

no one has yet arisen to answer the mournful question: 'Who will roll back for us the stone at the mouth of the sepulchre? For it is very great!' But America is watching over Ireland and another Easter is at hand.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

- J.S.—We referred to your letter two weeks ago.
- M.F.H.—Many thanks. We have taken the necessary steps in the matter. You will hear more of it later, we expect.
- J.F. (Otorohanga).—Thanks for your letter. We have put your proposition before the business department with a strong recommendation. We appreciate your kind endorsement of our efforts to do our best for the Church and for this country and for Ireland. The voice of the *seoin* is growing weaker as time goes on.
- A.S.—Literally, "Sinn Fein" means "ourselves." "Sinn Fein Amhain" means "ourselves alone." As a policy, "Sinn Fein" means self-reliance, self-respect, self-improvement, self-development. Sinn Fein, by asserting the principle of self-determination and developing Irish culture and Irish ideals, and discouraging begging for favors from the British Government, has built up the New Ireland.
- CURIOUS.—You might get some of Raupert's books on Spiritism. Father Benson wrote a novel on the subject in which you will find interesting matter. It is called *The Necromancers*. Raupert was an expert himself, and he condemns on moral and physical grounds all dealings with spiritists. Planchette and such experiments are to be avoided. The devil has a long tail, and there is said to be a hook on the end of it. Get rid of the confidence of youth and of the idea that to be curious about risky things is a sign of a big soul or a beautiful soul, or of anything else but a silly soul.
- OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We never made a contract with our subscribers whereby they are entitled to think that they can run the *Tablet* and dictate its policy. Were you under the impression we did? You must be suffering from toothache or housemaid's knee. Your views are remarkably modest, but you should hear how some haxters object to our telling the truth if they think that thereby some P.P.A. customer will cease buying matches from them. There are a few—very few, thank goodness—awful specimens of Irishmen of the tribe of Esau in this country. Good luck to them, anyhow, and may their porridge do them a power of good. Nothing else will.
- E.L.—With reference to your query of last week, we have come across since in the French journal *La Voix* an account of an incident in the French Chamber of Deputies. A Deputy read a passage from the rationalist Renan in which the writer said that men trained and educated by the Jesuits would be found unfit to stand before the Prussians. Another Deputy interrupted and said, "What about Marshal Foch?" We have also read two articles on Foch by Frenchmen, who dwelt much on his Catholic faith. There is absolutely no room for doubt as to the fact. When will the P.P.A. tell us that Massey is a cardinal or that Lloyd George is an honest man? It is capable even of doing that. Poor old things!

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.
—Cervantes.

"Removed three times. You served me best." This is what a gentleman wrote to us. We get dozens of letters expressing similar satisfaction. Our men are skilful, careful, and what a pleasure to have the moving well done. THE NEW ZEALAND EXPRESS COMPANY, LTD....

VERY REV. DEAN BINSFELD

The Very Rev. Dean Binsfeld, an account of whose jubilee we published last week, is a native of Luxemburg. He was born on May 12, 1834, of a family of many centuries' standing. He studied first at the Royal Grand Ducal Gymnasium of Luxemburg, and afterwards at the seminary of Treves, and was ordained in that place by Archbishop Arnoldi on August 27, 1859. Two years later, in June, 1861, he was professed in the Society of Mary. After working for several years in France, England, Ireland, and America, he came to New Zealand in 1869, and has worked in this country ever since. He has been stationed, at different times, at New Plymouth, Rangiora, Greymouth, Meane, Wanganui, and Nelson; but the greater part of his time was spent upon the Coast. He was one of the first



priests to say Mass there, and the miner who prepared the altar and served his Mass died at Greenmeadows but a few years ago, a lay Brother in the same Society as the Dean himself. In those days, the whole of the Coast was one large parish, and to visit all the "diggings" Dean Binsfeld had to make many long and perilous journeys, which often took him weeks together. He was well known everywhere upon the Coast, and there was no miner, Catholic or non-Catholic, to whom the name of "Father Binsfeld" was not familiar. The Dean belongs to a family of octogenarians. Last year one of his sisters, a nun of Belgium, died over 80 years of age, and another, who is a member of the Belgian Legion of Honor since 1910, celebrates the diamond jubilee of her profession next year.

SIXTEEN DEAD MEN.

[Lines written by the late author, when the Irish patriots of Easter Week were executed.]

Hark! in the still night. Who goes there?

"Fifteen dead men." Why do they wait?

"Hasten, comrade, death is so fair."

Now comes their Captain through the dim gate.

Sixteen dead men! What on their sword?

"A nation's honor proud do they bear."

What on their bent head? "God's holy word;

All of their nation's heart blended in prayer."

Sixteen dead men! What makes their shroud?

"All of their nation's love wraps them around."

Where do their bodies lie, brave and so proud?

"Under the gallows-tree in prison ground."

Sixteen dead men! Where do they go?

"To join their regiment, where Sarsfield leads;

Wolfe Tone and Emmet, too, well do they know,

There shall they bivouac, telling great deeds."

Sixteen dead men! Shall they return?

"Yea, they shall come again, breath of our breath.

They on our nation's hearth made old fires burn.

Guard her unconquered soul, strong in their death."

—DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.