

MISSING PAGE

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Friends a Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Nov. 16, Sunday.—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 17, Monday.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 18, Tuesday.—Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul, Rome.
 „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Elizabeth, Widow.
 „ 20, Thursday.—St. Felix of Valois, Confessor.
 „ 21, Friday.—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 22, Saturday.—St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.

Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.

These two basilicas are situated in Rome, the one on the Vatican Hill, the other on the road which leads to the mouth of the Tiber. They are famous throughout the world for size, richness, and magnificence of decoration; but the most precious treasures which they contain are the relics of the two great Apostles—St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ; and St. Paul, the zealous missionary of the infant Church.

Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

According to a pious tradition dating from the earliest times, the Blessed Virgin, when a child, was taken by her parents to the temple of Jerusalem, where she was carefully instructed and trained by pious matrons in the practice of virtue. The feast we celebrate to-day commemorates the generous enthusiasm with which the Blessed Virgin dedicated her life to the service of her Creator—an offering which she never recalled by the slightest sinful act.

St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Cecilia was a member of a noble Roman family. Betrothed by her parents, against her own wishes, to Valerian, a pagan, she succeeded in converting him and his brother to the Christian religion. On this coming to the ears of the Prefect of the city, the two brothers were beheaded. The same sentence was passed on St. Cecilia, but owing to the clumsy manner in which the executioner performed his task the holy virgin lingered for three days in great agony, A.D. 230.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE PRESENTATION.

Only a Mother, travel-spent,
 Caressing a little Child,
 Pressed by the throngs that came and went—
 None the hand of friendship lent—
 But the Mother sadly smiled.

The wintry sun of that olden day
 Fondled her features fair,
 And it cast its mellowest golden ray
 On the Child, as in her arms He lay
 When brought to the Temple there.

Only a Babe in the surging crowd,
 A Babe with its Mother mild—
 Whose face the veils of sorrow cloud
 When aged Simeon tells aloud
 The fate of her little Child.

REFLECTIONS.

The thoughts that absorb you will also mould you.—
 Bishop Lightfoot.

The way of the spiritual path is strewn with the wrecks of souls that might have been friends of Christ.

A courageous heart calls out the best in head and hands. You cannot think keenly and accurately when your heart feels like lead within you.

Love of God does not exist without love of one another. The love of God in a man's heart is demonstrated and, as it were, certified by kindness to men.—Bishop Hedley.

To be a gentleman is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken charms about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices.—Hannah More.

At any moment death may come, not only to overturn all our plans, to disturb all our pleasures, to tear from us all our goods, but, what is infinitely more terrible, to lead us to the Judgment Seat of God.—Bossuet.

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

The night had now become very dark, but they knew the country well, and soon found themselves upon the old road they were seeking.

"I will go up," said Reilly, "to the cabin of poor Widow Buckley, where we will stop until we think those bloodhounds have gone home. She has a free cottage and garden from me, and has besides been a pensioner of mine for some time back, and I know I can depend upon her discretion and fidelity. Her little place is remote and solitary, and not more than three-quarters of a mile from us."

They accordingly kept the old road for some time, until they reached a point of it where there was an abrupt angle, when to their utter alarm and consternation they found themselves within about 20 or 30 yards of a military party.

"Fly," whispered Fergus, "and leave me to deal with them—if you don't it's all up with you. They won't know me from Adam, but they'll know you at a glance."

"I cannot leave you in danger," said Reilly.

"You're mad," replied the other. "Is it an ould beggarman they'd meddle with? Off with you, unless you wish to sleep in Sligo Gaol before mornin'."

Reilly, who felt too deeply the truth of what he said, bounded across the bank which enclosed the road on the right-hand side, and which, by the way, was a tolerably high one, but fortunately without bushes. In the meantime, a voice cried out: "D—n you, who goes there? Stand at your peril, or you will have a dozen bullets in your carcase."

Fergus advanced towards them, whilst they themselves approached him at a rapid pace, until they met. In a moment they were all about him.

"Come, my customer," said their leader, "who and what are you? Quick—give an account of yourself."

"A poor creature that's looking for my bit, sir, God help me."

"What's your name?"

"One Paddy Brennan, sir, please your honor."

"Ay—one Paddy Brennan—(hicough)—and—and—one Paddy Brennan, where do you go of a Sunday?"

"I don't go out at all, sir, of a Sunda'; wherever I stop of a Saturday night I always stop until Monday mornin'."

"I mean, are you a Papish?"

"Troth, I oughtn't to say I am, your honor—or at least a very bad one."

"But you *are* a Papish?"

"A kind of a one, sir."

"D—n me, the fellow's humbuggin' you, sergeant," said one of the men; "to be sure, he's a Papish."

"To be sure," replied several of the others, "docsn't he admit he's a Papish?"

"D—n me if—if—I'll bear this," replied the sergeant. "I'm as senior off—off—officer conductin' the examination, and I'll suffer no—no—man to intherfare. I must have subor—or—ordination, or I'll know what for. Leave him to me, then, and I'll work him up, never fear. George Johnston isn't the blessed babe to be imposed upon—that's what I say. Come, my good fellow, mark—mark me now. If you let but a quarther of—of—an inch of a d—d lie out of your lips, you're a dead man. Are you all charged, gentlemen?"

"All charged, sergeant, with loyalty and pooteen at any rate; d—n the Pope."

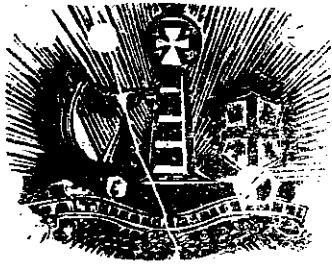
"Shoulder arms—well done. Present arms. Where is—is—this rascal? O yes, here he is. Well, you are there—are you?"

"I'm here, captain."

"Well, d—n me, that's not—not—bad, my good fellow; if I'm not a captain, worse men have been so—(hicough)—that's what I say."

"Hadn't we better make a prisoner of him at once, and bring him to Sir Robert's?" observed another.

"Simpson, hold—old—your tongue, I say. D—n me if I'll suffer any man to intherfare with me in the discharge of my duty."



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CHILDREN LIKE IT

"How do you know," said another, "but he's a Rapparee in disguise?—for that matter, he may be Reilly himself."

"Captain and gentlemen," said Fergus, "if you have any suspicion of me, I'm willing to go anywhere you like; and above all things, I'd like to go to Sir Robert's, because they know me there—many a good bit and sup I got in his kitchen."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the sergeant; "now I have you—now I know whether you can tell truth or not. Answer me this. Did ever Sir Robert himself give you charity? Come now."

Fergus perceived the drift of the question at once. The penurious character of the baronet was so well known throughout the whole barony, that if he had replied in the affirmative every man of them would have felt that his assertion was a lie, and he would consequently have been detected. He was prepared, however.

"Troth, then, gentlemen," he replied, "since you must have the truth, and although maybe what I'm goin' to say won't be plaisin' to you, as Sir Robert's friends, I must come out wid it; devil resave the color of his money ever I seen yet, and it isn't but often I axed him for it. No; but the sarvints often sind me up a bit from the kitchen below."

"Well, come," said the sergeant, "if you have been lyin' all your life, you've spoken the truth now. I think we may let him go."

"I don't think we ought," said one of them, named Steen, a man of about 50 years of age, and of Dutch descent; "as Barnet said, we don't know what he is, and I agree with him. He may be a Rapparee in disguise, or, what is worse, Reilly himself."

"What Reilly do yes mane, gentlemen, wid submission?" asked Fergus.

"Why, Willy Reilly, the d—d Papish," replied the sergeant. (We don't wish to fatigue the reader with his drunken stutterings.) "It has been sworn that he's training the Papishes every night to prepare them for rebellion, and there's a warrant out for his apprehension. Do you know him?"

"Troth I do, well; and, to tell yes the truth, he doesn't stand very high wid his own sort."

"Why so, my good fellow?"

"Because they think that he keeps too much company wid Protestans, an' that he's half a Protestant himself, and that it's only the shame that prevents him from goin' over to them altogether. Indeed, it's the general opinion among the Catholics—"

"Papishes!—you old dog."

"Well, then, Papishes—that he will—an' troth I don't think the Papishes would put much trust in the same man."

"Where are you bound for now, and what brings you out at an illegal hour on this lonely road?" asked Steen.

"Troth, then, I'm on my way to Mr. Graham's above; for sure, whenever I'm near him, poor Paddy Brennan never wants for the good bit and sup, and the comfortable straw bed in the barn. May God reward him and his for it."

Now, the truth was that Graham, a wealthy and respectable Protestant farmer, was uncle to the sergeant; a fact which Fergus well knew, in consequence of having been a house-servant with him for two or three years.

"Sergeant," said the Williamite settler, "I think this matter may be easily settled. Let two of the men go back to your uncle's with him, and see whether they know him there or not."

"Very well," replied the sergeant, "let you and Simpson go back with him—I have no objection. If my uncle's people don't know him, why then bring him down to Sir Robert's."

"It's not fair to put such a task upon a man of my age," replied Steen, "when you know that you have younger men here."

"It was you who proposed it, then," said the sergeant, "and d—n me, if you be a true man, you have a right to go, and no right at all to shirk your duty. But stop—I'll settle it in a word's speaking: here you—you old Papish, where are you?—O I see—you're there, are you? Come, now, gentlemen, shoulder arms—all right—present arms. Now, you d—d Papish, you say that you have often slept in my uncle's barn?"

"Is Mr. Graham your uncle, sir?—because if he is, I know that I'm in the hands of a respectable man."

"Come, now—was there anything particular in the inside of that barn?—Gentlemen, are you ready to slap in to him if we find him to be an imposther?"

"All ready, sergeant."

"Come, now, you d—d Papish, answer me—"

"Troth, and I can do that, sergeant. You say Mr. Graham's your uncle, an' of course, you have often been

in the barn yourself. Very well, sir, don't you know that there's a prop on one side to keep up one of the cupples that gave way one stormy night, and that there's a round hole in the lower part of the door to let the cats in to settle accounts with the mice and rats?"

"Come, come, boys, it's all right. He has described the barn to a hair. That will do, my Papish old cock. D—n me, as every man must have a religion, and since the Papishes won't have ours, why the devil shouldn't they have one of their own?"

"That's dangerous talk," said Steen, "to proceed from your lips, sergeant. It smells of treason, I tell you; and if you had spoken those words in the days of the great and good King William you might have felt the consequences."

"Treason and King William be d—d!" replied the sergeant, who was naturally a good-natured but outspoken fellow—"sooner than I'd take up a poor devil of a beggar, that has enough to do to make out his bit and sup. Go on about your business, poor devil; you sha'n't be molested. Go to my uncle's, where you'll get a bellyful, and a comfortable bed of straw, and a winnow cloth in the barn. D—n it, it would be a nice night's work to go out for Willy Reilly, and to bring home a beggarman in his place."

This was a narrow escape upon the part of Fergus, who knew that if they had made a prisoner of him, and produced him before Sir Robert Whitecraft, who was a notorious persecutor, and with whom the Red Rapparee was now located, he would unquestionably have been hanged like a dog. The officer of the party, however—to wit, the worthy sergeant—was one of those men who love a drop of the native, and whose heart besides it expands into a sort of surly kindness, that has something comical and not disagreeable in it. In addition to this, he never felt a confidence in his own authority with half the swagger which he did when three-quarters gone. Steen and he were never friends, nor indeed was Steen ever a popular man among his acquaintances. In matters of trade and business he was notoriously dishonest, and in the moral and social relations of life selfish, uncandid, and treacherous. The sergeant, on the other hand, though an outspoken and flaming anti-Papist in theory, was, in point of fact, a good friend to his Roman Catholic neighbors, who used to say of him that his bark was worse than his bite.

When the party had passed on, Fergus stood for a moment, uncertain as to where he should direct his steps. He had not long to wait, however; Reilly, who had no thoughts of abandoning him to the mercy of the military, without at least knowing his fate, nor, we may add, without a firm determination of raising his tenantry and rescuing the generous fellow at every risk, immediately sprang across the ditch, and joined him.

"Well, Fergus," said he, clasping his hands, "I heard everything, and I can tell you that every nerve in my body trembled whilst you were among them."

"Why," said Fergus, "I knew them at once by their voices, and only that I changed my own as I did, I won't say but they'd have nabbed me."

"The test of the barn was frightful; I thought you were gone; but you must explain that."

"Ay, but before I do," replied Fergus, "where are we to go? Do you still stand for Widow Buckley's?"

"Certainly; that woman may be useful to me."

"Well, then, we may as well jog on in that direction, and as we go I can tell you."

"How, then, did you come to describe the barn—or, rather, was your description correct?"

"Ay, as Gospel. You don't know that, by the best of luck and providence of God, I was two years and a-half an inside laborer with Mr. Graham. As is usual, all the inside men-servants slept, winter and summer, in the barn; and that accounts for our good fortune this night. Only for that scoundrel, Steen, however, the whole thing would not have signified much; but he's a black and deep villain that. Nobody likes him but his brother-scoundrel, Whitecraft, and he's a favorite with him because he's an active and unscrupulous tool in his hands. Many a time, when these men—military—militia—ycoman, or whatever they call them, are sent out by this same Sir Robert, the poor fellows don't wish to catch what they call the unfortunate Papishes, and before they come to the house they'll fire off their guns, pretending to be in a big passion, but only to give their poor neighbors notice to escape as soon as they can."

In a short time they reached Widow Buckley's cabin, who, on understanding that it was Reilly who sought admittance, lost not a moment in opening the door and letting them in. There was no candle lit when they entered, but there was a bright turf fire "blinkin' bonnilie" in the fireplace, from which a mellow light emanated, that danced upon the few plain plates that were neatly ranged upon her humble dresser, but which fell still more strongly

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upon a clean and well-swept hearth, on one side of which was a humble armchair of straw, and on the other a grave but placid-looking cat, purring, with half-closed eyes, her usual song for the evening.

"Lord bless us, Mr. Reilly, is this you? Sure, it's little I expected you any way—but come when you will, you're welcome. And who ought to be welcome to the poor ould widow, if you wouldn't?"

"Take a stool and sit down, honest man," she said, addressing Fergus; "and you, Mr. Reilly, take my chair; it's the one you sent me yourself, and if anybody is entitled to a sate in it, surely you are. I must light a rush."

"No, Molly," replied Reilly, "I would be too heavy for your frail chair. I will take one of those stout stools, which will answer me better."

She then lit a rush-light, which she pressed against a small cleft of iron that was driven into a wooden shaft, about three feet long, which stood upon a bottom that resembled the head of a churn staff. Such are the lights, and such the candle-sticks, that are to be found in the cabins and cottages of Ireland!

"I suppose, Molly," said Reilly, "you are surprised at a visit from me just now?"

"You know, Mr. Reilly," she replied, "that if you came in the dearest hour of the night you'd be welcome, as I said—and this poor man is welcome, too—sit over to the fire, poor man, and warm yourself. Maybe you're hungry; if you are, I'll get you something to ait."

"Many thanks to you, ma'am," replied Fergus, "I'm not a taste hungry, and could ait nothing now. I'm much obliged to you at the same time."

"Mr. Reilly, maybe you'd like to ait a bit—I can give you a farrel of bread, and a sup o' nice goat's milk. God preserve him from evil that gave me the same goats, and that's your four quarters, Mr. Reilly. But sure, everything I have either came or comes from your hand; but if I can't thank you, God will do it for me, and that's betther still."

"No more about that, Molly; not a word more. Your long residence with my poor mother, and your affection for her in all her trials and troubles, entitle you to more than that at the hands of her son."

"Mrs. Buckley," replied Fergus, "this is a quiet-looking little place you have here."

"And it is for that I like it," she replied. "I have pace here, and the noise of the wicked world seldom reaches me here. My only friend and companion here is the Almighty—praise and glory be to His name!—and here she devoutly crossed herself—"barrin', indeed, when the light-hearted *girshas* come a *kailyc* wid their wheels, to keep the poor ould woman company, and raise her ould heart by their light and merry songs, the creatures."

"That must be a relief to you, Molly," observed Reilly, who, however, could with difficulty take any part in this little dialogue.

"And so, indeed, it is," she replied, "and poor things, sure, if their sweethearts do come at the dusk to help them to carry home their spinning-wheels, who can be angry wid them? It's the way of life, sure, and of the world."

She then went into another little room—for the cabin was divided into two—in order to find a ball of woollen thread; her principal occupation being the knitting of mittens and stockings, and while bustling about, Fergus observed with a smile—

"Poor Molly! little she thinks that it's the bachelors, rather than any particular love for her company, that brings the thieves here."

"Yes, but," said Reilly, "you know it's the custom of the country."

"Mrs. Buckley," said Fergus, "did the sogers ever pay you a visit?"

"They did once," she replied, "about six months ago or more."

"What, in the name of wondher," he asked, "could bring them to you?"

"They were out huntin' a priest," she replied, "that had done something contrary to the law."

"What did they say, Mrs. Buckley, and how did they behave themselves?"

"Why," she answered, "they axed me if I had seen about the country a large woman, wid a blue cloak, striped petticoat, an' a black bonnet on her, and a pair o' priest's boots? I said no, but to the reverse. They then searched the cabin, tossed the two beds about—poor Jemmy's—God rest my boy's soul!—an' afterwards my own. There was one that seemed to hold authority over all the rest, and he axed who was my landlord? I said I had no landlord. They then said that surely I must pay rent to someone, but I said I paid rent to nobody; that Mr. Reilly here, God bless him, gave me this house and garden free."

"And what did they say when you named Mr. Reilly?"

"Why, they said he was a decent Papish, I think they called it; and that there wasn't sich another among them. They then lighted their pipes, had a smoke, went about their business, and I saw no more of them from that day to this."

Reilly felt that this conversation was significant and that the widow's cabin was anything but a safe place of refuge, even for a few hours. We have already said that he had been popular with all parties, which was the fact, until his acquaintance with the old squire and his lovely daughter. In the meantime, the loves of Willy Reilly and the far-famed *Coleen Bawn* had gone abroad, heaven knows how, over the whole country; and the natural result was that a large majority among those who were anxious to exterminate the Catholic Church, by the rigor of bigoted and inhuman laws, looked upon the fact of a tolerated Papist daring to love a Protestant heiress, and the daughter of a man who was considered such a stout prop of the Establishment, as an act that deserved death itself. Reilly's affection for the *Coleen Bawn* was considered, therefore, not only daring, but treasonable. Those men, then, he reflected, who had called upon her while in pursuit of the unfortunate priest, had become acquainted with the fact of her dependence upon his bounty; and he took it for granted, very naturally and very properly, as the event will show, that now, while "on his keeping," it would not be at all extraordinary if they occasionally searched her remote and solitary cabin, as a place where he might be likely to conceal himself. For this night, however, he experienced no apprehension of a visit from them, but with what correctness of calculation we shall soon see.

"Molly," said he, "this poor man and I must sit with you for a couple of hours, after which we will leave you to your rest."

"Indeed, Mr. Reilly," she replied, "from what I heard this day, I can make a purty good guess at the reason why you are here now, instead of bein' in your own comfortable house. You have bitther enemies; but God—blessed be His name—is stronger than any of them. However, I wish you'd let me get you and that poor man something to ait."

This kind offer they declined, and as the short rush-light was nearly burned out, and as she had not another ready, she got what is called a *cam* or *grisset*, and put it on the hearth-stone, with a portion of hog's lard in it; she then placed the lower end of the tongs in the fire, until the broad portion of them, with which the turf is gripped, became red-hot; she then placed the lard in the *grisset* between them, and squeezed it until nothing remained but pure oil; through this she slowly drew the peeled rushes, which were instantly saturated with the grease, after which she left them on a little table to cool. Among the poorer classes—small farmers and others—this process is performed every evening, a little before dusk. Having thus supplied them with these lights, the pious widow left them to their own conversation, and retired to the little room in order to repeat her rosary. We also will leave them to entertain themselves as best they can, and request our readers to follow us to a different scene.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE CHILD THAT NEVER WAS.

O little hands that never were,
With apple petalled beauty made,
You might have held me close to joy
Whence I have strayed:

O little feet that never were,
Fashioned for tripping melody,
Your gladness might have kept me brave
On Calvary:

O little lips that would have drawn
White love to feed you from my breast,
You might have been my love itself
Made manifest.

O Child of mine, you never were—
No throes have thrilled me to rejoice—
You would have been my conquering soul,
My singing voice!

—MARGUERITE WILKINSON, in *Current Opinion*.

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—"HUGH OF DUNGANNON."

HOW QUEEN ELIZABETH BROUGHT UP THE YOUNG IRISH CHIEF AT COURT, WITH CERTAIN CRAFTY DESIGNS OF HER OWN.

There now appears upon the scene of Irish history that remarkable man whose name will live in song and story as long as the Irish race survives; leader of one of the greatest struggles ever waged against the Anglo-Norman subjugation—Hugh O'Neill, called in English "patents" Earl of Tyrone.

Ever since the closing years of the eighth Henry's reign—the period at which, as I have already explained, the policy of splitting up the clans by rival chiefs began to be adopted by the English power—the Government took care to provide itself, by fair means or by foul, with a supply of material from which Crown chiefs might be taken. That is to say, the Government took care to have in its hands, and trained to its own purposes, some member or members of each of the ruling families—the O'Neills, O'Reillys, O'Donnells, McGuires, O'Connors, etc., ready to be set up as the King's or Queen's O'Neill, O'Reilly, or O'Donnell, as the case might be, according as policy dictated and opportunity offered. One of these Government proteges was Hugh O'Neill, who, when yet a boy, was taken to London and brought up in the court of Elizabeth. As he was a scion of the royal house of O'Neill, and, in English plannings, destined one day to play the most important part as yet assigned to a Queen's chief in Ireland, viz., the reducing to subserviency of that Ulster which formed the standing menace of English power, the unconquerable citadel of nationality, the boy Hugh—the young Baron of Dungannon, as he was called—was the object of unusual attention. He was an especial favorite with the Queen, and as may be supposed the courtiers all, lords and ladies, took care to pay him suitable obeisance. No pains were spared with his education. He had the best tutors to attend upon him, and above all he was assiduously trained into court finesse, how to dissemble, and with smooth and smiling face to veil the true workings of mind and heart. In this way it was hoped to mould the young Irish chief into English shape for English purpose; it never once occurring to his royal trainers that Nature some day might burst forth and prove stronger than courtly artificiality, or that the arts they were so assiduously teaching the boy chief for the ruin of his country's independence might be turned against themselves. In due time he was sent into the army to perfect his military studies, and eventually (fully trained, polished, educated, and prepared for the role designed for him by his English masters) he took up his residence at his family seat in Dungannon.

Fortunately for the fame of Hugh O'Neill, and for the Irish nation in whose history he played so memorable a part, the life of that illustrious man has been written in our generation by a biographer worthy of the theme. Amongst the masses of Irishmen, comparatively little would be known of that wondrous career had its history not been popularised by John Mitchel's *Life of Hugh O'Neill*. The dust of centuries had been allowed to cover the noble picture drawn from life by the master hand of Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare—a writer but for whom we should now be without any contemporaneous record of the most eventful period of Anglo-Irish history, save the unjust and distorted versions of bitterly partizan English officials. Don Philip's history, however, was practically inaccessible to the masses of Irishmen; and to Mr. Mitchel is almost entirely owing the place O'Neill now holds—his rightful prominence—in popular estimation.

Mr. Mitchel pictures the great Ulster chieftain to us a patriot from the beginning; adroitly and dissemblingly biding his time; learning all that was to be learned in the camp of the enemy; looking far ahead into the future, and shaping his course from the start with fixed purpose towards the goal of national independence. This, however, cannot well be considered more than a "view," a "theory," a "reading." O'Neill was, during his earlier career, in purpose and in plan, in mind, manner, and action, quite a different man from the O'Neill of his later years. It is very doubtful that he had any patriotic aspirations after national independence—much less any fixed policy or design tending thereto—until long after he first found himself, by the force of circumstances, in collision with the English power. In him we see the conflicting influences of nature and nature-repressing art. His Irishism was ineradicable, though long dormant. His court tutors strove hard to eliminate it, and to give him instead a "polished" Englishism; but they never more than partially succeeded.

They put a court lacquer on the Celtic material, and the superficial wash remained for a few years, not more. The voice of Nature was ever crying out to Hugh O'Neill. For some years after leaving court he lived very much like any other Anglicised or English baron in his house at Dungannon. But the touch of his native soil, intercourse with neighboring Irish chieftains, and the force of sympathy with his own people, now surrounding him, were gradually telling upon him. His life then became a curious spectacle of inconsistencies, as he found himself pulled and strained in opposite directions by opposite sympathies, claims, commands, or impulses; sometimes, in proud disregard of his English masters, behaving like a true Irish O'Neill; at other times swayed by his foreign allegiance into acts of very obedient suit and service to the Queen's cause. But the day was gradually nearing when these struggles between two allegiances were to cease, and when Hugh, with all the fervor of a great and noble heart, was to dedicate his life to one unalterable purpose, the overthrow of English rule and the liberation of his native land!

(To be continued.)

FORGOTTEN DEAD, I SALUTE YOU.

Dawn has flashed up the startled skies,
Night has gone out beneath the hill
Many sweet times; before our eyes
June makes and unmakes divinely still
The daily magic of the rose.
The gentle history of the rain
Has been unfolded, traced, and lost
By the sharp fingertip of frost;
Birds in the bracken build again;
The hare makes soft her secret house;
The great winds' tourney comes and goes,
Tilting and tossing in the boughs;
The moon has waxed fierce and waned dim—
He knew the beauty of all those
Last year, and who remembers him?

None shall remember him: he lies
In earth of some strange-sounding place,
The wind his only chant, the rain
The only tears upon his face.
He holds no place in memories
Of living men; yet such as he
Have made it possible and sure
For other lives to have, to be—
For men to sleep content, secure.

He gave, as Christ, the life he had,
The only life desired or known:
For strangers this forgotten dead
Went out into the night alone.
There was his body broken for you,
There was his blood divinely shed
That huddled now with weed and stone
In some dark field lie lost and dim:
Eat, drink, and often as you do,
For whom he died, remember him.

—MURIEL STUART.

NOTES ON TOUR.

Writing to us at the termination of a recent business tour, our travelling representative says:—I wish to tender my appreciation of the courtesy and assistance accorded me throughout my visit to Nelson and district by Rev. Fathers Fay, S.M., and McGrath, S.M. Their kindly helpfulness showed unmistakably that they have the interests of our Catholic paper at heart. In connection with Church and Federation work, the necessity of the people having the *Tablet*—the champion of their rights—in their homes is consistently advocated. As a consequence, I had but little difficulty in substantially increasing the number of subscribers; as a matter of fact, upwards of 100 additional copies of the *Tablet* will henceforth circulate in this district as a result of a 10 days' canvass. The run over to Takaka and Terakohe—80 miles by car, including the "Hill," 3000ft high, the road, by a circuitous route of 10 miles, rising to that altitude—is one of the finest I have yet experienced. I had a look through the Golden Bay Cement Works, and met there engaged a splendid type of Irishmen, 14 of whom became subscribers. Our representative concludes by again expressing his appreciation of the good time afforded him by the priests and people of Nelson and surrounding districts, and of his pleasure at making so many valued acquaintances.

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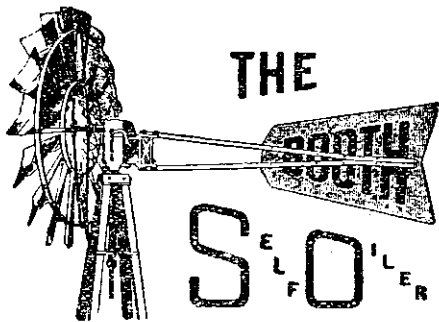
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THE ORANGEMAN

(By D. WILLOUGHBY, in *Everyman*.)

"The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end."—"Macbeth."

Some six years ago I was in Ulster. Were I to write that six years ago I had been in Bedfordshire, Birmingham, or Berlin, and had observed this or that, I should be rightly told that my observations had for some time ceased to have any bearing on practical politics, and, in that curiously constructed phrase, reminded that "there had been a war on." No such objection, however, can be raised to my Ulster memories. In that part of the world they have a different scale of historical values, and, among the Orangemen, its most vocal representatives, things are much as when I saw them last, and not very different from what they were in the years of the Boyne and Anghrim. Sir Edward Carson's latest contribution to Irish debate has been to liken Sir Horace Plunkett to an individual who gained some notoriety in the past by trying to betray Derry to King James. Into the justice of the comparison one need not go, but it appears to be far-fetched; fetched, in fact, from two hundred years ago. A character in *Mr. Brillling* once spoke of Sir Horace as a doctrinaire dairyman, showing that, despite political virus, she kept an open eye on current events, including co-operative creameries. But the Orange leader will have none of this cant of modernism and living and learning. He is angry because some people in England have lately altered their ideas on the propriety of resisting the laws by force of arms, and tries to abash them by proclaiming that he never changes his views. Will some opponent please strike a blow at the Belfast linen industry by never changing his shirt, and trying to persuade the public to follow his example?

Six years ago I saw in Ulster squads of respectable citizens forming fours almost as well as the average British Territorials of those days. No secret was made of their accomplishments, and I saw no reason to doubt that they had almost as many guns as they told me they had. Possibly they have as many now, and probably they drill much better, for many of them have been in the regular army. That they are as dangerous as they were is, however, untrue. In those days they thought they had British opinion behind them, and that their front line would consist of British bayonets. One of their leaders boasted that they had the professional army in their pockets. In certain eventualities more than half the senior officers on the active list would have asked to be relieved of their commissions, and many of the juniors were willing to go further. Young men who had only played at war were daring, and the women they met at dances were encouraging. A military friend of mine, who knew nothing of politics and cared less, but was a hot Nationalist when roused, put his name to any number of covenanting documents when he was given to understand that the cursed English Government meditated some harm to old Ireland. A couple of years later, when his battalion was sent to the Ulster Division, he made amends by leading his men into their new camp to the tune of the *Shan Van Vocht*. However, in 1913 the situation was really formidable, and the Orange leaders did not hesitate to exploit it. "What we want," said a colonel of volunteers, "is to frighten our little king." He never put an envelope into the post without sticking on the back a red, white, and blue seal, inscribed with the motto, "Support Loyal Ulster."

The fighting spirit of the Orangemen may be as strong as ever, but in other breasts it has weakened. Most of us have had a surfeit of war, even including those who, so to speak, were born soldiers. General Gough has become a champion of conciliation, and whatever chieftains may repair to the Curragh of Kildare, he will not be of them. Sir Henry Wilson, one fancies, may, after his friendship with Marshal Foch, have come to think more charitably of Papists. With the income tax at its present level, and the price of coal still soaring, Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell might have fewer customers than of old for those orange lilies she used to sell in aid of Ulster's plan of campaign. The time has been when the Orange Lodges could look for a good deal of support from financial interests in England, anxious to embarrass any Cabinet of which Mr. Lloyd George was a member. That desire is dead: Stalwarts of Belfast, Ballyfoney, and Ballymena have proved what splendid soldiers they are, and have made great sacrifices in a great cause. Also, they are deeply religious, but neither courage nor creed prevents them from having a due respect for Mammon. The time has come when, if Ulster were to fight, Ulster would not be right in expecting her battle to be a paying proposition.

Visitors to Belfast can never avoid seeing the Town Hall. Usually there is an Orangeman present to say that 90 per cent. of its cost was paid in Protestant money, and he generally adds the information that 90 per cent. of the paupers in the workhouse are Catholics. I once questioned a member of the order on what were his real fears for the future under Home Rule. He began by contrasting the native Irish unfavorably with Kurds, Albanians, and other strange folk who were then held to be first-class practitioners in frightfulness. He ended by saying that a Dublin Government would reduce the number of posts he had a day from three to one, and he let me know that that would be bad for his business. Amongst Orangemen money talks. It talks even more loudly than Sir Edward Carson. Merchants and manufacturers may consign the Pope to hell before breakfast, but they like to find their letters waiting for them at the office afterwards. Nobody dreams of asking the War Office or the Admiralty to coerce Ulster. It is Mr. Illingworth who holds the key to the situation. Men who would sing "Boyne Water" if the great gun of Athlone were pointed in their faces, would sing small after a week's interruption of mail orders.

Coercion, even postal coercion, is a thing of which one is sorry to talk, but the Orangeman is making himself a nuisance. The eternal drumming by which he keeps his convictions hot is an abominable din in other ears. One is tired of his talk about Anghrim and the Boyne and his other glorious victories, not forgetting Dolly's Brae, that disreputable scuffle where his grandfathers killed an idiot boy. Others say sarcastically that Queen Anne is dead, but were one to telegraph the news to Ulster it would presumably cause turmoil, for there still seem to be places there where her accession to the throne has not yet been notified. Eminent divines have cried out against the habit of toasting King William as almost akin to the Popish practice of praying for the dead, but your true Orangeman merely says, "A fig for the Bishop of Cork," spits on the floor of the lodge hall, and takes another drink to the memory of the Great Whig Deliverer. A few years ago an Ulster pastor talked of asking William's aid for his threatened flock. Unkind people said he meant the Kaiser; of course he meant the Dutchman.

Those of us who live a little more in the present or future feel that the Orange ghost must not be allowed to stalk the land much longer. For obvious reasons, one cannot hope to put it to rest by the usual formula of priest and holy water, but in days which are already dark enough "putting out the sunrise with a bucket of the Boyne" cannot be endured. The ghost has done too much mischief in the past, and it threatens more. It still scares timid souls by standing in every alley that can lead to peace and friendship with the Irish people. A ridiculous survival of seventeenth-century bigotry, it pits itself against an understanding with the United States and the consummation of man's noblest hopes in the League of Nations. Sir Edward Carson has stood easy whilst thousands of Lutherans are handed over to the rule of Catholic Poland. His simple followers are taught that a raffle for their watches has already been held at the chapel against the day when Ireland is a nation once again. That is why the Pope has such a bad name in Portadown.

Six years have added only one argument to the Orangeman's stock. He says that he has fought for the Empire, and so can do what he likes in it. The same thing is being said by colliers, policemen, and burglars in respect to their several intentions of striking or working, but the convenience of the rest of the population must occasionally be studied. "We will not brook interference in our affairs," says Sir Edward Carson, late law officer of the Crown, "by any country, however powerful." Roger Casement in the dock said, "Put me before a jury of my countrymen." Both made the same mistake. Neither realised the great truth of our times, that no country, not even Ireland, or a part of it, lives to itself alone.

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ATTITUDE OF THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS.

(By an occasional contributor.)

There is nothing more remarkable in the history of recent English political relations with Ireland than the change that has come over newspaper opinion in Great Britain, since the Sinn Fein Party, seeing that English influence dominated the Peace Conference, turned its attention to rousing public opinion in America against the political and economic slavery of Ireland. How successful Sinn Fein has been may be gathered from the files of American papers, which indicate an unprecedented state of feeling against those who in the case of Ireland wish to violate the principles of democratic freedom for which the United States entered the war. It is well known that for many years (since the conclusion of the Civil War, in fact) it has been the dream of English politicians to establish an alliance with America. It is equally well known that the main, if not the only, obstacle to the fulfilment of this dream was the state of Irish opinion in the States. This was such a plain case of cause and effect that one wonders at the lack of statesmanship that allowed the cause to operate when Irish opinion might have been so easily satisfied, even in quite recent times: but statesmanship seems to have vanished from the public life of England. Tricky politicians, gifted with neither foresight nor imagination, now rule the greatest Empire in the world. Mr. John Redmond was probably the nearest approach to a statesman that the British Parliament knew since Mr. Gladstone died; but the atmosphere of political corruption and trickery was not an Irish gentleman's *milieu*. No wonder it is commonly said his heart was broken. If the Liberal Party had kept their pledges to him a settlement in good will might have been arrived at: they did not, and England is now regretting the result. Mr. Redmond would have been satisfied, for the time, with a subordinate parliament—keeping in view at the same time his old chief's dictum that "no one had a right to set bounds to the progress of a nation." No one in Ireland will now accept less than the practical independence of Dominion Home Rule; and a majority, sick of government by tanks and machine guns, ask for something more.

Mr. de Valera's appeal to, and personal appearance in, America were a piece of the tactics of genius. The English press, forced by recent events, such as the Senate resolution, have at last been driven to recognise that if America is to be satisfied, Ireland must be satisfied first, that otherwise there is little chance of a friendly understanding, much less an alliance, between the "Anglo-Saxons." There is a powerful body of opinion in America, which is growing every day, in favor of acknowledging the Irish Republic, and immense pressure is being brought on the Senate to that end. That would be the end of all things, and this is the reason why English journals some time since bitterly hostile to any form of Irish self-government, are now advocating independence within the Empire. Some of these papers, such as the *Spectator*, which advocates two Dominions in Ireland, are palpably dishonest, that being a form of settlement which would please nobody, not even the Orangemen, who only want the maintenance the *status quo*, and have never asked for a Belfast parliament. There is no doubt that, on the whole, English journalism is coming to see that a parliament on the lines of those granted to the free dominions of the Empire must be granted to Ireland.

The most powerful newspaper man in Great Britain is, beyond any doubt, Lord Northcliffe. During the war he made and unmade governments and dictated policies, foreign and domestic. He controls the *Times*, *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, *Weekly Despatch*, *Observer*, and a host of provincial papers, either directly or through his family. He recently wrote to Captain Alcock, the aviator who successfully airplaned from America to Ireland, a letter of congratulation on his arrival from the "happy and prosperous Dominion of Newfoundland," at the "future happy and prosperous Dominion of Ireland." That this was no mere rhetorical *romais* is evident from the fact that his newspapers are now supporting a Dominion solution. The *Weekly Despatch* speaks of the Irish Unionist Alliance as a "dwindling and discredited band," and observes that "all who have eyes to see and ears to hear and understanding hearts, have welcomed the Dominion of Ireland hint. They believe that on these lines will be found the solution of the long-standing and thorny problem. The simple, essential, and outstanding fact is that Ireland is being held by an army of occupation," and the article ends with the striking admission that "it is a stubborn truth that there is in the United States a Greater Ireland whose attitude to Great Britain, determined as it will be by our treatment of their kinsmen

in the old country, will be a potent factor in the future Anglo-American relations."

In the *Observer*, Mr. J. L. Garvin, who is probably the ablest "fighting" journalist in England, "takes up" a similar position. "It is astonishing, but tolerably correct," he declares, "to say that the Irish question has become the real crux of the World Question. We see that after Armageddon, as before it, the old obstacle remains. While it stands in the road there never can be any chance of effective Anglo-American combination, and not only that—the last state will be worse than the first. The one obstacle is the Irish question and nothing else." He goes on to speak of American interest in Ireland, and says: "It will be idle to ask what the U.S. has to do with it. . . . The Irish question is a world question because the Irish race is a world race." "The military occupation of Ireland with a considerable army, tanks, and aircraft, as on the left bank of the Rhine, cannot continue indefinitely in peace time. They may master rebellion but they cannot prevent outrage or secure order." "Another honest attempt has to be made in strict connection with a new programme of economic development. The attempt this time must be such a bid for settlement as British statesmanship can base itself on once for all. It must be made in a decisive spirit. It must represent the utmost we can perform. It must be an attempt to find and do the right thing in itself. . . . It must set plain limits to what is separatis in the demands of Sinn Fein or any other irreconcilable element. And equally it must demand, in the supreme interests of the British commonwealth, some big modification of the entirely stiff and unyielding attitude so far taken by Unionist Ulster." Mr. Garvin in advocating economic development, of course, has the idea of economic subjection, but the Irish may be trusted to look after that; besides, England is not now the hub of the financial universe, and an Irish parliament will naturally look to America, which is.

The pressure of events in Ireland has turned Sir Horace Plunkett from Unionism to Nationalism, and he is now standing on the Dominion Home Rule platform. He has advocated this solution of the Irish question in America and is advocating it in Ireland, where he and his friends have established a high-class weekly, the *Irish Statesman*, for propagandist purposes. The Washington correspondent of the *Times*, dealing with Mr. de Valera's visit to America, thinks "so far as the future is concerned, Sir Horace Plunkett and his proposal [for Dominion Home Rule] will get infinitely more respectful hearing on the revival (sic) of Mr. de Valera and his republic than anything Sir Edward Carson or his English or Irish friends may say or propose."

The *Times* itself, in an article in its issue of June 16, which was plainly inspired by a dread of the trend of affairs in the United States, insists that the Irish question is essentially a British question in the first place, and for that reason it is incumbent on the British Government to address themselves without delay, and without thought of parliamentary or electoral advantages, to its solution. Every week, it says, that passes without proof that the British Government are determined earnestly to do their duty to Ireland, is not only a week lost but an opportunity gained by the disseminators of distrust and dissension. Such action may envenom Anglo-American relations for years to come. The article ends by saying that within the limits of British security "Ireland shall be mistress of her fate."

The *Irish Independent*, in an editorial dealing with the new attitude of the Northcliffe papers, says that according to the *Times* and *Daily Mail*, Lord Northcliffe's letter to Captain Alcock has caused a great sensation in America, and is regarded as justifying the brightest hopes. It adds: "A parliament with powers equal to those enjoyed by the Dominions would be acceptable to the majority of the Irish people, and if Lord Northcliffe has thrown his lot earnestly and sincerely with the advocates of Dominion Home Rule, we say 'more power to his elbow.'"

To readers conversant with the position of affairs in Ireland before the war the present attitude of the Northcliffe papers seems little short of miraculous. The *Times* never gave hospitality to any more advanced views for the government of Ireland than what is known as "gas and water" Home Rule. Now it advocates practical independence. This advance we undoubtedly owe to Sinn Fein, which has lifted Ireland out of the mire of party politics and placed it in a position it has not held since the days of Grattan. Truly, the men who died in the Easter of 1916 and during the following weeks of English vengeance died that Ireland might live.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—Washington.

Current Topics

Anglican Confusion

The Church of Christ is one in faith as it is one in its Founder; he who professes the faith must hold what Christ taught; and two people who believe contradictory doctrines cannot both belong to the Church. The Church of England claims to be the Church of Christ and to teach and receive His faith, pure and incorrupt. Yet we find that the Church of England is so little sure of what the faith is that Anglican divines may publicly contradict one another as to matters of doctrine. For instance, when the Bishop of Oxford published a *Manual of Christian Doctrine*, setting forth exactly what a Christian ought, according to the Church of England, believe, an Anglican divine who in testimony of his orthodoxy, we suppose, was later made Bishop of Hereford, contradicted the Bishop of Oxford and practically told him that he did not know what the faith of an Anglican should be. Now if two Anglican bishops cannot agree, if one says that we must hold A, B, and C and reject D, E, and F; and the other says that on the contrary we must reject A, B, and C, and hold fast to D, E, and F, it is as clear to the man of common sense as it is apparently hidden from Anglican divines that there is no unity in the Anglican Church, and that consequently the Anglican Church may be something else but it is certainly not the Church founded by Christ. On July 8, in the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury, we had another example of the rudderless condition of that particular craft which claims to be the Bark of Peter in England. Men of logical habits of mind refuse to be forever obsessed by words and by the fatal tradition of phrases, and they will insist on looking at things squarely. Consequently it has long been recognised by sincere Anglican students of History and Theology that the Anglican attitude towards the Mother of Christ was little short of blasphemous. A proposal was put forward that the Feast of the Visitation should be honored by the introduction of a special collect, epistle, and gospel in commemoration of the Feast. Whereupon, the Bishop of Hereford sprang to his feet and invoked the glorious and immortal memory of the Reformers and denounced the errors and aberrations of Rome in true Bethel fashion. He was mildly supported by my Lord of Exeter, who said he should feel quite sad if they recognised any festivals connected with "the Virgin." Then followed the Bishop of Truro, who told his audience in plain words what their attitude towards Our Lady meant, and how indefensible it was on all grounds. They were, he said, quite willing to honor ordinary saints, but out of deference to the Reformers who drew the line at honoring her whom Christ honored most. Finally the matter was put to a vote. The result was that ten voted for the introduction of the liturgical observances, as proposed, in honor of Mary, and eight voted against the proposal. Later, a vote was taken as to whether similar changes ought to be made for the Feast of the Name of Jesus. On this there were eleven ayes and five noes. A proposal to commemorate Holy Cross Day in the same way was defeated by ten to nine. It is too pathetic to be amusing. A show of hands decides what is right or wrong in the liturgy! But perhaps it is more decent that this should be done by bishops' hands than to have it done by a Welsh Baptist of no remarkable claims to sanctity. Yet, in the hands of the Welshman lies the appointment of bishops. Hereford was one of his shots!

Scientific Impostors

One of the greatest charlatans of the last century was that German anatomist Haeckel whose works are so enthusiastically circulated by the Rationalist Press Association. Now the association in question professes to have the interests of science at heart and to

be impartial as far as religious problems are concerned, but no man of average reading who looks over the list of reprints issued by the association can have the least doubt as to the true aims of its promoters. Haeckel's works and MacCabe's translations of them are among the choice publications of the R.P.A., and as *The Month* (London) said some years ago, such ribald stuff as Haeckel utters when he speaks of Christianity is sufficiently confuted by the obvious fact that it is the venomous product of an unclean mind. Haeckel speaks of the Catholic Church in words that are those of either a liar or an ignoramus; his incursions into theology reveal his total ignorance of the subject, and his references to the Popes show that if he had a smattering of history at all he was a shameless detractor. Haeckel was, as we have said, a good anatomist. But nobody but the dupes of the R.P.A. ever imagined that because a man knew one subject well he had a right to be heard as an infallible authority on another. Still, it is an argument for the prevalence of fools that a Sir Oliver Lodge, on the strength of his scientific attainments, is heard as an oracle even on ghosts, and that a well-known fool Chief Justice has licence to lecture on ethics, astronomy, and a thousand other matters in which he is distinguished for ignorance. We have already said that Haeckel was a deliberate forger and that he deceived his hearers as only a low charlatan could. We pointed out also that, on his own confession, Huxley was not above parading fancies and theories before gullible audiences as if they were hard facts, verified and established. Yet while it can be said that within the sphere of physical science both Haeckel and Huxley had claims to be heard, there are other writers for the R.P.A. who have no such claims, and who deserve a hearing on questions of biology or cosmogony as little as an engine-driver would on questions of metre or versification. As two examples of this class we mention Edward Clodd and Grant Allen. In proof of how they were regarded by scholars let us quote the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"We have received from the Rationalist Press Association a sixpenny edition of Mr. Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God*. We think it very regrettable that a work of this nature should be circulated broadcast in cheap editions. The late Mr. Grant Allen was, it is true, only a superficial student of the origins of religion; and scholars can read his book with the care and criticism it deserves. It is full of the most baseless and shallow theories, unsupported, as a rule, by a tittle of evidence; but it is written in a dogmatic manner, and may, we are afraid, impose upon and encourage the cheap secularism that is still abroad."

That quotation unmasks the R.P.A. and shows its true value. It is quite true to say that, taken generally, the cheap prints issued by this association have in the eyes of scientists and scholars no value. They do deceive the ignorant who take assertions for proofs and theories for facts; and that they succeed in this sufficiently establishes the guilt of the people behind the R.P.A. The R.P.A. does not tell its subscribers that men of science have denied *in toto* the pet theories the prints propagate: it never tells what Wallace, Windle, Kelvin, Pasteur, or Bernhard had to say about science and religion; and this fact is convincing evidence of the downright dishonesty and anti-Christian bias of that association, which misleads the people under a sham cloak of science. Some time ago we had a letter from a correspondent which clearly proved how people are taken in. This gentleman actually expressed his wonder that we should question Joseph McCabe's claims to be heard on scientific questions; and this at an hour of the day when we imagined that everybody knew Joseph for the pot-hunting impostor that he really is. English scholars dismiss Joseph with a smile of pity: controversy with him is so far beneath them. But it seems that there are still some among us here who are deluded by the assumptions of even so notorious a charlatan.

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The Referendum

The referendum means the direct appeal to the electorate on a single definite issue. We have had it in practice here, and there is no need to delay in explaining its working. Last April the Prohibitionists managed to put the country to great trouble and expense in order to have it made clear that the men—especially the men who fought for freedom—would not vote Prohibition. At present Parliament may or may not grant the right of such an appeal, and the Labor Party are, in their programme, advocating the Referendum as part and parcel of the political reforms they deem necessary for proper democratic control. The Referendum has this against it to begin with: it is not viewed with much favor even in democratic countries; and in Switzerland, where it is part of the constitution, it applies only to legislation affecting the constitution which has already passed the Federal Assembly by a specified majority. To pronounce an opinion on the Referendum as urged by the Labor Party here is not possible until we know definitely what they mean. Between the extremes of such mob-government as the Referendum might mean and an appeal to the people under certain well-defined and specified conditions, there is a very wide range and room for very various opinions. What we can do here, however, is to make plain in what sense we cannot support a Referendum, no matter from what party it originates. As we have made clear before now, we look on direct democratic government as absolutely impossible, and we quoted with approval Rousseau's words that such a system is fit only for angels. Men and women are not angels, and for that reason anything like direct government by them is sure to end in disaster. We must be careful not to become, as Renan would say, obsessed by words. When we speak of the sovereignty of the people, we speak very loosely and we say something that we cannot possibly mean. The people have the right to determine their own form of government; they have the right to be governed for their best interests, but it is misleading to speak of them as sovereign. If by Democracy we would understand the sovereignty of the people we have a wrong idea of Democracy. "Sovereignty," says Bronson, "is that which is highest and ultimate; which has not only the physical force to make itself obeyed, but the moral right to command whatever it pleases. The right to command involves the corresponding duty of obedience. What the sovereign commands it is the duty of the subject to do."

"Are the people the highest? Are they ultimate? And are we bound in conscience to obey whatever it may be their good pleasure to ordain? If so, where is individual liberty? If so, the people, taken collectively, are the absolute master of every man taken individually. Every man, as a man, then, is an absolute slave. Whatever the people in their collective capacity may demand of him, he must feel himself bound in conscience to give. No matter how intolerable the burdens imposed, painful and needless the sacrifices required, he cannot refuse obedience without incurring the guilt of disloyalty; and he must submit in quiet, in silence, without even the moral right to feel that he is wronged."

"Now this, in theory at least, is absolutism. Whether it be a democracy, or any other form of government, if it be absolute there is and there can be no individual liberty. . . . Hence absolute despotism."

Obviously we do not want despotism. Democracy aims at destroying despotism, and it would be a sorry state of affairs if it but set up a new form in place of the old. It is not the despotism of kings, or of aristocrats we object to: it is despotism pure and simple—despotism of the people as well as of the tyrant. At the root of the old despotism lay the old shibboleths of the divine right of kings, *l'état c'est moi*, and what not. Beware lest we substitute for them another equally dangerous shibboleth—the sovereignty of the people. Let us not say that under democratic government the people are the State, the State is absolute, and therefore the people may do what they please. That

is exactly the standpoint from which all despotism starts. That is the radical fallacy of governments. Such reasoning would make man as much a slave under Democracy as under a Nero. And when we look for good government we look for it for no abstract thing called "the people," but for Tom, Dick, Harry, and every single man and woman of us all. Not to "the people," but to you and to me the problem comes home; and we are not going to give any Juggernaut the power to ride rough-shod over us, no matter what name it be called. We are not going to be obsessed by words. You and I may become as much slaves under government by the people as we were under the Coalition; and it is for you and for me to see that we do not. So far forth for the principle at stake. Now for the application. Are we prepared to say that a majority of votes ought to be allowed to determine what shall become law, and what shall not, without exception? If we hold this, then we are not giving the right to govern to the people; we are giving it to a majority, however small, and we are empowering that majority to make slaves of the minority. We are disfranchising the minority; we are putting them under the heel of King Mob; we are establishing a despotism ten times worse than the old forms against which we rebelled. And where will the tyranny stop? Will rights of property be respected? Will rights of conscience? Will there be any safeguard for religion, for the home, for the family? No; beyond the variable and fickle will of the multitude there will be none.

Needless to say, we can never lawfully support a Referendum which would give such power to a majority of voters. To do so would be to acknowledge that the man in the street has the right to dethrone God and to abrogate the Natural Law. For instead of the sovereignty of God Almighty it sets up the idol of the sovereignty of the people; and nothing but confusion can be the result thereof. Before we could support a Referendum we should be able to see clearly what it means. If it even meant that legislation must originate with the people, without inquiring what else it meant, we would condemn it. The people are not fit for such a task, precisely because, instead of being angels, they are, as Carlyle said, mostly fools. If, however, it meant that legislation framed and introduced by the representatives of the people ought to be submitted for approval, our objection might be overcome provided that other conditions were present. Such other conditions, in one word, would be that in all cases God's Law and the Law of Nature should be respected: that the rights of religion, the rights of individuals, the rights of families should be sacred and inviolate and for ever above and beyond the power of a Referendum. On such conditions, and on no others, could we support a party which would be likely to carry the Referendum into the sphere of practical politics.

In conclusion, remember that the people are no sovereign: God alone is sovereign; it is the way to slavery to concede sovereign rights to the people, or to any creatures. The true bulwark of freedom is the Law of God and the Natural Law, which safeguard the individual and the family and religion. And because that is so, we warn all against the extreme Laborites who are introducing an anti-Christian propaganda here, and in their very ignorance and blind conceit are the greatest foes Democracy has to-day. We want—more than ever it was wanted in the world before—all the help that religion can give now; and they who swallow the cheap lies of quacks of the McCabe type and spread them as if they were the truth in their press are the real enemies. We want, moreover, instruction as to the true limits of the power of the State, and as to its proper functions. And we want, or we may soon want, men who will stand fast to death if need be rather than give to Caesar the things that are God's.

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NEW CHURCH OF ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS, WELLINGTON

FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

On Sunday afternoon, November 2 (says the *Evening Post*), the foundation stone of the new St. Mary of the Angels' Church in Bouleott Street was laid by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea. In spite of the inclement weather, there was a large number of people present, including Sir Joseph Ward, the Mayor (Mr. J. P. Luke), Mrs. Luke, and many prominent Catholic citizens. As yet, only the foundations have been erected, but a good idea can be gained of the size of the church when it will be completed in about 12 months' time. The ceremony of laying the stone was carried out with full ritual, as traditional in the Catholic Church, Archbishop O'Shea being accompanied by the Very Rev. Dean Holley, Father Mahony, and a number of the local clergy. The impressive ceremonies, although somewhat marred by the rain, could not fail to make one realise that a great work was being commenced for the benefit of Catholic worshippers and for the city.

Having blessed the foundations, the Archbishop addressed those present, stating that the ceremony just performed marked an important event in the history of the parish of St. Mary's. That day was formally commenced the erection of a new church to replace the one destroyed by fire about 18 months ago. That church was an historic one, and with it were associated in the minds of the Catholics of Wellington many sacred memories. For many years it was the centre of the labors of the first priest who ministered to their spiritual wants, and it was thus a connecting link with the past. Not only with Catholics, but with many who did not belong to the Church, the late Father O'Reilly's name was a household word in the days when Wellington was only a "fishing village on Cook Strait." That venerable priest saw, not merely the beginnings of Catholicity on the shores of Port Nicholson, but the birth of the little colony of courageous and intrepid men and women who nearly 80 years ago laid the foundations of Wellington. St. Mary's, in which the late priest ministered, was a landmark of old Wellington, and its destruction was a great loss to the older members of the congregation and to many Catholics in the Dominion, who had been baptised or married, or at least who had worshipped in it. It was going to be replaced by a building of an entirely new order. As a completely different architecture had arisen on the foundations of old Wellington, so would be reared on the foundations of the old church a temple of solid and lasting material, which would be a thing of beauty, and, as far as a temple made by hands could ever be, worthy of the Most High, to Whose worship it would be dedicated. He hoped that it would also be worthy of the Catholic Church, ever the mother and mistress of architecture, and all the arts, and that it would be a welcome addition to the architecture of the capital of New Zealand. The building of the church would be the reintroduction of something of a very old order. During the recent war many New Zealanders—our soldiers who fought so heroically on the battlefields of Europe—were brought into close relation with that old order in the shape of historic churches and public buildings that dated back to the early ages. The able architect who

designed the new church had translated visions of those past centuries into the design of the building, shortly to be erected. It would serve for all who read its meaning aright to raise the mind and the soul to things of the spirit. Our modern world, which prided itself on its progress and up-to-dateness, had many good and desirable things, but people were often inclined to believe that this century possessed a monopoly of the best things of life. Such a thing, in the speaker's opinion, was far from the truth, and a building such as the one he was speaking of, would serve to remind men, when they gazed on it, even should they not enter it to worship, that there were better things in life than money-making and commercialism. It would also serve to carry men back to the centuries of man's greatest achievements in the higher things of the mind. It might even induce a study, not only of the architecture of those great centuries, but something also of their social, religious, and political life. It might be learnt then that the men who had souls above the sordid and mean things of life knew not only how to rear beautiful and enduring buildings, as well as paint and sculpture the world's masterpieces, but knew also how to order society after a fashion that made for the greater happiness and content of the people. In those olden days they might not have amassed the wealth of the present time, but what they had was divided more evenly amongst the people. The great discrepancies between the amounts possessed by the rich and the poor that exist in modern times did not then exist, but at the same time they were not the stagnant communities in trade and commerce that some people would have us think. In those centuries were flourishing cities and busy ports, and, above all, the plain people had a fairer share of the resources of the earth and the products of their labor than at any other time of the world's history. No wonder many able men of the present day had spoken and written of the Middle Ages with growing enthusiasm, and had not hesitated to call the 13th century the greatest of all the centuries, because of the wonderful achievement in every department of human activity. Those times were by no means perfect, but they approached more nearly to perfection than anything that the world had witnessed before or since. They had their miseries and their limitations—they had even their wars—but, in view of recent happenings, moderns could not boast of superiority in that matter. Even if men of the past centuries did make war on each other, those who made, or caused war did all the fighting themselves, and did not conscript others to do it for them. If the erection of such a building as St. Mary's would remind men, not only of the art and architecture of the far-off centuries, but would lead them to study other things about them, it would accomplish some good. It would perhaps help them to shed some of their false notions about times so much misrepresented and misunderstood, and, should they endeavor to imitate them in their solution of many of the social problems of to-day, the world would be a better and a happier place to live in. With such a hope he laid the foundation stone of the church, and referred to the fact that in a church of the same name St. Francis of Assisi began his immortal work of social and moral regeneration at a time of transition in the world's history that bore a resemblance to the crisis of the present time. Perhaps the work now commenced might foreshadow a return to the

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ideals for which St. Francis lived and labored. Such ideals were needed in the world at present. An able architect, who had caught some of the spirit of the past, had designed the building. The Archbishop congratulated him and his partner on their work, and felt sure that the contractor and his men would carry out the architect's ideas. In the past men working on such buildings took a pride in the work, knowing, as they did, that they were assisting somewhat in bettering the world. Should such sentiments inspire all who had an interest in the work, the building of the church should be carried to completion in all its beautiful proportions.

The Rev. Father Mahony, parish priest of St. Mary's, thanked the people for their past generosity and encouragement, and hoped that the occasion would be a real red-letter day in the matter of donations—that the subscriptions would total such an amount as would warrant the carrying out of the building of St. Mary's to completion. The collection then taken up, together with donations forwarded, amounted to the magnificent total of a little over £1300—a sum that would have been greatly increased had not the weather been so unpropitious.

The following attest, with newspapers and current coins of the realm, was placed in a cavity behind the foundation stone:—

Hunc lapidem primarium huius Ecclesiae,
Sub invocatione Sanctae Mariae de Angelis,
Benedicto XV. Divina Providentia Papa,
Georgio V. Britanniae Rege,
"Liverpool" e nobilitate Britannica comite,
has insulas gubernante,
Stanislas Mahony S.M. parocchie rectore,
Illius et Revmus Thomas, Gortinensis, Archiepus
cleri populique magno concursu stipatus,
anno pacis restitutae, post bellum
omnium memoria hominum maximum finitum.

The exterior of what will be a magnificent edifice, as may be judged by the fine illustration of it which we gave in the *Tablet* on October 30, is decidedly striking—especially the facade towards Willis Street, which consists of a high gabled wall containing a large rose or wheel window, and flanked by two four-storied pinnacled towers rising to a height above the pavement of 106 feet. The two upper storeys of these towers will have open tracery sides, while at the front and outside angles will be square turrets containing the circular staircase giving access from the ground floor to the roof. Though these are suggestive of the famous Somersetshire towers of the 15th century, the turrets alter their character entirely, and in the position of the towers in relation to each other and to the main gable, the composition is most satisfactory. The side towards Boulcott Street, extending nearly 150 feet, presents a rich effect of aisle and clerestory windows, broken by the projecting confessionals and the large northern side chapel.

Inside, the building will have a roomy and spacious appearance. The main features are two long arcades of nine arches each. Above these is a series of panels suggesting the triforium of the earlier Gothic, while above all are the clerestory windows containing 113 lights, divided by mullions and surmounted by traceried heads. All the mandrills, both inside and out, are richly pannelled. The church is 33 feet wide between the arcades, and all the seating (excepting that of the chapels) is contained within the nave, so that each worshipper can have an uninterrupted view of the altar. The choir accommodation is provided for 400 will be in a gallery at the entrance end of the church.

As the church will be approximately 150 feet by 90 feet in width, it will rank among the largest sacred edifices of the Dominion, and its central position will make it among the best known. In material and design it will be about the first of its kind anywhere in the world, and consequently its erection should mark a new epoch in architectural progression.

The public, no doubt, will watch its progress with great interest, and its completion will be a source of gratification, not only to Catholics, but to all lovers of progressive architecture.

The fairest flowers of joy spring from the soil of sacrifice.

Whatever passes, Christ remains—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"—the master light of all our seeing, the master thought of all our thinking, revealing the face of the Eternal Father, proclaiming the message of His love, attesting the fact of His forgiveness, imparting the sweetness of His peace, vanquishing death through His glorious resurrection, and with His pierced hand opening "the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers."

CHURCH OF ST. ROCH, HANMER SPRINGS

The long-looked-for blessing of peace came to us well nigh 12 months ago, November, 1918. For more than four years the angel of death brought his message to thousands of homes. Thousands of our boys are buried in many lands. Their priests, careless of danger, stood by them, and through their ministrations prepared them to face death fearlessly. The blood of priests and boys flowed in the same stream, their last remains rest in the same grave. Their memory shall never die. The last words of St. Monica to her son St. Augustine would be, if possible, their last words to us: "Bury my body anywhere; I desire nothing but a remembrance at the altar of God."

I promise, each time I stand at God's altar in the Church of St. Roch during 1919 and 1920, to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for all your friends who have died as a result of the war and the epidemic, also all your intentions.

I beg to acknowledge the following additional donations:—£2 2s each, Very Rev. Dean Regnault (Christchurch), Dr. Morkane (Christchurch). 41 each, Mrs. P. Daly (Hinds), Mr. P. F. Ryan (Woodons), Mr. and Mrs. T. Cronin (Timaru), Mrs. Fabling (30 Duncan Street, Kilbirnie, Wellington), C. Emery (Stonyhurst), Mrs. Tiripany (85 Jarrow Street, Invercargill), Mrs. K. (Kaikoura), Miss Fitzpatrick (Little River). 70s each, Friend (Hokitika), F. Nees (Makomako), Mr. P. Landers (St. Bathans). 5s 6d, Mrs. Goldie (44 Queen Street, Petone). 5s each, Mrs. Bethell (68 Hutt Road, Petone), Mrs. Farley (52 Hutt Road, Petone), J. R. (Dunedin), West Coaster (Kaiwairua, Featherston), E. H. E. and Family, J. J. Goulding, Tom Frazer, James Weight (Hanmer), Margaret McAleer (Waitohi, Temuka), M. J. Thompson (116 Knowles St., St. Albans, Christchurch). 3s, Miss B. Corcoran, 2nd don. (Harrowpe). 2s 6d, Client (Greymouth).

Donations will be acknowledged each week in the *Tablet*.

Yours very gratefully,

Rev. J. P. O'CONNOR, Hawarden, Canterbury.

REILLY'S CENTRAL PRODUCE MART

We report as follows:—Supplies of all spring vegetables are increasing. Rhubarb has a keen demand. Gooseberries are coming to hand freely. We handled 150 cases of tomatoes during the last week, and secured high prices. New potatoes are meeting a keen inquiry, and good values are being secured. There is a keen demand for oatshaf chaff, prime fowl wheat, good A and B grade Garton oats, and for these lines we can secure extreme prices. We had a special line of onions from Tarras, Otago Central, which realised record prices. Poultry is short of requirements and urgently wanted. Young cockerels and ducklings have experienced a keen demand. Eggs have again advanced in price. Bacon pigs find a ready sale; we have customers who are waiting for supplies, and are assured of 11d per lb. Calf foods, chicken foods, McDougall's fruit tree wash, "Katakilla," strawberry punnets and crates, raspberry buckets, are meeting a good demand, and those wanting supplies should place their orders without delay. Late varieties of narcissi have sold remarkably well, 4s 6d to 9s per dozen being secured. Flowers: Narcissi (locals), 5s 6d to 9s 6d per dozen bunches. Apples: Nelson Sturmers, 22s 6d, 25s; Central Sturmers, 8d; Statesman, 8d; Rokewoods, 7d; Doughertys, 8d; French Crab, 6d per lb. Lemons: Californian "Mission" brand, 60s. Oranges: American "Sunkist," 50s. Bananas: Ripe, 42s 6d; green arrive Thursday. Rhubarb, to 2d. Tomatoes: Locals and Christchurch, 3s to 3s 3d; Rarotangans, 1s 6d to 2s 3d per lb. Asparagus, 6s, 14s 9d per dozen bunches. Cucumber, 18s, 19s, 20s, 25s 6d. Cauliflowers, 8s to 22s 6d. Cabbages (scarce), 4s to 6s. Lettuce, 2s 6d, 4s 6d dozen. Potatoes: Prime locals (repacked), 12s; northern, 10s; new potatoes (locals), 9d, 9½d; Christchurch, 7d; Auckland, 5d per lb. Onions, specially prime, 35s. Carrots (scarce), choice tables, 22s 6d. Parsnips, 24s per cwt. Bacon (scarce): Rolls, 1s 5d; hams (scarce), 1s 6d. Pigs: Extra prime baconers, 10½d to 11d; heavy-weights, 10d; porkers, 10½d; choppers, 6d per lb. Eggs, guaranteed, 1s 10d per dozen. Honey (slow sale): Bulk, 7½d to 8d; 10lb tins, 7s 6d; sections, 12s 6d. Tea, specially selected, 2s 2d per lb. Egg crates, 12s 6d. Strawberry punnets, 59s per 100. Raspberry buckets, 44s per dozen. Linseed calf meal, 15s. Farro food, 19s per 200lb. Ceremilk calf food, 32s per 100lb, 16s 6d per 50lb, 8s 6d per 25lb. Southland "Cross Keys" meat meal, 20s. Rabbitskins: Sale Wednesday, 19th. Tallow: Sale Wednesday, 19th. Horsehair, 1s 4d to 1s 9d per lb. Bluestone, best quality, 79s per cwt. Black Leaf 40, 6s 2d per lb. McDougall's "Katakilla," 21s dozen. Fruit tree wash, 1s 9d a tin. Poultry: Hens, 5s 6d, 7s, 7s 6d, 7s 8d, 7s 10d, 8s, 8s 2d, 8s 4d per pair; cockerels, 5s 2d, 7s, and 17s 6d per pair.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

November 8.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed amongst all taking part in the big bazaar which has been held in the Town Hall during the past two weeks. With large attendances each evening, good business resulted. The tug-of-war contest amongst teams representing various concerns in the city and suburbs was a feature of the bazaar. Two pulls have been made each evening, and the supporters of the men competing were present in large numbers to encourage their candidates. The final pull in the light-weight contest took place on Monday, when the Petone team met Quirk's, the former winning the pull after a hard struggle, amidst great excitement. The Petone team was captained by Mr. Stan Brice, and Quirk's team by Mr. F. Maloney. The final of the heavy-weight contest was pulled on the concluding night of the bazaar (Wednesday), when there was a record attendance. The pull resulted in the first prize (£50) going to the Petone team, and second prize (£12) to Herlihy's team. Dalton's team secured third place. The entertainment each evening was under the able direction of Miss Barbara Putnam, and over 100 girls took part in tableaux, spectacular marching, and dancing, to the music of an orchestra. The Rev. Fathers Smyth, S.M., and Hurley, S.M., are to be congratulated upon the success of the function, which was organised to augment the funds of the parishes of Thorndon and St. Joseph's (Te Aro).

Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Corrigan and his daughter, Miss Corrigan, who have been on a visit to London, arrived back at Wellington on Saturday by the Tofua from San Francisco.

The Rev. Father Connolly, who acted as a chaplain to the Forces during the war, is to take charge of a new suburban Catholic parish formed in Wellington. He will be Rector of Hataitai, Kilbirnie, and Lyall Bay districts. Father Connolly was formerly in charge of Taihape parish.

The funeral of the late Captain Joseph Corich took place yesterday afternoon, the interment being at the Karori Cemetery. The chief mourners were Mrs. Corich, widow of deceased, and Mr. J. Corich, his only son. The pall-bearers were Captain Goldie and Mr. Adams (master and engineer of the Pelican), Captain Gower and Mr. Huston (master and engineer of the Karaka, the late Captain Corich's last vessel). The Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., conducted the service at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, and the Rev. Father O'Connor, S.M., officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

The 35th annual athletic sports meeting of St. Patrick's College was held last week at Newtown Park. Excellent weather prevailed during the day, but about 4 o'clock a heavy thunderstorm prevented the continuance of the sports, much to the disappointment of the scholars. There are still six events to be run, and these will be competed for at a later date on the Basin Reserve. During the afternoon a large number of visitors attended. Dainty afternoon tea was provided in the tea kiosk. The following are the sports officials: Starter, Mr. J. E. Henrys; timekeepers, Fathers J. Cullen, Ryan, Segrief, A. Cullen, Buckley, and Mr. H. Bolton; judges, the masters, Dr. McEvedy, Messrs. Watkins, Chapman, J. J. L. Burke, White, and J. M. Gamble; blackboard stewards, Messrs. F. Mickleson and J. O'Keefe; committee, Father Outtrim, Messrs. J. A. Bourke, J. A. Preece, H. Trehey, W. Timms, J. Fotheringham, and D. Campbell; hon. secretary, Mr. P. J. Foley; assistant secretary, Mr. J. A. Preece. The results are as follows:—100 Yards, under 14: Goodger 1, Westfield 2, Smith 3. 100 Yards, under 16½: First heat—Wilson 1, Tancered 2, Hales 3; second heat—Taylor 1, McSherry 2, Kennedy 3; third heat—McParland 1, Coyne 2, Holcombe 3; final—McParland 1, Wilson 2, Kennedy 3. 100 Yards Grand Handicap: First heat—Hales 1, McCambridge 2, D'Ath 3; second heat—Blake 1, Timms 2; final—Blake 1, Timms 2, Hales 3. Sack Race: First heat—Waldron 1, Hallam 2, Cahill 3; second heat—Parker 1, Selby 2, Cannon 3; third heat—Hodman 1, Angland 2, Coleman 3; final—Waldron 1, Hallam 2, Selby 3. 220 Yards, under 16½: First heat—McParland 1, Tancered 2, McSherry 3; second heat—Wilson 1, Keane 2, Kennedy 3; final—Wilson 1, McParland 2, Keane 3. 50 Yards Dash: First heat—Blake 1, Timms 2, Corby 3; second heat—McParland 1, Taylor 2, Pothan 3; third heat—Cameron 1, Kennedy 2, Hales 3; final—McParland 1, Blake 2, Timms 3. 120 Yards Hurdles: First heat—Waldron 1, Taylor 2, Hales 3; second heat—White 1, Timms 2, Doogan 3; final—Waldron 1, Pothan 2. Hop, Step, and Jump: G. Hales (35ft 3in) 1, Harold (34ft 8in) 2, H. Hales (33ft 1in) 3. Running Broad Jump: Pothan (16ft 5in) 1, Doogan (15ft 3½in) 2, Blake (15ft 3in) 3. Running High Jump—Pothan

(4ft 11in) 1, Taylor (4ft 10in) 2. 220 Yards Grand Handicap: Blake 1, Timms 2, Gamble 3. 880 Yards (open): Waldron 1, Trehey 2, White 3. Medley Race: D'Ath and Pothan 1, Kennedy and Waldron 2, Keane and Riley 3. Coat and Boot Race: Goodger 1, Angland 2, Reilly 3. Half-mile Walk: Pothan 1, Trehey 2, Dineen 3. 100 Yards School Spring Championship: Blake 1, Timms 2, Hales 3. 440 Yards Grand Handicap: Trehey 1, Cameron 2, Burnes 3. Throwing the Cricket Ball: D'Ath (81yds 2ft) 1, Tancered (75yds 1ft) 2, Timms (77½yds) 3.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

November 6.

Archbishop O'Shea, of Wellington, paid a visit to Napier and Hastings during bazaar week.

Rev. Father Quinn, S.M., of Greymouth, who has been in Napier for several weeks on a recuperative visit, left on Tuesday last for Wanganui. During the bazaar Father Quinn rendered very valuable assistance.

THE BAZAAR.

For several months past the Catholics of Napier have been energetically making preparations for the holding of the grand bazaar in aid of the rebuilding of the convent schools at Napier. The cause of Catholic education is very dear to the hearts of the people, and consequently a determined effort was made to raise the necessary money for the furtherance of this cause. The reward of the organisers' labor was reaped at the big function, the opening of which took place in the Municipal Theatre on Saturday, October 18. The Mayor (Mr. J. V. Brown, M.P.) performed the official opening ceremony, which was a signal for the opening of the pockets of those present. There was a very large attendance of sympathisers of the project who had come to spend their money and assist the organisers in making the show an unqualified success. The bazaar exchequer quickly began to swell as visitors were relieved of their surplus cash, and vendors quickly disposed of their wares. The stalls, numbering four, were well stocked with a wide range of first-class goods, great credit being due to the stall-holders for the excellence and quantity of the wares. Beautiful works of art in needlework, painting, and other beautiful designs, attracted the covetous eyes of many. Numbers of these were disposed of by raffling, and the sale of tickets throughout was good, the sweet smiling lady sellers' demands meeting with a ready response. The Convent Stall (fancy) was under the direction of Mrs. E. Kirk, assisted by Mrs. L. Revell, Misses O'Connor and M. McIntosh. A novel attraction attached to the stall was a six-legged lamb, which genus provided special interest for the farming community. Mr. B. O'Rourke conducted another side line or competition whereby the stall funds were augmented. The Port Ahuriri Stall was controlled by Mrs. G. Graves, assisted by Mesdames Keating and Rankin, while in connection herewith Mr. J. Sheehan did thriving business with a shooting gallery. The soft drinks stall was also run under the supervision of the Port committee. Mrs. J. Harris was in charge of the Children of Mary Stall, and was assisted by members of that society. The sweets stall attached thereto was directed by Mrs. Mulligan and Hogan. The gipsy pool, nail-driving competition, and fortune-telling, were also run in conjunction with the stall. The produce stall was run by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Mrs. McGrath and Miss Faulkner being in charge. The tea rooms, a branch of this stall, were controlled by Miss Piercy, assisted by Mesdames M. Gleeson, B. J. Dolan, J. Piercy, C. Condon, W. Hefford Smith, and the Misses A. O'Connor, Lynnam, Kenny (2), McGrath (2), Bailey, and Sheridan. Several other side shows were managed by Messrs. Walsh, O'Rourke, Ryan, Rankin, Revell, and Wynn. The bazaar continued for 10 nights, the hall being crowded on each occasion. Business was excellent throughout the whole session. Each evening the visitors were treated to an excellent entertainment, consisting of orchestral overtures, rendered by a specially engaged bazaar orchestra; fascinating dances by the pupils of Miss Winnie Dallow, and items by the convent Maori pupils. The items contributed were of a high standard. During the afternoon sessions moving picture entertainments were provided.

For several months prior to the bazaar the Queen Carnival created much interest throughout the district, this interest rapidly increasing towards the termination of the bazaar.

The committee supporting each candidate are to be congratulated on the manner in which they have worked for their candidates, whereby a very handsome sum, nearly two thousand pounds, was realised. On the closing night

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of the bazaar the committees put up a big fight, which provided intense amusement for the vast audience. From time to time results of the voting were announced on the board, which showed the go between the Maori and convent candidates to be a near thing. They hovered very close to one another until almost the end, when the Maori Queen candidate jumped up by several thousands. The final results were as follow:—Maori Queen (Miss Lucy Takarangi), 57,138; Convent Queen (Miss W. Windle), 51,181; Hibernian Queen (Miss D. Kenny), 18,000; Soldiers' Queen (Miss Morecroft), 14,479; total, 140,798.

The successful queen received a hearty ovation, the other candidates also being heartily applauded. The coronation of the queen will take place at a later date.

The bazaar terminated on the 29th inst., when the accommodation of the theatre was taxed to its utmost capacity, and exceptionally good business was done. The distribution of the surprise packets by the Port and Convent Stalls was an interesting item, as was also the drawing of the art union, gipsy pool prizes, etc. A handsome sum was raised by each stall, their order of merit being—Convent, 1; Port Ahuriri, 2; Children of Mary, 3; and St. Vincent de Paul, 4. It is expected that when all expenses are paid a very handsome sum of over £3300 will be the result, which is very gratifying to all concerned, and which will go a long way towards providing a very handsome school for our children. The organisers, the priests of the parish (Rev. Fathers Tymons and Dowling, also Father Quinn), the Sisters of the convent, and all others who assisted are to be congratulated on this big success.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

November 7.

His Lordship the Bishop still remains a patient in the Mater Hospital, with hardly any change perceptible in his condition.

The summary of the diocese prepared for the Australasian Directory for 1920 is interesting. There are 46 parishes; diocesan clergy number 47; Fathers of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society (Mill Hill), number 20; teaching Brothers, 15; Sisters, 281; boarding school for boys, 1; for girls, 16; superior and primary day schools, 37; teachers, 175; number of children receiving Catholic education, 5613. From the last two items it would appear that there is one teacher in the Catholic schools in this diocese, in the aggregate, for every 32 children, a staffing which is very creditable indeed; thanks to the members of the religious Orders the glory of the Catholic Church.

A most interesting entertainment was given on Monday night in the Richmond Hall, in aid of the funds of the Grey Lynn parish. The junior pupils of St. Joseph's School, and Miss Sanford's pupils gave a delightful performance.

Great improvements are being effected in the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby. Interior and exterior have been painted, and the general appearance materially enhanced. Recently through the energy of the Administrator of the parish, Rev. Father Carran, his energetic assistant, Father Hunt, and the beneficence of a benefactor, a beautiful shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes has been erected in the church grounds.

The children of Mount St. Mary's Orphanage, "The Pah," Onehunga, assisted by friends, will give an entertainment in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on Wednesday, December 3. All arrangements were in hand for a similar function last year, when the engagement had to be cancelled owing to the influenza outbreak. The proceeds will be devoted to general improvements at the orphanage, the beautifying of the school grounds, and providing facilities for various games and pastimes. The objects are such, coupled with the appeal for the orphans, that a crowded house is assured, and a substantial cheque will be presented to the energetic superioress, Sister M. Ligouri, and her devoted assistants.

The Sisters of Mercy, Onehunga, held a very successful garden party in the school grounds on Saturday, November 1, when the sum of £170 was realised. The basket-ball competition was won by a team from the Pah Orphanage.

The annual meeting in connection with the Auckland Catholic Women's Hostel will take place in St. Benedict's Hall on Sunday, November 9. All are delighted to know that the hostel is in a flourishing condition, for now nearly 40 girls have made it their home.

The Redemptorist Fathers will open a mission in the new church at Devonport on Sunday next.

Father Ryan, of the archdiocese of Brisbane, and Father Walsh, of Rockhampton, are visiting Auckland; the latter is on his way to Ireland, after an absence of 15 years.

Very Rev. Dean Power, of Hawera, who was here in connection with the opening ceremony of Devonport's new church, addressed the men of the Holy Family Confraternity on Tuesday evening, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and gave an interesting discourse on "the Church."

The conference for the priests of the Manukau Deanery was held at Pukekohe on Wednesday last. Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, the Dean of the district, presided, and the priests were entertained by Father Molloy, the popular pastor of the district.

With regret I have to report the death on Sunday, November 1, of Hubert Nerheny, son of our greatly respected Councillor P. J. Nerheny. At the funeral ceremony, which took place on Tuesday, in the Waikaraka Cemetery, there were present: Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett, Very Rev. Dean Power, Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, Fathers Buckley, Forde, and Colgan.—R.I.P.

The beautiful new altar in the new church of All Souls, Devonport, is a credit to the artistic taste and generosity of the parish priest, Rev. Father Furlong.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

November 10.

The annual outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament will take place in the grounds of the institution of Mount Magdala on Sunday next at 3 o'clock.

The Rev. Edwin Andersen, who has completed his studies for the priesthood at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, will be ordained by his Lordship the Bishop on Sunday next in the Cathedral, the Ordination Mass beginning at 10.45 a.m.

After three weeks of devoted labor in Christchurch, the Redemptorist Fathers left for Wellington at the end of the week. Their work has been crowned with most beneficial results, the mission being amongst the most successful ever held in the Cathedral parish.

Rev. Father Frank Cullen, late chaplain with the Expeditionary Forces, is at present a guest of his Lordship the Bishop at the episcopal residence.

On Monday morning last (Feast of All Souls) Masses were celebrated in the Cathedral every half-hour from 5.30 to 9 o'clock, at which hour there was Solemn Requiem Mass. Rev. Father Hannigan, C.S.S.R., was celebrant. Rev. Father Kelleher (N.S.W.) was deacon, and Rev. Father Doherty (N.S.W.) subdeacon. Father Hannigan preached appropriate of the occasion. There were large congregations at all the Masses.

A combined meeting of the two divisions of the archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, conducted by Rev. Fathers Hannigan and O'Brien, Redemptorist Missioners, was held on Tuesday evening. Many new members were enrolled, and Father Hannigan, in his address, spoke of the confraternity of the Holy Family, established in Limerick, as a model worthy of emulation.

The M.B.O.B. Association senior and junior football teams held a smoke concert in the Hibernian Hall on Thursday evening, to mark the close of their successful season. The attendance of members, friends, and supporters was large, and the function most enjoyable. His Lordship the Bishop honored the gathering with his presence, and besides the president (Sir George Clifford) there were present: Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Fathers Long and Murphy, Captain Owles, Messrs. George Payne, M. J. Corrigan, W. Rodgers, and several vice-presidents of the club, and the local Marist Brothers. A toast-list was duly honored, and during the evening musical items were given by Messrs. Cocks, Parlett, Jewell, McAleer, Phillips, Sutton, and W. Britenden. A ventriloquial turn was given by Mr. Sones, and a recitation by Mr. J. McCormick. Mr. Nathan accompanied on the piano. Messrs. W. Rodgers and G. Payne were each presented with a framed photograph of the senior team. Captain Owles generously offered to give a football, and Mr. M. J. Corrigan is presenting a cup, to the value of five guineas, for competition.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

November 9.

It is pleasing to be able to state that Rev. Father Moloney, S.M., has recovered from his recent illness, during which he was confined to Lewisham Hospital, and has again taken up his duties in Timaru.

On Sunday the members of St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian Society assembled in regalia for their half-yearly Communion, when a large number approached the Holy Table.

On Thursday evening, in the Sacred Heart Hall, Craigie Avenue, there was held a most successful social evening, organised by the young ladies of the Catholic Girls' Hostel. Following a progressive eucharic tournament, an enjoyable musical programme was proceeded with, items being excellently rendered by Misses D. Mason and G. Spring (pianoforte duet), and by Mrs. P. Lindsay and Rev. Father Moloney (vocal solos). After a dainty supper had been dispensed by the ladies, dancing was begun, and at the conclusion of the evening all present felt that their enjoyment had been thoroughly catered for.

During the week the devotion of the Quarant' Ore was observed at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, eloquent discourses on the Blessed Sacrament being given by Rev. Father Bartley, S.M. Through the period of Exposition the sanctuary of the beautiful chapel was made still more beautiful by a wealth of palms, flowers, and candles.

On Saturday, November 1, at the invitation of Rev. Mother, the ladies of St. Anne's Guild visited the Convent of the Sacred Heart to meet Rev. Mother-Vicar, who was at the time making a short stay in Timaru. Afternoon tea was served by the Sisters, and a couple of hours were most pleasantly passed in social intercourse.

Darfield

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

A dinner was given on Sunday week last by the Darfield branch of the Hibernian Society, to which the congregation of the local Church of the Holy Angels were invited. A feature of the occasion was the initiation of four new members in the branch. Rev. Father Fogarty presided over a large attendance of the parishioners. All arrangements were carried out in a manner which left nothing to be desired. Advantage was also taken of the occasion to present addresses to Private P. Shattery, lately returned from the Front; and to the relatives, for whom much sympathy was expressed, of the late Private T. Clinton, killed in action in France. The usual toasts were honored, and the gathering concluded with votes of thanks to Father Fogarty and to the ladies of the parish for their assistance in connection with the dinner.

The committee of the Darfield Parish Church met at the Presbytery on Wednesday evening of last week for the purpose of meeting the parish priest, Rev. Father Hanrahan, who recently suffered a severe illness, necessitating an operation, and who was staying a day or two in the district prior to leaving on an extended holiday. The committee, on behalf of all the parishioners, presented Father Hanrahan with a wallet containing a substantial sum in order to assist him in defraying his expenses, and at the same time expressed the fervent wish of the parish to see him amongst them again in due course, thoroughly restored to health. Father Hanrahan feelingly responded, stating that what he valued even more than the gift was the generous spirit which prompted it. Songs and other items were rendered by some of those present, after which Father Fogarty, temporarily in charge of the parish, entertained the committee to supper.

REJECTS ANGLICANISM

Not for years has an incident so stirred Protestant Episcopal Church circles in the United States as the resignation of Right Rev. E. J. Kinsman, as Episcopal Bishop of Delaware (says the *London Catholic Times*). In an open letter which he has written to the Right Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, of St. Louis, presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, he says: "I hereby present through you to the House of Bishops the resignation of my jurisdiction as Bishop of the Diocese of Delaware.

"The view of the Church's position which I have held, certainly the prevailing view in the House of Bishops, is simply that the Episcopal Church, strong in its 'appeal to antiquity,' stands firmly for the doctrine of the Incarnation as contained in the Scriptures and the Creeds, and, by emphasis on its sacramental character, perpetuates the life of the Catholic Church. But I have ceased to believe—and here I part company with the bishops, and contradict my convictions and teachings in past years—that the actual facts bear out this contention. In spite of greatest unwillingness, I have come to feel that the interpretation of the Anglican position which connects it chiefly with the Protestant Reformation, is the one more consistent with its history viewed as a whole; and that its dominant tendencies are increasingly identified with

those currents of thought and development which are making away from the definiteness of the ancient faith toward Unitarian vagueness. This would seem to me to be due not merely to local or temporary conditions, but to certain informing principles always more or less apparent in Anglican history. To preserve balance and proportion of the truth the Episcopal churches have aimed at comprehension by compromise. I have come to believe that this habit of compromise involves increasing surrenders of truth, in spite of religious revivals aiming at stronger insistence on the ancient faith."

THE GLASTONBURY MISSION.

A correspondent to the *London Catholic Times* writes: Who has not heard of the ancient, quiet little town of Glastonbury, Somerset, famous for the ruins of its great Benedictine Abbey, where once the great St. Dunstan resided? It's last abbot, Richard Whiting, fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII., because he refused to surrender his monastery and yield up its treasure. He was therefore imprisoned, tried, and barbarously executed on November 15, 1539, together with his treasurer, Roger Bacon, and his sub-treasurer, John Thorn, both monks of Glastonbury Abbey. The head of the venerable abbot was placed over the abbey gate, and his quartered body distributed to Wells, Bath, Leicester, and Bridgwater. Whilst Richard Whiting was winning the martyr's crown on the Tor (which can still be seen for miles around), the destruction of the great church and abbey had already begun, thus exemplifying the tyranny of Henry VIII., whose monstrosity brought about the so-called Reformation. Is it not in such ancient sanctuaries as Glastonbury, redolent with the odor of medieval Catholicism, that a special effort should be made to keep the light of our Holy Faith burning? Not only that, but to maintain also the dignity of the Catholic position? Some 20 years ago, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart had a college in Glastonbury. Unfortunately, they withdrew. A chapel in the Convent of the Sisters of St. Louis now serves for the public. There is a feeling that if a religious community of men could take up residence in this Somerset town, the possibilities for the Faith would be considerably extended, for not only would the future of the mission be assured, but by their good example and preaching the monks would draw many into the True Fold. Having regard to the great influence which the Benedictines of Glastonbury wielded in the past, could not some Benedictines be found to-day to build on the ashes of the glorious past?

THE LESSON OF BOTHA.

In the course of a recent address, Mr. J. Devlin, M.P., said he could not conceive why there should be any hesitation on the part of those who had it within their power to give Ireland the right she sought. After all, wherever that principle had been recognised, as in Australia, Canada, and South Africa, the peace of the world had been made more secure and friendship had been created and fostered where previously existed hatred and national rancor. Where liberty had been conceded, loyalty had been created. Loyalty rested upon liberty, and human progress and happiness could only be secured by the freedom of peoples. The death of General Botha had brought irresistibly to their minds the truth of that declaration. That noble and truly great figure, who had now disappeared amidst the sorrow of mankind, was in his lifetime a manifestation of how freedom and trust could beget friendship and goodwill between warring peoples. Botha was one of the most trusted of all the statesmen who had contributed to the peace which had been temporarily created, and would be permanent and enduring only if General Botha's principles were put in operation everywhere. As he had said, it was fitting that they should meet together at the present period and make it clear that they demanded the application to Ireland of the principle that no nation had the right to control and manage the affairs of another nation. When they were asked, "What is it you Irish want?" the answer should be, "We want our country for ourselves, and we are determined to have it." For his part, he would rather be badly governed by his own countrymen than well governed by the people of any other country. But had Ireland been well governed under an alien system? Was it any satisfaction to England to-day that the one dark spot was Ireland when six years ago one of her most eminent statesmen described it as "the one bright spot"? Ireland would be a bright spot again when Ireland secured that to which she was entitled, that freedom which he believed would be hers in their own day and generation.

GENERAL ELECTION, 1919

VOTING BY DECLARATION.

It is hereby notified for public information that by Section 13 of the Expeditionary Forces Voting and Electoral Rights Amendment Act, 1919, the only persons entitled to vote by declaration at the General Election will be the following:—

- (a) Any person whose name is ruled out on any certified copy of the roll supplied to the Returning Officer pursuant to Section twenty-four of the Legislature Amendment Act, 1910; or
- (b) Any person who voted as a registered elector at the last preceding election for the district in which his place of residence is situated, and whose name does not appear on the roll for that district; or
- (c) Any person who having applied for enrolment as an elector, and having been informed by the Registrar that he has been enrolled, has not been so enrolled.

ABSENT VOTERS' PERMITS AND SEAMEN'S RIGHTS.

Registered electors who anticipate being absent from their electorate on election day can, if they so desire, secure an Absent Voter's Permit or Seaman's Right as the case may be up to and including the day preceding the General Election.

Forms of application can be obtained from any Post Office or Registrar of Electors. It is absolutely essential that the application should reach the Registrar of Electors in time to permit of him forwarding the Permit or Seaman's Right, as the case may be, to reach the applicant on or before election day.

For further particulars apply to any Registrar of Electors.

J. HUSLOP,
Chief Electoral Officer.

ELECTORATE OF CHALMERS

MR. DUNCAN COLQUHOUN, the Liberal Candidate, will ADDRESS the ELECTORS as under:

- PORT CHALMERS TOWN HALL.—THURSDAY, November 13.
- SEACLIFF SCHOOLHOUSE.—FRIDAY, November 14.
- PORTOBELLO CORONATION HALL.—7 p.m., SATURDAY, November 15.
- HOOPER'S INLET SCHOOLHOUSE.—8.30 p.m., SATURDAY, November 15.
- TAIAROA HEADS SCHOOLHOUSE.—12 Noon, MONDAY, November 17.
- OTAKOU HALL.—4 p.m., MONDAY, November 17.
- SANDYMOUNT SCHOOLHOUSE.—8 p.m., MONDAY, November 17.
- PUKEHIKI HALL.—12 Noon, TUESDAY, November 18.
- HIGHCLIFF SCHOOLHOUSE.—4 p.m., TUESDAY, November 18.
- N.E. HARBOR HALL.—7 p.m., TUESDAY, November 18.
- BROAD BAY.—8.30 p.m., TUESDAY, November 18.

All Other Meetings 8 p.m.

New Zealand Labor Party

CANTERBURY L.R.C.

Men and Women of Canterbury, if you are opposed to INDENTURED SLAVERY, SOULLESS PROFITEERING, AUTOCRATIC MILITARISM, LAND AGGREGATION, and IMPERIAL CAPITALIST DOMINATION OF NATIVE PEOPLES, then be sure and VOTE ONLY FOR OFFICIAL LABOR CANDIDATES, as under:—

- CHRISTCHURCH NORTH ... H. T. ARMSTRONG
- CHRISTCHURCH SOUTH ... E. J. HOWARD
- CHRISTCHURCH EAST ... H. HUNTER
- AVON ... D. G. SULLIVAN
- LYTELTON ... J. McCOMBS, M.P.
- RICCARTON ... J. ROBERTSON
- KAIAPOI ... MORGAN WILLIAMS

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QUEEN CARNIVAL, NAPIER

The GOLD NUGGETS raffled on behalf of the Hibernian Candidate in the QUEEN CARNIVAL, NAPIER, were won by the holder of Ticket No. 3673.

(Rev.) P. W. TYMONS, S.M.

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WANTED position as HOUSEKEEPER to priest; previous experience; references. Reply—"Advertiser," Catholic Women's Hostel, Auckland.

MARYKNOLL AND THE FAR EAST.

High on the hills that crown the eastern bank of the Hudson River, near Ossining, stands the institution of Maryknoll (says the *Catholic World* for September, in an editorial). It has found not what Hudson failed to find, but what he never sought—a true enduring passage through the Western world to that of the East. From its hills may be seen the silver sweep of the Hudson, backed by the stern, immovable curtain of the Palisades. To the south it opens into the gateway of the New World. From the first day of its finding that gateway has been circled with the rainbow of hope for the Old World. In a new land the old might be reborn and know the vigor and the daring of youth.

With love for every country and with invidious distinctions towards none, the missionary leaving his beloved Maryknoll for the Far East may, even as did its founder, carry with him the picture of home—and let that tender spot of his native land have its share in sustaining him and guiding him in his supernatural labors. Maryknoll—its consecrated name, its sacred soil, its hills, its star-crowded sky, its chapel, we well know that these will dwell with the missionary afar who has gone out from her.

"Dreams of these haunted his full heart;
Their love inspired his songs and prayers
Bidding him play his part."

American Catholics must realise that the soil and the work of Maryknoll is theirs: that the men who go out from it are theirs: that the inspiration, the glory, and the responsibility of the work are theirs.

They must rouse their souls to a living, personal interest and sacrifice. The hour for increased Catholic opportunity has struck. The needy of the nations cry out to us. It is our work—not simply to read about, not simply to contribute a pittance towards—but a work that demands full generous sacrifice: the contribution of money: the offering of prayers, and, if we be so blessed, of our sons and our daughters. The old Faith is still the redemption of the world. No power can alter it. No power can bring achievement without cost nor victory without sacrifice. We may rejoice at our country's growth and her good fame and her prestige. We may rejoice and be grateful because of the increase and prosperity of the Catholic Church in our own land. But while we rejoice, the corresponding truth looms large, the sense of responsibility grows almost fearful. Are we prepared to fulfil the spiritual mission for which God had opened to us the opportunity? That question the present generation of Catholics must answer. It will need the sacrifice to God, to Christ, and to His Church, of all that we possess. China will tell us in part the answer; and she will know because of those who from Maryknoll have traversed the passage from the Western to the Eastern world.

Removing in most cases is not looked forward to with pleasure. Save yourself a great deal of trouble by employing THE NEW ZEALAND EXPRESS COMPANY. Experienced men, with suitable vehicles, are sent to your house. Result, time is saved, precious things are not broken, and annoyances and worries are avoided.—[Advt.]

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Essays: Irish and American. Yeats. 5/6.

From the Land of Dreams. Todhunter. 5/6.

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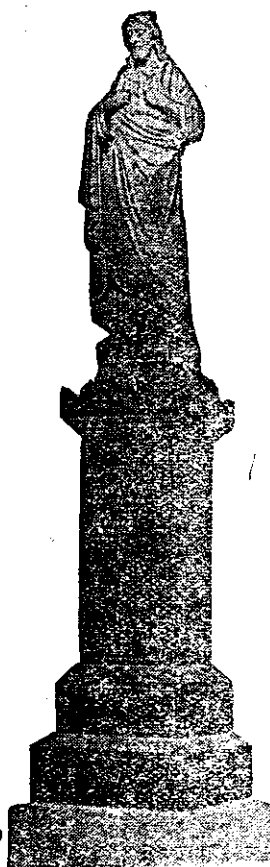
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Candidates for admission are required to present satisfactory testimonials from the parochial clergy, and from the Superiors of Schools and Colleges where they may have studied.

The Pension is £35 a year, payable half-yearly in advance. It provides for Board and Lodging, Tuition, School Books, Furniture, Bedding, and House Linen.

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Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/-; up to 40 words, 5/- *Strictly Cash in Advance.*

Wedding reports will not be inserted unless accompanied by a marriage notice, cash paid.

In order to insure insertion in the following issue, the copy for above advertisements must reach the office by noon on Tuesdays.

General advertising rates on application to the office.

MARRIAGES

ARDAGH—HANNA.—On October 27, 1919, at the Sacred Heart Church, Timaru, by Rev. Father Ardagh, assisted by Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., and Rev. Father Bartley, S.M., John Joseph, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ardagh, Glenavy, to Vera, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hanna, Christchurch.

PORTER—WHITE.—On September 10, 1919, at the Church of St. Laurence O'Toole, Maitauro, by the Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, Robert Benjamin Porter, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Porter, Epsom Road, Kensington, Melbourne, to Margaret Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William White, Maitauro.

DEATHS

DONOHUE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Martin Donohue, beloved husband of Annie S. Donohue, who died at his residence, 19 Norman Road, Papanui, on October 25, 1919, in his 71st year. R.I.P.

STACK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, wife of John Stack, who died at her residence, Lyalldale, on All Saints' Day, 1919, in her 65th year.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

IN MEMORIAM

GOODWIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Robert Goodwin, who died at Trentham on November 11, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving wife (Maggie Goodwin, Methven).

GEOGHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Trooper William Joseph, dearly beloved husband of Nellie Geoghan (of Toko, Taranaki), who died at Featherston, November 12, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his sorrowing wife.

CONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Joseph Connell, N.Z.M.C., who died at Trentham, November 14, 1918.—“Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friends.”—R.I.P.

GREGORY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Joseph Gregory, of Sydenham, Christchurch, who died at Mudros Hospital (near Gallipoli) from wounds on November 14, 1915.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

O'MEARA.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Sergeant Thomas O'Meara, who died at Featherston Military Hospital on November 6, 1916. Adorable Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loved ones.

SIMMONDS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Percy Frederick Simmonds, who died in France on November 16, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife.

IN MEMORIAM

FAY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Anthony (Denis) Fay, and his wife Kathleen, who died at Wellington on 17th and 29th November, 1918 (victims of pneumonic influenza).—R.I.P.

HARNEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Harney, who died at Mangamingi, Eltham, on November 6, 1918.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her daughter, son-in-law, and grandchildren.

MADDOCK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Richard Maddock, who died on November 17, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

KELLY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Gibson Kelly, beloved husband of Mary Winifred Kelly, who died at Pirie Street, Wellington, on October 18, 1914.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

McHUGH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Edward, second beloved son of Patrick and Mary McHugh, of Darfield, who died from influenza at Te Awamutu, North Island, on November 15, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

O'MALLEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Francis, second dearly loved son of James and Mary Jane O'Malley, who died at Christchurch on November 12, 1918, in his 26th year.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul. Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for him.—Inserted by his loving parents, sisters, and brothers.

TABOR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Helena Tabor, who died at Palmerston North on November 16, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul. Holy Mary, pray for her.—Inserted by her sorrowing mother and sister.

WOODS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of George William Woods, who died at Invercargill on November 18, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his sorrowing mother and brothers.

WOODS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of my husband, G. W. Woods, who died at Southland Hospital, Invercargill, on November 18, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul and grant him eternal rest. Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for him.—Inserted by Mrs. G. W. Woods, 6 Deveron Street, Invercargill.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Spiritism, p. 25. Notes—Christian Courtesy; How to Become a Brithun; The Unseen World; The Angels, pp. 26-27. Topics—Anglican Confusion; Scientific Impositors; The Referendum, pp. 14-15. The Orangeman, p. 11. Dominion Home Rule, p. 13. St. Mary of the Angels' New Church, Wellington, p. 17. Australasian Irish Race Convention, p. 27.

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, NOVEMBER 13, 1919.

SPIRITISM



COCKNEY lady at a Spiritist seance asked to be allowed to communicate with the spirit of her dead husband. In due time the husband spoke through the medium. The bereaved widow asked, “Is that you, Harry?” Harry answered, “Yes, Harriet.” “Are you happier where you are now than when you were with me?” “Yes, Harriet.” “And where are you now, Harry?” “In Hell, Harriet.” The story is of the class described by the phrase, *Se non é vero é ben trovato*; but it contains in it an epitome of all that

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goes to drive people nowadays to Spiritism. The poor ignorant Cockney whom the Reformation has robbed of the comfort of the Communion of Saints is a type of the many that hunger for assurance that the dead are not lost to them for ever; and the sardonic flippancy of the answers has in it the essence of all that could be said as to the true nature of the communications received in such ways by a yearning, ignorant, credulous people. In all ages there have been many persons who sought to penetrate into the dim region beyond the dark portals of death, not content with the knowledge vouchsafed them by God; and never, too, was a time when evil spirits were not ready to avail themselves of this human curiosity for their own ends. It is borne out by testimony from all sides that the Great War has made people hungrier for knowledge of the dead, and that men and women hitherto plunged in the materialism of the world are yearning for some assurance of a spiritual and abiding life behind the veil. For lack of better knowing, many are driven to Spiritism, and are thus exposed to innumerable dangers from which religion alone could save them. Spiritism reaps its harvest under such conditions; and it has become one of the real evils that came in the train of the war which was, according to politicians, to produce nothing but good.

Spiritism, which means the belief that the living can communicate with the spirits of the dead, must be distinguished from Spiritualism, which is the doctrine that teaches us that there is a spiritual order, as real as the material order which we see and feel and hear around us. Spiritism covers in a general way such phenomena as table-turning, knocks, messages from a distance, levitation, disappearances and appearances, and prophecies. One theory suggests that such phenomena may be explained by the hypothesis that we are surrounded in life by a world of spirits making various efforts to communicate with us, and that through specially endowed persons called mediums such communications are established. Another tells us that the phenomena may be explained by telepathy and by the unexplored powers of the sub-conscious soul within us, which is intimately connected with past, present, and future. There are, or at any rate there used to be, many who ridiculed Spiritism and condemned it straightway as conjuring or white magic. But in view of the testimony of men like Sir William Crookes, Professor Lombroso, and Sir Oliver Lodge, a writer in the *Dublin Review* rightly asserts that it is now impossible for any man "with the shadow of a claim to education to say the whole thing is nonsense." No doubt there is a great deal of trickery and fraud, but it is undeniable that, as Sir Oliver Lodge tells us: "The evidence goes to prove that discarnate intelligence under certain conditions may interact with us on the material side, thus gradually coming within our scientific ken." The Materialists are bitterly opposed to any such recognition as this, as it is a complete refutation of all their theories of life and being. Christianity has always taught the existence of a spiritual world, and sees nothing impossible in the fundamental position of Spiritism. It is not until Spiritists come to draw conclusions from the admitted phenomena that they come into collision with Revelation. The Church teaches us that the souls in Heaven are permitted to know what passes on earth and to be interested in the living. We are also taught that we can help the souls in Purgatory, who probably are endowed with knowledge of what happens among their friends on earth. So that in so far forth as Spiritism asserts that there are spirits, and that they are interested in us, it is on perfectly safe ground. Where it errs is in supposing that (1) we can communicate with the disembodied souls of the dead, and that (2) to seek to do so is right and expedient. The Church condemns both these errors. The dead are either in Heaven, Purgatory, or Hell; and it is impious to suppose that God would permit a soul to be called back at the request of some curious person, perhaps, to answer some trivial ques-

tion. And grave scientists who have gone deeply into the matter have, from an altogether different viewpoint, reached the same conclusion as the Church; that it is neither right nor expedient to seek to open up communication with spirits. Good Christians live and move in a world of spirits. They need no rappings and voices to assure them of the reality of spiritual things. They have the consolation of the Communion of Saints, and they ask to know no more than God permits concerning their dear dead friends. The hunger of others for knowledge of the dead is a proof of the void in human hearts from which religion has been stolen, and the true remedy is the restoration of the faith in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

In conclusion, let us quote the following words in which a contemporary sums up the problem:—

"I would advise them to have nothing to do with the attempt to seek consolation about the dead from converse, real or imaginary, with the spirits of the dead; and that mainly on three grounds: (1) that the best sort of consolation is to be found in putting your trust in Jesus Christ as the unique and final revealer of God and the spiritual world; and that the limits of knowledge under which He lays us had better be respected. (2) That the inquiries suggested are sure to lead to a morbid and excessive pre-occupation with the dead, and to upset the sane balance of the spiritual life. (3) That Spiritism is sure to develop a new sort of religion, a new kind of revelation, which, again, is fairly certain to be in more or less marked deviation from the belief of the Church and the New Testament; and if that is so, and if it is to be taken for granted that the source of this new disclosure are really spirits, then we must consider that spirits may be of different qualities, good and bad, and that the penalty of presumptuousness may be deception."

The Church will not allow us to believe that the souls of the dead may be evoked at the will of the medium. But the Church does not forbid us to believe that the demons, who are always ready to interfere for their own ends in our affairs, will not accept the invitation directed to others.

NOTES

Christian Courtesy

Newman's well-known description of a gentleman may be summed up in saying that a gentleman is one who never gives to another unnecessary pain. And, of course, the same thing holds for a lady. There are times when to avoid giving another pain would be neither gentlemanly nor Christian: Solomon was, we suppose, the greatest gentleman of his day, but he had wholesome views on the use of the rod in proper season. Few men who have become gentlemen have done so without suffering in the process, while their character was forming; and the children who have been disciplined on the old-fashioned lines are far more likely in after-life to regard their fathers as gentlemen than are the curled darlings who grow up without reverence for God or man and without anything in themselves for anybody to reverence. Apart, however, from pain that it is a duty or a charity to inflict, the true gentleman will hurt no man, and will hurt himself to avoid hurting others. He will bridle his tongue and place a gate of prudence before his lips lest a word, not only an injurious word but even a word that stings, cross them. He will remember at all times the Christian view of tale-bearers and scandal-mongers; he will have fine feeling enough to make him careful never to hurt the feelings of others; he will know that the smart speech that stings and the joke that wounds are the weapons of a cad; and consciousness of his own shortcomings will make him very careful as to how he criticises other people's faults. Learning, position, wealth never made a gentleman or a lady yet; true charity and an honest endeavor to follow Christ gave to

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the poor Irish peasants that Christian courtesy and self-restraint at which men like Arthur Balfour marvelled so much.

How to Become a Brithun

If you prefer to become a Brithun there are a few simple rules that will assist you to qualify for a place among the Empire-builders and the Jingoos and the Supermen of the age. Get it well into your head that Our Empire is infallible and impeccable, and that the mission of a true Imperialist is to imprint the mark of the Jingo on the other races of the world. Never confess, much less regret, the crimes and the perfidies on which the Empire has been built. Take for granted the truth of every calumny about our enemies, but never listen to a man who says that we have reason to be sorry for our own sins. Cultivate a lordly indifference to the comfort and the welfare of others, and make it obvious from your conduct that so long as you are happy nothing else matters. Avoid such elementary matters as closing doors after you, interrupt others, monopolise the conversation, disturb people who want to have peace and who may reasonably object to the noise you make about the house. If you come in late and others are asleep make quite sure that you wake them up and then see that you keep them awake as long as possible. They may be tired and they may want sleep, but of course if you want to benefit the world by your wisdom there is no reason why their comfort should make it necessary for you to keep silent. Under no circumstances think of anybody but yourself; let your attitude be that you are a lord of the chosen race and that God made the world and the rest of mankind for your convenience. Do not hesitate to speak oracularly on all sorts of topics, especially if you know nothing about them. What right has any man to oppose the wisdom of the ages to the startling suggestions that emanate from your magnificent soul? Shun anything that savors of humility and meekness, and on no account show the slightest respect for your seniors. Thus do and thou shalt live as the incarnation of a Brithun and an example and a warning in the eyes of the right-minded.

The Unseen World

More than once in these Notes we have ranged ourselves on the side of those old-fashioned people who believe in ghosts, and we still think it will be a sorry day when modern Progress, aided by eminent philosophers and scientists of candle-power equal to Mr. Hanan's, have educated the people downward into the depths of true-blue materialism. The testimony in favor of ghosts is as strong as that which leads us to believe that there is snow on Mount Everest or that there are seals in Alaska; and as a capacity for belief in ghosts means a capacity for having a real apprehension of the unseen world generally, it is far more important that a man should believe in unseen spirits than in unseen seals and snows. As there are no greater tyrants than Freethinkers, there are no more infallible people than sceptics, and there are no more unreasonable people than rationalists. A rationalist will not believe (on rationalistic grounds) in a world of spirits, but he will believe nearly any story that a scientific charlatan will tell him. The united testimonies of sane people who lived many years ago will not weigh with him, but he will swallow the forgeries of a Haeckel or the fallacies of a McCabe with a thirst that knows no limits.

The Angels

Leaving the rationalists to themselves, let us reflect a moment on the vaster and nobler outlook on creation enjoyed by the man who is conscious that just as there are irrational animals beneath him so there are pure intelligencies above him in the scale of the universe. Hear Cardinal Newman on the subject: "We are then in a world of spirits, as well as in a world of sense, and we hold communion with it, and take part in it, though we are not conscious of doing

so. . . . We have more real knowledge about the Angels than about the brutes. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are to live after this life. We inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they in turn, every now and then, seem to retaliate on us, as if by a wonderful law. We depend on them in various ways; we use their labor, we eat their flesh. This, however, relates to such of them as come near us: cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air; and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on earth without ascertainable objects, is not as mysterious as anything which Scripture says about Angels? Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is? and is it difficult to fail to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us? . . . Bright as is the sun, and the sky and the clouds; green as are the leaves and the fields; sweet as is the singing of birds; we know that they are not all, and we will not take up a part for the whole. They proceed from a centre of love and goodness, which is God Himself; but they are not His fulness; they speak of Heaven, but they are not Heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections of His Image; they are but crumbs from the table. We are looking for the coming of the day of God, when all this outward world, fair though it be, shall perish; when the Heavens shall be burnt, and the earth melt away. We can bear the loss, for we know it will be but the removing of a veil. We know that to remove the world which is seen, will be the manifestation of the world which is not seen. We know that what we see is as a screen hiding from us God and Christ, and His Saints and Angels."

AUSTRALASIAN IRISH RACE CONVENTION

THE SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

SEVENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE PRESENT.

(Special to the *N.Z. Tablet*, by cable.)

Following the memorable assemblage of delegates, numbering 3000, representative of all the States of the Commonwealth and New Zealand, at the Convention held on Monday, November 3, in the Auditorium, Collins Street, Melbourne, convened by his Grace Archbishop Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, and presided over by the Hon. T. J. Ryan, ex-Premier of Queensland, there was an enormous gathering of SEVENTY THOUSAND people at a monster meeting on the Richmond Reserve on the following day. His Grace Archbishop Mannix presided, and the great concourse was addressed by Archbishop Duhig (Brisbane), Archbishop Spence (Adelaide), Coadjutor-Archbishop Barry (Hobart), Very Rev. J. A. O'Connell, S.M. (Wanganui, N.Z.), Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M. (St. John's University College, Sydney), and others. A special programme of Irish music was rendered by St. Augustine's champion band, conducted by Mr. Percy Jones, and the enthusiasm was intense. Special trains at holiday rates (according to preliminary notification) were run from Sydney, Ballarat, Bendigo, Geelong, Sale, and other important centres. On Wednesday evening, November 5, a conversation, in honor of the visiting delegates, was held in the Melbourne Town Hall, the great building being filled to capacity. Elaborate arrangements had been made for the occasion. A high-class musical programme was contributed to by leading professional artists. Mr. Walter Kirby and (by kind permission of J. C. Williamson, Ltd.) Miss Eileen Castles sang. Others assisting included Mr. John Amadeo, the popular flautist, Miss Agnes O'Keefe, pianist, and Mr. Am-

brose Mahon. During the evening his Grace Archbishop Mannix read a cable from Eamon de Valera, which aroused extraordinary enthusiasm. We propose to make next week's issue of the *Tablet* a special illustrated Convention Number, containing the various speeches in detail should the matter come to hand in time.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

On next Sunday week (November 23), at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, the Rev. F. Marlow, son of Mr. J. J. Marlow, Musselburgh, Dunedin, will be ordained to the priesthood by his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch. On the same occasion his Lordship will raise to the diaconate Messrs. M. Klimeck, M. Shaw, and F. Skinner. All of the above are students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.

On the Feast of All Saints 90 first communicants approached the Holy Table in St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin. Amongst the number were children from Caversham and Green Island, where catechetical instructions are given by the Sisters of Mercy on Saturdays. During Holy Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Delany, appropriate hymns were sung, and the prayers of preparation and thanksgiving recited aloud by the children. After Mass, as is the custom on these occasions, the happy little ones were entertained to breakfast by the nuns and the ladies of the St. Vincent de Paul Society (South Dunedin branch). Through the kindness of Miss Heffernan (South Dunedin), each child received a pretty souvenir of the memorable day.

At the weekly practice of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir on Thursday evening last Mr. and Mrs. F. Woods were conjointly presented, on the occasion of their wedding, with a handsome and elaborate liqueur stand, silver-mounted and inscribed. In making the presentation, Mr. H. Poppelwell (hon. secretary of the choir) eulogised the services of the recipients in their devotion to choir duties, and hoped they would long continue as members. Mr. Woods, in thanking the members, on behalf of Mrs. Woods and himself, for their beautiful gift, said they would do all in their power to further the interests of the choir. After cheers had been given and "They Are Jolly Good Fellows" had been sung, the rest of the evening was devoted to music, a number of pleasing items being contributed.

FAREWELL TO MRS. M. A. JACKSON.

A large number of friends of Mrs. M. A. Jackson, who intends leaving by the *Remuera* on a holiday visit to the Home Land, met last week in the lounge of the Savoy Tea Rooms to wish her *bon voyage*. The Mayor (Mr. W. Begg) presided. During the evening an enjoyable musical and elocutionary programme was contributed to by: Mrs. Mee (piano solo), Mrs. L. Forrest, Misses Dillon and Wilson, Messrs. D. and F. Fogarty, T. Hussey, Graham, and M. Coughlan (songs), Miss Heley and Miss L. Foster (recitations), Mr. and Mrs. Mee (vocal duets), and Mr. J. Deaker (humorous items). Mrs. Mee was accompanist.

The Mayor, in presenting Mrs. Jackson with a handbag and a purse of sovereigns, expressed his pleasure at being present, and said they all regretted that Mrs. Jackson had found it necessary to leave Dunedin for about six months. He understood that she required a complete rest, and to that end she would travel far afield in order to recuperate her health. Mrs. Jackson was one of the mothers of our city. He was acquainted with her work and that of the lady members of the Hospital Board, and he was quite sure that the public did not fully appreciate this at its real value. They had to attend to cases and get information of a confidential character that the male members of the board could not get. In this particular work Mrs. Jackson had proved herself an adept. He wished her a pleasant voyage and a safe return, and hoped that her health and vigor would be renewed.

Very Rev. Father Coffey eulogised Mrs. Jackson's service in charitable work. The people did not realise what she had been willing to do or what she had done. She was truly a great charitable worker, and there were hundreds of people in and around Dunedin who owed her a deep debt of gratitude. On behalf of the priests of the city, he desired to thank Mrs. Jackson for her great services to them. She had frequently been entrusted with the most confidential inquiries, but she had invariably proved herself worthy of the confidence reposed in her. A great feature of her services to the community was the fact that all her work had been done gratis. Her place would be hard to fill during her absence, and he hoped

that she would soon come back fit and well to resume her duties. Referring to the charitable work in the city, Father Coffey said it was carried on in a most efficient manner and without friction of any kind, and with an entire absence of overlapping. The city was indeed fortunate in having such charitable workers as Mr. Cumming, Mr. Axelsen, Mrs. Jackson, and those others who worked among the poor and needy in the city.

Mr. T. Hussey, in replying on behalf of Mrs. Jackson, said how deeply that lady appreciated the presence of so many friends around her that evening. Mrs. Jackson, he continued, said she liked to do her work quietly, and what she had been able to do had been a labor of love; and hoped on her return to give to charitable endeavor the benefit of the information she would be able to gain during her travels.

A dainty supper was served by the staff of the Savoy, and a very pleasant gathering was terminated by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' NEW RESIDENCE. CARNIVAL NOTES.

A "four-hour" dance (8 till 12) will be held in the assembly room of the Christian Brothers' School on next Saturday night, in the interest of the C.B. "Old Boys'" stall and queen candidate. An efficient musician has been engaged, and refreshments will be supplied. The promoters have done everything possible in the way of catering for the enjoyment of patrons, and a large gathering is anticipated.

Intending patrons are reminded that the "gift" musical and dance in the interests of the North-East Valley stall and queen candidate will be held on next Monday evening (November 17), in the Sacred Heart Schoolroom. Nothing has been left undone to ensure a most pleasurable function.

On next Monday night week (November 24) a high-class concert, now being promoted by the Hibernians of Dunedin, in the interests of their stall and queen candidate, will be given in His Majesty's Theatre. Friends, generally, are urged to buy tickets beforehand, and to assist in every way possible to make the concert a pronounced success. An excellent programme is being arranged, and those contributing thereto will include a number of Dunedin's leading artists.

Under the auspices of the Children of Mary, a successful and enjoyable concert was given in St. Joseph's Hall on last Wednesday evening week, in the interests of the members of the sodality's stall and queen candidate (Miss Louise Harris). There was a good attendance, and the rendition of the various numbers on a well-arranged programme met with much appreciation. During the evening songs were contributed by Mrs. Sandys, Mrs. E. Mee, and Miss J. O'Gorman, a piano duet by Misses L. Harris and T. Hutton, a duet by Mr. and Mrs. Mee, a violin solo by Miss P. Haveridge, piano solos by Misses L. Harris and Milow, an instrumental trio by the Misses Haveridge (2) and Milow, and a recitation by Mr. Mulligan. The concluding part of the entertainment was given by carefully-trained pupils of the convent, who presented, with much success, first, a novel jewel play, and then a pretty little dwarf play entitled "Amelia and the Dwarfs."

CONTROLLING THE WIRE.

Mr. Boloc has shown us how the Jews control "the other end of the wire" in Continental news agencies, and how therefore the wire is, so to speak, poisoned against the Papacy in the British press (says the *Glasgow Observer*). Now in Ulster it is much the same thing with the Orangemen. Unionists have control of the Ulster end of the British news wire, and all reports are colored and distorted to serve the end of their political camp. Some of the better-class English newspapers are aware of this. Some others see the situation as it is. A Nationalist procession in Ulster is proclaimed, that is forbidden, by a military officer who is himself the head of the Carson army in Ulster. In effect, therefore, the Nationalists see British government in Ireland committed formally (as it has always been actually) to their adversaries and plunderers, the Orange and Unionist combination in Ulster.

The attention of electors is directed to an announcement in this issue concerning voting by Declaration at the forthcoming election.

Mr. H. St. A. Murray, A.N.Z.I.A., architect, who has been away on active service for over four years, recently returned to Christchurch, and is resuming practice in Barlow's Buildings, corner of Hereford and Colombo Streets. Mr. Murray gained the M.C. at the Front.

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D. W., Mornington, Dun., 30/9/20; W. B., Maori Hill, Dun., 8/1/20; Mrs. F., S. Dun., 30/3/20; Mr. McN., Gallaway St., Mornington, Dun., 30/9/20; W. F. O., Woodlands, Inghill, 30/9/20; J.H., Arun St., Oamaru, 30/10/20; Mr. B., Thomas St., S. Dun., 30/9/20; W. S., Forbury Rd., St. Clair, 30/9/20; M. F., Margaret St., Richmond Grove,

Inghill, 23/11/20; Mrs. F., King St., Dun., 30/12/19; Mrs. S., Waitati, ---; Mr. S., Waitahuna, 30/5/20; T. O'D., Thornbury, Inghill, 30/9/20; W. C., Cargill Rd., S. Dun., 30/9/20; F. M. & Co., King St., Dun., 30/3/20; N. S., St. Bathans, 8/1/21; F. K., Clearburn, Benmore, via Oamaru, 8/11/20; F. Bros., Mabel Bush, Inghill, 30/9/20; M. T., Inghill, 30/9/20; B. McC., King St., Mosgiel, 8/5/20; R. B., Tapanui, 30/12/19; E. H., Waipahi, 30/10/20; Mrs. W., Thomas St., Gore, 30/9/20; D. D., Denton St., Gore, 30/9/21; M. F., Lawrence, 30/9/20; M. A. O'N., Morrell St., Enwood, Inghill, 30/4/20; P. C., sen., Hilderthorpe, via Oamaru, 30/10/20; J. McM., McMaster St., E. Inghill, 30/3/20; F. McK., Cromwell, 15/10/20; J. H., Alexandra, 15/10/20; P. B., Ranfurly, 15/10/20; J. McD., Ranfurly, 30/9/20; M. H., Ranfurly, 30/10/20; Mr. D., Victoria St., St. Kilda, 30/3/20; W.R., Chesney St., S. Inghill, 30/9/20; Mr. D., Andersons Bay, 30/9/20; Mrs. B., Queens Drive, Musselburgh, 8/3/20; Mrs. McG., King St., Mosgiel, 30/4/20; Miss L., Main St., Gore, 8/11/20; E. H. W., Pomona Rd., Inghill, 8/11/20; Mrs. M., Queenstown, 8/11/20; J. W., Queenstown, 8/11/20; Mrs. McL., Queenstown, 8/11/20; W. O'M., Queenstown, 8/11/20; R. M., Queenstown, 8/11/20; W. H., Queenstown, 8/11/20; T. McS., Queenstown, 8/11/20; A. L., Queenstown, 8/11/20; P. M., Queenstown, 8/11/20; Dominican Convent, Queenstown, 8/11/20; W. C. H., Post Office Hotel, Queenstown, 8/11/20; T. McN., Queenstown, 8/11/20; T. J. M., Box 57, Queenstown, 8/11/20; P. C., Queenstown, 8/11/20; T. O'N., Arrowtown, 8/11/20; J. O'N., Arrowtown, 8/11/20; M. T., Arrowtown, 8/11/20; H. McM., Arrowtown, 8/11/20; J. B., Box 42, Arrowtown, 8/11/20; Mrs. C., Lr. Shotover, Wakatipu, 8/11/20; J. T. McL., Arrowtown, 30/9/21.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Every Sunday afternoon a Catholic priest may be found speaking from a platform in the Sydney Domain, explaining to all who have ears to hear "What the Catholic Church is and what she teaches." Catholics and non-Catholics gather around. Amongst them are many earnest seekers after truth, some hungering for the Word of God. It has been a revelation to some who thought that the Catholic Church was afraid to teach her doctrines openly, believing that her children were kept in ignorance and held by superstition. They are astonished to see a Catholic priest telling to the world the truths which Catholics must believe, and who is ready to defend and to explain the reason why. It is not a rare thing to hear a man say as the speaker finishes, "Well, I never knew that before."

Speaking at Randwick on a recent Sunday afternoon, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney said: "The newspapers and I are not enemies. I am an enemy to none. But some are fond of taking a word or two out of what the Archbishop says, and twisting and turning it or hanging something else upon it, so as to suit themselves." Continuing, his Grace referred to the misleading statements made in the daily papers about a Catholic party. "The priest will not interfere in politics," his Grace said. "Do not think you can ever have a Catholic party. People may say that, but they do not know the meaning of words. 'Catholic' means 'universal' and 'party' means a 'section.' You cannot even make a political party of Catholics, for Catholics are free to be members of any party that is not forbidden by the law of God. Be a member of any party you like, but within the law of God, and you are Catholic; you will have all the privileges the Catholic Church can give you. I am not going into politics deeply. I do not go deeply into politics, and I would not bring division between myself and any person who has to come to me for advice or spiritual favor."

With the beginning of the general elections, as one might only expect on the North Coast, the sectarian serpent is showing its head. The *Daily Examiner*, published at Grafton, which has always been conducted on lofty and honorable principles, recently came out with a trenchant leader, denunciatory of the tactics of the sectarian-monger. Politics, it claims, would know nothing (locally) of sectarianism save the presence in a few scattered centres of a minority who will not be content unless they can spread some of their slime over everything they come in contact with. Dr. Earle Page, of Grafton, is spoken of as an Independent candidate for Copwer in the forthcoming Federal election, so the Nationalist sectarian coterie has already sent it forth that he is in alliance with the Catholic Church, also with the Labor Party. Whilst the said coterie is thus seeking to win votes for old John Thomson, the present member, it is well to recall that when Thomson sought entry into the State Parliament many years ago, he was opposed by the Liberals and the Orangemen on the pretext that he was in alliance with the Catholic Church, with the result that he was defeated by the late J. H. Young, who in religion was a nothingarian, while Thomson is a staunch Presbyterian of the dour type.

VICTORIA.

Speaking at Geelong the other day, Bishop Hayden, of Wilcannia-Forbes, said that wherever you went in Australia, even away in the back-blocks or in the shearers' huts, there you would find a photograph of Archbishop Mannix, who had so endeared himself in the hearts of his people. He was tackling great things, and one of the greatest was the Irish Convention, in which tremendous interest was already being shown. It would be one of the greatest things of its kind Australia had ever known. Its influence would be felt not only in this country, but far beyond the seas. Since then, events have proved that the Bishop's forecast was correct in every particular.

In a recent address, Archbishop Mannix referred to the large number in Melbourne who were returning to the faith of their fathers, and added that one of the causes was the Cathedral Hall lectures on Catholic Truth. On Sunday night, October 12, his Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 70 adults in his private chapel, the majority of whom were converts.

QUEENSLAND.

The Rev. Father A. Herring, S.M., returned to Rockhampton from the north recently, after conducting missions in the northern parishes. Father Herring left Townsville on Saturday, October 18, for Brisbane, where he is to conduct a retreat for the Children of Mary in St. Patrick's parish. The eloquent missionary is well known in

Brisbane, the missions held in that city last year by himself and brother-priests being wonderfully successful.

The Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., is at present conducting a mission in the parish of Ingham, after which he returns to Sydney.

Mr. Theodore has, as everyone there anticipated, assumed the mantle of Mr. Ryan as Premier of the State, and the ballot for Deputy-Premiership came as the well-informed and close students of the political world realised long ago to Mr. Fihelly. Both of these gentlemen well deserved the honors and the confidence bestowed on them by their colleagues in the Parliamentary Party, and will fully justify their selections.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was enthusiastically welcomed in Adelaide on October 11. He was accompanied by his private secretary (the Right Rev. Mgr. Ormond), his Grace the Archbishop of Adelaide (Most Rev. Dr. Spence, O.P.), the Archbishop of Perth (Most Rev. Dr. Clune), and the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart (Most Rev. Dr. Barry). The Delegate was received with loud cheers by the crowd on his arrival at the North Terrace railway platform, and the cheers were renewed outside on his leaving for West Terrace by motor with the Archbishop, and acknowledged by his Excellency. The visiting prelates also proceeded to West Terrace, where they were the guests of the Archbishop. There was a solemn reception at the Cathedral, at which his Grace Archbishop Spence read and presented an address from the Bishops. The Right Rev. Mgr. Ryan read an address from the clergy and Senator O'Loughlin one from the laity, which were gracefully acknowledged by his Excellency. On the Sunday the Delegate presided at High Mass, which was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Norton, Bishop of Port Augusta, and at which a number of prelates and clergy assisted. At the evening devotions his Excellency officiated at Benediction, and the Rev. Father S. M. Hogan, O.P., preached an eloquent sermon. During the stay of the Delegate in Adelaide he visited the Little Sisters of the Poor Home at Glen Osmond, and was entertained by the pupils of the Convent of Mercy in St. Francis Xavier's Hall. On the Monday he was entertained at a banquet at the Dominican Convent. At the close of the reception his Excellency left with his Lordship Dr. Norton for an official visit to the Port Augusta diocese.

KEEPING IT DARK.

The *Manchester Guardian*, pointing out that the censorship is maintained in Ireland, and that telegraphic messages to English newspapers also are subjected to it, asks in whose interest and for what purpose is this done? "Not only," it says, "is public opinion here entitled to be enlightened about the true condition of Ireland, but unless it is it cannot form a trustworthy judgment of the problem which it has to face and how to solve it. Here, as always, full and accurate information is the foundation of wise policy. Ought Irish events, then, to be kept from the Irish themselves lest disaffection should spread with the knowledge that it exists? But what, on the one hand, can better spread resentment and, on the other, exaggerate the existing evil, than the widespread knowledge that the Irish Government suppresses news, presumably because it dare not publish it?"

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

The Government has "suppressed" the Sinn Fein organisation in Co. Clare, together with the Gaelic League and other national bodies. It is said that the suppression will extend to Cork and other southern counties. But (comments the *Glasgow Observer*) of what avail is a decree of this sort from Lord French or his man Macpherson? Before it was issued they had tried every means they knew to suppress Sinn Fein and had failed. Men were gaoled for holding public meetings, and even girls were apprehended for attending Sinn Fein dances which were "gatherings" not to the taste of Lord French. It is the century-old story of the "Wearin' o' the Green":—

"When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,"

Lord French's "suppression" of Sinn Fein may take effect. He can't keep men from thinking. And it is thought that counts.

Whilst police and military are actively engaged carrying out raids which prove abortive, in Co. Tipperary, the commanding officer is evidently endeavoring to curry favor with the local authorities. Thurles Urban Council has received a letter from that officer, offering to have a German cannon sent to the town as a war trophy, if the council would accept it. Mr. Bolton: "We'll accept it when they give us our freedom not till then." The clerk: "Mark it 'read.'" The chairman: "It is worth a little more than that." Mr. Bolton: "Wait till we get our freedom. They're keeping us under subjection for hundreds of years, but they allow Carson's crowd to say and do what they like, but won't allow two or three of us to meet. Let them send them to Carson." The chairman: "But these are German guns." Mr. Bolton: "I don't care what they are." Mr. Fitzgibbon: "I don't think the people would much care about that trophy unless they withdrew the military from the town." Galway Urban Council deferred the offer of the War Office to present the city with two field guns and two howitzers. Mr. Meloney said, amidst laughter, he would be glad to accept a machine-gun.

FOR INDEPENDENCE.

On his return to New York from his first transcontinental tour, Mr. de Valera (reports the *New York Herald*) stated:—"As a result of what I saw and heard I am perfectly certain that if a plebiscite of the American people were to be had on the Irish question the great majority would vote for independence. I have no more doubt of that than I have of the result of a similar plebiscite in Ireland." He had, he said, addressed 17 meetings in five days in San Francisco, with an attendance of 150,000, and he also spoke at great demonstrations at Chicago, Omaha, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Butte, Helena, and from the train platform at many smaller cities. He was particularly pleased with the meeting at Helena, because of the fact that only one Catholic, Bishop Carroll, was among the speakers. The chairman was a Methodist clergyman, and among the speakers were a Jewish District Attorney and a Baptist minister. In a letter of welcome at Anaconda, Dr. Lenihan, Bishop of Great Falls, wrote: "You hope, and we all hope, that our Government, as an act of justice and gratitude, will give assistance to Ireland to gain her freedom. The long-suffering people of Ireland have a much stronger claim of gratitude from the United States than Cuba or even France."

AN IRISH PILGRIMAGE.

A very large number of people made the annual pilgrimage on Sunday, August 17, to the "Holy Mount," near Hilltown, Co. Down, amongst whom were many who had come from Belfast, Dublin, and even further afield (says the *London Catholic Times*). In the Penal days the hill was the scene of a massacre of Catholics who perished with their priest. A weather-worn rock near the summit was the rude altar on which, whilst scouts kept a look-out for the priest-hunters, the Adorable Sacrifice was offered.

In a glade within the shadow of the Mass Rock the annual ceremony took place, the Bishop of Dromore, the Most Rev. Dr. Mulhern, presiding. Thousands of devout worshippers found room in this natural cathedral, its aisle, columned with stately trees, leading to a canopied altar, extemporised for the occasion. A particularly impressive feature of the proceedings was the procession taken part in by the confraternities of the parish to the accompaniment of hymns. Girls in white veils and carrying wreaths of flowers walked in advance, preceded by a cross-bearer, and the Sacred Host was borne underneath a canopy by

the Most Rev. Dr. Mulhern, attended by clergy and acolytes, the Very Rev. Canon Kearns being a prominent and venerated figure amongst the assemblage of clergy, who attended from all parts of Dromore and the adjoining dioceses.

Addressing the assembled pilgrims, the Bishop said that the holy ground on which they stood that day, and the memory of the sacrifices made in that and other places throughout the country should direct their minds to the fact that their Faith rested upon devotion to Our Lord and the Sacrifice of the Mass. Thus they were brought face to face with the means by which their fathers had kept the Faith, and it was only fitting they should open the ceremonies of that day by reciting the Rosary, and asking the intercession of the Mother of God that they would all lead the lives of good Irish Catholics. They should ask that intercession for their country, that God might bless it, and remembering from how many dangers their country had been saved they should also devoutly thank God.

DE VALERA CAMPAIGN.

The American journals continue to chronicle at much length Mr. de Valera's sayings and doings.

Among other honors conferred at San Francisco was that of honorary membership of the Sunshine Club, organized to brighten the lives of the aged and dependent, and the gold medal of the club was presented on a visit to the Home for the Aged.

The Hindustan Gadar party presented Mr. de Valera with a beautiful diamond inlaid and engraved sword and a silk flag bearing the Sinn Fein colors. Mr. de Valera, returning thanks, said: "You must be very careful with England. She will offer you reforms, disguised as self-government, and endeavor to deceive you, as she has tried to deceive Ireland. When you weigh and consider these reforms you will find that they amount to nothing."

In the course of a banquet speech at San Francisco, Mr. de Valera said: "I am a great believer in organisation. We in Ireland could not have done what we accomplished unless it was for organisation. Our basis is that of a democratic foundation from the bottom up. When the men at the top were arrested, the work went on. The thing we need in the world to-day in order to secure the ideals the United States fought for is an organisation. In Ireland I dreamed of men of Irish blood throughout the world banded in one vast organisation. We Irishmen can then be the nucleus to throw ourselves into any world-wide organisation for fostering the President's ideals. I came here because I felt that I wanted an organisation in America to further the recognition of the Irish demand. I want you to put a portion of your organisation at our disposal in order that the Irish National bonds which we shall issue here shall be sold. These bonds will be used for the broadest national purpose. The money will be as much at the disposal of the Orangemen from the North as the Catholic men of the South. I wish to combine every section of the Irish people to do for themselves what England has never done—improve the natural resources of the country. I appeal to the Hibernians to place their organisation behind this work."

At Butte, Mont., a great Trust centre, Mr. de Valera was welcomed by 40,000 people, who cheered his declaration that "exploitation of human beings is the same whether it is practised on individuals or upon nations. I am convinced," he said, "that the plain people of America are the only hope of the world. I am convinced that they will actually save it." America, he held, would be doing a positive act of injury to the cause of Irish freedom if it were to ratify the League of Nations covenant as it stands. If America leads the way now for the peoples of Europe, there will be an end of autoocracy everywhere.

[A CARD.]

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Tuesday, August 26, was the anniversary of the death in 1863 of Father Faber, a famous English convert, who was founder of the Brompton Oratory. Faber "came over" in 1845.

Dr. Skeffington, the father of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington (who was executed by the British troops after the Dublin insurrection), died in Belfast on Tuesday, August 9. A native of Belfast, Dr. Skeffington was for many years a senior inspector of national schools in Ireland, a man of distinguished attainments and a recognised authority on educational matters.

Father Alban Goodier, S.J., it is officially announced, has been chosen Archbishop-Elect of Bombay. Father Goodier, who was recently in England, is attached to St. Francis Xavier's College, Bombay. He is a great authority on India, and a firm advocate of the need of Catholic medical missions in that country. Prior to going to the East some years ago, Father Goodier was a member of the professorial staff at Mauresa, Rochampton, and was well known as a preacher and lecturer.

The death is announced at the Dominican Convent, Newcastle, Natal, of Rev. Mother Dominic, O.S.D., daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, Tubrid, Minane Bridge, Co. Cork. She was sister of Very Rev. D. Lynch, V.C., Sierra Leone; Rev. Father Austin Lynch, Dublin; Rev. Mother Augustine, Mercy Convent, Melbourne; and Sister M. Xavier, Skibbereen. Rev. Mother Dominic was aged 44 years, and has been in religious Orders for the past 24 years. In 1910 she visited Ireland, and on her way had an audience with the Holy Father Pius X.

Lord Grey, of Falloden, the new British Ambassador to the United States, has, with the concurrence of the Foreign Office, appointed Sir William Tyrrell to be his private secretary at the Washington Embassy. Sir William Tyrrell, who is a Catholic, is a son of the late Mr. Justice Tyrrell. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and after entering the Foreign Office became private secretary to Lord Sanderson, Foreign Under-Secretary, and later to Sir Edward Grey (now Lord Grey) from 1910-15. Since the convening of the Peace Conference in Paris, Sir William Tyrrell has served on the British Peace Delegation, with Sir Eric Drummond, also a Catholic.

The eminent lecturer Mr. John L. Stoddard and his wife have been received into the Catholic Church. For many years the Stoddard lectures were attended by thousands in all parts of America. He probably was the pioneer in the matter of beautifully illustrating his travel talks. Finally came the war, the battle cries of Europe's struggling armies almost at the door of his beautiful villa in the Tyrol. Then the Stoddards saw the healing, saving hands of Mother Church stretched forth to comfort the departing souls of men whose bodies were tormented, but whose hearts were firmly fixed on God and the future life. After two years of observation the Stoddards finally embraced Catholicity.

Manchester may have another Catholic Lord Mayor. Alderman Thomas Fox, a prominent member of the Labor Party in Manchester Corporation, has received a requisition to accept nomination for the Lord Mayoralty for the coming year. Alderman Fox, should he attain to the Lord Mayoralty, would be the second Catholic to hold office in Manchester, Sir Daniel McCabe, another distinguished Manchester Catholic, having been Lord Mayor there quite recently. Alderman Fox spent his youth in a cotton mill, went soldiering, joined the Labor movement on his discharge, became secretary of the Labor Union, and is at present general secretary of the British Labor Amalgamation. He has been president of the Manchester and Salford Trades Council, and is an Alderman and Justice of the Peace for Manchester.

The announcement of the death at Kensington on August 29 of Mr. W. S. Lilly, the distinguished writer and champion of Catholicism, came as a great surprise to his co-religionists (writes the London correspondent of the *Irish Catholic*). Mr. Lilly was 79 years of age, having been born on July 10, 1840. A graduate of Cambridge

University, he served for some time in the Indian Civil Service, and in 1869 he became Secretary to the Government of Madras. Owing to failing health, however, he was obliged to return to England, where he found a new career as a writer on religious, political, and social subjects. As a convert, he became known to the late Duke of Norfolk, through whose influence Mr. Lilly was appointed in 1874 secretary to the Catholic Union of Great Britain, a post which he filled for nearly 50 years. During this period he rendered excellent service in the organisation and development of Catholic opinion in England. Mr. Lilly was a writer of great force and independence, and his best-known works include *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, *Chapters in European History*, *The Claims of Christianity*, *Christianity and Modern Civilisation*, *Studies in Religion and Literature*, and a very useful manual of the law as it specially affects Catholics. In recent years he contributed largely to the press on social as well as religious and political affairs. As a scholar and thinker, he was widely admired, both at home and abroad, and his death will be greatly deplored.

A DREAD IN SPRING.

Mother she calls to me: "Here, Bess,
Slip up t' Beacon Farm," she says,
"An' take their basket back again;
An' keep an eye for firin'-wood."
She thinks the climb'll do me good,
She dunno how I dreads that lane.

"Nightingale Lane," as Jim an' me
Did used to call Farm Lane, when we
Walked out on April nights last year:
For where it sang above its nest
We'd stand 'longside the hedgerow, prest
In one another's arms to hear.

An' Jim he'd learned to mock the bird
That nateral you never heard:
Four long high notes he used to give,
Then "jug-jug-jug"; until, maybe,
"Twould sing him answer, seemingly—
There, I shall hear it long's I live!

An' spring nights, when he'd pitched his fold
An' moonlight was all dusky gold,
He'd whistle for me like that—low;
An' I 'ud steal out soft to Jim,
So none 'ud see me go to him,
Only our nightingale 'ud know.

First off we cared naught for the war;
But, before April come once more,
Jim he had gone, an' fought, an' died:
Yes, when he'd heard an' thought on it,
It seemed as he must do his bit,
For love o' me, like—love an' pride.

I durstn't never go that way,
Up our old lane, 'cause any day
The nightingale may get back there;
An' sudden, maybe, he might sing
The call Jim whistled me, an' wring
My poor heart worse'n I cu'd bear.

An' I dreads evenin's more an' more;
When Mother's knittin' at the door,
An' Father's got his pipe an' mug,
I sits an' holds my head, for fear
Lest up our litle lane I'll hear
Those four long notes, then "jug-jug-jug."
—HARRINGTON LULHAM, in the *London Spectator*.

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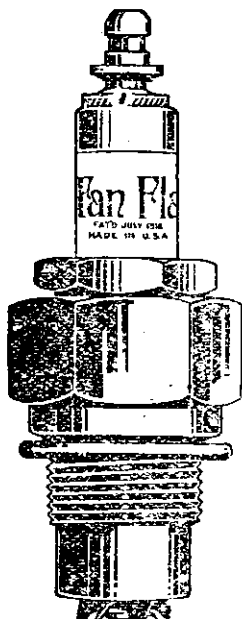
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Rev. Father A. M. Clauser, M.S.H., arrived recently in Australia from Papua, where he has spent the last 17 years in the French Mission of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Father Clauser, now in Melbourne, is on his way to France. After an absence of nearly 20 years, he is going to see his own native land, Alsace-Lorraine, French again. Besides taking a spell, the object of his trip home is to find help and more missionaries, for during the last 15 years the Papuan Catholic Mission, under the administration of his Lordship Dr. Alain G. de Boisment, M.S.H., Vicar-Apostolic of British New Guinea, has made immense progress, and extends now right into the heart of the mountains of New Guinea. The most beautiful and most promising mission station is just being erected, at an altitude of 6300ft, in the district of Ononghe. This district is 10 days distant from the coast, and was first discovered some years ago by Father Clauser himself, who was the first white man to visit these cannibals. Father Clauser has done a good deal of exploring during the last 10 years, and has come to the conclusion that the interior of New Guinea is fairly populated, and there is almost indefinite scope for mission work amongst these tribes, who are so well disposed towards the missionaries.

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PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

October 28.

There was a large attendance at the opening of the Catholic bazaar. Rev. Father Lane briefly introduced the Mayor (Mr. G. Wildish), who, in a short speech, congratulated our worthy parish priest and the Catholic community on their praiseworthy efforts to raise £2000 for building churches in the suburbs. He also expressed a hope that the erection of a new church in town would follow. The stalls represent various countries—Italy, Australia, New Zealand, America, England, and Ireland—the latter being the most attractive owing to it containing on exhibition the tempting prizes to be won during the week. The refreshment stall was very capably managed by young ladies attired in the national costume of Japan. The principal attraction in the entertainment line is the excellent dancing of Mrs. May's pupils, and these reflect credit on that lady's efficient tuition. The incidental music was supplied by Miss E. Hall, and an orchestra played musical selections each evening. The very complete arrangements received the personal supervision of Father Lane; Mr. T. Haisman erecting the stalls with material supplied by Mr. Quirke. The stage decorations were capably carried out by Mr. C. Bergamini, the effect being greatly enhanced by the use of mirrors, and the colored lighting scheme of Mr. P. Sheridan. Others who have done good work in connection with the bazaar include Mr. A. Cassin (secretary), Mr. B. Pollard (assistant secretary), and Mr. O. Alley (treasurer).

November 5.

The bazaar now being held in the World's Picture Theatre is proving an unprecedented success, and a notable feature is the excellent patronage being accorded by the non-Catholic public. The bazaar is now in its second week, and the various stall-holders are working in friendly rivalry to secure the highest results. On Monday a "children's night" was given, and proved a great treat for the little ones, who were present in considerable numbers. On Tuesday night an Irish entertainment was given, and the items rendered by Mrs. Phil. Barry, Misses Parker, Brosnahan, Sexton, Newey, M. O'Connell, and pupils of the Convent School, were fully appreciated by the large audience; as were a recitation by Mr. P. Sheridan and an Irish jig by G. Newey. Irish selections were rendered by an orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Charles Woods, and the various numbers were much enjoyed. During the evening an Irish flag was auctioned by Mr. Geo. Miller, and realised £19 10s. Rev. Father Lane expresses himself as being highly pleased with the results of the bazaar, and predicts a record for Poverty Bay when the closing night arrives.

Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

November 6.

Country residents are asked to note the following arrangements of Sunday fixtures, owing to the present requirements at Takaka. Takaka and Tarakohe will be served on two consecutive Sundays, the 16th and 23rd inst.; Waimea and Wakefield will forego the 22nd and be supplied on the 30th, the last Sunday, in place of Takaka.

All the candidates presented by the Sisters of the Mission of the local convent were successful at the recent musical examinations. The Royal Academy passes are—Primary 3, elementary 3, lower division 4. Trinity College—First steps 4, preparatory honors 1, pass 5; junior (singing), honors 2; (piano) pass 1; intermediate 2, senior honors 1; pass 2 (singing 1); higher local 2; A.T.C.L. 1.

Dr. Jamieson (superintendent) and Mr. S. Blomfield (clerk) have tendered their resignations to the Hospital Board. Both officers have earned a wide reputation for competency and courtesy, and their positions will be difficult to fill. At a time when there was not a single Catholic on the Hospital staff, the needs of Catholic patients were considered in a most marked manner.

Father Fay has gone to Reefton to preach the occasional sermons at the Forty Hours' devotions.

Ormond

A very successful sale of work was held in the hall recently to defray the expenses recently incurred in renovating two of the churches and the presbytery (writes a correspondent). It closed with an Irish concert and dance in the Waerenga-a-hika hall on the third evening of the season. During the brief time in progress the sale realised much higher results than were anticipated. The

organisers deserve high praise for the capable manner in which they carried out their work, and the committee cordially thanks all those who contributed to make the sale of work, etc., such a marked success. Messrs. Bowler, Deegan, Kallender, and Neenan, assisted by willing hands, worked strenuously and indefatigably in the erection of stalls, and Mesdames Bowler, Jones, Rigney, and Laskar, assisted by Misses Condy and Tuohy, were prompt in having them suitably and tastefully arranged with various fabrics, farm produce, and other provisions, which soon created a brisk sale; whilst Mr. Laskar, assisted by Mr. Kallender, kept the visitors busy and well entertained at the games provided. Mrs. T. Brosnahan, by her untiring zeal and perseverance, contributed largely to the financial aspect, being the first who donated a valuable prize for the competitions. Mrs. Proudfoot, an old and faithful worker for the Church, and Miss Proudfoot ably discharged their duties at the tea and refreshment rooms. Mrs. T. Crammins and the Misses Lynn, Griffin, and Bean, also rendered valuable assistance. Mesdames Angland and Lewis, Misses McLoughlin, Grierson, and Tuohy, Messrs. Kallender and T. Lynn donated prizes. The following contributed to the programme of the concert: Misses Doyle, Byford, and O'Connor, Messrs. Kirkland and Lark (songs), Messrs. Lark and Webber (vocal duet), Rev. Father Faragher (recitation), Mr. McFlynn (Irish jigs), and Mr. Bennett (humorous items). The concert was brought to a close by Mr. Kirkland singing "God Save Ireland," to which the audience heartily responded by joining in the spirited chorus. Father Faragher then briefly thanked the audience, and complimented the performers on the very enjoyable musical treat afforded. The results from sale of work and concert amounted to £310.

A SWEDISH SAILOR'S MITE FOR IRELAND.

He came into National Headquarters of the Friends of Irish Freedom and said that he wished to give a small sum to the Irish Victory Fund (says a writer in the *Monitor*). He was so keenly disappointed when told that individual contributions were not received there, that one of the office staff agreed to take the gift and enter it on an official New York collection card. When he gave his name, the remark was made that it did not sound Irish. "No," he said, "it is Swedish."

Sensing the surprise of his auditors, the visitor continued: "I am of Swedish birth, but an American citizen, and I fought for America in the war. I have received my honorable discharge from the United States Navy. And it is because of what I saw and learned as an American sailor that I want to help the Irish cause. My ship was in Irish harbors a good deal. It was in English harbors, too, and there was all the difference in the world between the ways the English and the Irish treated us. The English were so arrogant that it makes my blood boil to think of it. But in Ireland every American was treated like a brother. The Irish people made us at home, gave us comforts, treated us like men. And we saw the men and women of Ireland compelled to stand up and fight for the rights of freedom, which we had gone across to fight for. We saw them denied those rights by the same English whose arrogance and ingratitude we had felt. It made me think of what I'd read in history about the American Revolution. Here was a people suffering the same things the founders of this Republic had suffered, and putting up the same fight for liberty. We used to get in the Sinn Fein processions over there to show how we felt. And now I'm back, even though I haven't a job yet and can't give much, I want to give all I can to help the Irish Republic!"

Wairau Election

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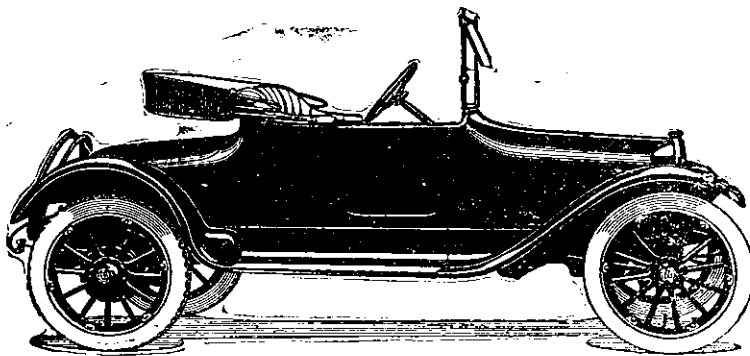
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N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

ST. ANDREWS BRANCH.

A very enjoyable social was held by the Catholic Federation Committee of St. Andrews, in the hall, on October 9, in aid of the scholarship and hostel fund. The evening being fine, quite a large number of people were present. A concert party, organised by Rev. Father Bartley and Mrs. N. D. Mangos, of Timaru, were mainly instrumental in making the function such a success. The following contributed to the programme: Mrs. P. Lindsay, Misses M. O'Connor, D. Annetts, F. Shaw, Mona Wade, and Holdgate, Father Moloney, and Mr. T. O'Connor, and all were very heartily applauded. At the conclusion of the concert Father Bartley, in a happy speech, thanked one and all for their kind help. During the evening two guessing competitions were held. The first prize, a Christmas cake, was won by Mr. G. Grainger, of Timaru, and the second, a framed picture, by Master T. Sheehan, of St. Patrick's College, Wellington; the value of which was kindly refunded to the committee towards the proceeds of the social. The organisers have every reason to feel gratified at the amount realised—£53, after all expenses had been paid. Three-fourths of this amount was forwarded to the diocesan secretary towards the Catholic scholarship fund, and one-fourth towards the Catholic Girls' Hostel, Christchurch.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

The Empire Hall, Palmerston North, presented a very animated appearance on Wednesday evening, October 29, when a plain and fancy dress dance, organised by Mrs. T. J. Rodgers and Miss McGrath, was held to augment the funds for the forthcoming bazaar (writes a correspondent). The first part of the evening was devoted to the children, who were nearly all in fancy dress, and they made a pretty picture as they circled round the hall in the grand march. Miss Orbell's and Miss Tabor's pupils performed some pretty fancy dances, in which they excelled themselves. The prize-winners were:—Most original costume (girl), Kitty O'Connor ("puff box"); most original costume (boy), Jack Lewis ("swagger man"); best-dressed girl, Molly Thorburn ("golden butterfly"); best-dressed boy, Allan Grimston ("cowboy"); Lady Chaytor's special prize, Phyllis Torpy ("ragtime"); Mrs. Watson's prize, Joan Quirke ("pink fairy"). Lady Chaytor, Mrs. H. N. Watson, and Mrs. W. Strang acted as judges. The children's dance concluded at 9.30, and the adults took the floor, and there were several pretty fancy dresses amongst them also. Mr. C. McGrath proved himself an efficient M.C. all through the evening, and the supper was in the capable hands of a band of ladies. Mrs. Beange and Mrs. McGrath disposed of sweets and ice cream, and did good business. Mr. Smith's orchestra provided excellent music for the dances, and Mrs. Rodgers played for the fancy dances. During the evening a competition for a cake was held, Mrs. Cope being the winner, the correct weight being 3lb 3oz.

IRISH TERRITORY WHICH HAS IRISH FREE GOVERNMENT.

The Basket Islands, which lie off the coast of Kerry, are the most advanced point of Europe facing the American Continent. The main island, measuring about three miles long by one mile across, is the only one which is inhabited. It is occupied by a hardy group of fishermen, numbering about 30 families. The island is governed by an "Ard Righ," who is elected by the inhabitants, and who is responsible for the preservation of law and order on the island. The islanders do not pay rent, rates, or taxes, and they recognise no other authority than that of their king or chief. It is extremely difficult to obtain access to the island; there is only one possible landing place, and it is impossible to find this without an island guide. The natives are very suspicious of strangers, and nobody is allowed to land without his bona fides having first been established. Some time ago a gunboat was sent to the island to collect taxes, but the mission was unsuccessful, as a landing could not be effected. Visitors are very rare; one of the most recent was Rev. Father Fitzgerald, of Glasgow, who, as a priest, received a very hearty "cead mille failthe." There is no resident priest on the island, but it is visited twice yearly by a priest from the mainland. The language spoken is Irish, and this is the medium of instruction in the local school. The inhabitants live mainly by fishing for shell-fish, which find a ready sale on the neighboring mainland. The island is probably the only strip of Irish territory which is under independent Irish government.

The term "Home Rule" was invented by the late Prof. Galbraith, a senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

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WEDDING BELLS

ARDAGH—HANNA.

An exceedingly large number of friends and relations of the bride and bridegroom assembled at the Sacred Heart Church, Timaru, on Monday, October 27, on the occasion of the marriage of John Joseph Ardagh, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ardagh, Glenavy, formerly of Timaru, to Vera, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hanna, Hereford Street West, Christchurch. The Rev. Father Ardagh, brother of the bridegroom, officiated, and was assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., and Rev. Father Bartley, S.M. In the sanctuary were also present Rev. Fathers Kerley, S.M., and Burger, S.M. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. H. Williams, wore a charming frock of pale pink georgette, veiled with white, and caught up with pale pink georgette flowers. Her veil was arranged mob-cap style, and finished with pale pink georgette flower wreath, and she carried a bouquet of lilies. Miss Josie Hanna, in a quaint frock of floral nixon and large hat toned in pink and heliotrope, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Cyril Tansey was best man. The high altar and sanctuary were very effectively adorned for the occasion. As the newly-wedded couple left the church Mrs. N. D. Mangos played the "Wedding March," and Mrs. T. Lynch gave a very fine rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria" during the ceremony. A feature of the ceremony, also, was the chiming of church bells, appropriate airs being rung out by Misses Schaab (2). A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's sister in Trafalgar Street. The Very Rev. Dean Tubman presided, and a large number of relations and friends of the bride and bridegroom were present. Later in the day the happy couple left by motor car, the bride wearing a fawn costume and fur coat, and a small black and gold hisserie straw hat.

THE LITTLE ROOM.

How far away the world seems now
While we two watch alone
Our fiery-calyxed blossom grow
Visible, erst to sight unknown!

Deserted miles of mazy streets
Compass the house around.
Here at Love's labyrinth-heart each greets
Holiness, uttering no sound.

Slowly our thoughts, through eyes resolve
Each other's rounded good,
Long love-glances mingle and dissolve
Silent as mood ebbs into mood.

Sometimes twin hands enfold a face
Touching with scarce a touch,
And the eyes' currents, deepened, race
Exchanging what no hand can clutch.

Sometimes the hands, all quiet, slip
Behind the leaning head,
And silent lip meets silent lip
When speak we though no word is said.

O holiness! O quiet! Belov'd,
Time was when we did lack,
Unrecognised of each we moved,
Have we not set blind Fortune back?

We thank thee, spirit of love, who are
Foreign to Time and Doom,
Freed by thee of this doom'd star
Here in this love-filled little room!

—ROBERT NICHOLS, in the *New Witness*.



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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

The Catholics of Lyons, in France, are finishing the four great towers of the magnificent Basilica of Notre Dame de Fourvieres, which overtops the city. Each tower represents in sculptured groups a cardinal virtue. The necessary funds have been subscribed as a thanksgiving for the Armistice.

One of the results of the conclusion of peace is that the Catholic Church in the northern European countries is making considerable headway. The Catholic Bishop of Copenhagen, Mgr. Okurk, has gone to Riga to make plans for the erection of a Catholic bishopric there. The Bishop appears to have met with considerable success, and he celebrated a solemn religious service at which there were present the deputies of the Ministry and the staffs of the different Embassies.

The Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus, in executive session, preliminary to the opening of the K. of C. peace convention, received requests from England, Scotland, Norway, France, Chile, Peru, Argentina, and Hawaii for the extension of the Knights of Columbus to those countries. It was decided to institute a council in Hawaii, while the matter of extension to the other countries was referred to a committee.

The Big Brothers of the Holy Name Society of Chicago had under their care 1701 boys in the year ended March 31. That number would have been doubled if Holy Name Societies with Big Brother Committees existed in all parishes of the city. Probably eight visits were made on an average to each boy, the rule being that two visits be made each month for four months after a boy is assigned. That would make a total of 13,600 visits. Assuming that one half-hour is spent on each visit, the entire time thus consumed was 6800 hours or 850 days of eight hours each.

A service, always interesting and attractive, the celebration of Mass at a military or naval post, brought between 5000 and 6000 persons to the Army Base in South Boston on August 31, when Cardinal O'Connell officiated on the afterdeck of the Italian dreadnought Conte di Cavour, which had been warped in alongside the pier for the occasion. The Cardinal arrived about 10.15 a.m., and was escorted by officers to the main deck, where Admiral Couz and staff, in full regalia, were waiting. Following the exchange of courtesies, the Cardinal, accompanied by his gentleman of honor, William J. Dooley, and his secretary, Rev. Richard J. Haberlin, and the chaplain of the dreadnought, Father Pucci, proceeded to the altar, close to the rail at the extreme end of the afterdeck, and began the Divine Sacrifice. The ship's band, near a main-deck turret, provided the very effective music. At the Gospel, the Cardinal gave a short sermon in Italian.

His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, arrived in New York on September 10, on the United States naval transport Northern Pacific. He received an enthusiastic welcome from the crowd of soldiers, sailors, and civilians who were waiting at Pier 5, Hoboken, to greet him. It was his first visit to America, of which he had heard and read so much, and the warmth of his welcome visibly affected the Cardinal as he stood under the bridge of the transport looking down upon the pier. The Cardinal's itinerary will embrace practically every important city. On October 5 his Eminence was to be in Boston, where elaborate preparations were made for his reception.

GERMAN CATHOLICS.

An official Church Guide, which has recently been issued by the Episcopal Chancery, gives some interesting figures regarding Catholic Church life in Berlin. There are, this guide asserts, some 250 parish priests in Berlin, distributed among nine deaneries. They serve 190 churches and chapels, among which are 40 buildings not originally churches that are used for religious worship. The most flourishing Catholic parish is that of the Sacred Heart, Charlottenburg, with 31,400 souls. In the St. Hedwig parish are 28,000 Catholics. In this parish there are, besides the great St. Hedwig Church, the chapels of Borromaeans who attend the St. Hedwig Hospital, the chapels of the Ursulines, the Grey Sisters, and the Dominicans, all of which are open to the public. In the parish of St. Mathias there are 28,000 Catholics, who attend the parish church of St. Mathias, the St. Mathias Chapel, the Church of St. Elizabeth, and the Church of St. Norbert. The parish of St. Pius numbers 25,000 Catholics, the St. Michael parish 22,000, and the Sacred Heart parish 20,000. In the suburbs is the parish of St. Clara, New Kolin, with 26,000 souls; St. Louis parish, Willmersdorf, with 23,000 souls; and the St. Maurice parish, Lichtenberg, with 22,000

souls. The need for new parish churches is plainly visible everywhere.

RESTORATION OF RHEIMS.

A world-wide fund, which has the ready approval of the French Government, has been inaugurated with the object of restoring Rheims Cathedral as a lasting memorial to those of the Allies who have made the supreme sacrifice in the war. Representative national committees are being formed in Allied and neutral countries, so that the movement, which originated in Denmark, may be regarded as international. It would be difficult to find a more fitting and noble monument, for in no other setting could the gratitude of the living towards the heroic dead be so worthily enshrined as in the Cathedral of Rheims restored to its ancient glory. Intimately bound up with the course of French history, and endowed with a wealth of cherished associations unsurpassed in Europe, Rheims Cathedral, situated in the heart of the country which must for ever bear the scars of war, seems predestined as the shrine to which in time to come Allied and neutral nations alike will make a pilgrimage. Here, above all other places, homage will be paid to those whose supreme sacrifice has ensured the continuity and development of a civilisation to whose past glories the Cathedral has so long borne eloquent witness. The fortitude and endurance of the people of Rheims in the face of the almost total destruction of their beloved city compels the admiration of almost all the world. The restoration is an effort in which all may unite, be it as homage to the fallen, piety, affection for France, or the desire to give again to the world one of its choicest jewels of art. Fortunately the original plans have been preserved, and can be copied exactly, and much of the original stone can be utilised. It is estimated that the work of restoration will cost at least £1,000,000. The money subscribed will be taken to France by a chosen representative of each of the Allied countries and formally presented to the President of France. An influential committee, representative of the whole British Empire, is in the process of formation, and of this body Sir Arthur Stanley has consented to be chairman, while our co-religionist, Sir Edward Holden, has undertaken the office of honorary treasurer.

The following letter, written by a recent visitor to Rheims, will be read with interest in this connection:—
"The devastation and destruction of Rheims is, perhaps, even worse than that of Soissons, but the spirit of the place is so greatly different that one finds oneself interested quite as much as saddened, for one sees living beings about; and there is already an awakened spirit and an appearance of enterprise. Before the war there were 40,000 houses in Rheims, of which five escaped shell fire. Thirteen thousand were razed level with the ground; and I do not know how many thousand more were there with only the walls left standing. The Cathedral stands as a tragic queen, while making brave efforts to uphold those exquisitely wrought pinnacles. Even as I stood, I could hear the boom of great pieces falling inside. The glass of the famous Rose Window was removed and preserved, but what is that when one sees the ruination of this magnificent Gothic temple as a whole! And yet it is not destroyed. It is desecrated, torn, and wounded in all its parts; but still it stands as if it might be symbolic of the Church that has stood and suffered with her children in France. It was night, and a full moon shed its silvery sheen over the open square, which made the wreckage even more vivid than in the day. I looked at the great twin towers rising in the beautiful moonlight, which magnified them, it seemed, in its shimmering gleam, and thought of that day when the Germans sent 10,000 shells into the city between the dawns, and how this terrible deluge continued day after day, for four long years. And still this proud Gothic frame pushes its steeples into the skies; and it seemed a verification of the truth: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.'"

At any moment death may come, not only to overturn all our plans, to disturb all our pleasures, to tear from us all our goods, but, what is infinitely more terrible, to lead us to the judgment seat of God.—Bossuet.

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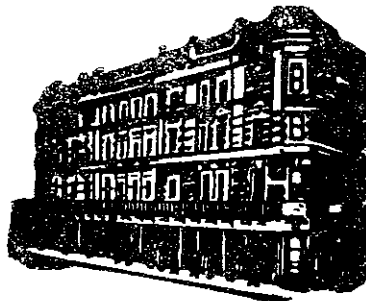
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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Rhubarb Tapioca Pudding.

Two cupfuls rhubarb (diced); one-half cupful tapioca; two cupfuls water, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-half cupful sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful lemon extract. Soak tapioca in cold water four hours. Cook in double boiler until transparent. Add salt, sugar, lemon extract, and rhubarb, and cook until rhubarb is tender. Serve with cream.

Rhubarb Puff.

One and one-half cupfuls rhubarb, one cupful water, one-half cupful sugar, three egg whites, one-fourth teaspoonful lemon extract, two tablespoonfuls flour. Cook rhubarb in water until tender, add sugar and flour, mixed together, and cook five minutes; flavor and cool. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold rhubarb mixture into them. Put into glasses, heaping up in centre. Pour around outer edge a custard sauce made as follows: Three egg yolks, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-half cupful milk, one-half teaspoonful vanilla.

Chocolate Puffs.

Use the whites of two eggs, two ounces of ground chocolate, four ounces of soft sugar, two ounces of ground almonds, and a little vanilla. Whip the whites of the eggs stiffly, stir in the sugar and chocolate, then the almonds and flavoring. Beat for a few minutes. Have a board ready covered with sugared paper, drop in small spoonfuls, with a good space between, and bake in a moderate oven till firm and set. When done loosen with a broad knife, and turn over and leave till dry.

Rich Christmas Cake.

1lb butter, 1lb sugar, 1lb cleaned sultanas or mixed fruits, if preferred, 1lb mixed candied peel thinly shredded, 1lb blanched and chopped almonds, 4 level breakfast cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 8 or 9 eggs according to size of eggs, a wineglassful of brandy. Put the butter and sugar into a mixing basin and stand over a saucepan of warm water or near the fire to soften a little. Break the eggs into another basin. Beat up the eggs and sugar to a cream with the hand, add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition of eggs.

Some cooks prefer to beat the eggs all together before adding to the creamed butter and sugar. If this course be followed care should be taken to see that the mixture is well amalgamated. Sift in the flour and baking powder, and lastly the fruit, peel, and nuts. Do not stir, but "clutch" in the latter ingredients to get the best results. Bake in a well-papered and greased tin in a very moderate oven from three to four hours; or, if the cake is divided into two tins, a couple of hours will suffice.

Lemon Scones.

For these there are required one pound of flour, one large teaspoonful of baking-powder, two ounces of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, two ounces of lard, 10 drops of lemon essence, about a tablespoonful of raisins, chopped small, a little milk and water. Mix flour, powder, sugar, salt, and fruit; rub in the lard; mix again well, and moisten with milk and water. Add lemon essence; roll out, cut into scones, and bake in a quick oven.

Five Uses for Glycerine.

For burns and scalds, use glycerine and borax mixed with linseed oil. When sugar is forbidden, glycerine can be used with success to sweeten stewed fruits and custards. To soften water in which flannels are to be washed, allow two teaspoonfuls of glycerine to a tub of water. When making cakes allow one teaspoonful of glycerine to every pound of flour. This makes the cake light and feathery when it is baked. When making jams, add three teaspoonfuls of glycerine to every pound of fruit. It prevents fermentation.

Household Hints.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is the best thing with which to sponge and revive a silk dress.

Old jams become new again if the jars are placed in a warm oven until the hard, sugary crust that has formed on top melts.

There are special brushes for washing cut glass, but if you have none use a nail brush. A brush is really a necessity to obtain good results. Use hot water in which a few drops of ammonia have been dissolved. Rinse well in bluing water.

To ease a sore corn, rub a little oil of peppermint over it, and the pain will be relieved almost immediately.

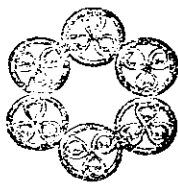
For cracked lips, borax and honey is a splendid remedy. Take half a teaspoonful of finely-powdered borax and well mix it with a tablespoonful of honey.



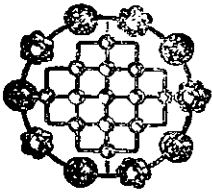
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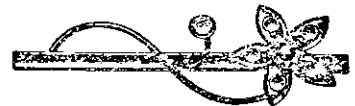
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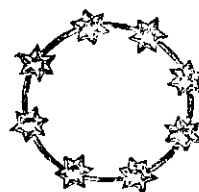
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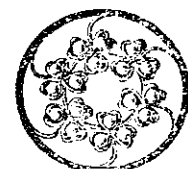
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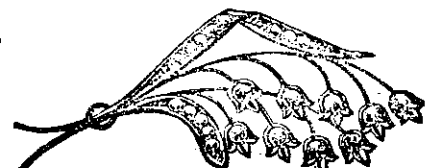
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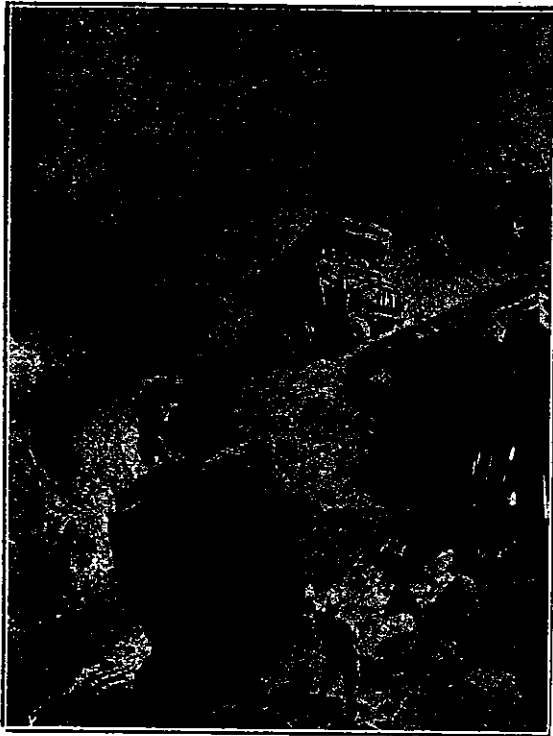
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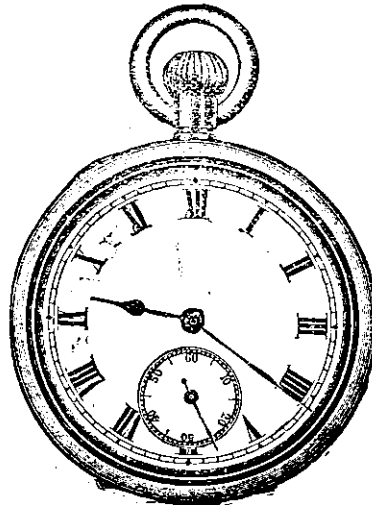
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 148 fat cattle were yarded. The sale opened with prices above the previous week, and values were well maintained until the close. One extra prime heavy bullock realised £43 15s, heavy bullocks £30 to £36, medium £22 10s to £27 10s, others £20 upwards, best cows and heifers to £25 12s 6d, heavy to £20, others £12 upwards. Fat sheep: 882 penned; a very small yarding. The quality, speaking generally, was indifferent, there being only a few pens of prime heavy-weight sheep forward. The sale opened with prices considerably higher than the previous week, but as it progressed values were inclined to recede. Extra prime heavy wethers 7s to 8s 6d, heavy wethers 6s to 7s, medium 5s to 5s 6d, extra prime ewes to 8s 6d, heavy 5s to 6s 6d, others 4s upwards, shorn wethers to 4s 6d, shorn ewes to 3s 6d. Lambs: 64 penned. The yarding was quite equal to buyers' requirements, and the demand compared, with the previous week, was easier. Best lambs sold to 3s, others 2s upwards. Pigs: A small yarding. The demand was very keen, and all were sold at prices on a par with the previous week's rates. Best baconers made from 10½d to 11½d per lb, and best porkers from 10½d to 11½d per lb.

There was a double market at Addington last week, as no sale will be held in Carnival Week. The yarding of all classes of stock was a good deal above the average, but in spite of this the demand was very keen, and in all the fat stock sections high prices reigned supreme as usual. There was an improvement in the size of the store sheep yarding, but the quality was inferior to that at the previous week's sale. The demand was fairly brisk, and late rates were fully maintained. Two-tooth ewes and lambs, all counted, 2s 4d to 2s, sound-mouthed ewes and lambs, all counted, 1s 8d to 2s 9d, four and six-tooth wethers 3s to 4s 9d, six and eight-tooth wethers 3s 6d to 3s 9d, ewe hoggets 2s 6d to 4s, shorn hoggets 2s 9d, mixed-sex hoggets 2s 6d, wether hoggets 2s 6d to 3s 4d. Six hundred and three fat lambs were penned, as against 152 at the previous sale. The quality was fair, and values went to 3s for fats. There were 12 races of fat sheep—the biggest yarding for a long time. Prices were firm all through for good stock. Extra prime wethers to 8s 6d, prime 6s to 7s, medium 4s to 5s 6d, lighter 3s to 4s 3d; extra prime ewes 7s 6d, prime 5s to 6s, medium 4s to 5s, lighter 3s 3d to 4s, prime hoggets 9s, lighter 3s 10d. The yarding of 358 head of fat cattle was not nearly enough for the requirements of the whole fortnight, and in consequence the demand was very keen, and bidding brisk for all reasonably good stock. Extra prime steers to £42 5s, prime £21 10s to £36 10s, ordinary £11 5s to £19, extra prime heifers to £37 5s, prime £17 to £25 10s; ordinary £9 to £16, extra prime cows to £38, prime £15 to £20, ordinary £9 10s to £14 10s. A large number of vealers were penned. Runners to £10, good vealers £4 to £5 5s, fair vealers 4s to 5s 6d, small and inferior 6s to 4s. There was a large entry of pigs and a fair demand. Extra heavy baconers £8 12s 6d, heavy baconers £6 to £7, medium £5 to £5 17s 6d—equal to 10d per lb; heavy porkers, 8s to 9s, medium 6s to 7s—equal to 10½d to 11d per lb; choppers to £12.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co., report as follows on the fortnightly sale of rabbitskins, etc., held on last Monday: Fair catalogues were offered to the usual attendance of buyers. At the commencement of the sale prices showed a considerable drop on last week's rates, but towards the end values showed a slight improvement. Runners and suckers 14d, racks 40d, autumns 100d, incomings 110d, second bucks 136d, second does 190d, prime bucks 150d, prime does 222d, outgoing 130d, second black 120d, first winter black 190d, outgoing black 64d, milky 44d, springs 60d, fawn 101d, hareskins 40d, horschair 21d, catskins up to 1s.

SHELTER.

The great importance of shelter is not appreciated as it should be (says the *N.Z. Farmer*). Only a few of our more progressive farmers make provision for it. And a good example was set by quite a number of our pioneer settlers, but the lesson has not been learnt as it should have been. The present generation fail to study the question in a serious manner. They superficially view it as a means of providing comfort to stock, whereas if they carefully reasoned it out, they would come to see that adequate shelter-clumps of trees at the intersection of fences—being more economical than live fences—is a sound, profit-making proposition. As Professor W. A. Osborne, of the Melbourne University, pointed out in a lecture he delivered last year, animals turned out in sheltered country require far less food to keep them healthy and strong than

when turned out in exposed country. Shelter also assists materially the well-being of plants, be they in pasture or crop, and this is particularly noticeable in the spring months of the year. Unfortunately in these days traffic in land values has deterred many from permanent settlement, thus destroying all incentive to improve farming property by a process which means long delay in benefit accruing, the fact being overlooked that planting naturally adds to the value of any property. It is really a tangible improvement, even though it is only the man who possesses the land when the trees have well grown who actually benefits. The State has not been prodigal in its efforts to advance afforestation or to encourage the planting of shelter, even though the destruction of natural shelter has been drastic and often quite unnecessary. But it is to be commended for its action in permitting farmers desirous of providing shelter to obtain trees for planting at a very low rate. The offer has not been availed of to the extent it should be. But it is to be hoped the Government Department concerned will not tire of this lack of appreciation, but will realise that as farmers become more generally acquainted with the opportunity offered, they will respond. Individual farmers have done fine pioneering work, and in this connection Mr. Henry Reynolds, of Cambridge, should be specially mentioned. He has not been content with preaching the virtues of Eucalyptus McArthurii as a farm tree, but has distributed, free of cost, far and near, seed of this valuable species of the eucalypti family.

LUCERNE AS A SOIL-IMPROVER.

It must be taken into consideration that, apart from crop-returns, the land on which lucerne is grown is not depreciating in quality, but greatly increasing in productivity (writes Mr. A. Macpherson, Fields Instructor, Christchurch, in the *Journal of Agriculture*). This is due to the power of the lucerne-plant as a collector of nitrogenous matter from the air, and of drawing to the top soil, from strata at great depths underneath, valuable mineral elements that shallow-rooted plants could never reach, leaving these elements of fertility to be utilised by future crops of whatever kind. Further, the mechanical effect of the extensive root-system of the lucerne-plant can hardly be overestimated. The decaying of the roots adds humus to the soil, and the openings left by them in the under-strata form a wonderful system of channels for the penetration of air and water into the soil. The continual dropping of lucerne-leaves from the cuttings also makes heavy annual contributions to the humus and nitrogen of the soil. Thus when the lucerne-field is ready to be used for a different crop it will be found that the soil is wonderfully changed not only in its chemical elements, but also in its physical character. In countries where this aspect of lucerne-culture has been investigated it is estimated that, after a field has been in lucerne for five or six years, the fertilising value of the stubble and some 6in deep of roots ploughed under is about £4 per acre, while the value of the stubble and entire root-system is not less than £7 per acre.

STEERING MANGOLD-SEED.

By steering mangold-seed in water ten hours before sowing it will germinate quicker and show up in the drills before weeds appear in quantity (writes J. Beverley, in the *Journal of Agriculture*). It is necessary to put a stone in the bag to ensure the seed sinking below the surface of the water. After about ten hours' immersion hang the bag up to drain, when the seed will be ready for sowing. If this method is adopted the scarifier can be run through the crop at an earlier date, thus reducing the cost of cleaning. In case more than one variety of mangold-seed is used, it is recommended that separate vessels of water be used for steering seed, so as to avoid the risk of spreading disease, if present, from one variety to the other.

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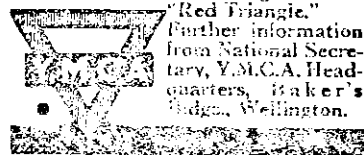
"When the boys come home"

The Y.M.C.A. will continue to work for each with the fullest strength of its organisation, as it has done in the Camps, at the Base Depots and in the Trenches.

Free Membership for Twelve Months

Will be given to all returned soldiers. If you have served with the N.Z. Forces, it is only necessary to apply to the Secretary of the nearest Y.M.C.A., when a free membership card will be issued entitling you to all the privileges of the institution.

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 Bldg., Wellington.

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For cooking and baking and economy of fuel it has no rival, and is the only Range with a cosy open fire. See it at your Ironmonger's, or write the Manufacturers—

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The Family Circle

EARLY DAYS.

Looking back along life's pathway,
Oft a drear and barren track,
Lo, I reach at length a doorway
Whence come dreamlike memories back.

And I see the quaint old cottage
Nestled there against the hill;
Round the porch the roses cluster,
Breathing forth their sweetness still.

Yonder flows the murmuring river,
Past the church, a ruin grey,
To whose mouldering walls the ivy
Clings and fondly hides decay.

Here, a child, at eve I've wandered,
Yet with feelings tinged with fear,
Midst its peaceful, sombre beauty,
For the dead were buried near.

Yet I waited, idly dreaming,
As the river flowed along;
I could see the trees above it
Bending low to catch its song.

Till the twilight gloom would deepen,
And the day's warm tints efface;
And a bird's unbidden vespers
Fill the ancient, holy place.

With the grey night stealing o'er me,
And her garments trailing low,
And her mystic peace around me,
Home through fragrant fields I'd go.

When for me at last life's sunset,
Fades forever in the West,
In the gloaming I will hasten,
Safely, gladly Home to rest.
—ELEANORA, in the *Irish Weekly*.

RELIGION POINTS THE WAY.

The Church has been the bulwark of liberty during the long centuries since she was established. She has always taught her children respect for law and obedience to legitimately constituted authority. Every student of history knows the conditions that existed before Christianity was ushered in. All know how quickly the world was renovated once the influence of the Church was exerted upon mankind.

While the Church demands obedience to her legitimately constituted ecclesiastical superiors, and enjoins upon her children strict adherence to the dictates of religion, she inculcates reverence and obedience to civil authority justly ruling, and imposes this obligation as one binding in conscience.

To strengthen the arm of just government, to give society through the enactment of just laws the blessings of peace, she has urged upon the faithful a full measure of co-operation and respect. Glance over the ages that are gone, and you will note that wherever the Church has been heeded civic virtue and moral responsibility have been held in honor by mankind.

To-day the Church is no less insistent that her children should exemplify before the world the glories of religion. There is need for men to take thought whether it is better to barter away their inheritance which is dearer than life for a "mess of pottage," or stand courageously before the world as champions of Christian truth and ethics. Evils there will be, but the Catholic has but one stand to take, and that is on the side always sponsored by the Church.

Catholics from childhood have been taught righteousness. It becomes their bounden duty to promote the principles upon which the stability of society rests, principles for which the Church has stood for 20 centuries, principles for which our forefathers fought and upon which they reared the greatest Republic that the world has ever known.

In a word, the Church, as the foremost exponent of liberty through the ages, teaches her children that true freedom can come only by obedience to God's law and respect for all legitimately constituted authority. The Church teaches ceaselessly and uncringingly what the duty of every Catholic is. We must heed those teachings. Therein only lies the guarantee of domestic peace, of national stability, and of international tranquillity.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Sweet, gentle nature, learned, pious, kind,
Your task is nobly done, the task assigned
To you by Heaven. You did not point the way
Alone, but led; and in your meekness lay
The secret of your hold on those
Placed in your care. Your eyelids close
On a world the better for your stay.
From many hearts will rise this day
The sad, sweet prayer, Requiescat in Pace.

—P. G. Woods.

NATIONAL GREATNESS.

Father Hays, at Isleworth, London, recently, in the course of special sermons, stated that the greatest and gravest danger which to-day menaced not merely the life and well-being of nations, but the very existence of the fabric of our Christian civilisation, was the decay of home-life and the decline of virtue in the family. The greatness of a nation depended upon its home-life and the virtue of its citizens. No nation deserved to live that did not stand for the eternal principles of truth and justice and liberty. If we built our Empire on mere material prosperity, what had we? An Empire that would pass away. If we built up our homes and our family life without supernatural virtue and sent our children to face the perils of the age without a Christian education, what had we but a people drifting slowly but surely to paganism? Jesus Christ came on earth to redeem humanity and to regenerate society. By the example of His life, which was the highest, and the holiest, and the most perfect, He had taught us that the shattered ruins of our civilisation could be rebuilt only on a moral and spiritual basis. What the world required to-day was a new proclamation of Christ's gospel to humanity and a new enforcement of the principles of the Saviour in the lives of men. The home was the corner-stone of the social fabric, and if we would regenerate society and reform the world we must begin with the individual in the home. What was wanted was the living spirit of the living Christ, inspiring the minds and dominating the lives of all who professed His Name.

FROM ALTAR BOY TO—!

His cheeks grew red from the candle heat
As the carpet under his noiseless feet.

And no two stars could be half so bright
As his deep brown eyes in the candle light.

An angel, he seems, with his surplice wings,
Who knows when God is to come and rings.

And the clouds from the censor swinging there
A fragrance leave in his golden hair.

It fills us all with a wondrous dread,
His nearness unto the Holy Bread.

Now I wonder what path in life he'll plan,
A doctor—a lawyer—a merchantman?

God keep him always there, we pray,
Treading the altar's plush highway.

—LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

REAL EXCITEMENT.

"Yes," said a meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in your travels abroad before the war?"

"I have indeed," said his burly friend.

"Buffalo-hunting?"

"Yes."


"And bear-hunting?"

"Of course!"

"Well, you just come round and let my wife take you house-hunting and bargain-hunting with her, then you'll begin to know what real excitement is!"

ROSARY FROM SHRAPNEL.

The boy in the corner bed of the base hospital had been wounded in six places with shrapnel; and when the lead had all been taken out of him, and he was pronounced to be convalescing nicely, nothing would satisfy him but that the nurse should give him the enemy lead and a pair of pincers. Before the war he had been apprenticed to a jeweller, so he knew how to set about his self-appointed task. He carried it out neatly, and 59 little balls were formed of the lead—six of them somewhat larger than the rest—and then pierced and strung together. And so the rosary was made.

After **Influenza** your system needs bracing up. Get a bottle of **Dr. Claude's Vigor Tonic**, 3/6 and 4/6 per bottle.  Hundreds have tried this Medicine with Excellent Results.

Phone 2028.

When it was finished, its maker, still weak and suffering, kissed it and sent it to his mother. And when it reached its destination a proud mother took it to the village church, where, at her request, the priest blessed and indulged it.

And daily now she prays for a blessing for her son and on her country—praying upon the balls of lead which had so nearly caused the death of her son. What wonder if now and again her fingers stiffen on the lead, even whilst her lips are moving in prayer.—Exchange.

HOW IT ENDED.

While his mother was away on a visit, young William neglected to say his prayers. Upon Mrs. Jones' return there was a reckoning.

"Why didn't you say your prayers, you naughty boy?"
"Well, you see, it was this way, Ma: I forgot 'em the first night and nothin' happened. 'N' then I didn't say 'em the next night, an' still nothin' happened. 'N' so I decided I wouldn't never say 'em again if nothin' never happened."

And then something happened.

WHERE HE'D WON THEM.

The small boy with the ginger hair and freckled face was walking aimlessly down the street, when he caught sight of a purple-faced veteran with gorgeous uniform and medal-spotted vest posing in the doorway of a business establishment.

"Get them medals for pigeon-flying?" he asked.

"Pigeon-flyin'! No! Run off, Johnnie."

"For sweet peas at a garden show, p'r'aps?"

"Run off, d'ye hear!"

"Cricket medals, eh? Who did her play for?"

"If you don't want a clip on the ear you'd better run home quick!"

"Must 'a' been fairly good at rummin' to get that lot," persisted the boy.

"—!! —!! —!!!" came from the veteran.

"Any'ow," gasped the small boy as he sidled off with some alacrity—"any'ow, I don't reckon you ever won 'em at a Sunday school!"

A FRIENDLY FLASH.

Down in the docks they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning, when the reporter singled out an old mariner and said:—

"Captain Haggles, it seems to me I've read or heard of your brig being struck?"

"Yes, she was," answered the old yarn-spinner.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point aux Barques, about fifteen years ago. Very strange case, that. Probably the only one of the kind ever heard of. We were jogging along down when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships, and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?"

"No, sir. The water began rushing in, and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash, and a bolt struck my fore-to'-gallant-mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."

SMILE RAISERS.

"I want something original for this recess," gushed Mrs. Moneybags. "What would you suggest, a landscape or a seascape?"

"If you really are striving after originality, madam," replied Mr. Helpful, "why not have a tame fire-escape?"

The cost of living is high, but the only tears worth shedding are profiteers.

Wife (reading): "Big checks for dresses will not be in demand this season."

Husband: "Thank heaven!"

Bones: "Do you know that lady across the road?"

Jones: "Let me see. There's my wife's hat, my daughter's dress, and my mother-in-law's parasol. Yes! It's our cook!"

PILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

The Hottest Region on Earth.

The hottest region on the earth is said to be on the south-western coast of Persia, where Persia borders on the gulf of that name. For 40 consecutive days the thermometer did not fall lower than 100deg day or night, and often mounted as high as 128deg.

The Value of Rest.

Your physician will tell you that whenever possible you should lie down for a little rest each day. To do so will take some of the load off that faithful heart of yours which keeps pumping away without cessation day and night. Your physician will explain that when sitting down, as compared with standing, you save your heart nine beats a minute, and that when you lie down you take off an additional six beats. So merely lying down means less pumping to be done, and less wear and tear on the body's most vital organ. It is thrift of time to take a few moments each day from the activities of one's work and stretch out full length. Housewives and others whose work keeps them on their feet a great deal should sit as much as possible. Increased vitality and longer lives will result from following these simple suggestions.

World's Giant Wireless Station.

Details have just been published in Paris of a wireless station which is being constructed near Bordeaux, and which will be the most powerful station in the world. The project is directly due to the development of wireless telegraphy during the war, and is the result of co-operation between the United States and the French Government. On General Pershing's arrival in France he required the establishment of a station that should be available night and day without the possibility of interruption. To achieve this, enormously powerful plant was necessary. It was designed by General Ferric, and the carrying-out of General Ferric's scheme was entrusted to American labor. The work was begun in May, 1918. The station will consist of eight steel pillars 250 metres high. The antennae will be 1200 metres in length, and the power of the current used in connection with them 500 kilowatts, being five times greater than that of the Eiffel Tower installation and three and a-half times greater than that of the Lyons station. A range of 12,500 miles will be attained, thus bringing any point of the globe within reach. Transmission will be at the rate of 50 words a minute. The station will be invaluable to France as a means of linking the Mother Country with all parts of its colonial empire.

Typing by Electricity.

An invention has lately been completed by a Bristol man which it is believed will be of inestimable value in the business world. It is an electric typewriter, which, besides enabling the operator to work at a much greater speed, is said to be absolutely noiseless. It will be of an entirely new design and consist mainly of a keyboard and carriage, the mechanism of the ordinary typewriter being done away with. The machine will have visible writing and take paper of any width without bending, while a novel feature will be variable type, by means of which different languages may be written on the same machine. No special electric installation is necessary, as all the current required can be obtained from an ordinary electric lamp fitting. The inventor claims that a much greater speed will be possible than on existing machines, while the energy required to operate the electrical typewriter will be considerably less than one-half the amount necessary for a "hand-driven" model. For instance, while the finger pressure used in striking an ordinary typewriter key ranges from 2½oz to 5oz, according to the machine, the electrical typewriter will only need 1oz of pressure, even for stencil-cutting, or where several carbon copies are required. The new invention, it is stated, will not cost more, if as much, as the ordinary typewriter, and will certainly not get out of repair so easily.

Prudence is said to be the eye of the soul. Without the light of the eye we cannot find our way, nor without prudence can we discern the path to heaven.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/-, post free, from BAXTER'S PHARMACY, Theatre Buildings—TIMARU.

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