

gerous. Father Benson's novel, *The Necromancers*, deals with it. The "revelations" made through mediums are anti-Christian in many instances. As for fortune-tellers, they are usually quacks that thrive on fools. When you consult them again, remember in what relation you stand to one another.

STELLA.—There is certainly an American saint. Did you never hear of St. Rose of Lima? South American if you like, but still American. All the saints are not canonised, of course. One of those days we shall be celebrating the canonisation of a man who was murdered by the English Government for being a Catholic. We refer to Oliver Plunket, the martyred Archbishop of Armagh, who was hanged at Tyburn by the English. Joan of Arc was another of their victims. In olden times there was no formal process of canonisation. The esteem of the people and favors obtained through intercession after a life of extraordinary sanctity used to supply.

SPORT.—We know of one case in which a medium told the winner of the Liverpool Grand National. This person was asked the question one evening in Limerick, and replied "Glenside." The horse mentioned was unknown to most of the people present—even in Limerick, where they bred Galtee More, Ard Patrick, and Kirkland! But when the race was run all the horses fell but a rank outsider named—Glenside. It was a good guess and nothing more. If spiritists could "pick winners" do you think they would be wasting their time trying to coax sixpennies out of your pockets? We don't, anyhow. Not even the devil can foretell with certainty future events which depend on contingencies. Of course, he knows a lot, and he is far cleverer than you or we. Considering that his business is to trap you and me, he uses his wits in many ways that we do not suspect.

THE FATHER.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

He cannot understand her soul—

A thing so pure, so white—

In which no man should dare to gaze,

But angels must delight.

'Tis strange that God should choose the one

He always lov'd the best,

And for His Vestal Virgin snatch

The treasure of the nest.

But God knows best; no man on earth

Was worthy of such bride

Within the cloisters she will live,

As violets do hide.

But oh! The heavy, stone-like weight

To give away his girl

The sweetest image of his wife

His Marguerite—his pearl.

But God knows best: ah, who could say

What suares the world had set

For Marguerite, his favorite one?

Then fly, thou vain regret!

And so he sees her robed in white—

His Marguerite, his child—

Rejoices that the Lord should keep

Her white soul undefiled.

Sure, God could not more honor give

To lovely Marguerite,

Than robe her in a nun's white robes

And chain her to His Feet.

—ANGELA HASTINGS.

THE CAUSE OF IRELAND

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S GREAT SPEECH AT BOSTON.

At a great mass meeting held in the Mechanics Hall, Boston, U.S.A., on Tuesday evening, June 10, at which over 10,000 people were present, his Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, who was the principal speaker, said:—

In reviewing the phenomenal growth of sentiment in favor of Ireland's freedom during the last six months, the friends of Erin may well say—the impossible has happened. When, just six months ago to-night, the greatest meeting in Madison Square took up again the cause of Erin after a silence that seemed ominous, no one present there could possibly imagine that the knowledge and the sympathy of Erin's cause would progress to such a wonderful degree as to-day it has almost miraculously attained. Undoubtedly America to-day knows and understands the story of Ireland's wrongs, and sympathises with her rights as never before. The American is a true idealist—that the great war has proven. But he is not Don Quixote. He must first understand what the cause is and where the wrongs are before he goes out to brave danger in the defence of the wronged. Anyone who knows the American mind of to-day will quickly realise that the history of Ireland is no longer a closed book to the plain American citizen who, knowing that history as he does, has begun to understand why during all these centuries the people of Ireland have kept alive the divine hope of final liberation.

Ireland's Grievance Real.

It is fair to say that the period of the last six months, since the great meeting in New York, is absolutely unique in this, if in nothing else, that the plain man in the street all over America, we might perhaps except Mississippi,—realises fully that Ireland has a grievance profound and real which must one day be set to rights. With that knowledge has grown a generous and heartfelt sympathy for the little island which has so spunkily refused to be throttled by a big bully, no matter now what blood relationship the bully claims. That sentiment now aroused in the chivalrous hearts of the American people is undoubtedly one of the very best symptoms of American life. Indeed, that chivalrous generosity of heart toward the weak is, as everyone who knows America realises, distinctly and characteristically a trait of American manhood. There is no spectacle on earth that so moves the plain, honest, genuine American as that of a weak, defenceless woman being strangled to death by a huge giant. Every born American who even in passing is compelled to witness such a degrading scene would, without thinking twice, even at the risk of his own life, rush to the rescue and the defence of the helpless wronged. That is the sentiment of the boys we see playing in the street, and that sentiment only grows with age until all American manhood is aflame with it. That was the picture which was drawn for American eyes as the attitude of Germany toward Belgium, and the very sight of that picture sent 2,000,000 of our best and dearest boys over the seas with just one desire in the heart of each, to land such a blow at might and brute force that never again would any big nation dare to attempt the strangulation of a weak one.

Suddenly the plain American, unfettered by any social or financial bonds, has begun to see that Belgium is not the only country placed in that pitiable plight. For some years past we have witnessed the steady growth of a bold propaganda here among us, the whole trend of which was to make Americans forget their own history and to glorify even the weaknesses and foibles of Great Britain, and under that influence so subtly spread all over the land we can scarcely wonder that the rank injustice of Ireland's condition passed unnoticed. When the great war

T. A. Bryant

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