

hereafter, quiet-gowned and sandalled in the humble palmer's way, though under his mean apparel somewhere the 'looms of heaven are moving over his heart.' And as he picks his steps over the ford of Baile Ath Cliath there by the Whitworth Bridge of our day see that aged boatman bow and cross himself—thus by some divine premonition enlightened of God, and knowing as the palmer moves up and away through Oxmans-town by the Tara road that he indeed is Patrick yet to touch the heart of Kings and so to be forever sung by river folk and mountain men in this Ireland that he will sanctify to all her shores."

Wolfe Tone's Wake

"Uncover awhile before this No. 6. For upstairs on the second floor now the great Wolfe Tone is holding his last levee, a crown of candle flames about his head and no laurel at all, though Victory somewhere hiding weaves a chaplet and Fame prepares the trumpet for her lips. Poor dead Tone with his sword scabbarded for eternity, and this blue uniform with the sun-gold braid about his neck, a Monarch indeed of the Might-have-been. And ever in and past him the silent lovers and friends spell-bound as they look on their fallen flower. And by him there his father and mother overwhelmed with the horror of it now. For they had great possessions surely who owned such a son, most potent leader though laid out in death. Magic is in this shell and the memory of his soul may work miracles apace, as these good Britishers know who order his funeral straightway. And so to Bodens-town with two mourners only by Government decree, there by the crumbling southern wall to lie dreaming and waiting it must be, dreaming again of the fulfilment of that high hope for which he dared all."

Pamela

"One night, too, the beautiful Pamela that lured all painters for her face, was near her agony at Moira House. A cool, clear sunset it was in May of 1798 with the gardens full of the coming of spring. And this Lady Fitzgerald of the tender eyes that seemed to fold her audience about her, Pamela, the bride that shall grow lovelier as time mellows her, what visions and forebodings are now in her heart! For every hour that she is out of sight of her husband is perilous separation in the year of all tragedies. And this air, so rich with the breaking of buds, is tenebrous and fearful as she looks from her window and sees strange colors in the stars. 'My lady is a little pale,' says one; and, 'Not ill, I pray,' another; and all are bowing towards her, their affections flowing down to her like an eddy. But the dance and the music rise again, and Pamela is in the midst though dizzied. And lo! there is a strange turmoil in that other house up in Thomas Street, though from the ball-rooms here you cannot see or catch any sound save only by the telepathy of perfect love which she knew. In a swift fight the candles are knocked over and one of them rolls towards the corner until suddenly it strikes into a liquid and is still; and recovering it this Major Swan is smeared with blood, for Captain Ryan is bleeding into pools on the floor and will die, while that wounded fellow still clutches a dagger as they overpower him on the bed. So march, Lord Edward!—thine enemies have caught thee now! Gallant fiery fellow, the mock of nameless redcoats, thy flame shall glow and burn above a million who sold their cause."

Old Dublin Dreams

Old Dublin dreams they are—those rapid sketches from the pen of a genius. And in Dublin one can dream as it is possible only in a few cities of the world. There are three or four which shall always be dream-land for us. There is Rome, "lone mother" Rome, where the past never dies, and where we learned to dream in the sunlight of days gone down. There is Florence, sleeping now by the storied Arno and still rich in stirring memories of the old Italian saints, scholars, and artists who made her glorious. And Paris too

which for one Irish boy who wandered among its streets always had something to tell, not only of the days of Louis and Blanche and Napoleon, but of other days when brave men came hither to fight for any lost cause provided that the soldiers of the King who broke the Treaty of Limerick were arrayed against them in battle—the Wild Geese from the West, with song on their lips and laughter in their eyes, and the love of Erin and the hate of England deep in their hearts. Dublin, however, as this little book proves, is fullest of dreams for an Irish man or woman. At every corner you meet the noble dead—the saints, the poets, the patriots: Tone, Lord Edward, Mangan, and the beautiful Pamela lovely as Erin and as sad in her desolation, move there yet, with Swift and Stella, Goldsmith, Grattan, the great Brian, Mitchel, and Parnell.

PEACE

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

Lord, Thou hast crowned our dead,
Blessing each dear bright head,
And that for which they bled—
The long swords sleep,
Lord, by their quiet eyes,
Grant 'neath these eager skies
No cry of wrong shall rise,
No children weep.

Lord, as a cup that stands,
Take these young shining lands,
Into Thy pierced hands,
Bidding wars cease,
As with wine sweet and slow,
Fill up this chalice low,
Until it brim and flow
With Thy great peace.

—EILEEN DUGGAN.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

St. Dominic's College closed on Thursday last for the mid-winter vacation. Studies will be resumed on Monday, July 21.

A successful and enjoyable euchre social, under the joint auspices of St. Joseph's Men's and Ladies' Clubs, was held on Wednesday evening, June 25, in St. Joseph's Hall, in aid of the refurnishing fund of the club rooms. Excellent arrangements were made for the entertainment of the large assemblage of patrons.

The Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australasia on re-consecration of the Catholic people to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, was read on Sunday last at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and suburban churches of the parish, and on each occasion the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart was also read. The Catholic school children of the parish were consecrated to the Sacred Heart during the week.

SACRED HEART CHURCH, NORTH-EAST VALLEY.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration was commenced on last Friday (Feast of the Sacred Heart) at the Church of the Sacred Heart, North-east Valley. There was Solemn High Mass, commencing at 9 a.m., the Rev. C. Collins being celebrant; Rev. W. Monaghan, deacon; Rev. M. Spillane, subdeacon; and Very Rev. Father Coffey, master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of Mass there was a procession, followed by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. An impressive sermon on the Blessed Eucharist was preached in the evening by Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk. Mass was celebrated by Father Kaveney on Saturday morning, and there were devotions in the evening. On Sunday very large numbers, including members of the Hibernian Society (St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches) approached the

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