I have never been able to obtain a copy, and consequently am obliged to quote from memory.) Whether this bit of biography is authentic I cannot say, but it is certain that, to take only English saints and scholars, Erasmus maintained to the end a firm friendship with Colet, Fisher, and More. To them, above all men, he unburdened himself. Their entreaties, more than anything else, moved him to make his belated attack upon Luther's determinism. He was weary with war and old. Nearly 20 years before he had wanted to retire from controversy, “to hold his tongue and go to sleep, or to sing a song to Christ and himself.” It was not to be. Paul III., ready for conciliation, and about to call a General Council to settle the affairs of Christendom, proposed adding a number of moderates to the Sacred College. Erasmus was to have been one of them, Fisher another. But the proposal enraged Henry VIII., who gave to the Bishop of Rochester a redder hat than the Pope could send. More went his hilarious way to martyrdom—and Europe was finally split in two. The great humanist lived just long enough to decline the honor of being a Cardinal and to see the ruin complete that he had always felt he could have avoided. With his death the end of a chapter in the world's history was reached and a page turned.

Every educational system which places religion in the background is pernicious.—William E. Gladstone.

The yoke is sweet, indeed, and the burden light; but for all that there is a yoke and a burden. There is something to be borne by us, some difficulties to be overcome, some disappointments, some agonies in the garden, some cross-carrying in the busy streets, some loneliness, some betrayals, some jeers. We are free, yet have called ourselves followers, and He will take care that we do follow Him.—Bede Jarrett, O.P.

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A SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE FATHER DORE.

A returned Gallipoli hero writes thus to the editor regarding the late Father Dore:—“I have only returned from the Front, after an absence of over four years, and have read for the first time, a few days ago, in the *Tablet*, the appeal for a memorial to Father Dore. I knew Father Dore exceptionally well—in Egypt and, later, on the Peninsula of Gallipoli. I can honestly say there was no more popular chaplain on Gallipoli, and deservedly so; for he was never done rendering help and advice to all in need, irrespective of their creed; and it was with sincere regret his many friends heard of his being wounded, and, later, of his death. The work which earned him his M.C. was worthy of a V.C., especially as he had been ordered away on account of his health, but came back the night of the attack (August 6) to be with the boys. I saw him on his way up, and he certainly looked very ill; but he said he could not stop away when the boys were going over the top. Unfortunately I never again saw him, as he was with the Auckland lot, and I belonged to the Otago's, although we were very great friends. I am enclosing £1 as a subscription towards the memorial, and wish you and all those interested every success in your most worthy object.”

CATHOLIC COLONISATION SOCIETY.

The Catholic Colonisation Society, U.S.A., the recognised national organisation for directing settlers, reports a very great number of applicants among Catholic people for lands in its various colonies. This organisation, having its central offices at Chicago, now has 26 colonies in 14 different States. Every colony tract has been carefully investigated by the society's own experts. This fact, together with the high official standing of this organisation, gives the prospective settler the greatest confidence in the reliability of the reports and recommendations issued by the society. These facilities, offered the farm home-seeker by the society, together with the increased cost of living and the patriotic motive of many to “do their bit” to help increase the nation's food supply, in a measure explain the great number of applications for farm lands made to this society. An encouraging feature is the great demand for lands in some of the Southern States, notably Arkansas, the society having received some 500 applications for lands in this State. These facts encourage the belief that the nation's agricultural resources will not only be maintained, but increased, and the rich farm lands be made to produce abundant crops.

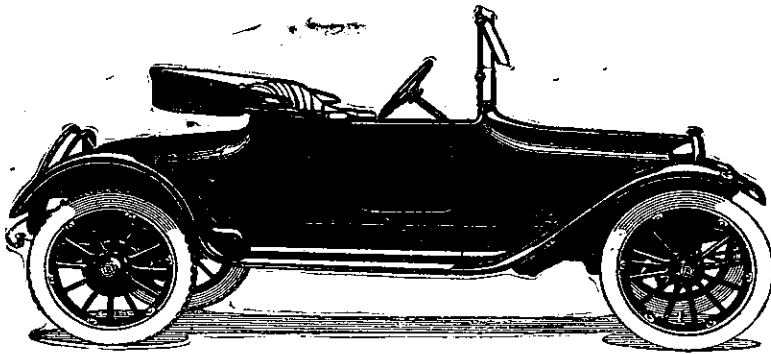
AFTER FORTY YEARS.

The cathedral of Thann, in Alsace, is once more in French possession, after forty years of German domination. The entry of the French troops into the town was celebrated with great joy by the people of Thann, and on the uninjured steeple of the cathedral the Tricolor floated gaily. Three Chasseurs Alpins had succeeded in making the perilous climb, and as the flag of France broke out over the highest edifice of the reconquered territory the great crowd knelt in fervent thanksgiving. The more boisterous element was outside celebrating victory, but all the old people for miles around had gathered to pray and to listen to the cure, who, speaking now in patois, told how the God of Battles had blessed the arms of France and of her Allies because their cause was the cause of justice and liberty. The service ended with the sermon, for the old cure was unable to make his way back to the altar, so dense was the crowd of officers and peasants and American soldiers who thronged the nave and transept and packed themselves in the choir and where the stalls had stood.

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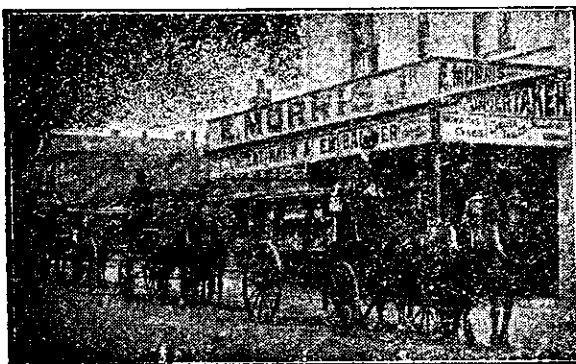
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A N.Z. SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM PALESTINE

Writing at intervals during last year to his parents (Mr. and Mrs. J. Coakley, Thames), Trooper C. H. Coakley, who has been for over three years with the N.Z. Mounted Brigade in Egypt and other countries of the East, gives thus his impressions and observations: "Our brigade did not enter Jerusalem first, as we were operating on the Jaffa sector then. We have been stationed on the Jordan Valley for a good time. This is a most interesting place from a historical point of view, but not so from that of a soldier. The Jordan Valley is 1292ft below sea level, and is of course very hot. When we first came here it was quite green, but now there is not a particle of grass, and it is very dusty. Jericho is situated on the flat about three miles from the Jordan. It is only a small place—very dirty, and nothing like the Jericho of old one reads about. This is the third town of Jericho. The ruins of the other two remain to this day, but not to any great extent. About a mile from Jericho is the Mount of Temptation. From there the Dead Sea can be seen, and also the mouth of the Jordan. Looking further across may be seen the mount from which Moses viewed the promised land, as also the traditional spot where the Children of Israel finished their wanderings. One has to let the imagination play when viewing these places. There is nothing to mark the spots mentioned, and some find it had to believe that the events recorded in the dim past really happened." Under date June 6, he wrote: "I had the privilege yesterday of visiting Jerusalem. Jerusalem is divided into two parts—the old city, which is surrounded by a large wall: and the modern city. Our party comprised 12, and one officer. It was necessary to go in such parties to pass the guard at the Jaffa gate (the principal gateway into old Jerusalem). Just inside the gates is seen the Tower of David, and a little further on one comes to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This church is owned by five great Christian bodies—the Catholic, Armenian, Syrian, Greek, and Coptic. Each of these bodies has lamps, candelabra, etc., to adorn the Holy Places inside the church. Originally each body had its own building, but now one roof covers all. Just inside the church door is the Holy Sepulchre, an elaborate edifice, marking the original site where Our Blessed Saviour was buried. Near by is the Ablution rock, where the body of Our Redeemer was washed after being taken from the cross. A little further on, up some steps, you come to the place where He was nailed to the cross and the site of the crucifixion, the holes in which the cross was placed, and also those where the two thieves were hung. Marking the spot where the Blessed Mother of Our Saviour watched her Divine Son at the crucifixion is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. This statue, which is encased, is adorned with priceless jewels of all descriptions. These have been given by visitors to the Holy Place, and include two French decorations, also a massive gold heart given by the Kaiser. Leaving the church we proceeded through cobbled streets to the foundation of Solomon's Temple. The wall is known as the Jews' wailing-place, and every Friday the Jews come there praying and wailing that the old Temple, which originally belonged to the Jews, may be restored to them. The old Temple site now belongs to the Moslems, and this wall is as close as the Jews are permitted to go to worship. There are thousands of nails driven

in between the stones in memory of the Jews' visits there. We next visited the Moslem places of worship. There are two mosques. First, the Mosque of Aska. Here we had to take off our boots before entering. The floors are covered with rich carpets. Now we come to the Mosque of Omar. This is supposed to be the best mosque in the world. It is most elaborate inside, with inlaid work on the walls and most beautiful ceilings. Here is seen the rock of sacrifice associated with the Biblical history of Abraham. Mohammed's beard is also kept here, and is exposed to the view of the faithful during the Ramadan, a religious season of the Moslems. Our next point of interest was the Golden Gate. The stone work is the same as in early times. From the wall here one overlooks the Valley of Josaphat, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Tomb of the Virgin Mary. One also sees the Church of St. Stephen, as well as other tombs of early Christians. The Mount of Olives is seen from here. We visited the place where Our Lord was scourged and crowned with thorns, and what originally was Herod's palace. This place is owned by Catholic Sisters. Only small portions of the old buildings now remain, and these are built in with a modern structure. The Sisters have one of the prettiest churches I have seen. We visited the courtyard, where any marks which are supposed to exist from early times are carefully preserved. We now traversed the street through which Our Blessed Saviour carried the cross. On the walls are marked the different stations. Where St. Veronica wiped Our Lord's face there now stands a crypt containing a statue of Our Lord carrying the cross and St. Veronica with a towel in her hands bearing the impression of the Sacred Countenance. Following the road, one comes back to the Holy Sepulchre Church, the scene of Our Lord's crucifixion and burial. The old City of Jerusalem is little changed. The narrow, cobbled streets and native shops still exist. There is no vehicular traffic here, all carrying being done by donkeys and mules. The new City of Jerusalem is very modern, and contains many fine buildings. There are numerous shops where curios and souvenirs of the Holy Places are to be bought. Since last writing I was able to visit Bethlehem, and to see all the objects of interest there. The most interesting is the Church of the Nativity. The present building was erected some hundred years ago, and covers most of the scenes enacted in Bethlehem. When you understand that the stables in the olden times were merely caves you will realise how the building covers so many sites. It was necessary to have an officer to pass the guard. (All the Holy Places are under guard owing to certain recent happenings.) The Church of the Nativity, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, is owned by four Christian bodies, each having its own place of worship. The church originally belonged to the Crusaders, who, when they had to leave it, tried to burn it down. (Marks of the fire are still visible.) After passing the church entrance the visitor goes down a corridor, or hall, to the first portion of the Church—the Greek. Down narrow, dark steps the grotto where the Divine Infant was born is reached. The spot is marked with a large silver star known as the Star of Bethlehem. A few yards from there we see the manger where the Child was nursed. Here also is seen the spot where the wise men were directed by the star. There are several other scenes of interest here, including the place of the slaughter of the innocents, St. Jerome's

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tomb, and the room in which St. Jerome translated the Bible into 12 languages. Going up a lot of steps we enter the Armenian Church. Next comes the Universal Catholic Church—a very pretty church, containing fine Stations of the Cross, pictures, etc. The pulpit is a beautiful piece of hand work. This church belongs to the French Fathers. Another place of interest is the spot where the angel appeared to St. Joseph and warned him to make flight to Egypt with Mary and the Child. There are numerous other churches and convents around Bethlehem, the city being practically wholly Catholic."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

Chicago leads all other cities in the number of churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin—43. New York has 38.

That the Irish are very much in evidence in Rome appears from this: The Irish in Rome have an Irish College, the Irish Dominicans in San Clemente, the Irish Franciscans at St. Isidore's, the Irish Augustinians at St. Patrick's, and now have come, quite lately, the Irish Carmelites, who have installed a nucleus of students at San Celso. Of course, the Irish Christian Brothers hold quite a unique place in Rome.

The latest reports from Norway tell of the steady progress of Catholic conversion in that country. Bishop Fallize, the first Catholic bishop since Luther's time, says that everywhere he goes he is greeted by new converts. Their number is increasing so fast that it has become quite a problem to provide the necessary churches and schools.

A very successful Convert League has been started in Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A., by Mr. Harry Wilson, a recently converted Episcopal minister. The local clergy have not only approved the project, but have actively taken hold, and by personal and official co-operation have assured the future of the league. The city contains many converts, and this organisation will double their number in a few years. Mr. Frank H. Spearman, a well-known author and a fervent convert, holds a leading place and is very active in the league's work.

A High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral of the Holy Ghost to signalise the Allies' entry into Constantinople. Admiral Amet and General Bunoust, Assistant Commander of the Forces of Occupation, were present with their staffs. A large congregation, composed of members of the French colony at Constantinople and Catholics residing in the city, filled the west nave of the Cathedral. The "Te Deum" was sung and a full peal was rung on the bells. The French military representatives were greeted with prolonged cheers as they passed out of the Cathedral.

In 1878 a number of Belgian Catholics conceived the idea of founding at Louvain, under religious auspices, a Higher School of Agriculture for the use of Catholic youth. This institution prospered beyond all hopes, and, after remaining autonomous for a few years, became incorporated with the university. The success of the foundation has suggested the idea of establishing a school to be run on similar lines in Italy, essentially an agricultural country, where the need of such an institution is very great. The Bishops of Belgium, up to the beginning of the war, got the young

priests of their dioceses to follow the agricultural course at the Louvain college with a view to their being able afterwards to deliver lectures on agriculture to their parishioners.

DIOCESAN WORK IN ENGLAND.

The Most Rev. Dr. Hlsley, Archbishop of Birmingham, in his Advent Pastoral, calls attention to two dangers that may affect the success of diocesan work in England. They are connected with one another. The first danger is that as the men return from the Front the missions may be unequal to the strain which will be put upon them. Their experience abroad under the stress of the war has increased the anxiety of many members of the Forces to investigate religious questions. "We must," says the Archbishop, "be prepared to help them. Unless we bestir ourselves there is danger that we may be found wanting." The other danger is that of the lack of adequate financial support. In the ordinary pre-war days a number of missions, especially in country districts, were kept up with great difficulty. Only by sacrifices on the part of the clergy were the demands on their meagre resources met. Since the outbreak of hostilities the cost of the necessaries of life has risen enormously; but in few, if any, cases has the income of the mission increased. In many cases it has decreased. This is a matter which should receive the serious consideration of congregations. Additional support for the missions in these days is an absolute necessity. If it is given something effective will be done to guard against a shortage of clergy when truth-seekers home from the war shall make their inquiries.

POLAND AND IRELAND.

The Holy Father, in intimating to the Archbishop of Warsaw that he intends to raise him to the rank of Cardinal at the approaching Consistory, has recalled the devotion of former Popes to Poland's interests, and (according to the *Corriere d'Italia*) has expressed the hope that the nationalities subject to Russia will decide their own future and prosper. In regard to this national question his Holiness is an advocate of the principle of self-determination, the adoption of which in the cases of two Catholic nations that have been so loyal to the Holy See as Poland and Ireland would greatly help to console him for the anxieties and grief he has experienced during the war. Of Poland's destiny there can be no doubt. Her long night of sorrow is at an end. A new Polish Cabinet has just proclaimed Poland a republic, and the decision in favor of that form of government will be ratified by the Peace Conference. Ireland is pleading to be granted the right of self-determination, like Poland, as a remedy for her grievances, which are very serious, for many of her sons who have voiced her national claim are inside prison bars, and the government to which she is subjected is upheld by force, not by the will of the majority. It is impossible to believe that when Poland is free Ireland will still be refused her freedom.

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NOTES ON HEALTH

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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Fried Pumpkin.

Fried pumpkin is delicious when served as a garnish. Remove the rind and the seeds and cut in long, thin strings, then roll in flour, dip in beaten egg, and fry in deep fat.

Carrot Marmalade.

While carrots are young and tender make some marmalade. Take 1½lb of well-washed carrots, the same amount of sugar, and two lemons cut fine, excluding the seeds. Chop the carrots, and simmer until tender, then add the sugar, and cook until thick. Seal in jelly glasses.

Afternoon Tea Kiss Cakes.

Quarter pound of butter, ¼lb of sugar, ½lb of flour (or ¼lb of cornflour and ¼lb of flour), one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, two eggs. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, then beat the eggs and add the three together, and beat for several minutes; then add the flour gently, with the baking powder; drop from a teaspoon on a cold oven tray, and bake in a moderate oven. Stick two together when cold, with raspberry jam, and sprinkle icing sugar on top.

Mixed Vegetable Salad.

A good mixed salad is obtained by taking a young tender lettuce, a small tomato, a slice or so of beet-root, and cucumber, a few radishes, water cress, and, if liked, three or four spring onions. Boil an egg until it is very hard. Crush the yolk up, add a teaspoonful of made mustard, some olive oil, and salt and pepper. When enough oil has been added to make a sufficiency of dressing for the amount of the table add a few drops of vinegar. Pour into a bowl, lay the vegetables on it, and mix with a wooden fork and spoon just before placing on the table. Cut up the white of the egg and sprinkle over the vegetables.

Tomato Jam.

To make green tomato jam, remove the stems from some green tomatoes and wipe them over thoroughly with a clean cloth. Allow ½lb of white sugar to 1lb of fruit. Put into the preserving pan and add enough water to make sufficient syrup. Do not put much water in at first, as you can add to it if there is not enough. Lemons should be sliced and put into it in the proportion of one lemon to every 2lb of fruit. Cook until done through and the syrup looks thick. They make an excellent preserve, and taste almost like figs. Ripe tomato jam is made as follows: Take the sound fruit as soon as ripe, scald and peel them. To 7lb of tomatoes add 7lb of white sugar, and let them stand overnight. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes and boil gently from 15 to 20 minutes. Remove the fruit again and boil until the syrup thickens; on cooling put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it; add a few slices of lemon to each jar.

Household Hints.

A glass of hot milk is a good sleep producer. Take it just before retiring.

When making pastry handle with as little moisture as possible: the more crumbly it is the more flaky it will be.

Tweed garments may be rendered waterproof and impervious to the heaviest rains if treated as follows:— Put ½lb each of sugar of lead and of powdered alum into a pail of rainwater. Stir now and again till the mixture becomes quite clear. Pour it off into another vessel, and leave the garments in it for 24 hours. Hang up to dry without wringing. This is recommended as better than a raincoat or waterproof.

Borax is a convenient thing to have on the kitchen shelf. Added to the dish-water in which dish towels are washed it will help to keep them of good color. Moreover, by softening the water it tends to keep hands smooth and white.

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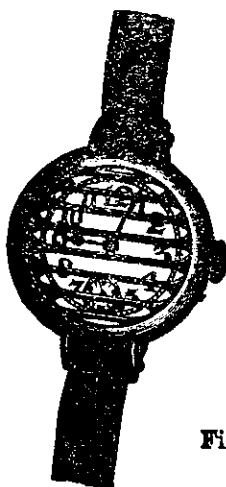
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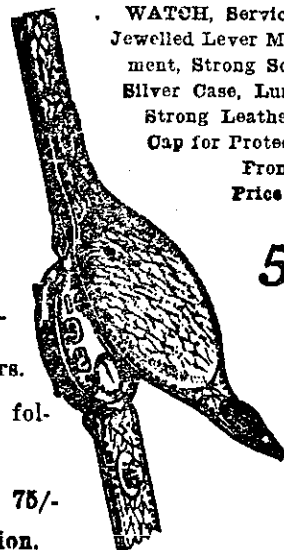
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FIRE-SWEPT PARISH, OHAKUNE

Our people, feeling the need of Catholic education for their children, determined to provide them with a Catholic school. This year a large and commodious school (where more than 80 Catholic children are now taught) was erected at a cost of £1600, and a convent was purchased at a cost of £1400—that is, a total of £3000. Our people have subscribed generously, but they are not rich in this world's goods, and they could only reduce the debt by £800. £2200 still remains as a debt. Since the erection of school and convent the terrible bush fires of last March swept over the district, inflicting heavy loss on some of our people. Moreover, we have no church and no presbytery yet. We are badly off. Hence we appeal to the benevolent throughout the Dominion to help us to keep the Faith in this backblocks and fire-swept parish. We are running a bazaar from February 12 to February 19, 1919, to relieve our debt. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received and personally acknowledged. Address—

FATHER GUINANE, Ohakune.

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.

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I long sought after, tardily found, the desire of the eye, the joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fullness after many foretastes, the home after many storms! Come to her, poor children; for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold to you the secret of your being and the meaning of your destiny.—
Cardinal Newman.

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.

A WELL-CHOSEN WORD—"ECLIPSE-ALL."

What's the true meaning of the word Eclipse? Let's look up the dictionary. Here we are: Eclipse:—To excel!

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GARDENING NOTES

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

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

The Kitchen Garden.—Plant now a good supply of vegetables for winter and spring, such as cauliflower, broccoli, savoy cabbage, turnip, spinach, lettuce, etc. When planting out give a good soaking of water, if the weather is dry, leaving for this purpose a little hollow around each plant. Before pulling plants from the seed bed—say a day or two previously—they should be well watered, and this will result in a little ball of fibre being lifted with each plant and in their being transplanted better. Early potatoes may now be lifted and the ground thus vacated replanted with the above-mentioned vegetables. Celery should be well watered occasionally and moulded up as appears necessary; a little moulding up at intervals as the plants grow is better than one general moulding when the plants are full grown. Soak well when watering; merely sprinkling does more harm than good, especially if done during the period of sunshine. The final sowing of peas will probably be made now; and for these, and also French beans, the line of soil intended to be sown requires to be well watered. The best varieties of late turnips for present sowing are Golden Ball and White Stone. Sow sparingly in ground from which early potatoes have been lifted, for preference, and thin out as required. Apply plenty of water to rhubarb to give it a start for autumn picking. Vegetable marrows, pumpkins, and cucumbers require an occasional good drenching of liquid manure. If celery becomes blighted it should be well sprayed and have soot or slacked lime shaken over the plants. Where tomatoes are growing too freely pinch off the lateral growth, which will not ripen fruit. Now is the time to sow late onions, such as Giant Rocca or Tripoli; tread the ground firm before sowing.

The Flower Garden.—Keep the lawns regularly mowed, and leave the cut grass scattered about, this helping to keep the lawn cool during dry weather and also fertilising the turf. Unless the spray is kept going on the lawn during the warm season the grass will make little headway, and scorched patches will soon appear. After spraying occasionally run the roller over the lawn, and keep dandelions and Cape weed in check, or very soon the plot will be ruined. Chrysanthemums, dahlias, and all tall-growing plants require to be neatly staked, and so protected from the winds, as lacking such support their beauty in the garden is largely lost. Now is a good time to clip garden hedges, as later the wood hardens and the job cannot be done with satisfactory neatness. Flowering shrubs that have ceased blooming may be pruned back and the new growth will form flowering spikes for the next season. The removal of seed pods from plants will tend to prolong the flowering period. Bud roses and other trees if the bark rises freely; if not, defer the process until later.

The Fruit Garden.—Prune all lateral and overcrowding shoots from the centre of apple and pear trees. Spray with arsenate of lead or helibore powder for the pear slug, or leech, on pear, cherry, and plum trees. Where high water pressure is available the woolly aphid can be kept down by playing the hose on with good force frequently. Thin out late grapes, give plenty of water to the roots, and freely ventilate the vinery.

RETURNING TO THE FOLD

Of the 226 persons confirmed at St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., by Right Rev. Bishop Farrelly, recently, 66 were adult converts.

Making use of the data afforded by the official *Catholic Directory* in the matter of converts to the Church in the United States (the *Directory* gives figures for 81 dioceses), and estimating the number of conversions in the non-reporting 18 dioceses, some of which contain cities like Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, and St. Paul, the *Catholic Convert* declares that the most conservative calculation brings the estimate of converts for 1917, as in the two preceding years, well above forty thousand. This number will probably impress the average American Catholic as being very considerable, representing as it does more than 10 per cent. of the whole increase in the Catholic population of our country during 1917. The number would undoubtedly be still larger had the average American Catholic manifested more interest in the work of converting his non-Catholic neighbors, or, at least, in edifying them by his speech and conduct.

Converts continue to come in. Amongst the latest are two more clergymen of the Church of England. Rev. R. B. Kenworthy Brown has been received at Oxford; and Rev. D. A. Harris, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, has also been received; and both propose to study for the priesthood. The war marriages which are taking place are also responsible for a large number of converts; and priests are kept busy instructing soldiers and their fiancées; while more than one war widow has been converted after her husband's death.

My moving has been splendidly done. Quite a treat to see things so excellently handled. Yes, I got the New Zealand Express Co., Ltd., to move me. They are masters at the business, and so very careful. They served me well, and I am confident you will get a service that will delight you too. Offices in all towns.

Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace, Roxburgh

TO THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

Every Catholic heart these days beats with gratitude to God, the Giver of all good gifts, for His blessing of Peace, which we, in common with the great Catholic soldier, Marshal Foch, believe has come in answer to prayer. Catholic faith and instinct urge us to show our heartfelt gratitude in some act of piety. May I suggest as a most suitable thanksgiving an offering towards the building of the Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace? This church is now being built.

REV. D. O'NEILL,
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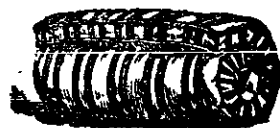
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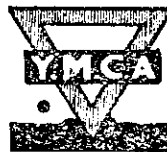
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Let us still keep together in New Zealand under the sign of the



“Red Triangle.” Further information from National Secretary, Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Baker's Bldgs., Wellington.

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The Family Circle

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

She led him slowly to the garden gate,
But mother's heart was heavier than his own,
As on his arm she laid his book and slate.
It seemed as if her little bird had flown
Away forever from her outstretched arms,
That she would never know his love again.
But, O! he must not know of her alarms,
So mother struggled to conceal her pain.

She saw the teardrop in his bright blue eye,
Beheld the quiver in his baby face,
While manfully he strove to check the sigh,
As though it might her loving kiss efface.
She must not know, he thought, that he was sad,
Although his cheek felt strangely white and cold;
For he must try to be a manly lad—
He had forgotten—he was six years old!

And as she watched him wander down the lane,
Tears dimmed the disappearing little form;
Strange mother-tears, commingled joy and pain,
Lest from her arms too soon he might be torn.
And so she dashed away the falling tears,
And tried in vain her flushing cheek to cool,
The while recalling that life's cares and fears
Began for him to-day—his first at school!
—Amelia Fisher.

THE LOST ROSARY.

Many years ago at the military school of Saint Cyr, in France, a cadet one day found a rosary lying in the dust. He picked it up and said nothing about it at the time.

It was during the period of examinations, which were conducted by an old French marshal. Among the pupils who distinguished themselves by the brilliancy of their replies the marshal especially noticed a serious, intelligent looking young man, with gentle, modest manners.

The examination over, the boys passed in review before the old soldier. As soon as the ranks were broken the one who had found the rosary shouted—

"Who lost this rosary? Who is the imbecile, the ignoramus who still tells his beads?"

The gentle-mannered student referred to came forward and said—

"That rosary is mine; please give it to me. It is a present from my mother. I promised her to guard it carefully and to make use of it every day of my life."

The marshal, who was told of the incident, approached the young man and said—

"My friend, I congratulate you. In the matter of the rosary you showed a courage equal to the scholarship you exhibited in your examination. Always be as brave in the discharge of your duties and you will win the esteem of all good people."

BEING LADYLIKE.

One often hears it said that a business office is not a parlor, and that parlor manners cannot be expected; yet the fact remains that where they are practised they are almost invariably appreciated. One of the stenographers in a certain large office was distinguished by her charming manners, which were always those of the drawing room, and by her sweet womanliness and refinement. She sometimes spoke wonderingly of the unfailing and chivalrous courtesy with which she was treated by her associates in the office, seeming scarcely to realise that she received what she gave, and that her attitude called out the best in them. A comment made by the cashier to his assistant indicated the feeling with which she was regarded. The cashier, while usually good-natured and pleasant, had times of irritability, when he lost his temper easily, and was apt to be sarcastic and disagreeable to those about him. Speaking of the stenographer, he said:

"She is the only one in the office that I can't quarrel with." She was so thoroughly the lady that he would no more have thought of quarrelling with her than with the ladies whom he met in his own home or the homes of his friends. With many young women the business experience lasts only a few years, and then they go back into home life, or into a social life where the sweet, lovable, womanly qualities are worth far more to them than the pert smartness which is so easily picked up where one comes into daily contact with all sorts and kinds of people. While free and easy manners may make one seemingly popular with a certain class of people, the admiration that is best and most lasting, because it is founded on respect, is given to the girl who keeps herself quiet, dignified, and lady-like.

SETTLING THE POINT.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff," cross-examined the youthful counsel. "Is that quite correct?"

"It is, sir," answered the witness; "quite correct."

"And what did he say?" demanded the inquisitor.

The counsel for the defence jumped to his feet. He objected, m'ud, very strongly objected to this conversation being admitted as evidence. Half-an-hour's heated controversy ensued. Then the judge retired to his private room to discuss the point with counsel.

Two hours later they filed back into the courtroom and announced their decision. Yes, the youthful counsel might put his question.

"Well," repeated the inquisitor triumphantly, "and what did the plaintiff say?"

"Nothing," came back the answer, without a tremor. "He wasn't at home."

HIS TEST.

The wife of a great botanist beamed at him across the supper table.

"But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are not all for me, Aristotle, are they?"

"Yes, Alice," he nodded. "I gathered them especially for you with my own hands." She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear, unselfish old husband he was! In five minutes she had demolished the dish. At breakfast the next morning he greeted her anxiously.

"Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly!" she smiled.

"Not sick at all? No pains?" he pressed.

"Why, of course not, Aristotle!" she responded.

"Hurrah, then!" he exclaimed. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous!"

WAS SHE WILLING?

He was a professional conjuror.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a wave of the hand, "this is the magic cabinet. I invite any lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. I shall then close the door, and when it will be opened the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

There was an impressive silence, until a little, undersized man in the second row turned to an enormous woman who sat by him and breathed eagerly—

"Maria, dear, won't you oblige the gentleman?"

A PROFITABLE MEAL.

The members of the club were telling yarns, when the quiet man in the corner was asked to contribute.

"Well," said he, "I once entered a restaurant where they weigh you before eating and then after eating, and then charge you by weight. I had a good feed, and was charged ten shillings. The next time I went I took in my pockets bricks, weights, old iron, and such like. I was weighed, and then went upstairs and had a banquet three times as big as the last. I went down and was weighed again, but they couldn't make it out."

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He paused.

"Couldn't make what out?" asked the club members.

"Why," answered the quiet man, "they owed me four-and-tuppence!"

NOT SURPRISED.

In a rural district of Forfarshire a young ploughman went courting one evening. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic; he could call up no subject at all suitable to the occasion; not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair.

The girl herself was equally silent; she, no doubt, remembered the teaching of the old Scottish song, "Men Maun be the First to Speak," and she sat patiently regarding him with demure surprise.

At last he exclaimed suddenly, "Jenny, there's a feather on yer apron!"

"I widua ha'e wondered if there had been two," said Jenny, "for I've been sitting aside a goose a nicht."

SMILE RAISERS.

A little boy carrying home some eggs dropped them.

"Did you break any?" asked his mother when he told her of it.

"No," said the boy; "but the shells came off some of them."

Doctor: "Did that cure for deafness really help your brother?"

Pat: "Sure enough; he hadn't heard a sound for years, and the day after he took that medicine he heard from a friend in America."

"Now, Lieutenant Tompkins," said the general, "you have the battalion in quarter column, facing south—how would you get it into line, in the quickest possible way, facing north-east?"

"Well, sir," said the lieutenant, after a moment's fruitless consideration, "do you know, that's what I've often wondered."

"He died in harness, poor chap."

"Yes; and, by the way, did you ever notice how much like harness life is? There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, and breaches of faith. Also tongues must be bridled, passions curbed, and everybody has to tug to pull through."

It was Marian's sixth birthday, and she felt the weight of years on her shoulders. A friend of the family remarked—

"What a big girl you are getting to be, Marian! And you are six years old to-day."

"Yes," replied Marian, swelling with pride; "and if it was not for papa and mamma I should be the oldest in the family."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Painting a Liner.

One of the biggest jobs, indeed, in connection with a warship or the big liners now being used as transports is giving them a fresh coat of paint. To paint these big ships hundreds of thousands of gallons of paint are required every year, and the paint bill alone of a big shipping company runs well over four figures a year. About 20 to 30 men on each ship are often kept busy putting on the gallons of paint. Most of the large companies used to have their liners repainted at the end of every voyage, or, rather, at the end of every double voyage. The amount of surface that each liner had to have painted was very nearly two and a half acres, so painting a big ship is literally painting by the acre. A warship has to be painted regularly, for otherwise her life would be considerably shortened, and she would fall to pieces from corrosion. Her outside plates would be simply eaten through and through. The greatest trouble is with the bottom of the vessel, which rapidly gets encrusted with barnacles and seaweed. This growth on the bottom of a ship is really enormous. The pre-war cruiser *Champion*, for instance, was taken into dry dock and thoroughly cleaned after serving as a training ship for some years in the River Mersey. Over 40 tons of mussels alone were removed from the bottom, and it took a gang of men a week to clear away the growth of seaweed and barnacles.

The Domestic Poker.

The domestic poker, plain in the kitchen and polished in the parlor, is falling into disrepute as a coal-wasting instrument. In these days of fuel shortage it should be put away, buried, or used as an allotment tool (says an exchange). There are scientific reasons for the abolition of the poker. Many, if not most, coals burn quite as well without its application. Other coals, particularly those of the anthracite type, if stirred with the poker will not burn at all. Combustion experts have proved that it is radiation only that counts in the warming of a room. It is the stoppage of radiation which accounts for the commonly observed phenomenon of a general movement of chairs towards a fire still burning brightly and for the vigorous application of the poker. Poking the fire certainly causes the coals to blaze, but not to radiate; and the heat engendered by combustion passes up the chimney. The fire should be left alone, and the firebricks, which every patriotic householder should have put in his grate, will do the radiation and will warm the room. One pound of coal contains about 12,000 heat units, or sufficient to heat a fairly large room for one hour in the dead of winter. In the ordinary wasteful type of household grate about three pounds of coal are used, because 8000 of the heat units go up the chimney and only 4000 heat units pass into the room. Therefore, those who indulge in the habit of poking the fire—it is only a habit, and a bad one—will do well to remember when tempted to take the poker in hand that with coal at £2 per ton, for every ton of coal burned in the domestic grate they are sending £1 6s 7d of hard-earned money up the chimney without gaining any return in the way of heat to the room.

He whose heart is not as clear as crystal will never have a deep insight into what is true.—Ernest Psichari.

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