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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

February 24, Sunday.—Sexagesima Sunday.
 ,, 25, Monday.—St. Matthias, Apostle.
 ,, 26, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 27, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 28, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 29, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 March 1, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin.

St. Matthias, Apostle.

After the Ascension of Our Lord, St. Matthias was chosen by lot to fill the place which the treachery and suicide of Judas had left vacant. Tradition assigns as the place of his labors and martyrdom Cappadocia and the countries bordering on the Black and Caspian Seas.

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SERVICE.

I was longing to serve my Master,
 And lo! I was laid aside,
 From the party of busy workers
 Who toiled the fields so wide.
 They were few—yes, few in number,
 And I could not understand,
 Why I should be kept inactive:
 'Twas so different from what I had planned.

I was longing to serve my Master,
 I knew that the work was great;
 To me it was easy to labor,
 But oh! it was hard to wait.
 To lie quite still and be silent,
 While the song was borne to my ear
 Of the reapers with whom I had mingled
 In the work to my heart so dear.

I was longing to serve my Master,
 Ah! this was my one fond thought;
 For this I was ever pleading,
 When His footstool in prayer I sought,
 And the seasons of sweet communing
 Were few and far apart;
 Not of Him so much as His service,
 Were the thoughts that filled my heart.

I was longing to serve my Master,
 He led to a desert place,
 And there, as we stopped and rested,
 His eyes looked down in my face—
 So full of tender reproaching,
 They filled me with sad surprise,
 Did He think I had grudged my service,
 And counted it sacrifice?

"Oh, Master, I long to serve Thee,
 The time is so short at best!
 Let me back to the fields," I pleaded:
 "I care not to stay and rest."
 I knelt at His feet imploring,
 I gazed in His face above.
 "My child," He said gently, "your service
 Is nothing without your love."

I was longing to serve my Master,
 I thought that His greatest care
 Was to keep all His workers busy,
 In reaping the sheaves so fair.
 But there in the lonely desert,
 Afar from the busy scene,
 It dawned on me slowly and sadly,
 Where the awful mistake had been.

My mind was so full of service,
 I had drifted from Him apart,
 And He longed for the old confiding,
 The union of heart with heart.
 I sought and received forgiveness,
 While my eyes with tears were dim;
 And now though the work is still precious,
 The first place is kept for Him.

The Storyteller

Knoekmagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIOKHAM.)

CHAPTER L.—(Continued.)

Edmund Kiely looked the very opposite of the pale, slightly built student whose thin hand he grasped in his warm palm, while his blue eyes and fresh, laughing face beamed with hearty good-nature. Edmund, as his little sister Grace used to say, was a "jolly fellow," never by any chance out of spirits for more than five minutes at a time. And yet the two friends whose society he most loved were Arthur O'Connor and Hugh Kearney. His father wished him to commence the study of the law, as he had a strong dislike to his own profession. But the young man had set his heart upon an open-air life, and in order to prevent his flying away to the antipodes, or to hunt buffaloes on the prairies of the West, Doctor Kiely promised to purchase some land for him in Ireland when a favorable opportunity presented itself. And Mr. Edmund Kiely is now one of those enviable mortals who have nothing on earth to trouble them. He and Arthur and Father Carroll had made several tours together, which proved such out-and-out pleasant affairs, that he is now bent upon adding one more to the number.

"I like the look of your house," he said, as he shook hands with the priest at the door of his thatched domicile. "There is something suggestive of the romantic about it. I have no doubt many a runaway couple dismounted at this door in the good old times, to demand the services of Father Cleary. Oh," he exclaimed on entering the parlor, "surely that armchair in the corner must have belonged to him. I can almost fancy I see the venerable old *soyyarth* sitting in it at the present moment.

"Yes; it and all the rest of the furniture belonged to him," Father Carroll replied. "I bought them all at the auction; and though, as you see, they are not over elegant or expensive articles, I am in debt on account of them for the first time in my life."

"And talking of romance," Edmund went on, "of course, it was in this room Sir Thomas Butler's brother was married. I'd like to know all about it. Did you ever see his wife?"

"No; but Arthur can tell you all about it. She was his cousin."

"So she was, sir," old Mrs. Hayes, the housekeeper, who was laying the table, quietly observed—somewhat to Edmund's surprise. "You'd think he'd break his heart crying after poor Miss Annie. 'O uncle,' he used to say, 'what made you let that old man take her away?' An' sure he wasn't an old man, though he was stooped and delicate-looking. We all thought he was only a painter, or an artist, as he used to say; but he told Father Ned who he was, an' when he saw poor Miss Annie so given for him, consent to the marriage. The poor thing got delicate soon after, an' when she found that his brother and family were makin' little of him, I know it used to fret her. He took her away to Italy for the air, for he was as fond of her as of his life. But she only held two years, an' her last letter to her uncle would bring tears from a rock, 'twas so movin'. Her husband, she said, was as kind an' lovin' as ever, an' she was sure he'd be kind an' lovin' to her little Annie when she was gone."

"How did they happen to become acquainted first?" Edmund asked, as Mrs. Hayes took her bunch of keys from her pocket, and ostentatiously shook them, preparatory to unlocking one of the drawers of the brass-mounted desk.

"Well," Mrs. Hayes replied, as she selected the key she wanted from the bunch, "herself an' Father Ned gave three weeks that year at the water. An', it seems, Mr. Butler spent all his time abroad learning the paintin' business—an' sure, I never see a man so fond of anything as he was of makin' pictures. He painted all Major French's



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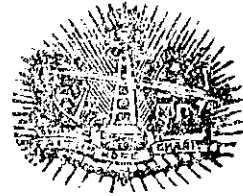
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children while he was here, an' 'tis little they thought 'twas a near cousin of their own was paintin' 'em. There is the three of 'em beyond—fine young women now," said Mrs. Hayes, pointing to the ladies who so annoyed the over-sensitive student a few minutes before. "But the pictures are all there still, an' if ever you are at the Castle 'twould be worth your while to look at 'em—you'd think they wor alive. But he was always practisin'. That an' playin' the flute was all that troubled him."

"So, 'twas while he was at the castle he saw Miss Cleary?"

"Yes, sir; but he was shipwrecked, an' a'most dhroned, an' Father Ned took him to the house where he lodged, an' Miss Annie nursed him; for 'twas thought he'd never get over it. An', afther that, he went about paintin' at the great houses. An' that's the way it came about. Poor Miss Annie was an orphan, you know, sir, an' lived wid her uncle ever since she came from the convent where she was educated. I'm told they had nothin' to live on but what he was able to earn, an' his brother an' all his family turned against him. 'Tis said now that Sir Thomas is near his end, an', as he never got married, Miss Annie's husband, I suppose, will come in for the property."

"And the title," added Father Carroll. "By the way, I trust it may turn out well for our friends at Ballinacash."

"Why, what difference can it make to them?" Edmund asked.

"Oh, 'tis a matter of no little anxiety to a farmer to know what sort his new landlord will be. But any change is likely to be for the better in this case; for the present man is a rack-renter."

"I never heard Mr. Kearney say anything against him," returned Edmund. "Though he is by no means sparing of censure," he added, laughing. "'Tis a treat to listen to his comments sometimes."

"Yes, but he has a lease," replied Father Carroll. "But numbers of his tenants have been smashed trying to pay impossible rents. I should not wonder if his agent, old Pender, is urging him on in this course. But I'm inclined to think his brother will be a kind landlord, unless he is led astray; and it is said, too, Sir Thomas will leave the property greatly incumbered."

"Why, Arthur," exclaimer Edmund, "as your cousin's black eyes made so deep an impression on your boyish heart, I can't help thinking, if her daughter be at all like her, you had better keep out of her way, or she will spoil your vocation."

"I am not likely to come in contact with her," returned Arthur. "Though, for her mother's sake, I should like to know her."

"Of course, if he succeeds to the property, he will return to Ireland."

"I think not," Arthur replied. "It is said he is a complete Frenchman in his tastes and habits, and I suspect he will always live on the Continent. But where are we going to go?"

"To Tramore," Edmund answered.

"Nonsense," returned Arthur. "Let us go somewhere where there will be no crowds. I detest the class of people you meet at these bathing places."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Edmund, laughing. "I remember your notions in that respect. You used to say you could imagine yourself marrying a peasant girl or a high-born lady; but that you could not abide the *bourgeoisie*."

"That is my idea still," replied the student. "They are a compound of ridiculous pride and vulgarity. But a peasant girl is seldom vulgar to my mind."

"Well, I have seen something of all classes," Father Carroll observed, "and I must say I have met some women of the class you condemn, who certainly were neither ignorant nor vulgar."

"He's a humbug," said Edmund Kiely, as if his friend's remark had nettled him a little. "'Tis sour grapes with him, because a certain lady had the bad taste to prefer me to himself, once upon a time. You know we were always sure to be smitten by the same divinity, and though I gave him every fair play, he was never able to win a single smile

the moment I entered the lists against him. And that's why he detests the sort of people one meets at the seaside. But what do you say to Tramore?"

"I vote for it," Father Carroll replied. "I suppose old associations have something to do with it, but I can enjoy a stroll along the 'Great Strand,' more than I can the grandest cliffs and finest scenery we have. And then we'll be sure to meet some old friends there."

"Hear, hear," Edmund exclaimed. "We start to-morrow. I'll introduce you," he continued, turning to Arthur, "to the brightest and most fascinating little being that ever turned a wise man's head. And an heiress, too, for she is an only child, and her father is as rich as a Jew."

"I don't want to be introduced to her," was the reply. "The less I see of such people the better I like it."

"I suppose it is Miss Delany?" said Father Carroll. "I heard something about her. She has got an immense deal of polishing at all events."

"And it has not been thrown away—nor has it spoiled her in the least," returned Edmund. "But, by the way, I'm told Mary Kearney has turned out a downright beauty. My little sister Grace says I must marry her. She is twenty times handsomer, Grace says, than Minnie Delany. But I always thought her sister Anne would be a finer girl."

"I have not seen them for a long time," said Father Carroll. "I'm in the black books with their mother, it is so long since I paid her a visit. Father Hannigan told me she was saying to him that the world was gone when one's own flesh and blood will forget you and pass by your door without inquiring whether you are dead or alive. In fact, I got what Barney Brodherick calls 'Ballyhooly' from her. 'After getting him the best servant in the three counties,' said she, 'never as much as to say "Thank you!"' I am quite afraid to show my face to her. I suppose you have met Richard in Dublin?"

"Yes, we had some pleasant evenings at his uncle's. He will soon be a full-blown surgeon. I am promising myself a few days' shooting with Hugh shortly, and, if you could manage to come while I am there, I'll make your peace with Mrs. Kearney, as I am a great favorite of hers."

"Do you know any of them, Arthur?" Father Carroll asked.

"No, I never met any of them," he replied. "But I often heard of them."

"Come," said Edmund, pushing away his plate, "let us go out and look about us. Do you ever venture into Major French's grounds? I'd like to get a nearer view of those nymphs I caught a glimpse of as I was coming in. Unless it be that 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' they are worth looking at."

"Yes, we can cross the river by the weir," returned Father Carroll. "There is a place there in a grove of large fir-trees called the Priest's Walk. Poor Father Cleary was accustomed to read his Office there for more than forty years; and it is even whispered that he may be met there still on a moonlight night. It was there his niece and her husband always walked, too, Mrs. Hayes tells me. But, according to Tom Doherty, there are other associations of not quite so innocent a character connected with the Priest's Walk; particularly one in which a French governess figures."

"Oh, let us go to the place at once," exclaimed Edmund, tossing his white hat carelessly on his brown curls, "and you can tell the story of the governess; and who knows but we may catch a glimpse of the old priest and his beautiful niece? I wish I could believe in such things."

"Just wait till I tell Tom Doherty that we are to start early in the morning. But what do you say to a glass of punch before going out?"

"Oh, wait till we come back, and sitting in that old chair I'll drink the health of all true lovers, and sympathising uncles, who, like kind old Father Ned, will let them be happy."

(To be continued.)

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The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

INTRODUCTION V.—(Continued.)

Before passing from this part of the narrative, let us finish with another fiction which has almost become classic. It is a dogma with all pious believers, Liberal and Hibernian, that it was the Ulster Orange members, and not the Irish Party, who drove George Wyndham out of the Irish Secretaryship. The legend is an impudent falsification of the facts. The expulsion of Wyndham from the Irish Office before his benign work was half completed was the first exploit of the new masters of the Irish Party, and it was only the preliminary to their next achievement, which was to repeal his great Purchase Act of 1903. It was Mr. Dillon and his friends who alone had the power to do it, and it was they who did it.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor wept tears of ink over "The Passing of George Wyndham"—his passing from the Chief Secretaryship, and into his grave—and sang canticles over the great things he had done for Ireland and the greater things he might still have done, were it not for wicked men. The wicked men were, of course, the handful of Ulster Orange members, and to these Mr. T. P. O'Connor, without a wink in his scandalised eyes, attributed the entire guilt for the overthrow of Wyndham's career in Ireland. Never was hypocritical fable more easily confuted by the incontestable facts. It is quite true that the Orange Ulster Party did combine and conspire with Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Irish Party to harry Wyndham and to hang upon his flanks, until he was finally chased from the country—so much the deeper disgrace to both sets of conspirators. But it is true as well that the Irish Party, commanding 80 votes to the Orangemen's 14, and being in a position in addition to carry the whole Liberal Opposition into the voting lobbies with them, were incomparably the most powerful partners in the conspiracy. A brief summary of what really happened will, it is to be hoped, dispose once for all of the legend that it was the Orangemen who killed Cock Robin.

Before the Session of 1904 opened, Mr. Redmond announced that his Party held the Government of Wyndham as "prisoners in a condemned cell" waiting in fear and trembling for the execution of the sentence, and gave them notice that they would be "struck at as quickly and as strongly as we can." He lost no time in keeping his word.—On the 15th March, on a vote of censure moved by the Irish Party on the Education Vote, the Government was defeated by 141 votes to 130. Col. Saunderson and the other Ulster members—Messrs. Lonsdale, Gordon, Moore, Craig, and Sloane—aided on this occasion by abstaining from voting for the Government.—On 22nd March, the Irish Party moved another vote of censure on Wyndham (Arterial Drainage) in which they were joined in the division Lobby by the entire Ulster Party, Col. Saunderson declaring that "all Irish members were going to act together and fight what he called the Battle of the Bann"—On March 29th the Irish Party moved still another vote of censure on Wyndham (popular control of R.I.C.) and this time the Ulster Party voted with the Government.—On 3rd August Wyndham speaking on the University question, said the Government were accused of trifling with the question, but he pointed out that during the Session the Irish Party had joined in every attempt to turn out the Government. He appealed to the Party to think it out. (A Nationalist Member—"We want to turn you out!")—In the Session of 1905, Mr. Redmond moved (20th February) an Amendment to the Address censuring the Government and was joined by Mr. William Moore (of the Orange Party) in a violent denunciation of Wyndham, which was followed up by a speech from Mr. Dillon bespattering Mr. Moore with his praises and reiterating the attacks upon Wyndham. Mr. C. Craig said they had been invited by the Nationalists to go into the lobby with them to show their indignation against the Government. As Unionists they could not do that, but they were so profoundly dissatisfied with the conduct of Irish affairs that it had been their intention to abstain from voting. Mr. Flavin (North Kerry)—I will win my cigars if you are going to vote with us to-night. Mr. Craig

said he sincerely hoped he would win his cigars and if they could vote he would give the Hon. Member a few more.—A few months afterwards, Wyndham resigned.

Will anybody be ever again found bold enough to deny that it was the Irish Party who killed Wyndham as Chief Secretary in 1905, as surely as it was they who killed his great Purchase Act of 1903 by their own Act of 1909?

VI.

To return to the comparison between the two Policies, if the second can be described as a policy which was merely the destruction of the first:—We from the start advocated, as everybody advocates now, a special consideration for the apprehensions, and even the historic prejudices of our Protestant countrymen in Ulster, and in the other three provinces as well—our assailants scoffed at the Ulster Difficulty, and up to a late period joyously relied upon the weapons of contempt and ridicule to conjure it down, while the aid of the Southern Unionists was fiercely repulsed as though it covered some treacherous intrigue against the Home Rule Cause. Kindly Irishmen, of Unionist traditions, of the stamp of Lord Dunraven, Mr. Lindsay Talbot-Crosbie, Mr. Moreton Frewen, Lord Rossmore, and Col. (now Sir W. Hutcheson) Poe, who from cautious Home Rule beginnings advanced to the acceptance of full Dominion Home Rule, were vilified more and more savagely the further they advanced, as "landlord swindlers," as "our hereditary enemies," as "blackblooded Cromwellians," and as crafty "anti-Irish conspirators," to whom we had, "in a moment of weakness mortgaged the future of Ireland."

VII.

The folly of the anti-Conciliationists went further. They transformed the National Party and the National Movement into one from which not only all Unionists but all Protestants were excluded.—We proclaimed the first dogma of the Nationalist faith to be that the Protestant minority must not only be relieved from any imaginable danger to their religious or social liberties, but, on the one condition of their being "Irishmen first of all," must be welcomed into the high places of honor and power in an Irish nation of which the master-builders were the Protestant Grattans and Davises and Parnells. Our critics, on the contrary, proceeded to add fresh fuel to the flame of Orange fanaticism by subjecting the National movement to the new ascendancy of a sham Catholic secret society, with the result of changing the tepid suspicions of the most level-headed of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian farmers and shopkeepers into sheer terror for the future of their children and themselves in an Hibernian-ridden Ireland.

It happened thus. There had of late years crept into the North of Ireland a seceding wing (calling itself "The Board of Erin") of the great American Antient Order of Hibernians, a genuine Benefit Society which had distinguished itself by many works of charity and benevolence. The seceding Board of Erin never offered any public explanation of the objects of their establishment in Ireland. Their work was carried on in secret, under an obligation equivalent to an oath, not to reveal their secrets and passwords; and nobody was admitted to membership who was not a Catholic, frequenting the Catholic Sacraments. Such a body would have been entirely harmless, if confined to the legitimate sphere of a Friendly Society; but suddenly and secretly established in control of the entire visible National organisation, the effect in Ulster was that of a brand flourished in a powder-magazine. The transformation was effected by a stealthy process without any consultation with or consent of the Party, the League, or the country, and indeed passed all but unnoticed until the operation was complete. The paid Secretary of the United Irish League (Mr. Joseph Devlin, of Belfast, who now for the first time came into prominence) became the National President of the Board of Erin;* the Standing Committee of the League was flooded with young Members of Parliament who had taken their vows of secrecy on initiation into the Hibernian Order; the paid organisers of the League were similarly initiated and were despatched through the country to turn the branches into as many occult Hibernian Divisions at the expense of the United Irish League.

*Better known in popular parlance as "The Molliens."

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The public organisation gradually ceased to exist save as a respectable means of collecting funds and passing resolutions hawked about by their secret masters and soon fell into contempt under the nickname of "The Resolutionists."

A Complete Story

A Newspaper Wrapping

(By EVELINE COLE, in the *London Month*.)

John Jameson was at work by the big window of the little room behind his shop.

It was a quite ordinary china shop but, as both the village and its overshadowing neighbor the big house knew, the craftsmanship of its owner was not quite ordinary, owing perhaps as much to qualities of character in the worker as to a command of technique and manual skill.

Before him just now, for instance, upon the table which held the medley of materials necessary for the healing of injured pottery, lay a Derby plate. Nor, though there was no example of that ware any more than of Chelsea, Bow, or Worcester among his stock, was it by any means uncommon for still more valuable ceramic specimens to be entrusted to him for repair.

The plate was set on edge between two blocks of wood so that the weight of the pieces he had just inserted would tend to keep them in position. That finished, a Worcester cup in ruins, and a jug from which the long slender handle had been broken, stood at his elbow awaiting their turn. The shop bell summoned him, however, before he could begin upon either.

He removed the spectacles he wore for fine operations and went to answer the call. His customer, a Mrs. Delaware, the owner of the plate, had come to enquire after the condition of her valued possession.

"The repairing should have been done as soon after the breakage as possible, Madam," Mr. Jameson said, with a hint of slightly sad reproach in his voice. "When the broken fragments are allowed to lie about and rub together, their edges get chipped, and the joint cannot be so fine and close."

"Oh, I didn't know," Mrs. Delaware returned airily, "I'm afraid it's been lying by for some months. I kept putting it off, though I always meant to have it done."

The china-dealer nodded his head. He remembered the soaking and the cleansing with an old nail-brush to remove the grit and dirt her carelessness had necessitated, and could not in his mind exonerate her from blame, though it was not permitted him to speak more clearly.

"I took care the pieces were clean and warm before I fitted them in, Madam," he said, "and I hope to make as good a job of it as may be."

"Warm?" Mrs. Delaware exclaimed. "Dear me, how extraordinary; it really sounds quite like the treatment of a wound."

"Which is, after all, just what it is," Mr. Jameson muttered to himself, as with ceremonious dignity he bowed her out of the shop.

He returned to his workroom when his client had departed. He was accustomed to spend daily many happy hours therein, tasting, as was but fair, the joy of a good craftsman in the exercise of his skill. Yet beyond and above the satisfaction afforded him on this plane of life there was a strange and secret hunger within John Jameson which no one of his friends or acquaintances suspected or could have understood. Religious yearnings did not, in the village, fall under the heading of a generally recognised want.

The peculiar ache, however, from which he suffered in hours of solitude was, as a rule, reserved for his evening hours after the closing of the shop, and at present as artist-craftsman he absorbed himself in the Derby plate. The cement had not as yet thoroughly set and hardened, but the joint would, he trusted, in its final result defy detection. He was reminded by the triangular fracture of the outline of the map of India, for Mr. Jameson was a reader as well as a manual worker.

Then he ran his eye over the miscellaneous collection

covering the surface of the table, from the heap of tape, string and fine copper and iron wire for "binders" to the lump of beeswax which, when softened, served as a convenient holder for delicate ornaments. Not discovering what he needed for his next job, he opened a cardboard box and took therefrom some sticking-plaster in long strips for his operation upon the delicate cup. He had always a clear plan of action, and as an experienced workman would not make the mistake of attempting the joining too many pieces at once.

He arranged the bits carefully in order, and then into pairs of adjacent parts, reducing so his twelve fragments to six pairs. The day following he would simplify the number to three on its way to unity. By this method of successive pairing he could have put together a hundred atoms.

The shop bell then rang again, Mr. Jameson was glad to find that it heralded an interesting case; a messenger, heavy-laden, from the caretaker up at the big house, at present tenanted only by servants to prepare for the advent of the new owner. The boy therefrom, of boot-blackening and knife-cleaning profession, fidgetted in the shop. If he had not held the parcel in his arms he would, Mr. Jameson divined, have been fingering the wares.

"Hallo," he said, holding out his burden at the shop-keeper's appearance, "there ain't nowhere I can stow this 'cept the floor."

Mr. Jameson accepted it with reverential care, not knowing what it might contain, while the errand boy plunged into the explanation of matters.

"Cook's Irish, you see," he commented, with fine discrimination of racial attributes, "and dead sure to have a smash now and again." There was not lacking, Mr. Jameson noted, a fiendish delight at the inevitability of the tragedy.

"Anyway, she's done it this time, a real bad 'un, and all along of too much cleanin', if you ask me."

At this point of the narrative the china-dealer, having unpacked the newspaper wrappings, gingerly lifted out their contents. Two, three Copeland plates were in pieces.

"You're quite sure *all* the bits, every scrap is here?" he queried anxiously.

"Certain sure," the boy said. "While cook was a-doin' the mournin' I picked 'em up myself. There wasn't nothin' Chinese left on *that* floor."

"I can't promise these under a week; tell Mrs. Parry," Mr. Jameson said cautiously. "I've some other jobs I must finish first."

"Oh, that'll do all right I 'spects," the youth returned. "Family's not arrivin' just yet. You fix 'em up and I'll be hoppin' down again come next Wednesday," and he departed whistling, glad to be rid of his responsible burden.

The shopman carried the parcel into his workroom and deposited it on a spare corner of the table. Next he unlocked a safe close at hand, and lifting out the broken plates from their coverings, placed them, not without tenderness, within.

Then methodically he turned to fold the newspaper, and as he did so something caught his eye which stopped him in his task. The outer wrapping was an old *Daily Telegraph*: it was nothing on that which had attracted his attention, but some small bits of the broken china had been screwed up separately, and it was a sentence on this inner parcel that had shot like an arrow into his consciousness.

Picking up the torn sheet which contained it, he folded and placed it in his pocket. After supper he would read its context. There was no time now: Maggie was already calling him impatiently.

He ate his food absent-mindedly, and after that, when the table was cleared, the sentence got between him and his simple accounts which it was his habit to total up each day.

He was glad when it was done and he could allow himself the leather arm-chair and his pipe. He had meant to continue reading *Macaulay's Essays*, but the fragment of newspaper claimed precedence.

He took it out of his pocket and looked it carefully over to discover how much matter he possessed. It was

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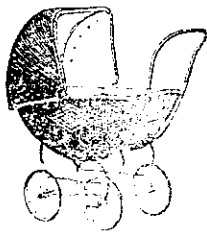
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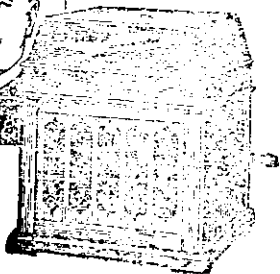
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the immediate context of the burning phrase he wanted to see; of the two words which had thrummed in his heart incessantly since he read them—"Perpetual Adoration."

Why no human being could manage that! It would be trenching upon the work of the angels. It was their function, of course, but not possible for men. Where was there such a thing upon earth? What could the greatly daring words mean?

He spread the paper with hands which trembled a little, and read once more "Perpetual Adoration."

A tear in the paper beneath, so that the words continued abruptly . . . "appeal for help during the war to maintain the number of candles necessary for continual Exposition. The Adoration is continued day and night unceasingly and has never been interrupted since the Foundation of the Order, having persisted through the troublous period of" . . . A second gap where the paper had been jagged, and on the atom remaining two words, "Blessed Sacrament."

John Jameson sat back musing. Though a deeply religious man he had, like perhaps not a few naturally devout souls, been led by the bewildering choice of creeds in modern England to the extreme undenominationalism of the rejection of all. None of those he had tried had satisfied him completely: the weak note, the lack in all had been precisely that for which his soul yearned most hungrily: the fitting and seemly worship of God. It had seemed to him the concentration on human need even in prayer, heavily weighted with petition, had wronged and forgotten the claims of the Divine.

The prospect therefore of a new religion, possessing this wonderful characteristic of Adoration carried to its fullest height, was a promise of the satisfaction of his own reverential instinct for the due and fitting. The words which to his neighbors would perhaps have been devoid of meaning attracted him with the force of a magnet. No form of religion with which he was acquainted had attempted this, indeed he had not known that such an aspiration existed upon earth and he was excited by his discovery.

Yet the fragmentary condition of his source of information frustrated the gaining of further knowledge. Who were the folk blessed with so exquisite a privilege? What, too, was "Continual Exposition," the *Blessed Sacrament*, and whence the need of candles?

He pondered the mystery at intervals throughout the evening, and at length an inspiration came to him. He would discover from the loquacious boy when next he came to the shop what religion the new owner of the big house professed. He rather suspected it would turn out to be some Eastern esoteric creed.

Then he relapsed into meditation. Perpetual! It was going on then as he went to bed, nor would it cease while he slept.

He was at work early the next morning still hypnotised by his consciousness of a new and secret knowledge. It did not prevent, however, the giving of his full attention to the jug awaiting its turn: a case, he saw, for "bridge" work, the greater part of its handle being missing. He bored a small hole in each of the two remaining stumps, into which he inserted and cemented a bit of copper wire to form a core. Then he put that aside and turned to the riveting of the plates from the big house, laying the broken pieces edge to edge and marking on each side dots where the holes would be drilled. His thoughts kept feast as he bent and flattened the wire for the rivet, and he had just touched its ends with shellac before insertion when the shop bell rang. That did not matter: the wire would contract and cool now, so bringing the edges of the fracture together.

On his return he made some patching mixtures: one for the handle of the jug and another of plumbago, brick-dust, and waterglass for the filling of a tiny hole in a black Wedgewood vase.

At intervals he was absent in the spirit, for though he did not recognise it himself he really lived two lives: one of the faithful healer of old china and another that of a soul capable of becoming *Gott-betrunken*. His outer life showed a regularity almost machine-like yet removed alto-

gether from the commonplace by the glints shed thereon from the divine fire within his soul.

A week later exhilaration possessed him at the prospect of light to be shed upon the words still haunting him. With the gladness of them still in his heart he answered the first ring of the shop bell.

The boy from the big house stood there.

"Come for the plates," he announced without preamble, and Mr. Jameson, nodding, returned to his bench to fetch them. While securing an extra string round the parcel as he stood in the shop he sprang a question on the boy.

"What religion are the new folk up at the house?" he asked, feeling that his life hung on the answer.

"Why, everyone in the village knows as they be Catholics, in course," the urelin returned, not troubling to veil his contempt of Mr. Jameson's despicable ignorance. "Got their own chapel they 'as, stuck full o' all sorts of things," and putting down the china pig he had been fingering he prepared to depart.

"What sort?" faltered John Jameson. His heart had sunk like lead at the boy's reply. All his hopes of a modern, enlightened sect were killed. Romanists! Papists! Who did not even worship God at all but the Virgin Mary instead. He remembered a chapel sermon once heard against Mariolatry. There must be some mistake: the paper could not have to do with that religion.

"Oh, pictures and figures of folk, and candles, lots of 'em. My eye, but it's fine when they're all ablaze!" he added appreciatively.

But at every word the boy had spoken Mr. Jameson's heart sank lower. Yet there were the candles, mysteriously connected in some way with the Adoration.

"Seems as though the aristocracy should know better," he remarked as he handed the parcel to the boy. "I'm not particular where I worship but I *do* draw the line at Catholics." Mr. Jameson was not of the self-righteous, but his tone savored of it now.

Before the boy escaped, however, he brought the fragment of cherished newspaper from his pocket. Any thing was better than suspense.

"Do you know from what paper this came?" he asked, extending the creased page.

"Why, *Catholic Times*, as they takes every week regular," was the answer. "If you wants to know all about it you should come to the chapel. It's open all nights, as well as Sunday."

The china-dealer was, however, too sad for such frivolous amusement. He was thrown back upon himself, and the fellowship of "Perpetual Adoration" had dissolved into thin air.

The next week was a rainy one and but few jobs came in. Customers also were rare, and affairs reached a crisis on a dull day upon which he sold only a breakfast saucer for three halfpence and a teapot for sixpence all day long.

Tiring towards dusk of his cramped position at the bench he rose and went into the shop to satisfy among the gaudy and crude ware a hunger for beauty.

In the half light, however, some of his goods pleased him. They were better thus not seen too plainly. There were cheap vases whose curves were yet quite graceful, and he began massing such stuff as possessed color together. He would make himself a pleasure corner: as no one served in the shop except himself the disarrangement would be of no consequence. All florid and decorated articles he rejected, choosing only those of plain character. The childish make-believe recalled his last visit to the Museum at Kensington, and he lost himself for a while in a dream of the magic beauty of Oriental porcelain: of the purity of azure blue, of the old Chinese vivid red and of the chameleon-like range of amberine.

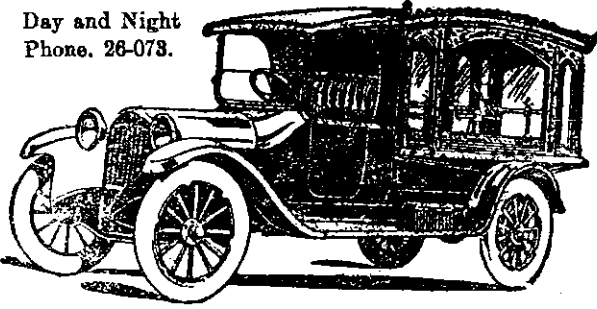
Then suddenly the chasm between the old classics of pottery and the contents of a modern china shop sickened him, and he could find his recreation there no longer. He must go out.

The old craving, too, for communion with God was upon him. Often at night he had been able to satisfy it in quiet places beneath a starlit sky, but this evening the rain deprived him of his natural temple. Not a place of worship in the village would be open. It was not a prayer-

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meeting night. The only shelter offered was the Romanist chapel. The boy had said it was never closed any day till 8 p.m.

Yet he hesitated still, after he had closed the shop door behind him, till a fresh downpour drove him thither at a brisk trot. He would explore this religion of extremes: of degrading superstitions, and, if so be, of "Perpetual Adoration."

He caught a gleam of faint light within the chapel as he approached, yet when he stepped inside it was nearly dark. That, however, gave him courage. No one would notice his entry, though when his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he detected a few figures kneeling. It flashed upon him, as he watched, that they knelt in Adoration.

He let himself go then, and without giving heed to his surroundings, which nevertheless rested him strangely, buried his face in his hands and immediately, it seemed to himself, found God.

He wondered, as the noise of folk entering roused him, why he should have done so more speedily and more easily than ever before, and again the answer was given him. God was here.

Two children slid into a seat beside him, and during the bewildering quarter of an hour that followed he watched them for guidance. When a bell rang he heard the elder whisper, "Bend down your head," and John Jameson did likewise.

It was over now and the worshippers were dispersing, but he remained kneeling till his acquaintance, the boy, roused him.

Once outside the chapel Mr. Jameson tried to shake himself free from its influences. The transition to ordinary life was besides aided by his companion who, on his way to the village, hung in the old man's wake.

"See the Crucifix life-size, just like a real dead 'un?" he inquired.

"No," the shopkeeper replied, somewhat at a loss to explain his abstraction to his tormentor. "It was too dark for me to see anything."

"Well, I likes that! With the candles ablazin' like fireworks, a precious deal lighter nor daylight. You must have seen the Lady in blue just afore you?"

"I tell you I saw nothing," Mr. Jameson repeated, "and you'd better say nothing of my being there to the folk in the village. They might think it strange like."

"Well, as for myself, I goes often," the boy returned. "I likes the lights you see, and the images is company even when the chapel's empty."

John Jameson, however, blamed himself for his indulgence. There was something almost uncanny, he decided, in its attractiveness, and he would go no more. Besides, there was nothing to prove that the chapel and Perpetual Adoration were in any way connected.

So he absorbed himself on the morrow in his work, punctuated as usual by the ringing of the bell.

His very first visitor was the boy, on private business connected with objects of domestic use for his own home, and while he selected his wares he talked.

"Hear the news?" he asked, with the air of a man of the world that always made Mr. Jameson feel behind the times. "The water's not a-comin' into the big house at all. It's to be turned into a nunnery."

"Then the chapel will be shut up?" the shopman said with a curious sinking at the heart, though he had, of course, meant never to enter again.

"That it won't," the boy retorted scornfully. "Where'd the folk go for Mass d'ye suppose? Cook says as there'll be a grille put up. The parson you was in 'ull still be for the public."

"What will they do in the nunnery?" Mr. Jameson asked, curious in spite of himself.

"Oh, they're Perpetual Adoration," the boy said, counting out his coppers. "You'll see 'em at it if you liked to go," and with this last piece of information he departed. Which was as well, as Mr. Jameson would have been capable of further conversation.

He was dumbfounded and stunned. Perpetual Adoration not only somewhere in the world but here, close at hand, in the village itself!

It was some weeks later that Mr. Jameson crept once again into the chapel. Behind the grille two white veiled figures knelt before the altar, and with a great leap of the heart he knew that here were two of the profession of Perpetual Adoration, and humbly in his own portion of the chapel John Jameson vowed himself to participate as far as might be possible in their rivalry of the angels.

"The most uncontroversial conversion I have ever known," the priest who received John Jameson into the Church asserted, "traceable, as far as I can make out, to something read on a newspaper wrapping."

The France We do Not Know

The stage Frenchman with his tight-waisted frock-coat, Assyrian beard and pointed toes came near being obliterated from popular imagination by the war. Two million members of the A.E.F. came back with a very different character in mind as the typical Frenchman—stocky, thick-chested, wide-jawed. And yet the stage character still persists in American cartoons and elsewhere, because no other stock character has come to take his place. Unconsciously some Americans still visualise the narrow chest, shrugging shoulders and nervous and excitable manners. Types seen on the streets of Paris and a few other cities by tourists may tend to confirm this impression. Yet of the forty million French, some twenty-four millions are peasant farmers, and one-fifth of the whole nation are supposed to own their own land. And "Jacques Bonhomme," the typical farmer, is more likely to be a ruddy, thick set, taciturn, economical chap, who works hard and skilfully all his life and fears nothing except baths and the night air in his bedroom.

Revelation of this French peasant has come, according to French writers like Sallens, only with the Great War. This enormous block of silent, stubborn farmers with their "healthy common sense, keen wit, and wise scepticism" finally appear as "France essential." More than ever before the cultured Frenchman, we are told, realises how much of his literature and life is essentially the "product of peasant observation and reflection." During the war Rudyard Kipling said of the peasants: "I could take off my hat to every single soul of them, but that one can not traverse a whole land bareheaded." Yet these are the Frenchmen of whom we hear the least, inhabiting a France we do not know.

A recent number of the *Paris Illustration* contained an account of a celebration held in southern Brittany, which seems to have collected some interesting examples of this type at its best. A certain family named Boilvert was awarded a 25,000-franc prize by the Académie Française, in 1922. A series known as the Cognac prizes are awarded to the largest families in France—and the Boilverts had 14 children. The occasion described in *L'Illustration* was a fête given to the Boilverts by the landed proprietor, whose tenants they were. He decided to ask to this celebration all the other tenant farmers, among whom many families had been cultivating the same land for more than a century and a half. The account goes on:

More than a hundred and fifty people met July 29 at the château which occupies the magnificent park at the Bois Rouard estate, at St. Hilaire de Chaleons, between Nantes and Pornic. The Marquis de Juigne had asked every one to bring his entire family, and the arrival of these good people, after High Mass, at eleven o'clock, was most picturesque. The women, both young and old, in black gowns, had the good taste to retain the charming headdress of the Retz province, a little cone of fine white linen on the back of the head, which the widows thread with a large black ribbon. The men had on their best Sunday clothes. All with their robust air appeared highly satisfied with life and proud of the Retz province. Among them, however, certain figures stood out in bold relief—characteristic French types.

First of all, since they were the occasion of this family celebration, there were the Boilverts—real natives and efficient farmers, the father born at St. Hilaire 48 years ago, and his wife, several months younger, born at Chauve, a

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near-by village. They have had sixteen children, of whom fourteen are living in excellent health, four boys and ten girls, the oldest 20 years, and the youngest two years.

Then there were the old people—Father Brian, lively at 87, whose forefathers have been holding the farm La Boule for one hundred and seventy years; the Guittney brothers, farmers at Metite-Masure from father to son, for a hundred and fifty years; the Recoquillies, who remain at La Caillauderie the freehold established by their ancestors a hundred and seventy years ago; Father Germain Francheteau, so merry despite his 73 years, who has been for 54 years chief herdsman at Bois Rouard château.

At the banquet, which was to have been presided over by René Bazin, of the Académie Française, the host proposed a toast which, to Jean Clair-Guyot who quoted it, had almost a "patriarchal savor." The Marquis explained to his hearers how he and the Marquise had wanted first of all to give the Beilverts a party not only because they had been honored by the Académie Française, but also because they were farmers of the highest type, hard-working, clever, and good Christians. Then there were the Recoquillies, the Briands and the Guittneys, he explained, who had been for a hundred and fifty years in a very close union with his family: to such a point, in fact, that it seemed to him there was by this time really only one large family, in which each member understood very clearly his responsibilities to all the others. Then there was fine old Father Briand, born right here, who had been one of the main factors in the prosperity of Bois Rouard. He had worked hard all his life, and, in the presence of his children and grandchildren, it was good to honor such a life of service to the community. In conclusion, he said:

"To-day is no more than a continuation of yesterday. I remember one day after the death of my uncle, Count Juigne, how I was going over the property with old Father Gouard whom you all knew so well, and he turned to me suddenly and said: 'How glad the old Count would be to see how you are keeping everything up.' An expression which carries well the thought of that fine old man who in his heart meant 'Nothing has been upset here.' I have done all I could that nothing might be upset here, and this family heritage of which I am really the trustee will be transmitted intact with all its responsibilities and communal duties to my son, who would be with us to-day were he not at sea fulfilling his duty as a sailor. You have all helped me in my job, may your children help my son in his."

That such an almost unbelievably feudal state of affairs in present-day France could exist to the mutual satisfaction of everyone comes as a shock to various writers commenting upon it. To the writer in *L'Illustration*, however, it does not seem so strange, for he concludes:

Family pride, love for the land—two virtues which are fortunately not so rare in France as people think. It is by fidelity to these great traditions that there is perpetuated down through successive generations the power and vitality of a race.

In another part of France, family pride and love for the land appears to have reached its climax as far as dirt farmers are concerned. A family was discovered, of whom it was actually claimed that they had been working the same land for more than a thousand years! In 923 Alfred the Great had recently died, the Norsemen were raiding Rome, and Louis the Blind, a descendant in the fourth generation from Charlemagne, was Roman Emperor and King of the Franks. French writers point out that a family with such a record as real dirt farmers, constitute the true aristocracy of France, and actually antedates most of the royal houses of Europe, past or present, including Bourbons, Plantaganets, Stuarts, Hohenzollerns, Romanoffs, and Hapsburgs.

However that may be, something much more illustrative of the real thing to most people happened recently up near the Belgian border in the province of Nord. Madame Degroote, a little old lady living at Cassel, was astounded to learn on her birthday that she had just been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. So far as she knew, she had done nothing unusual—just run a big farm all her life, and raise a family of boys and girls. Why, then, the Cross of the Legion? Here is the citation:

"The Widow Degroote, an agriculturalist of Cassel, Nord, aged to-day seventy-four years, is the mother of fourteen children, of whom five died for France. All her surviving sons are farmers. While they were with the colors, she ran the farm all by herself, up to 1919. It was not till then that she retired to one of the most unassuming houses of Cassel, after having given more than sixty years of her life to agriculture."

The same writer we have quoted before, journeyed up to Cassel to see this old lady. There she was sitting at the front window, watching the corner of the street where the most people went by. "Bolt upright in her black gown trimmed with crêpe, one bit of color at the breast being the ribbon of the order of Excellence in Agriculture, Madame Degroote answered my questions in her patois," says the writer. She was a little bewildered, but with the aid of a much-elated daughter, she satisfied the curiosity of the gentleman from Paris. She apologised for not wearing her Cross of the Legion of Honor, so he could see how fine it looked, but you see it had not yet been sent. She was rather excited this particular afternoon because she had just received a letter of congratulation from a fine young British officer who had been billeted with her during the war. Eventually she was brought to talk about herself, and the "Gentleman from Paris" learned that it was actually "back in eighteen seventy-four" that she and her young husband started running the "Hamerovek" farm, as they call it in that province. When her husband died in 1912 there were eleven husky boys and two girls to help mother carry on. The writer continues:

With the older children, she continued to run the farm, whose thirty-five acres were producing splendidly. But in 1914, at the declaration of war, Madame Degroote suddenly found herself almost alone. Ten of her sons and her son-in-law went off to war! Then there happened on the "Hamerovek" farm what was to be seen almost everywhere else in France. The women toiled desperately hard to keep their whole life's work from going to pieces. Up to the spring of 1918 it was simply a hard task, kept up without a sign of weakening, and in defiance of fate's most terrible blows. Four boys were killed on the field of battle, and a fifth suffered his life away on the farm where he had been brought back mortally wounded. In April, 1918, the situation was suddenly menaced with more actual dangers. The formidable German drive for the North Sea ports brought enemy troops up to the very base of Mount Kemmel! (Mount Kemmel is still vividly remembered by a great many Americans.) What difference did that make to Mother Degroote? She and her daughters went on working under shell-fire. A year later, in 1919, her six living sons were demobilized, and the old lady farmer decided to take some rest at last. She was seventy years old, so her youngest son, Gaston, took over the running of the home farm, while the four other boys started on various other farms.

That was all there was to say, and as the interviewer left, Mother Degroote moved her chair back to the front window again, and her twinkling eyes peered through the lace curtains out to the "four square yards of street where the world goes by." The fact that appears to have impressed the interviewer most of all as he walked back through the quaint little streets of Cassel was this:

Madame Degroote does not understand, and probably never will understand, just how France has come to give her that little red ribbon. To her a Knight of the Legion of Honor is some great man in civil life who has done fine big things for the Republic. Or it is a soldier who in war has fought very bravely for his country. But that the President of France would thus decorate an old lady just from the farm, merely because she has tilled the soil hard for more than sixty years, and did not stop even for the German cannon—that she smilingly refuses to believe. No, no. She is very proud of the great honor that has come to her, but she understands that is really a decoration, in the person of their old Mama, of five brave boys who died in battle.—The *Literary Digest*.

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Bishop of DunedinFAREWELL CONCERT AT DOMINICAN CONVENT,
BLACKROCK.

At a farewell concert given by the pupils of the Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, to Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, the links that bind Ireland, and in particular the archdiocese of Dublin, with Australia and New Zealand were happily recalled (says the *Irish Catholic*). At the conclusion of a delightful musical entertainment, Very Rev. Canon Dunne, P.P., Booterstown, on behalf of the nuns in thanking the Bishop for attending, mentioned that, in addition to having a replica of Sion Hill in his far-away diocese, Dr. Whyte was a great friend of the late Cardinal Moran, a priest who had reflected great glory on the archdiocese and on Australia, where his lot was cast for many years as Archbishop of Sydney. Dr. Whyte had succeeded another great Dublin priest at Dunedin in Most Rev. Dr. Michael Verdon, whose memory was a hallowed one with the Clonliffe students.

His Lordship, in reply, said many in Ireland knew Australia's debt to Ireland, from whence it received Cardinal Moran and other distinguished missionaries. It was, he said, a great pleasure to him to be so happily associated with the priests of Dublin. He thanked the nuns and the pupils of Sion Hill for the pleasant entertainment they had enjoyed.

He was not unfamiliar in Dunedin with the thoroughness that the pupils of the Dominican Convent had shown, and Canon Dunne's reference to Sion Hill reminded him that 52 years ago that convent sent nuns to New Zealand where missionaries were badly needed at the time. As a result of their teaching one now found in lonely stretches of the back country highly accomplished and refined children. That was due to the talent and zeal of missionaries like the Dominican Nuns.

There was still room for volunteers in Australia and Dunedin, and those who lived there looked to Ireland. Ireland had always been held up as an example and they wanted to continue to do so. He was sure that would be so while the education was such as was imparted by the Dominican Nuns.

The programme, which was conducted by Professor R. O'Dwyer, included orchestral items, piano and violin solos, juvenile choruses and vocal solos. One of the songs given by a choir of boys was "New Zealand Volunteers."

Ecclesiastical and Educational Statistics

The *Catholic Directory (Ode)* for 1924 supplies the following interesting ecclesiastical and educational statistics in respect to New Zealand:—

Archdiocese of Wellington.

Number of districts, 46; churches, 128; priests, regular 64, secular 49; total 113. Religious Brothers, 29; nuns, 530; colleges, 2; boarding and high schools, 17; primary schools, 56; orphanages, 4; inmates, 469; homes for incurable, 2; inmates, 140; creche, 1; inmates, 30.

Diocese of Auckland.

Parishes, 49; diocesan clergy, 50; Fathers of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, 20; total, 70; religious Brothers, 23; Sisters, 329; schools—boarding—for boys, 1; for girls, 16; superior and primary day schools, 42; teachers, 186; orphanages, 2; home for the poor, 1; hospital and convalescent home, 1. Total number of children receiving Catholic education, 6425. Total Catholic population of the diocese, 49,334 (in 1921). Catholic Maoris, about 3000.

Diocese of Christchurch.

Number of districts, 21; churches, 63; priests, 50 (secular 22; regular 28); religious Brothers, 11; nuns, 296; boarding and high schools, 8; primary schools, 29; Magdalen asylum, 1; Industrial and Preservation School, 1; orphanage, 1; Nazareth House, 1; Girls' Hostels, 2; number of Catholics in diocese, 30,000.

Diocese of Dunedin.

Districts, 24; churches, 71; stations, 45; secular priests, 40; religious Brothers, 9; nuns, 222; boarding schools (girls), 6; boarding school (boys), 1; superior day schools, 6; primary schools, 23; ecclesiastical seminary, 1; orphanages, 2; home for the aged poor, 1; children in Catholic schools, 3163; Catholic population, 25,000.

**Wedding Bells****REILLY—MURPHY.**

A pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, on Wednesday, January 9, the contracting parties being Mr. Ewart Reilly, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Reilly, Takaka, Nelson, and Miss Leonore Murphy, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Murphy, Palmerston North (late of Dunedin). Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McManus, assisted by Rev. Father Doolaghty. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, wore a pretty frock of apricot shot taffeta, with hat of fawn georgette and silver lace, and carried a bouquet of cream roses and sweet peas. Her sister (Miss Dorothea Murphy), who attended her, wore a frock of lavender crepe-de-Chine, with lemon and lavender picture hat, and carried a pretty posy of flowers. Mr. Fred Murphy was best man. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilson (Kaikoura), Miss Meenie Moloney (Hamilton), Misses Small (Kairanga) and Mr. W. O'Kane.

An Irish Centenary

Very shortly (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for December 29) there will be observed a centenary that is of unique interest to Irish Catholics, both in Ireland and throughout the world. This is of the restoration of the Irish College in Rome.

After the first victories of Napoleon in Italy he quarrelled with the Church, and in 1798 the Revolution troops of France carried off the Pope as a prisoner, so that Rome was at the mercy of the Republicans.

The Irish College in Rome was abolished, and its last student, Dr. Blake, was deported to Marseilles and the college buildings turned into a barracks. But it was Dr. Blake who restored this great foundation, starting it on a new era of glory.

This great effort really dates from 1824, although 1827 is given as the date of the reconstitution of the Irish College. Dr. Blake in the meantime had been made parish priest of SS. Michael and John in Dublin. But Dr. Yore was persuaded to take over the active charge of the parish, and Dr. Blake set off for Rome.

Early in 1924 it will be exactly a century that Dr. Blake arrived in Rome, bearing with him the united blessing of the Irish Hierarchy, and with special commendatory letters from the four archbishops to the Pope, to the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred College, and to the Secretary of Propaganda, Mgr. Caprano.

With Dr. Blake there travelled a young man, who was to be the first student of the reconstituted Irish College, as events showed. This was Nicholas Callan, who was afterwards an eminent scientist and a Professor at Maynooth.

The Pope of that day received Dr. Blake most graciously. He was encouraged by the Cardinal Prefect; but the Secretary of Propaganda was not quite open to conviction, though he was eventually won over to the project. Dr. Blake was ultimately successful, and a Bull authorising the re-establishment of the Irish College was granted by Leo XII. From the funds that had been rescued from the older establishment the Pope assigned a yearly income of 600 scudi to the new college. The Archbishop of Armagh offered a gift of £500, and in Dublin itself Dr. Blake collected no less a sum than £3000. Thus the famous establishment that had been originally founded in 1628, entered upon an era of yet greater glory and lustre.

In bodily things appetite gives delight, and when we enjoy them their pleasure palls. But the more that the goodness of the Spirit is drunk, the more we thirst for it.—St. Gregory the Great.

WATCH FOR BOYS' AND SCOUTS' KNIFE.

Boys' Watches reduced this month from 12/6 to 7/6 by Low's, Ltd., 69 Lichfield Street, Christchurch, who also offer Scouts' folding Knife and fork combination at 9d, the usual price being 1/3. Write today, boys!

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Current Topics

A Muzzle Wanted

No human institution is perfect, and consequently it is not strange to find serious faults in connection with that well-known ass, the law. The best thing about English law is probably the jury system, but it must be remembered that even that becomes useless when godless schools, and Chief Justices who defend them, have for generations taught people that God and religion are matters of indifference. Then follows logically moral obliquity, indifference to the sacredness of an oath, and the readiness of twelve good men and true to put a Masonic sign before the value of evidence and their obligation to act thereon. Again, the licence allowed to lawyers in their dealing with witnesses is in itself a good thing. But like other good things it can become a curse and a scandal. Of this we had an example in our Law Courts recently. An eccentric, aged man was charged with annoying a woman whom, not wisely, he reproached and reprimanded for conduct which perhaps unreasonably he found blameworthy. The magistrate and the prosecuting lawyer appeared to think his judgment was unwarranted and his interference an impertinence, which it may have been. But when the lawyer in question went so far as to say that the accused was a person who went to church every morning and got drunk every evening, he was uttering what we have heard people who know the old man well characterise as a most scandalous and false assertion. Possibly the lawyer only said what he was told by his clients, but surely it is a monstrous thing that such a calumny can be uttered with impunity and then caught up and spread far and wide by the press.

Protestant Literature

Even apart from the Maria Monk type of garbage, beloved by the P.P.A. and the Full Moon Orangemen, Catholics and their religion are grossly misrepresented in the average novel or article which touches upon the Church. Some short time ago we came on a novel in which we were told that a Jesuit wore a soutane, fringed with white lace! An older book described the celebrant as swinging the *thurifer*, whereas, as every Catholic, and every Protestant of ordinary culture knows, the *thurifer* is the altar-boy who swings the *thurible*. More recently we read of another Jesuit who "took the Sacrament," and who was transformed from a layman to a fully-fledged S. J. priest in three years. All things considered, the wooden spoon goes to the erudite and scholarly writer who is the subject of the following note from Rev. D. A. Casey, Litt. D., in *Truth*:

A certain David A. Blumenfield, who is writing a series of syndicated articles on "European Personalities," devoted this particular one to Pope Pius XI. And he sure made some "Blumen" funny blunders.

The Pope, he tells us, takes his bath at seven o'clock, after which he says Mass. "Nine sees him at breakfast, which consists of a cup of coffee and a slice of dry toast, after which he celebrates a second Mass."

If you think that is "going some," just wait. After lunch he takes a stroll in the Vatican Gardens. "After the stroll there is more work for the man who rules Catholicism from Syracuse proper to Syracuse, N.Y. There is a Mass to be said . . . sermons to be criticised, etc." Three Masses a day, and two of them without fasting! And a big city daily printed this stuff.

The whole article is made up of blunders as egregious and amusing as the above. The writer makes the Pope sit up at night counting the "secret funds of the Vatican." And he gravely informs us that the Holy Father spends an hour every Friday at Confession, "confessing such sins as a Pope may conceivably have." Poor, scrupulous Holy Father! Mr.

Blumenfield should have sent his article to *Life* or *Judge*.

The New Broom

One can hardly help feeling amused at seeing how calmly the once fiercely anti-Labor press accepts the present state of affairs in England. So far there has been none of that organised detraction which was employed so strenuously against the Ryan Government in Brisbane, and, for some reason, there are evidences of a square deal for the new Ministry. Indeed, cables reach us that seem to prove that Mr. McDonald is making good in many directions and that those terrible Labor people are filling their positions with even more ability than their predecessors of the old order which has gone where the good niggers go. England treated Russia so shamefully in the past ten years that when an Australian M.P. wrote a book about the matter, our illustrious Prime Minister would not allow us to read it, and now England is trying to make good the past and to establish friendly relations with the Powers that be in the mysterious country between the Baltic and the Caspian Sea. France, too, is well-disposed towards the new administration and impressed by its sincerity, and for the present the signs of trouble have disappeared from the political horizon. Later, we shall see whether the Orangeman Government of Belfast will be able to persuade the Labor people to break pledges and tear up scraps of paper as successfully as they did the Liberals and Tories who moved no hand to save the butchered Catholic men and women during the past five years. Supporters of jobbery trouble at seeing how the new broom sweeps from their sinecures hordes of well-paid and useless Civil Servants who were a heavy charge on the tax-payers. At the worst, the new Government cannot be a greater failure than its predecessors, and as far as present indications go it promises well to learn by the mistakes of the past. It has its hands full of hard problems, and it is far more likely to solve them than the Red Tape-tied and hide-bound administrations which have gone out of office.

General Smuts

Reading our poor daily papers, one would imagine that there was only one Colonial Prime Minister in the limelight in Britain during the past few months. But in spite of the good money wasted in telling us what happened in Limavaddy, and other equally insignificant things, the serious press of England, which mentioned Doctor Massey hardly ever or not at all, fully appreciated the fact that South Africa has in her Premier a real man. Smuts would loom large in any gathering, and among the mediocrities who now rank as Britain's best statesmen, he is a giant. Hence, it is no wonder that even in England voices are calling on him to come and save the country from destruction. We are pleased at such recognition of a brave and good man, for he was almost the only one of the overseas Ministers who had the courage to say a strong word against the brutalities meted out to the Irish patriots by a Government which had hardly ceased ranting about the need of crushing tyranny for ever and ever. Smuts was a friend of Ireland's, as he is a friend of justice; and because justice means much to him, and because he has the brains and the courage to speak for it, he stands forth among the cowards who follow the crowd and sing the song of the Jingo according to orders. No panic cry from Lloyd George could cause Smuts to lose his head. No Orange whipper-in could muzzle him. The mean, pettifogging, bigoted tricks of other men are beneath him. When he fought to the end for his little country, himself a felon in the eyes of our Imperialist flag-flappers who are not fit to black his boots, he proved he was a man. When other delegates tamely signed the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles without a protest, Smuts told the world what he thought about it in eloquent words. And so it is that now when the rest of them are of no account in the councils of Europe, the South African statesman is recognised as the man who could most likely save England from the ruin and

confusion her politicians and her profiteers have brought upon her. As an indication of how he overshadows his colleagues ponder on the following words which A. G. G. has to say about him in the *Nation and Athenaeum*:

There is no element of surprise in the fact that the proposals put forward at the Imperial Conference to rescue Germany from the deadly grip that threatens its existence should emanate from General Smuts. Whether these proposals will infuse into the British Government the necessary courage to act firmly and decisively, remains to be seen. Whether, if the Government do so act, the rescue of Germany is now possible, is open to doubt. But in any case, the action of General Smuts gives him, not for the first time, a significance and a prominence in the public mind that claim attention at this moment. It is no disrespect to the other members of the Conference to say that General Smuts is its most remarkable figure. It is no disrespect because the romantic and extraordinary circumstances of his career attach an unprecedented interest to a personality in itself of quite unusual force and originality, and this at a time when the resources of British statesmanship are more impoverished than they have been in living memory.

But concerned though he is for the future of Africa, that interest is not the sole preoccupation of General Smuts. He sees it only as a part of the common problem of the world's peace. He brings to the solution of that problem, not merely an experience in affairs that no other living statesman possesses and a record of success that few statesmen in the past can equal, but an instructed passion for the cause of reconciliation, a trained capacity for handling great and complicated questions, and that coolness of judgment without which enthusiasm, however sincere and well-meaning, may become a peril. The struggle to restore Europe to sanity has only begun, and in that struggle this country must sooner or later play a decisive part. But we need men of vision and men of power for the task before us. We need General Smuts. His work for Africa is done. His future belongs to the world.

The British Newspaper Trust

We have not, it is to be hoped, forgotten the campaign of lies by means of which British pressmen tried to conquer Germany; many of us, it is certain, have not forgotten the lies and the suppressions of the truth by which the same champions of small nations tried to assist Lloyd George in his murder-offensive against Ireland. Such things as have happened ought to open the eyes of the public to the dangers that lurk in a hireling and unprincipled press. These dangers will in future be magnified a hundredfold owing to the fact that huge sections of the British press are now falling into the hands of people for whom principle, character, soul, and conscience are apparently a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. In an address before a large audience in the Newcastle City Hall, Mr. G. K. Chesterton recently laid stress on the menace of the trust which was engineered a short time ago in England.

Everybody knew, Mr. Chesterton declared, that there had just been created one of the largest trusts in the world, a trust in newspapers. Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook had joined their forces in one of those great commercial combinations which dominated the modern world, for which a man could have been put in the pillory in the Middle Ages.

Referring humorously to such a possible combination as Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw, or a combination of Chesterton and Belloc in newspapers, the speaker said that if such possible combinations were to arise the people would, at any rate, know what to expect. But they did not know what they would get from the Beaverbrook-Rothermere combination. They did not know what these two men stood for.

For the first time a state of affairs had arisen in which power existed without glory or notoriety such

as was usually attached to it. They were in danger of falling under an entirely nameless and obscure domination, and under that condition there was a danger of a new kind of nonsense which required rather special consideration, apart from that form of nonsense which was the outcome of such colossal ignorance as to be almost incredible if one had not an inside knowledge of politicians and journalists.

Mr. Chesterton, continuing, spoke of the absence of real knowledge of events in Europe, which appeared in the press, in reference to Fascism, Bolshevism, Socialism, and Ku Klux Klanism, and declared that the English people were faced by the broad fact of a money monopoly which was now attacking the world of news and ideas, and he hoped that in the years to come they would be remembered as having been among those who in that time and at that moment called upon the name of liberty.

The Finance of the Trust

A remarkable feature of the latest development of the Newspaper Trust is the way in which the big combination can now finance itself with the money of the public, whilst retaining all the control and all the surplus profits.

The Associated Newspapers, Ltd., owns the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, etc., etc., and the controlling interest in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, which produces over 55,000 tons of paper per annum. The Daily Mail Trust owns the controlling interest (*i.e.*, 53 per cent. of the Deferred Shares) of the Associated Newspapers. The Daily Mail Trust then buys the Hulton Press for £6,000,000, which, in its turn, buys the Associated Scottish Newspapers for £1,000,000, and floats £8,000,000 seven per cent. debentures on to the public (also guaranteed by the Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., and the Sunday Pictorial Newspapers, Ltd.). The capital of the Daily Mail Trust consists of these debentures together with £2,000,000 ordinary shares on which, in all, £200,000 is paid up. Thus the owner of the ordinary shares, by putting up this comparatively trifling sum, has complete control of all the above properties, whilst the public find at 7 per cent. a great part of the capital to finance the highly speculative and (in the end) precarious business of running the Stunt Press.

But this is not all. The wheels within wheels are endless. Who owns the ordinary shares of the Daily Mail Trust? We are not told. But it is clear, from some words added in one of their certificates by the chartered accountants, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., that they are at least partly owned by the Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., which in its turn owns a controlling interest in the Sunday Pictorial Newspapers, Ltd. Thus the uncalled liability of £1,800,000 on the ordinary shares of the Daily Mail Trust, which is part of the security for the debenture holders, overlaps the guarantee of the above-named companies—a fact not alluded to in the prospectus, which leaves the impression that these two guarantees are separate and independent.

For all the public knows, therefore, the situation may be, and probably is, as follows. The Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., owns a controlling interest in the Sunday Pictorial Newspapers, Ltd.; these two companies own a controlling interest in the ordinary shares of the Daily Mail Trust; the Daily Mail Trust owns the Hulton Press, the Associated Scottish Newspapers, and a controlling interest in the Associated Newspapers; the Associated Newspapers own the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, etc., and a controlling interest in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, the aggregate present value being above £20,000,000 altogether, and the current annual profits above £2,500,000.

Thus, if this is correct, the owner of the controlling interest in the Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., controls the whole caboodle. Three hundred and fifty thousand and one £1 shares (which now stand, however, above 7) represent control, and the controller's losses, if things go wrong, may be limited to this. His power is majestic and imperial; his possible profits beyond the dreams of mortals.

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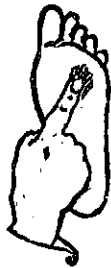
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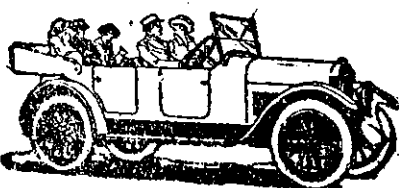
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The Foundations of the Christian Revelation

(By WILFRID PARSONS, S.J., in America.)

It seems to be a truth largely lost sight of nowadays that in all matters of religion God's will is to be sought, not man's. There are innumerable searchers after religious truth who never get any further in their quest than to ask themselves what they need and what they wish. But if religion is worship and service of a Supreme Being, and that is what it is, then surely that Being is He who is to be pleased in the matter, and not man. This seems to be a rather obvious truth, but it bears repeating, for there are not lacking men who seem to look on religion as a somewhat vague set of opinions and emotions that may be accepted or not, as each one sees fit. Where then are we to seek religious truth? Reason of course tells us that we must worship and serve God, but it also tells us that if God chooses to give us some definite expression of His will in the matter, beyond what reason lets us know of course that is the religion that we are bound to profess; for He is Master, we do but serve Him. Now that God can give some such expression to man is surely not to be doubted by anyone who accepts a real, personal God, infinite and all-powerful. To deny that is to limit God's power. Man can express his thoughts to man. Are we to deny the same power to God who created man? The search then takes a step forward to this question: Has God revealed to man the way He wishes to be worshipped?

If we find that, then there is nothing to do but worship Him in that way. It is on the answer to this question that Christianity stands or falls, for it claims that God has revealed his way and that it itself is that revelation, unchangeable, and alone valid before God to the end of time, though man himself can progress in his knowledge and understanding of it. How then did God express His will in the Person of Christ, who claimed to come from God, and dictated in God's name certain truths about worshipping and serving God which make up the religion which bears Christ's name. Hence the Christian who wants to give a reasonable explanation for his beliefs, and others who are sincerely looking for religious truth, will first of all take up Christianity as a fact, and inquire what reason there is for stating it as a fact. In other words they will inquire if there has been a revelation, an expression made to man as to how God wills to be worshipped and served. If they find this they will discover a sum of statements which on His authority men are bound to accept. Such are for instance the assertions of Christ's Divinity, the atonement, resurrection, and so on.

How then is to be found a reasonable basis for the fact of Christianity as a revelation from God? In the same way that any other historical event is established, by the testimony of eye witnesses, and the documents they left behind them. Now in this case there are just such documents purporting to give just such an account of the historic event we are looking for. These documents are called the Gospels, and bear the names of the authors, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

The case then for us so far stands thus: We have to find whether the witnesses really give the account of its origin that Christianity claims for itself. And if we find that they do give such an account, then we have a historical proof, just as for any other fact, and we must accept it as true. But before admitting the truth of a fact asserted in documents, it is first necessary to establish an answer to such questions as these: Were the documents really written by eye witnesses? Are the documents in all substantial the same as the originals? Did the eye witnesses tell the truth? These are the ordinary queries asked about any historical document before it is given credence; if they are answered to the satisfaction of an inquirer, then he is prepared to accept the claims of these documents.

First, then, were the documents really written by men who actually saw and heard what they relate? Naturally if a writer asserts that he was an eye witness and his assertion is supported by neither internal nor external evidence his testimony is rejected. It happens, however, providentially, that the Gospels are exceptionally well supported by such evidence. Take Matthew to begin with. Everything goes to show that it was written by a Jew,

in the very first ages of the Church, about 40-50 A.D., ten to twenty years after Christ's death. His intense reverence for the Old Law, his more than seventy quotations from it, his preoccupation about the Messiah and his contempt for the Pharisees, his evident wish to show the prophecies fulfilled in Jesus, his omission of all explanatory references to Jewish customs and Palestinian geography, such as we find in the other Gospels, all show a Jew writing for Jews before Christianity was definitively cut off from Jewry, in the minds of the people. Moreover, this Gospel from the very first ages in the Church was known and quoted as that of Matthew, Apostle and disciple of Christ. The first heretics knew it and quoted it as Matthew's; the very ancient false (apocryphal) Gospels use it; the earliest Christian writers quote it and also refer to it as Matthew's. Now the witness of these latter is decisive. They presented it as public and official teaching, they represented and spoke for the entire known Christian world at the time, they themselves were directly connected with the Apostolic age and so had direct access to the truth, and moreover they were guided by the soundest principles of historical science. Out of more than forty-four documents that related facts about Christ and the Apostles, they rejected all but four. No one can accuse them of trying to bolster up a doubtful case.

Mark, disciple of St. Peter, is in the same secure position. His language betrays the Jew, but this time one writing for Gentiles who did not know Jewish customs or geography; he certainly got his facts from eye witnesses, as his insistence on minutiae of time and circumstance shows; moreover his vivid and yet at times unfavorable picture of Peter proves that he was closely connected with that Apostle and under his influence. And once again the same conclusive chorus of ancient writers attributes the Gospel to him. St. Luke also, Greek physician and companion of St. Paul, wrote the third Gospel, according to the same unimpeachable witnesses, and the Gospel itself bears them out. It is in Greek written by one sure of himself in that language, and yet shows marked likenesses in style and matter to St. Paul's. Finally, the fourth Gospel, bearing the name of St. John, written about 90-100, has had strong influence on early Christian literature, is freely quoted in it as St. John's, and bears on its face all the evidences of having been written by a Palestinian Jew, personally and intimately acquainted with Jerusalem before its fall thirty years before, and a disciple of Christ, for whom he shows marked personal affection. We are then safe in asserting that these four out of the many other documents rejected for want of evidence, are what they claim to be, the work of men who saw the events described or at any rate had them from men who saw those events. And indeed the very fact that written by four different men, they yet show no proved contradictions with each other is of first-rate evidence in any court.

Secondly, is the text of the documents as we read them the very same as that of the originals written by these four men? The evidence in this case is of another order, and constitutes one of the neatest demonstrations of the kind ever made. The Greek text we have of them is the text of five manuscripts written out in the years 300-500 A.D. The fourth and fifth centuries knew them as we know them to-day. But we can go further back than that. As early as the second century many translations were made from the Greek into Coptic, Syriac and Latin, and these translations are identical in matter, word for word, with the Greek manuscripts of the fourth century, proving the existence of Greek manuscripts from which they were made at the end of the first century. And if we recall the jealous, almost slavish, tenacity with which the first century clung to everything Apostolic, we have the final link that binds our texts to those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John themselves. No change could have taken place in those years without raising a storm of protest and of this there is not a trace. As a matter of fact the Gospel texts have more evidence for them than any accepted text of profane writers. The earliest manuscripts we have of Demosthenes, Sophocles, Plato, Lucretius, date from more than a thousand to fifteen hundred years after their writers, yet no one dreams of disputing their authorship. In the case of the Gospels, through the manuscripts and the translations, we get back to within at least 40 years of the

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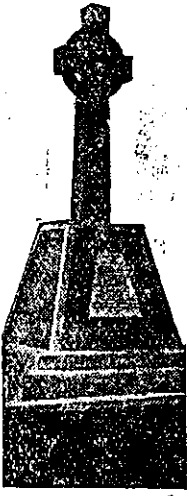
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death of St. John. The manuscripts of the classics are numbered by dozens, at most by hundreds; of the Gospels we have more than 12,000 manuscripts, while in the writers of the first three centuries we find over 19,000 quotations, enough to reconstruct almost the whole Gospels, if even the manuscripts did not exist.

The third and last question; and the evidence is complete. Are the men who wrote the documents we now have telling the truth? To know this we must again be assured of three things: Were these writers in a position to know the facts they relate? Then did they actually know the facts? And, lastly, were they men who would tell the facts as they saw them? The first question is easy. Matthew spent three years with Christ; John was with Him perhaps even longer, for he was his cousin and neighbor; Mark was the intimate of St. Peter, Luke of SS. Paul, Philip, and James, all contemporaries and eye-witnesses. They saw what they relate, for they were present, as we know from a cloud of witnesses, Christian and profane. Then by every test we can apply they were truthful: the test of self-love; they unhesitatingly relate things shameful to themselves, their lowly birth, their stupidity and denseness, their cowardice; impostors do not do that; the test of hero worship; they present their hero in defeat as well as in triumph; the test of death: they were ready to die and did die for the truth of their testimony; sincerity can go no further. And after all is there not something inherently ridiculous in the hypothesis of some moderns that these narratives are the work of literary swindlers a hundred years later? This is to suppose that unlettered men, in different circumstances, in different parts of the world, would happen to imagine four stories completely agreeing with one another and accurately descriptive of a foreign and vanished civilisation. Some men have come to this search with their minds made up beforehand that God cannot or does not work miracles; they therefore state that any narrative which relates that He did work miracles is necessarily unhistorical even before they have examined whether it is or not. Such men are not in a position to appreciate the foregoing demonstration. But if they approach it in the truly critical spirit, prepared to accept loyally the facts as they are presented in documents proved worthy of their credence, then if ever they admitted any historical facts, they will have to admit these. They carry with them a mass of textual, historical, and psychological evidence enjoyed by no other documents of antiquity, sacred or profane. If we were to examine into the reasons why we accept the facts narrated by Tacitus, Caesar, Livy, Thucydides, or Herodotus, we will find that we have not half the evidence for believing their histories that we have for believing the Gospels as true statements of historical fact.

New Church of St. Patrick, Palmerston North

LAYING OF FOUNDATION STONE BY
ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.

Unpleasant weather prevailed for the laying of the foundation stone of the new church in St. Patrick's parish on Sunday (says a press message), the ceremony being performed by Archbishop Redwood in the presence of a large gathering. After speeches by the Mayor (Mr. F. J. Nathan) and Rev. Father MacManus, Archbishop Redwood, in his address, congratulated the people of Palmerston North and the parishioners on the new church, and paid a tribute to the work of Father MacManus, who had demonstrated faith, courage, and confidence in his people. The church would be a lasting monument to his work, and would serve to hand down the teachings of the Saviour of Truth and Grace. He foresaw a great future for Palmerston North, and predicted that soon it would be a cathedral city. Civilisation was drifting back towards paganism, and when that came it would be worse than the old paganism.

Archbishop Clune, of Perth, also addressed the gathering.

Archbishop Redwood was presented with a gold trowel by the contractor for the church. The building will cost over £30,000, of which over £15,000 is already in hand.

Answers to Correspondents

PLAIN SPEAKING.—Your letter is to the point but we cannot accept it as you do not sign your name. The discrepancy between preaching and practice is indeed ridiculous. We could give you many other instances. The most vituperative letters we ever saw were written by a person never done preaching about the amenities of correspondence. But, *unicuique cani dies sua*, as Macquadius hath it.

CRITIC.—Your letter dealing with the distraction caused by people who come in late for Mass only repeats what is said time and again by our pastors and preachers. When you say that even nuns come in late you probably forget that the Sisters have already heard one or more Masses during the morning and that they gladly snatch time from their duties to hear even a part of as many Masses as possible.

E. H.—Please tell your clerical critic that our local correspondents are invariably selected on the advice or with the approbation of the local clergy. If they are not the best judges of who is suitable we do not know who are. New Zealand is a wonderful country for destructive critics who never did and never will do any good for anything or anybody.

J. L.—There are several cheap books of the kind you want. We can recommend *The Question Box, Questions and Answers on the Catholic Church, Short Answers, and Plain Facts*. For general principles you might get *Faith of Our Fathers, Catholic Belief*, Dr. Sheehan's *Apologetics*, or any similar work. Many of the Catholic Truth publications will also be helpful.

BOOK NOTICES

Catholic Missionary Work in Hawkes Bay, N.Z. By Rev. James Hickson, S.M. Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd.

Father Hickson is to be congratulated on having provided in this interesting book an eloquent memorial of the apostolic labors of the pioneer priests and brothers of the Society of Mary who laid the foundations of the Church in Hawkes Bay. He has given us an ordered and well-documented narrative of the progress of Catholicity in that fertile province, from the first missionary visit in 1841, down to our own day. This slender volume must have entailed prolonged study and no little research, but the good accomplished ought to be ample reward for the labor involved in its production. It is a careful and reasoned statement of a truly noble achievement, and it must have a permanent value as a contribution to the history of the Church in this Dominion. We cordially recommend Father Hickson's book to all our readers.

The New Henry Ford, by Allan L. Benson. Angus and Robertson, Sydney. Price, 7/6.

In many ways Mr. Ford is the most famous man in the world to-day. Besides being a multi-millionaire, he is spoken of as a probable President of the United States. What is more than all is that he is a successful social reformer who has done much practical work to prove how the differences between capital and labor might be bridged. Mr. Benson's biography is an authentic study of the character of this wonderful personality. It is illustrated with fourteen good pictures, and it reads like a romance.

Bostreror Annual: 1923.

The Adelaide college annual is one of the neatest and most artistic of its kind that we have seen this year. The fine illustrations in sepia, the notes and articles are a credit to the editors and a sign of the well-being of the successful Brothers' College in the capital of South Australia.

TIRED FEET.

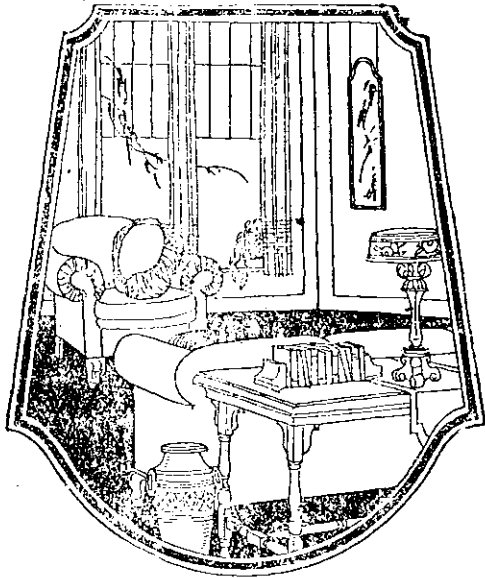
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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

February 15.

With the jubilee so near and visiting prelates arriving day by day it is hopeless to get anything down except jubilee notes. For the out-dwellers who do not see the Wellington papers, and who would be grateful to hear the details of the preparations, it may be as well to summarise a little.

There will be in Wellington in jubilee week the greatest assemblage of prelates ever known in Australasia. His Grace is a much-travelled figure and he has made many friendships in the neighboring continent. The flocking hither of so many distinguished guests is due not only to their desire to honor the oldest living prelate in the Catholic Hierarchy, but to the love they bear him, who all his life has never known malice and has always wished men well. And so they come— from Queensland, from West Australia, from Samoa even, to be present at the celebrations.

The celebrations themselves commence at 10 o'clock on the Sunday of the 24th. The High Mass will be sung by Archbishop Redwood himself. The Most Rev. Dr. Clune, C.S.S.R., Archbishop of Perth, will preach the sermon.

In the Basilica itself there will be only 500 seats left over after the bishops and clergy have been accommodated, and these will be occupied by representatives elected from the various parishes.

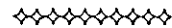
After the Mass an official luncheon will be held in St. Francis's Hall, and at 3 o'clock the great procession of the Catholic body will take place. The order of the procession will be:—Band, Students of St. Patrick's College, Children of Catholic Schools, Children of Mary (in regalia), Marist Brothers' Old Boys, Catholic Laity, Liberman Societies, Catholic Clergy, Bishops, Archbishops, his Grace Archbishop Redwood. The route will be from the Basilica to St. Patrick's College. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will take place there in the open air at an altar erected before the college. As the college is situated on a rise the ceremony should be visible to the thousands of worshippers below. A band, stationed halfway up the drive, will play the Benediction music. Everyone remembers the old wooden building facing the drive. This has been demolished to provide room for a band rotunda. Special evening devotions will be held in all the Catholic churches of the city. The chief ceremony will be at St. Mary of the Angels', Boulcott Street, at 7 p.m. His Grace Archbishop Redwood will attend. The sermon will be preached by Archbishop Duhig, of Brisbane. A solemn "Te Deum" will be sung by a special choir recruited from the choirs of the city and suburbs under the conductorship of Signor Truda, assisted by Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., of St. Patrick's College.

Monday will be a day of pleasure—a motor trip to Waikanae over Paekakariki Hill for the visitors—is the programme. On Tuesday night at the Town Hall addresses from the Hierarchy of Australia, from the clergy of the Archdiocese, and from the Catholic laity will be presented. A special Jubilee Hymn composed by Miss Eileen Duggan and set to music by the city organiser (Mr. Bernard Page) will be sung by the great choir.

At 3 p.m. on Wednesday the children will assemble to present an address. Items will be rendered by a chorus of boys and girls. The celebrations will conclude with a conversazione at 8 p.m. Among the performers will be Miss Mary McKeown, Mr. C. Hickmott, and Mr. P. Fitzgerald.

The list of visiting prelates and prominent ecclesiastics is as follows:—His Excellency Archbishop Cattaneo, Apostolic delegate to Australia; Archbishop Kelly, of Sydney; Archbishop Mannix (Melbourne), Archbishop Spence (Adelaide), Archbishop Clune (Perth, W.A.), Archbishop Duhig

(Brisbane), Archbishop Barry (Coadjutor of Hobart), Archbishop Sheehan (Coadjutor of Sydney), Archbishop O'Shea, S.M. (Coadjutor of Wellington), Bishop Darnand, S.M. (Samoa), Bishop Shiel (Rockhampton), Bishop O'Farrell (Bathurst), Bishop R. Dwyer (Wagga Wagga), Bishop J. Dwyer (Maitland), Bishop O'Connor (Armidale), Bishop McCarthy (Sandhurst), Bishop Foley (Ballarat), Bishop Hayden (Wilcannia-Forbes), Bishop Cleary (Auckland), Bishop Brodie (Christchurch), Bishop Whyte (Dunedin), Bishop Liston (Coadjutor of Auckland), Monsignor Byrne, V.G. (Brisbane), Monsignor Power (Hawera), Monsignor Cahill (Auckland), Monsignor Ormond (Auckland), Monsignor McKenna, V.G. (Masterton), Monsignor Mackay, V.G. (Oamaru), Very Rev. Father Sullivan, S.J. (Provincial of the Jesuit Fathers in Australia), Very Rev. Father O'Reilly, S.M. (Provincial of the Marist Fathers in New Zealand).



Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

February 15.

Ere these notes appear in print a very important page in parochial history will be written; and the foundation stone of our new church will be placed in position by the venerable Archbishop, upon whom the eyes of New Zealand are turned.

Something very pleasant took place at the meeting of the Altar Society on Monday last. Miss Marian Watson is to be married shortly, and as a mark of their esteem and gratitude the members of the society made her a small presentation. Miss Watson has the good wishes, not only of the Altar Society, but of the whole parish.

Palmerston is a very important town at present: we have "band contest" for breakfast, dinner, and tea. In fact, we feel important enough to be a "city." With the exception of Tuesday's downpour (which was badly needed), the weather has been grand. The profits from the contest are to be divided among the St. Vincent de Paul Society, All Saints' Children's Home, and the Willard Home.

The members of the choir have been in a money-making frame of mind lately. On Thursday, January 31, they held a most enjoyable euchre and dance in the Foresters' Hall. Mrs. Gold, Mr. Tantrum, Mrs. Spelman, and Mr. Cooney went home after the affair was over, with smiles on their faces and parcels in pockets. The two former won the first prizes for the euchre, and the two latter the consolation. Next, the choir thought of a sacred concert in the church on a Sunday evening. Then a brilliant idea struck them: the Humphry-Bishop Company was coming to Palmerston, and a member of the company—Mr. Walter Kingsley—is the possessor of a very fine baritone voice, and has had three "command" performances before the King. To make a long story short: when the concert was held on the first Sunday of the month, Mr. Kingsley was there, giving an "invited" performance before the King of Kings. A large congregation attended, and the collection was handed to the choir.

Many nice things have been said about the singing lately; it certainly has been extra good for the last four or five months. The choir members deserve liberal treatment at the hands of the congregation for their unselfish services, and if the members have our gratitude, what of Mr. Cosgrove, the conductor? He has wielded the baton for about ten years, and the remarks one hears on all sides are: "Well done Mr. Cosgrove, we appreciate your work!"

Master Jack Vogt met with a painful accident last week. He was working for a local engineering firm and was endeavoring to extract some molten lead from a melting pot, when the metal splashed over his face injuring an eye. Jack is about again now, and the sight of the eye is not at all damaged.

Then another "Jack" landed in trouble a few days later. The Marton motor sports was the scene of this mishap, and Mr. Jack Sweeney the victim. Jack is a "goer" where motor bicycles are concerned, and the forks of his machine broke when he was travelling at a terrific speed. Concussion, a broken nose, and very severe cuts

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on the face were the result of the crash. Mr. Sweeney is now a private hospital in Marton, and it will be several weeks before he is well enough to return home.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

February 14.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Brodie, mother of the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, was one of the largest and most representative seen in Auckland. The interment took place in the Otahuhu Cemetery, the Bishop being assisted by his Lordship Dr. Liston and many of the local clergy.

Another party of members of the Australian Hierarchy and clergy arrived by the Makura on Monday last to take part in the celebrations in connection with the diamond jubilee of Archbishop Redwood. The party comprised the Adelaide, Dr. R. Spence; Bishop J. Heavey, Vicar-Apostolic Adelaide; Dr. R. Spence; Bishop J. Heavey, Vicar-Apostolic of North Queensland; Dean W. Lee, Brisbane; Rev. Father J. Gatzmeyer, Administrator of Adelaide Cathedral; the Rev. Father J. Power, Brisbane; and the Rev. Father E. Stanaway, rector of St. Leo's University College, Brisbane. The Rev. W. Nicol, of Lismore Diocese, was a through passenger for Vancouver.

Interviewed on arrival at Auckland, his Grace Archbishop Duhig told a *Herald* reporter, "There could be no better introduction to New Zealand than the Waitemata harbor on such a morning." When a member of his party remarked that many people believed that the Auckland harbor was finer than Sydney harbor his Grace chuckled and told a story of a man in Sydney who went to a fancy dress ball with an arm in a sling, a bandage over an eye and generally in a dilapidated condition, a card on his back announcing that he had said he did not like "our harbor." "You are just the right distance from Australia for tourists, and your climate offers just the right kind of change," continued the Archbishop. "Although we have many different climates in our own country it is a delight to come here and to see scenery that reminds one of European scenery. I admire the background of your city with its fine hills and parks. It is very delightful. We all hope to see a good deal of the Dominion before we depart."

The Boys' Orphanage at Takapuna, which was destroyed by fire about 12 months ago, has been rebuilt and will be ready for occupation in the course of a few days. In connection with the reopening of the home, an interesting function will take place on Sunday afternoon, March 2, when the building will be blessed by his Excellency Archbishop Cattaneo, Apostolic Delegate to Australasia, and formally opened for its renewed life by the Governor-General, Lord Jellicoe.

At the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, last Sunday a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception, given by the parishioners as a memorial to Father Carran, a former administrator of the parish, was unveiled before a packed congregation. Father Mansfield, the present administrator, referred to the great work done by Father Carran and of his devotion to Our Lady. There was no more fitting way to honor his memory than to spread still more the devotion to Our Lady so dear to his heart. A sermon was then preached on Our Lady, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Children of Mary afterwards entertained the visiting members of the Sodality.

Great interest is being shown in the forthcoming jubilee of his Grace Archbishop Redwood. A large party representative of clergy and laity will be leaving next week for Wellington.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

February 16.

His Grace Dr. Barry, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart, preached to a crowded congregation in the Cathedral on Sunday evening last.

His Lordship Bishop Hayden preached at St. Mary's,

Manchester Street, and also officiated at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Before his sermon Dr. Hayden expressed his sympathy with Bishop Brodie on the death of his mother.

His Lordship Bishop Darnand, S.M., of Samoa, arrived in Christchurch on Tuesday, and is the guest of the Marist Fathers at St. Mary's Presbytery, Manchester Street.

His Grace Dr. Duhig (Archbishop of Brisbane), his Grace Dr. Spence (Archbishop of Adelaide), and his Lordship Bishop Heavey (Vicar-Apostolic of Cooktown), arrived on Saturday morning, and spent the week-end in Christchurch.

His Lordship the Bishop, who has been in Auckland for the funeral of his mother, returned on Saturday morning and went on to the West Coast, accompanied by his Grace Dr. Mannix, and his Lordship Bishop McCarthy, to take part in the opening of the Dean Carew Memorial School at Greymouth.

His Grace Archbishop Mannix visited the Marist Brothers School, and the schools of the Sisters of the Missions, where he received addresses of welcome from the children especially thanking him for all he had done in the cause of Ireland. Musical entertainments were given at each of the schools visited and the Archbishop's addresses to the children were greatly appreciated.

Rev. Father O'Connor, parish priest of Addington, who is about to take a well-earned holiday to the Old Country, said farewell to the congregation at the 10 o'clock Mass on last Sunday. He also presented a statement showing the progress the parish had made during the last two years. On Thursday night the parishioners entertained him at an "evening" in the schoolroom, which was largely attended. Amongst those present were Rev. Fathers O'Connell, Hanrahan, Adm., Lorden, Healy, Doherty, O'Neil, Madean, Cooney, and O'Meeghan. An apology was received from Rev. Father Price. An entertaining programme was contributed to by the following: Misses Halpin, Nottingham, and Wacked, Messrs. G. Darragh and C. Farrell. Mr. Sloan, who presided at the gathering, spoke in warm praise of Father O'Connor and the cordial relations that existed between him and his parishioners and his many friends outside the parish, and wished Father O'Connor a pleasant holiday and a safe return. Mr. Cousedine, on behalf of the parishioners, presented the departing priest with a well-filled wallet, and Fathers O'Connell, Cooney, O'Meeghan and Healy wished him God-speed. Misses McCloy and Halpin, on behalf of the Children of Mary, made a presentation of a leather suit-case. Father O'Connor, who was received with hearty applause, replied in happy terms, and asked his parishioners and friends to remember him in their prayers, as he would always remember them during his absence. After supper was served by the ladies Father O'Connor took the opportunity of saying good-bye to all personally. Father O'Connor was also entertained by the parishioners of Halswell, the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage, and the school children of Addington.

Dean Carew Memorial School, Greymouth

OPENED BY ARCHBISHOP MANNIX.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Sandhurst, and Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, was (says a press message) met on his arrival at the railway station, Greymouth, on Saturday last by a crowd of between 2000 and 3000 people. After a procession through the streets he was tendered a formal public reception, addresses being given by the Mayor of Greymouth (Mr. W. H. Parfitt) and Mr. Jas. O'Brien (member for the district). On Sunday Archbishop Mannix presided at two large gatherings, performing in the afternoon the ceremony of opening the Dean Carew Memorial School, which cost between £7500 and £8000. A sum close on £500 was collected during the afternoon towards wiping out the debt.

Archbishop Mannix was to leave next day for the South Westland scenic region.

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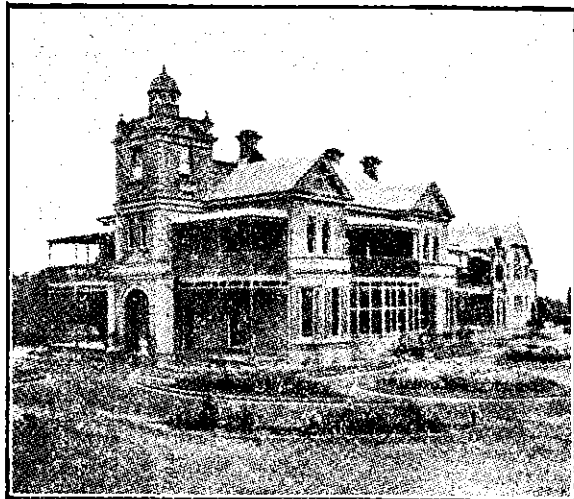
FATHER GALERNE LEAVES FOR EUROPE.

After many years of strenuous labor in various parts of the Dominion, we are delighted—as will be his very numerous friends throughout New Zealand—to learn that Father A. Galerne, S.M., now of Temuka, has been granted leave of absence, and, at the request of the Superior-General at Turin, Italy, leaves shortly for Europe. Father Galerno

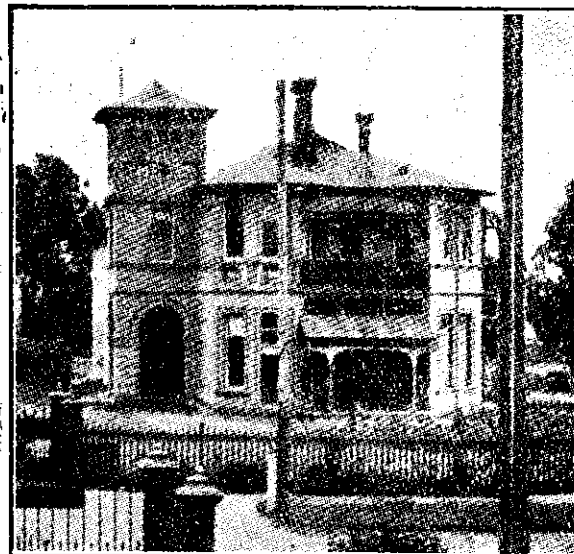


**The Christian Brothers' Novitiate and Juniorate
Strathfield, N.S.W.**

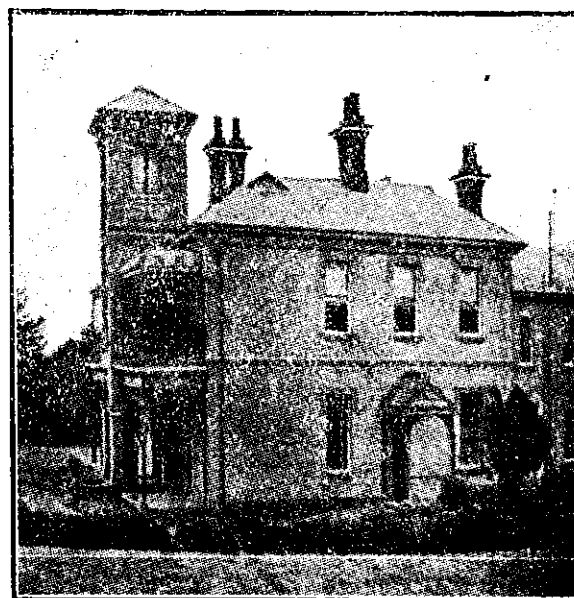
The three Houses in the Christian Brothers' beautiful home at Strathfield, where many Dunedin boys are doing honor to their birthplace and their *Alma Mater*.



THE JUNIORATE.



THE NOVITIATE.



THE SCHOLASTICATE.

came to New Zealand in 1890, close on 34 years ago, and during that lengthy period, except to Fiji, his travels have not extended beyond the limits of the various districts to which duty called him.

In company with Archbishop O'Shea, Father S. Mahony, the late Father Malone, and a French student (now on the mission in the New Hebrides), he studied theology at Meccae, and the five of them were ordained together by Bishop Grimes, on December 3, 1893.

Ordained for the Marist Missions among the islands of the South Seas, Father Galerne went to Fiji, but owing to his health being affected by the trying climate, he was obliged, to his great sorrow, to return after seven weeks, to New Zealand. He subsequently spent 12 years in the extensive parish of Reefton, 5 years in the Cathedral parish of Christchurch, 6 years in Temuka, 3 years in Hastings, 2 years in Fairlie, close on 2 years in Timaru, and one year in Wellington. Father Galerne has made many sincere friends in every district in which he has so devotedly labored, and all will wish him a pleasant holiday abroad, and the enjoyment of the best of health.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

February 16.

One of the very useful adjuncts to the parish is the workroom in connection with the Convent technical school, attached to the Girls' School, Craigie Avenue, where dress-making has been carried on for many years. A large number of girls have received valuable instruction in the intricacies of dressmaking and designing, and several have thus been enabled to commence business on their own account, and to take charge of large departments elsewhere. The ruling rate of wages is paid, and apart from possessing the advantages of any ordinary workroom there is the additional benefit of the truly Catholic atmosphere amongst the workers.

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Selected Poetry

Hymn of St. Ephrem, the Syrian

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

Unveil herself; no longer
Hiding her blushing face;
But thanking Thee, Who freed her
From ruin and disgrace.
Yea, may she hear the welcome
Of perfect peace, for I
Have paid the debt entirely
Of her insolvency.

The serpent, who seduced her,
Lies crushed beneath Thy foot,
O Tree of Life, that grewest,
Upspringing, from My root.
The flaming sword and Angels
Thou hast from Eden's door
Withdrawn, that Father Adam
Might enter in once more.

Let him and hapless Eva
For refuge fly to Thee,
Beneath Thy spreading branches,
And pluck Thy Fruit from Me.
Now let those mouths be sweetened
By This, Which here I hold,
Which by the fruit forbidden
Embittered were of old.

The slaves, that out of Eden
Were thrust, may now again
The blessings, that were forfeit,
Through Thee once more obtain.
By Thee Thyself with vesture
Of Light may be arrayed,
No longer stripped and naked,
But glad and unafraid.

—Translated by F. G. M.

The Hill Born

I have grown weary of this languid land;
Sick of the low horizon line that flows
Like a great sombre river; sick to death
Of rose and laurel, eucalyptus, palm,
Brooding in lavish sweetness. I am mad
For the harsh glory of my own far hills,
For the stern masculinity of home.

They do not have sunrise or sunset here;
Rather the shameful day slinks cowering in
Over gray waste of waters and gray land,
Under a muted, melancholy sky,
And never does it burn away in one
Swift, splendid burst of sanctifying flame
As day once did, but shambles grayly past
Under the mantle of the leper fog,
To the dull stupor of a starless night.

O God!—for splendid spaces in this dawn—
For glimmering vastness—for the wind that swings
Tumultuously in from starry distances—
For the white beauty of a hill horizon—
For the tempestuous magic of a sky
Torn into shreds of fire—and for the hush
Of aspen leaves black on an amber heaven—
For all the mighty pageantries of day
That made life epic large, I am athirst.
They have been music in my memory;
They will go echoing with me till I come
Home to my hills.

—TED OLSON, in the *New York Herald*.

A Prayer

Oh, Young New Year, take not these things from me—
The olden faiths; the shining loyalty
Of friends the bitter, searching years have proved—
The glowing hearth fires, and the books I loved;
All wonted kindnesses and welcoming—
All safe, hard-trodden paths to which I cling.

Oh, gay New Year, glad with the thrill of spring—
Leave me the ways that were my comforting!

—LAURA SIMMONS, in *New York Life*.

You Sang In My Dream

You sang to me, dear, last night through all of my dream-
ing,—

O, why did you sing?—
To know that your song and my joy are only seeming
Is a bitter thing.

For into your voice all our multiplied loves came throug-
ing,—

Dreams have heartless ways,—
And then I awoke to this numb, inarticulate longing
Of silent days.

—S. M. MADEIRA, in *Knights Errant*.

They

They have scribbled on the walls and on the table linen,
They have planted onions in my painted flower-box,
They have pulled the peony buds and played with them for
marbles,

And shorn their chin locks.

They have striped themselves with paint until they looked
like ancient Britons,

They have played with poison ivy till their eye were
swollen shut,

They have fallen down the cellar stairs and out of sleeping
porches

And head first in the water butt.

They have set their bare feet firmly on bees and broken
bottles,

They have stabbed themselves severely with shears and
carving knives,

They have stood in front of motor cars and dared the things
to kill them,

And with the greatest difficulty I have saved their lives.

—ALINE KILMER, in the *New York Sun and Globe*.

The Owl

When I was young my heart inclined
To eggs and fishes, moths and stamps.
These were the lodestones of my mind,
And to my feet-succeeding lamps.

But moths dissolve and stamps decay,
Fishes grow stale and eggs take wings;
And when my childhood passed away
I put away all childish things.

Now am I Mammon's through and through,
And suffer in my soul disease.
I have forgotten all I knew
Of newts and lizards, toads and bees.

Now am I lost. Long years ago
I heard the gates of Heaven slam:
Yet deep within my bones I know
All that I ever was I am.

To-night I felt the silent beat
Of owlets' wings—my blood rushed fast.
Breathless I knew beneath my feet
A little outcrop of the past.

—ALEXANDER GRAY, in the *London Mercury*.

Standish & Preece

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—True Education, p. 29. Notes—On Translating Verse; An Object Lesson, p. 30. Topics—A Muzzle Wanted; Protestant Literature; General Smuts; The Newspaper Trust, pp. 18-19. The France We Do Not Know, p. 13. The Foundation of Christian Revelation, p. 21.

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, FEBRUARY 21, 1924.

TRUE EDUCATION

A UNIVERSITY professor remarks that since the time of the French Revolution education has been extended and cheapened with the result that there has been a vast increase of self-confident ignorance. Just as the Protestant Reformation destroyed the sound ethical principles of political economy, the French Revolution swept away the true principles of the science of education, with the all too obvious results which Professor Grandgeut scathingly describes as a vast increase of self-confident ignorance. He continues in this strain—and his words are worth weighing:—"Vocational training, now first in favor, is surely an excellent thing in its place. But let us not make the mistake of calling it 'education.' It should prepare a boy to succeed in his business; probably it will, when it is better developed. But it affords no more education than is to be found from the business itself. . . . The individuals we have to deal with are not mechanics; they are human beings. They must be capable of living the life of the spirit, of appreciating the good things in nature, in conduct, and in art; they must be able to cope intelligently with weighty problems of public utility." Clearly what is nowadays understood in non-Catholic countries by "education" does not remember that men are human beings, composed of body and soul, and that the soul is the more important part of the components. Plato knew well what modern pagans like our political experimenters do not know: "An intelligent man," Plato says, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will value less the others."

We have much to learn from pagans who died nearly two thousand years ago. Let us learn more from Newman, who probably knew more about the subject than any man in modern times. "Call things by their right names," he insists. "A memory for detail is not a philosophical or comprehensive view. Recreations are not education; accomplishments are not education. Do not say, people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humor, or kept from vicious excesses. I do not say that such amusements, such occupations are not a great gain; but

they are not education." Add to that John Stuart Mill's warning: "Men may be competent lawyers without general education; but it depends on general education to make them lawyers who demand and are capable of apprehending principles, instead of merely cramming their memory with details." Education is a thing of the soul; it is not a cramming of the memory; it deals with principles not with facts. And, in this connection, remember that it has been said with perfect truth that the majority of people educated in this country would imagine they heard a foreign language if a man spoke to them about principles: the reason being that education in New Zealand—outside of private schools—has nothing to do with the soul, and is directed by men who are in all likelihood ignorant of the fact that man has a soul. Materialism is at the root of all the modern mistakes concerning education. The Protestant Revolution made broad the way for the atheistic spirit of Voltaire and his fellows, and to-day governments, politicians, professors are all alike blind to one side of human nature, and that the important side. Men have forgotten the simple truth that God created them to know, love, and serve Him on earth, and afterwards to enjoy Him in Heaven. They have ceased to regard themselves as stewards who shall one day render an account for their stewardship. They have blinded their eyes to what is beyond, and they look on this life and the one-sided concerns it involves as the end of all. Wealth, position, amusement, luxury are the ideals which inspire political economy; and education is directed by men whose sole religion is the materialist political economy inspired by such low ideals. Hence, education is actually a return to barbarism. It degrades the conception of human nature. It makes of man a creature as low as the beast of the field for which temporal well-being is the end of all things. And this mistake springs from the material outlook of people who have inherited the corruption of mind and heart sowed by the Protestant Reformation and by the French Revolution. Shorn of the rhetoric of Ministers of Education, modern schools aim at turning out successful men of business; while they jealously exclude from their sphere those eternal principles which aim at making good men rather than rich men, and gentlemen rather than efficient men. All this is emphasised once more by Mr. Sampson—a member of the Departmental Committee reporting (in 1922) on English education. He says:

"Our present national scheme of education is a failure; because it tends to produce a mentally over-crammed population, prepared neither for livelihood nor for life in the broader sense. . . . I believe that the recommended interest of teachers in the 'science' of education means excessive concern with the heads of children and no concern with their souls."

There we have, from one who has seen for himself, an honest confession of the rank failure of "education" which forgets the souls of the children. The same confession was made twenty-two years ago by the French experts who declared that education without a religious basis was only productive of vice and anarchy. It all comes back to the teaching of the little catechism which impresses on us all that only by keeping the Ten Commandments and walking in the footsteps of Christ can we become good men and women in the whole sense of the word good. Some time ago a learned writer of a Saturday evening column in the *Dunedin Star* spoke of the need of Sunday schools, while pointing out that the Catholic Church did not take the same interest in them as the other Churches did. The reason is obvious: we Catholics do not want religion to be a thing confined to only one day of the seven days of the week: we believe in making it a wholtime subject; and our lack of interest in Sunday Schools really means that our schools are Sunday schools on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, as well as on Sunday.

NOTES

On Translating Verse

People who know languages well need not be told how far even the best translations fall short of the original. Thus, when it is said that Heine is the hardest poet to translate it might be added that he is the easiest to read and understand. His language is direct and simple; but when one tries to put his thoughts into direct and simple words in English, the spirit is lost and it is a dead thing that is left in place of a little song that was as vivid as a lark. Hence, Andrew Lang was justified when he declared that most verse translations were not worth the paper on which they were written. When a translation is good, you will find that it is not a translation at all, but a new poem which had the old one for a motive, as witness Fitzgerald's *Omar*. In an article on translation from Greek verse, Professor Gilbert Murray says:

Nevertheless, it will be urged, though deluded people may like them and even buy them, verse translations are essentially and inevitably an *Unding*—an absurdity, a *res nihili*. You can translate a proposition of Euclid into English, because the words have their equivalents: *gramma* is line, and *gonia* is angle, and *duo* is two, *isos* is equal, and so on. And all prose which is concerned only with definite fact, untouched by light or shade, is in the same category as Euclid. As soon as the prose begins to have the qualities which specially constitute poetry, such as rhythm, beauty, imagination, the impossibilities begin. The words no longer correspond. Partly they do not denote the same objects. Partly where the objects are the same the associations are different, and in poetry it is the associations and overtones that matter most. Then the rhythm. It is easy enough to reproduce in English the rhythms of Heine or Goethe; but impossible to reproduce a Homeric hexameter. We have largely lost the sense of quantity. Our stress accent is very strong. Our individual words are short and abrupt, our vowel sounds thin and unsonorous. Our ears are unaccustomed to those long, rolling, and intensely clear rhythms in which every syllable has an exact value and the laws are never broken. So the thing cannot be done.

No Rules

A perfect translation is impossible; a good one difficult. And there are no hard and fast rules that will help us to make the rendering even good. Professor Murray gives some useful hints to those who will persist in trying to translate Greek, and what he says applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to other languages also. His first advice is to avoid carefully all theories of translation which imply that there is a correct method to be followed; for there is no such thing. His second is to be sure that you clearly comprehend the poem in its original words—a matter not always attended to by English translators. And this full understanding or comprehension means not only understanding of the meaning of the words, but also grasp of the rhythm, intelligence of the order, sense of the emotion, of the literary color, of the dramatic emphasis, and so forth. So much being certain, and it being equally certain that all these things cannot be reproduced, one has to determine on what things he will concentrate and what he will be content to sacrifice. Even then, when you have done all that taste and talent will make it possible for you to do, you must realise that unless your translation is a poem you have failed. So that the moral seems to be: Never try at all unless you have the poetic instinct, and even then nine times out of ten you will fail. In the way of positive hints, he suggests that one must beware of triviality; avoid the fallacy of attempting to reproduce strictly the original metre (in the

case of Greek, at least); and (for the classical languages) the verse ought to have that severity and precision which mark out ancient prosody and give it the quality called classical. And now for the Professor's idea of how it ought to be done.

An Object Lesson

In the "Hippolytus" there is a chorus beginning:—

*Elibatōis hupo keuthmosi genoiman,
Iau me pteroussan ornin agelesin
Potanais Theos entheie.*

The prose crib of this will be: "Would I might be beneath some precipitous cavern, in order that God might set me, a winged bird, among his flying droves." That is what is called the "meaning," with all æsthetic exactitude neglected. What shall we do with it?

First, is there any specially important rhythmical quality? Clearly, yes: the ionic beat "hupo keuthmo—si genoiman—agelesin": that must, as far as possible, be kept. And it can be kept in English if you are very careful to avoid a double trochee at the beginning. Next, are there any words of special value? There is *keuthmosi*, a hiding-place, generally a hole or cave. There is *elibatōis*, a strange word, put first in the sentence and rhythmically separated from the rest. It must have its full value. Its real meaning was uncertain in Euripides's time, but it was supposed to mean "sun-trodden," in the sense of "untrodden except by the sun," and was applied to precipitous crags and the like.

Now to translate. "Could I take me to some cavern" gets the rhythm; let us add "for mine hiding," to satisfy the feeling of *keuthmosi*. Then there remains *elibatōis*, precipitous, sun-trodden:—

"Could I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hill-tops, where the Sun scarce hath trod."

(In strictness "scarce" takes the place of two short syllables, a common variation.)

In the next verse the most interesting thing is the idea of "droves" of "winged birds" which belong to "God," and in which we want to be numbered. Let us get emphasis on these points:—

"As a bird among the bird-droves of God."

Now there is a lot of space left over: the Greek says "in order that God might set me," etc. Such a grammatical construction would be a nuisance in English: let us make a shot:—

"Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God."

The Greek does not happen to mention a cloud, true; so the translation is clearly not "right"; but, then, neither is any other. It is all a question of degree. The good prose crib tries to reproduce, quantitatively, as many items as possible of the original (prose) meaning; the good verse tries to reproduce as much as possible of the essential quality and the beauty. It tries to give just what the prose crib does not think about, and, of course, it generally fails. It can only succeed by selecting, at its own peril, what matters most, and letting the rest go hang. If it succeeds, it produces both something which has beauty of its own and is really "like" the original, which the prose crib can never be; if it fails, it is much worse than the prose crib, for it does not even give trustworthy information.

The Press Apostolate

Look around among your neighbors and see if there is a Catholic family not taking the *Tablet*. Do your part for the Apostolate of the Press by persuading them that it will make their Sundays happier if they read our paper.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

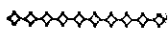
All the dignitaries from overseas are now converging on Wellington to be present at the celebration of Archbishop Redwood's Golden Jubilee. Dunedin will be represented there by several ladies and gentlemen, while two Directors—Rev. J. Delany and Mr. J. J. Marlow—and the Editor and Manager will offer the *Tablet's* homage to the venerable Metropolitan.

Episcopal visitors are numerous among us this week. From Queenstown arrived Archbishop Barry and Bishops Foley, Shiel, and Hayden, while from the north on the same day came Archbishops Dubig and Spence and Bishop Heavey. The visitors are delighted with New Zealand, but some of them thought the weather cold in Dunedin in mid-summer. If they only knew what specimens we could show them about August!

Monday last was the fifty-third anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of St. Dominic in Dunedin. Her old and new friends will be pleased to learn that "Foundation Day" this year found Mother Bertrand, the sole survivor of the gifted and devoted company who arrived from Ireland in 1871, still blessed with excellent health, and that her zeal and activity seem to be unaffected by time.

The Floral Carnival in aid of St. Michael's School, Mornington, after a successful run of seven nights at the Victoria Hall, was concluded on Monday, and resulted in the aims of the promoters being more than realised. The "popular flower girl" competition resulted as follows:—Pink Rose Stall, Miss McKenzie 1; White Rose Stall, Miss Dawson 2; Golden Rose Stall, Miss Dunne 3; Red Rose Stall, Miss Rodgerson 4.

The Rev. Brother Hickey, from the Christian Brothers' Novitiate, Sydney, is expected in Dunedin in a few weeks. It will be remembered that on the occasion of Brother Hickey's last visit to Dunedin, a fine company of Dunedin boys followed him to Stratfield. Some of them are now members of the congregation, the others are to be received in March. Visitors from New Zealand to the beautiful home of the Brothers in Stratfield say that the Dunedin boys are the pride of the Juniorate, and they look forward to the time when these young missionaries will return to New Zealand bringing with them their message of learning and Faith to their countrymen. The Superior of the Dunedin community will be glad to receive the names of respectable and pious boys and youths with the desire and other requisite qualifications for the religious life in the Christian Brothers' Institute, so that those accepted may be ready to return to Sydney with Brother Hickey in March.



OAMARU NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

February 13.

The new altar for the convent chapel has arrived, and when erected should put the finishing touch on a really beautiful house of prayer for the nuns.

The absence of rain is a matter of grave concern to the farming community of the district, and in a secondary degree to the town dweller as well. Last Sunday Father Graham asked the congregation to join with him in prayers for the much-needed rain.

In dealing editorially with the late President Wilson who, with the late Pope, maintained his sanity in a world of mad barbarians, a local paper had the decency to couple the name of Pope Benedict with that of the late President, as a great force making for peace.

The large congregations noticeable at Mass on Sunday mornings recently evidence the fact that Oamaru, by reason of its climate and attractiveness, is inducing outsiders to make their abode here. Many strange faces at church indicate that the Catholic community is being augmented by the flow of population.

A familiar figure about the church and presbytery has disappeared from his accustomed haunts. Mr. John Conroy, the man-of-all-work who attended to the many requirements of church and presbytery, cultivated the garden, accompanied Monsignor Mackay in his motor jaunts about the district, and in season, kept one eye on the Monsignor's

ripening fruit and the other on the predatory small school boys, has retired and is now living a life of leisure, which his friends trust will be pleasant and long.

A member of the Catholic community, in the person of Thomas Henry Sheehy, died here on February 10. He had farmed very successfully on the Awamoa estate for many years, but for several years had lived in retirement. He was in his 78th year. His wife predeceased him some years ago.—R.I.P.

Monsignor Mackay went to Dunedin during the week to pilot the distinguished Australian prelates to Oamaru to view its manifold beauties and the church's institutions here. Archbishop Mannix will find the town to his liking—quiet and secluded from the bustle of city life. To judge from the retired situation of the Archbishop's own mansion "Raheen," at Kew, Melbourne, he apparently likes to be far from the madding crowd.

As advertised in our columns, Miss Moira Coughlan will resume teaching on Friday, the 22nd inst. She purposes, during the coming winter, giving entertainments for the benefit of any parish organisation such as St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Orphanage, or the Christian Brothers, and intending pupils are asked to enrol as early as possible.



CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

THE ATTITUDE OF THE OTAGO DAILY TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The following is a letter forwarded for publication to the *Otago Daily Times*. It has not yet seen the light of day, so I have asked the editor in a personal letter to return to me my MS.

I am, etc.,

T. CABILL,

February 17.

Oriental Hotel, Dunedin.

PROTESTANT POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Wonder is often expressed as to the attitude of the *Otago Daily Times* and the subject of this letter. Contrast the publicity given to Howard Elliott as against that to a certain prelate now in our midst. What wonderful headings you as editor do give to such sectarian bigots. Is that your policy as head of a leading daily paper? The time has arrived when you should come out in the open from under your cloak of darkness.

Let the month of May come. The writing is on the wall. The Tory Government to which your journal is attached has got to go just like the Conservatives in England.

How does it happen that Howard Elliott is preceding the Prime Minister's visit to Dunedin? Just a mere coincidence, I suppose. Let the *Otago Daily Times* take heed of itself. Need more be written. I trow not.

I am, etc.,

T. CABILL,

February 12.

Oriental Hotel, Dunedin.

(It was, we suppose, also a coincidence that the former "Civis," the P.P. Ass. organiser, and the cultured editor of the *Otago Daily Times* were, with one accord, inspired to throw stones at the Archbishop of Melbourne whose plain speaking of the plain truth usually encourages such broad-minded gentlemen.—Ed. *N.Z. Tablet*)



Good Investments

The Directors of the *N.Z. Tablet Co., Ltd.*, have for sale several thousand pounds worth of good securities—mostly P.O. Bonds, Soldiers' Settlement (5½ per cent. Bonds), and Government Bonds—free of Income Tax. These securities are being realised to meet the liability of our new buildings and machinery, and no commission is incurred by purchasers. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, c/o *N.Z. Tablet Office*. Our readers will be interested to learn of the Company's progress, and we intend to give a resume of our work in a future issue.



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MARRIAGES

REILLY—MURPHY.—On January 19, 1924, at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, by the Rev. Father McManus, Edward, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Reilly, Takaka, Nelson, to Leonore, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Murphy, Palmerston North.

DEATH

CLAFFY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel, youngest son of the late Daniel and Bridget Claffy, of Erin Street, Roslyn, and brother of Mrs. M. Fogarty, of Roslyn, J. Claffy, Melbourne, and Mrs. C. F. Kroon, Victoria, who died at Dunedin, on February 2, 1924; aged 52 years.—R.I.P.

LOFTUS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Peter Loftus (late of Wanganui), who died at his residence, 26 Ohiro Road, Wellington, on February 1, 1924.—R.I.P.

LOVELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Muriel, much loved daughter of Mabel and the late Louis Bertrand Lovell, and grand-daughter of Dr. Low, Huntly, who was accidentally drowned in the Waikato River at Huntly, on January 29, 1924; aged 16 years.—R.I.P.

MCCABE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Terence McCabe, second eldest son of the late Michael McCabe, Co. Monaghan, Ireland, who died in the Thames Hospital, on February 8, 1924; aged 52 years.—R.I.P.

O'CONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel Henry Verdon, beloved youngest son of the late Anthony and Anne O'Connell, of Naseby and Roslyn (Dunedin), who passed away at Palmerston South, on February 8, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

SHEEHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Henry, the dearly beloved husband of the late Mary Ann Sheehy, who died at Oamaru, on February 10, 1924.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

O'LOUGHLIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Andrew O'Loughlin, who died at St. Andrews, on February 27, 1919.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife.

WANTED

WANTED.—By elderly experienced woman, EMPLOYMENT as NURSE to invalid; would undertake light housekeeping duties. Apply, "Nurse," c/o *Tablet* Office, Dunedin.

THE IRISH SOCIETY, DUNEDIN

The opening night of the 1924 season will be held in the Overseas Clubroom on Tuesday next, February 26, at 7.45 p.m.

Members and friends are reminded of the picnic in the Woodhaugh Gardens, on Saturday, February 23.

AUNTIE OONA'S COMPETITION

FOR DARK ROSALEEN.

(The second annual number of the Wellington Irish Society's magazine.)

Open to children under 16 years of age.

Two Prizes of HALF A GUINEA each.

Boys.—Best rhyme, four lines, on the greatest Irish patriot in Australasia.

Girls.—Best rhyme, four lines, on any Irish County.

Entries, 6d each. Entries close, March 7.

To the RESIDENTS of DUNEDIN & SOUTH DUNEDIN

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(Teacher of Fancy Dancing and Action Songs)

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The "Little Way" of Spiritual Childhood according to Life and Writings of Blessed Therese (by Rev. G. Martin) 4/6.

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Ecce Homo: Forty Short Meditations—2/6.

The "Dyed Garments from Bosra" (Thoughts)—1/6.

The Holy Hour Conferences (Graham)—10/.

God or Gorilla (McCann)—16/.

The Life of Saint Patrick—4/6.

Kathleen Mavouneen (McDonnell)—4/6.

The Island Parish (Gaiman)—6/.

Moy O'Brien—6/.

Willy Reilly—2/.

When We Were Boys—3/.

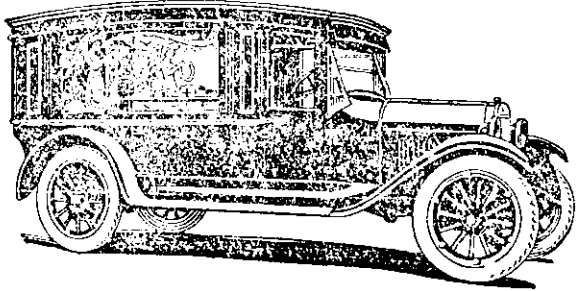
Evening Memories (William O'Brien)—16/.

School-day Memories (Mary Goulter)—1/6.

The Children's Bread, part 1 (Roche)—2/ and 3/.

Ecclesiastical Brassware: Irish Manufacture.

Write for Particulars.

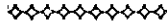


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Our Sports Summary

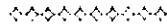
ATHLETIC AND CYCLING SPORTS.

The Otago Athletic and Cycling Club, which is holding its initial sports meeting on February 23, has all arrangements in hand, and everything points to a successful gathering. The meeting will take place on the Caledonian Ground. Among the competitors will be Phil O'Shea, the Australian cycling champion. The prize money for the meeting totals £125.



THE ALL BLACKS TEAM TO VISIT ENGLAND.

Following the appointment of a sub-committee to report on the proposed series of trial games from which the All Black team to tour England is to be selected, the recommendations set forth below were adopted by the New Zealand Rugby Union last week. These were that a series of matches should be played in both islands as follows:—Saturday, May 10—Auckland, North Auckland, Thames Valley, Waikato v. Hawke's Bay, Bay of Plenty, East Coast, and Poverty Bay, at Auckland; Saturday, May 17—Wellington, Wairarapa, Horowhenua, Bush v. Taranaki, Wanganui, Manawatu, and King Country, at Wellington; Wednesday, May 21—Possibles v. Probables (North Island), picked from the above teams, at Wellington; Saturday, May 24—Canterbury, Otago, and Southland v. South Canterbury, West Coast, Buller, Nelson, Golden Bay, and Marlborough, at Christchurch; Wednesday, May 28—Possibles and Probables (South Island), to be picked from the above teams, at Christchurch; Saturday, May 31—North v. South Island, at Wellington; Tuesday, June 3—Possibles v. Probables, at Wellington.



AONACH TAILTEANN.

Mr. O'Hanlon, organiser for Aonach Tailteann, has had a most enthusiastic reception in America, and has met with influential support in every city he has visited. Mr. Doherty, oil magnate, has been appointed treasurer of the American Executive. Trophies are already guaranteed by different Irish societies in America. A fund of £2000 has been guaranteed by some wealthy Irishmen to organise and equip the teams from England.

A cable message last week to the daily press, states:—Trinity College, Dublin, will place the college and grounds at the disposal of the Australian and New Zealand competitors at the Tailteann games in August.

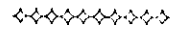


ST. PATRICK'S SPORTS ASSOCIATION, CHRISTCHURCH.

The monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's Sports Association was held last week; Mr. B. J. McKenna presided. Messrs. E. Samuels and F. O'Connell were elected vice-presidents of the association. Three new members of the association were elected.

The following officials were elected to act at the sports meeting to be held on March 14 and 15: Superintendent of sports, Mr. B. J. McKenna; deputy-superintendent, Mr. C. H. Taylor, sen.; chief consul, Mr. W. J. Walter; referee, Mr. J. Kennedy; handicapper of amateur events, Mr. R. Beattie; handicapper of professional events, Mr. S. Cox; clerk of course, Mr. J. S. Tulloch; handicappers, cycling, Messrs. W. J. Walter and P. C. Lucas; judges, amateur running, Messrs. C. S. Thomas (supervisor), W. Flewellyn, Moss Ballin, J. Guthrie, A. L. Chappell and J. K. Maloney; judges professional running, J. M. Coffey (supervisor), J. F. Wilson, R. Nash, W. Hayward, H. St. A. Murray, G. Ryan, Rev. Father Stewart; judges field events, J. Anderson (supervisor), W. Robins, J. Cunningham, P. Stevenson, P. Ryan and Rev. Father O'Connor; judges jumping, Messrs. D. Kelleher, W. J. McKenzie, G. Goldstone, E. M. McKenna; judges cycling, A. B. L. Smith (supervisor), T. H. James, J. A. Mealings, P. C. Croke, G. Hayward, G. Sutherland; starter, Mr. W. Walden; assistant-starter, Mr. S. Cox; timekeepers, Messrs. W. E. Simes (supervisor), W. Johnson, A. E. Byrne, J. Buchanan,

S. Whale, D. J. Dennehy, and Free Holmes; marksmen and observation stewards, Messrs. T. P. Fogarty (supervisor), Brother Phelan, T. P. O'Rourke, H. Sloan, J. Flannelly, E. Riley, J. E. Bowers, J. Foley, E. Fitzgerald, D. McCormick, H. O'Connor, H. Upjohn, B. McCleary, S. Ryan, J. Rodgers, G. Henderson, Brother Marcellan, J. Ormandy, G. Getson; press stewards, Messrs. M. Mannix, L. Lascelles, B. Turner, E. Croke, and W. Shaw; result board, Messrs. H. McSwiggan, P. Pearce, J. Jacques, J. J. Hendron, W. Crossen, J. Haughey, and J. Docherty; judicial committee, Messrs. G. Ryan, M. Grimes, J. Jacques, J. S. Tulloch, T. P. O'Rourke, Rev. Brother Phelan, P. P. J. Amodeo, J. M. Coffey, and H. J. Fraser; dressing-room stewards, Messrs. F. Smyth, T. E. Madden, S. Ryan, J. B. McCormick, H. Kennedy; number stewards, Messrs. J. Cunningham, and J. Rodgers; committee room stewards, Messrs. M. Wall and L. J. Power; gate stewards, Messrs. P. Kingdom and H. O'Connor; ground committee, Messrs. J. Anderson, S. Ryan, C. J. Taylor, J. Cunningham, J. Rodgers, G. Getson; social committee, Messrs. H. O'Connor, R. Nash, J. Flannelly, J. Rodgers, P. Ryan, P. Pearce, E. Fitzgerald, T. P. O'Rourke (convener).



ATHLETICS A RELIGIOUS AID.

From time to time (states the *Baltimore Catholic Review*), it receives requests for the elimination of its sports' page. The *Review* has declined to accede to such requests. It regrets that because of the size of the paper it cannot give more space to athletics.

Apropos of some of these requests and the statements made by certain parties that a Catholic paper should have no room for such "trivial stuff" as sports, the *Review* would suggest a reading of an article in the *Queen's Work* for November, entitled: "A Word on Athletics." The article is written by the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., whose books for boys have been read by hundreds of thousands of American youngsters in the last twenty years and more.

In his article Father Finn emphasises the value of athletics in keeping boys pure and clean-minded. He says that the boy who is intensely fond of athletics has little time or inclination for bad thoughts or impure conversations. He quotes a Spanish Jesuit as saying that the conversation of the average American boy who is interested in athletics is far more edifying, far more gentlemanly and Christian than the conversation of boys of the same age in Europe, who are not quite so absorbed in sports. The Spanish priest says that while many boys and young men in Europe are guilty of the most indecent language in their conversations, the American boys give themselves up to a discussion of baseball and football, of batting and fielding averages and the deeds of gridiron heroes. Father Finn says that an American detective who has travelled in Europe also spoke to him upon this same difference.

Father Finn in his travels has found that members of his Order, the Society of Jesus, are taken more into the confidence of their pupils in the United States, England and Ireland than in the other countries in which they teach. This confidence is engendered by their participation in the games in which the students of the three countries play. He has found that the average of religious vocations among boys who are enthusiastic athletes is remarkably high.

The Notre Dame football eleven which has made such a glorious record in the last few years, goes to Communion before every important game. The number of communicants at Notre Dame among the students is most edifying. Sound bodies and clean minds seem to go together.

Since the formation of the baseball and basketball leagues by the *Review*, this paper has received many reports from priests that the boys on the various teams offer up special prayers for victories; they go to Communion frequently, offering up their Communions for victory. In one case, at least, a non-Catholic boy was converted to the Faith by reason of the good example set him by his companions who played in one of the leagues conducted by the *Review*.



Whoever he be, and whatever he be, he is not a Christian who is not in the Church of Christ.—St. Cyprian.

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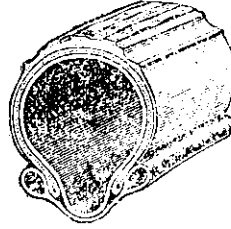
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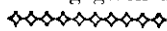
Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Very Rev. Father Gleeson, the Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers, returned to Sydney the other week from the Philippine Islands, where he made visitation of the houses of his Order.

The residents of Fairfield, in the words of Rev. Father J. Walsh, are in the happy condition of living amicably together, and Protestants and Catholics alike aspire to do everything for the progress and prosperity of the district. It was the pastor's pleasure the other Sunday, at the blessing of the foundations of the new church by the Archbishop of Sydney, to pay tribute to the broad spirit of toleration and generosity of his Protestant neighbors in co-operating with their Catholic neighbors in matters affecting the welfare of the new church (says the *Freeman's Journal*). In welcoming his Grace to the district, Father Walsh explained that had it not been for unforeseen difficulties the foundations of the church would have been laid some months ago; nevertheless, their joy had been increased on that occasion by the visit of his Grace. A few years ago few amongst them anticipated such an event as that taking place that afternoon, particularly as in those days the Catholic families could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. As the district advanced the Catholic people grew in numbers; and in respect to their church he publicly said that great aid and co-operation had been given by the non-Catholics of the place. There existed that day amongst the residents a grand, friendly spirit, and a spirit of tolerance as well as of generosity. Due to that feeling, the various Catholic functions had been very successful, and he hoped that the same feelings would continue to exist. He could assure them that out of the new church there would not go forth one word to hurt the feelings of anyone or tend to diminish the spirit of kindness which existed among the various denominations of the district.

Sunday (says the *Catholic Press* for January 31) was a wonderful day at Orange. It was an epoch-making occasion in the annals of Catholic education in Orange, if not in the west. The foundation stone of what is promised to be one of the largest and best-equipped Catholic schools in the State was laid, and with the ceremony were associated many striking features. The most striking of these were the most adverse weather possible, and the most generous and loyal spirit conceivable. In the face of cold westerly winds and lashing rains, the people of Orange, together with a large number of visitors from other centres, flocked to St. Joseph's Church in the afternoon to demonstrate in a practical manner their sympathy and co-operation with the Bishop of Bathurst (Dr. O'Farrell) and the Administrator (Rev. Father Kelly) in their ambitious programme for the improvement, enlarging, and modernising of Catholic buildings at Orange. Included in the scheme is the establishment of a Bishop's House, and improved accommodation for the Sisters and the students. The scheme is costing, approximately, £13,000, in addition to which further outlay will be necessary for the furnishings. The gathering was honored by the presence of the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Sydney, it being his Grace's first trip across the Mountains. His Lordship Bishop O'Farrell and Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly (Rector of St. John's College), were also present. An appeal for donations towards the building fund resulted in the extraordinary sum of £5790 being given or promised.



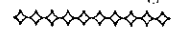
VICTORIA.

Xavier College, Kew, will welcome a new rector when the boys resume on February 12, in Father Frost, who was their sports master last year (says an exchange for February 7). He was vice-rector of Clongowes Wood, near Dublin. Very Rev. Father Sullivan, who has been rector of Xavier for the last six years, was appointed Provincial, or head of the Jesuit Order of Australia, and thus has had to retire from the control of any one school. He has been very popular in Melbourne, not only at Xavier, but among all the public schools. His predecessor, Father O'Dwyer, was equally popular, and so Father Frost enters on his duties as rector following two splendid men. Father Sullivan has done good work on the Council of Education,

but owing to his new duties necessitating his being frequently absent from Melbourne he may have to retire. He will be much missed in public school circles.

The Month's Mind for the late Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, on January 23, in the presence of a notable gathering of prelates, clergy, and people, was celebrated in SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Goulburn. An eloquent and impressive panegyric was delivered by his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane (Most Rev. Dr. Duhig).

A graceful tribute is to be paid to his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne by the past pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent, Burke Road, East Malvern—viz., the presentation of a Corpus Christi (Werribee) College Burse to the value of £600, made up of offerings of sixpences given in response to the past pupils' appeal. His Grace will attain his 60th year on March 4, 1924, on which occasion the gift will be presented to him. Dr. Mannix was consecrated in Maynooth by his Eminence Cardinal Logue (Primate of All Ireland) Archbishop of Phasalus and Coadjutor-Archbishop of Melbourne, with the right of succession, October 6, 1912, and arrived in Melbourne on Easter Sunday of the following year. He succeeded the late Archbishop Carr, May 6, 1917. Whilst his predecessor lent his energies to the completion of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dr. Mannix completed the system of higher education for his people, lay and clerical, by the erection of Newman and Corpus Christi Colleges.



QUEENSLAND.

Rev. Brother D. G. Purton, M.A., principal of Rostrevor College, Adelaide, S.A., has been transferred to Nudgee College, Queensland.

His Grace Archbishop Duhig, of Brisbane, since his return from Rome in January of last year, has travelled about 14,000 miles, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to nearly 4000 young people. Ten new churches, as well as several other buildings, have been dedicated, and on the whole the advancement of religion in 1923, well maintained the record of previous years.

The Very Rev. Father William Lee, P.P., V.P., Rosalie, Brisbane, and the Rev. Patrick Brady, P.P., Maryborough, have been raised to the rank of Dean. Both priests have done splendid work in the archdiocese to advance the interests of Mother Church, and have received numerous congratulations from their brother priests and their Catholic people. The two new Deans were class mates in Ireland and arrived in Queensland in 1893 to begin the work on the mission. Dean Brady, who is a brother of the late Father P. Brady, who for many years was P.P. at Maryborough, was in charge of the Gayndah parish, where he built a magnificent convent and church. Dean Lee, during his pastorate at Rosalie, erected a beautiful church costing about £12,000. A presbytery was also erected, and the school renovated and enlarged.

The cyclone which struck Brisbane at the week-end (says an exchange for January 31) did considerable damage in the suburbs. On Saturday afternoon the Church of the Little Flower at Kedron, Woollowin, opened a few weeks ago by Archbishop Duhig, was blown down. A number of people were in the church, parishioners waiting for Confession, and members of the Altar Society preparing for Sunday, when the storm broke. Noticing a movement in the roof, they were hurrying from the building when the roof fell in, and two or three people received abrasions. The building, which was of timber, cost upwards of £2000.



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Here and There

World-Famous King's County Man.—As is well known, Rex Ingram, the well-known young film-producer, is an Irishman. He intends to visit Dublin, where many of his admirers will have an opportunity of seeing him in the flesh. Ingram's real name is Reginald Hitchcock, and he is a son of Dr. Reginald Hitchcock, Rector of Kinnity, King's County. He is never tired of speaking of his home country; and delights in relating stories about his college days at Trinity. He commenced his film career years ago in Hollywood, California, and for a long time strove hard to bring his original ideas into the film world. At first he met with considerable opposition; but gradually his ironness of purpose conquered, and he emerged from the fight with fame to his credit. Some time ago he married Alice Perry, the pretty and clever young lady who starred in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Irish-American Vocalist.—Mr. Gerald Griffin, Chicago, who sang at the concert of the Union of the Four Provinces Club in London and is a well-known figure in artistic and musical circles throughout the United States, was recently fulfilling an engagement in London, and he intended later to give a series of recitals of Irish songs in Dublin. Mr. Griffin is descended from the family of Gerald Griffin, the Irish poet. He is a tenor and has already sung Irish songs, which are his speciality, throughout the United States, South Africa, and other countries. He has written and composed a number of songs in the Irish genre, some of which were sung by Mr. John MacCormack during his tour of the Continent last summer. These compositions include songs entitled "The Welcome on the Mat," "The Mother in Ireland," "It's Only a Step From Killarney to Heaven," and "Ireland is Heaven to Me." All these numbers are very popular with Irish exiles in the United States and in other lands where Mr. Griffin has sung them.

"T.P.'s" Tip for Working Journalists.—Mr. T. P. O'Connor was the recipient of a large volume of congratulatory letters and telegrams in connection with the celebration of his 75th birthday. In the course of an interview, "T.P.," who as usual was hard at work at his typewriter from an early hour in the morning, said that he regarded any day upon which he does not write something as entirely wasted. On a day he wrote nothing he went to bed self-reproached for, he said, a working journalist must keep his pen going just as an athlete does his biceps—that is, if he wanted to succeed. Amongst the congratulatory messages he received was one from Lord Gladstone, who wrote: "As far as I can remember, excepting Akers Douglas, I am the only survivor of those who were elected in 1880 and served with you in the House of Commons continuously from that date. Those old days and nights! What storms, but what stirrings and inspirations!"

Fathers of the House of Commons.—In view of "T.P.'s" birthday celebration so brilliantly observed recently at the Savoy Hotel, it is interesting to recall that in his capacity of "Father of the House of Commons," the veteran Irish Nationalist is the 16th holder of that distinction during the last 100 years. At least one of these held the title longer than Mr. O'Connor. This distinction fell to Mr. Christopher Talbot, a member for Glamorgan for 60 years, 16 of which he was "Father of the House." The late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, on the other hand, was the shortest occupant of the office during the past one hundred years, for he only held the post for ten months in the year 1907. Gladstone would have been at one time "Father" but for his short retirement from Newark. Judging by the perennial virility of "T.P.'s" appearance it would be hazardous to predict when he will retire from public life, but should he do so his paternal cloak would descend on the shoulders of Mr. Lloyd George, who has continuously represented Carnarvon since 1890, and after "T.P." has the longest unbroken connection with the House of Commons as compared with any of the other members of the assembly.

Dramatist's Recipe for a Healthy Race.—Mr. St. John Ervine's latest antipathy, it seems, is feminism. According to him, it is responsible for most, if not all, the complications of post-war civilisation, including the much-maligned revue. Speaking at the dinner the other night of the Authors' Club, Mr. Ervine declared that we (he doesn't distinguish, unfortunately, between Irish and English playgoers, says a Home paper) were passing through a period of transition from masculine to feminine. Everything, he felt, was veering from masculine to the feminine, and in a most extraordinary way was at the same time deteriorating. The great period of the drama was when no women wrote plays, acted in plays, or went to the theatre. Owing to feminine predominance tragedy vanished, and its place was taken by comedy. From that they sank, he declared, to farce, then to musical comedy, and then to revue. And what they would get after that it would be hard to predict. Every healthy and strong nation delighted in tragedy, said Mr. Ervine, and every weak and flabby nation could not bear it. The outlook for writers to earn their living by providing for the mind of people who had no mind was very thin, and those who had to write for the present generation must waste away. When writers got back to tragedy, gloom, and misery they would help to get a healthy race again. If they wanted to get the world back on to decent lines they had to start off with the gloomiest possible view of it.

James Stephens and the "Dummy" Watchman.—James Stephens (whose new novel *Deirdre*, has just been published) and his wife once had a distressing experience on their first visit to Katherine Tynan, the novelist, some years ago, shortly after Stephens had published *The Crook of Gold*. Mrs. Tynan Hinkson then lived at Clarebeg, Shankill, and had invited the young author and his wife to dinner. It was a dark November evening, when the visitors left the main road at Shankill and turned into the bye-road leading to Clarebeg. Portion of the road was "up" at the time, as new drains were being laid along the sides. A watchman's hut and fire stood at the top of the road. The Stephens, who had never been in the district before, were groping their way along the footpath in the dark, when they suddenly heard strange shrieks and sounds behind them. On looking back they saw, against the light of the watchman's brazier, a small, stunted figure following them. Mrs. Stephens, becoming alarmed, began to run, dragging her husband with her; but they had not gone many yards when the ground suddenly seemed to open beneath them, and they found themselves lying in six inches of wet, sticky mud at the bottom of a five-foot trench. In a second or two, much to the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, their pursuer was in the trench along with them helping them out, and when they were once more on *terra firma* they scraped some of the mud from their clothes. The Stephens presented a bedraggled appearance when they arrived at the Hinkson domicile, where they were provided with a change of garments and ate their dinner decked out in various "misfits." But the climax of the story lies in the explanation of their strange pursuer of the roadway. He was the village "dummy," and was employed as night watchman. He had not noticed the Stephens until he saw them heading along the path to disaster. His cries, which the poet and his wife mistook for the yells of a maniac, were the nearest thing he could utter to a word of warning. Some wise person remarked later, "Well, it's only in Ireland that they'd have a 'dummy' for a watchman."

Catholic Reading

During your Sunday leisure you will find in the *Tablet* the answers to questions that cropped up through the week. It will give you articles on education, on the progress of the Church, on social problems, on Irish affairs, as well as good stories, good poetry, and good "smile-raisers."

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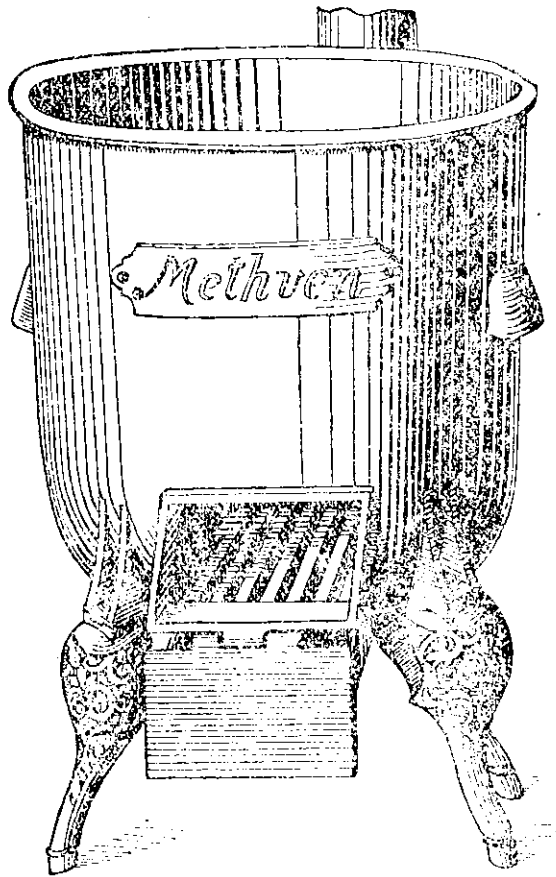
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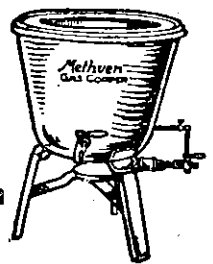
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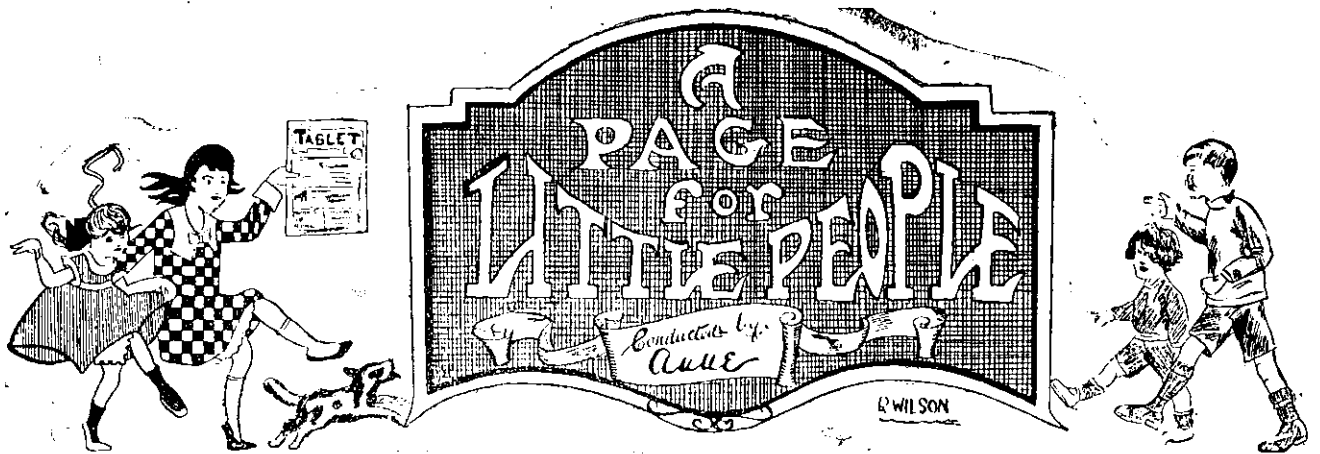
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My dear Little People,

Are you all back at school now? I think you must be, even those who went to the back of beyond for their holidays I can see by some of the essays I have received that you had good holidays. This week eight came in - one each from Hastings, Dipton, Cronadun, Pomolaka, Wangaehu and Geraldine; and two from Te Wae Wae. The first three on the list did not put their exact ages on their essays. Will they please send them in to me as I want to be quite sure and quite fair.

This week we are not crowded out with letters, only three, so, what about a story for a change. I wonder do any of you know it? If not, so much the better, but even if you do, we'll go over it together and it will be ever so nice. Come along then all of you, let's get away into some shady corner where there are no horrid mosquitoes, and I'll tell you about:

DIPPY, THE DONEY.

Dippy was born in clover, a whole field of it, which was perhaps as well, for when his mother saw him she said, "Well of all the long-legged babies I have ever seen you are quite the longest and thinnest, I must feed you up."

At that moment a very dainty old lady walked into the field, she moved very slowly, and leant on a stick. "Dear me! Queenie," she said, "so you have a baby, how sweet of you and what a darling he is, what shall we call him?" and she stroked the baby donkey as gently as the breeze. Just then an animal rushed up making horrible noises. Poor Dippy was so scared that he turned and fled, but his mother called after him, "don't be afraid of Nigger, he won't hurt you, he's our greatest friend and takes care of our mistress and ourselves." All the same Dippy thought he looked very fierce with his gleaming teeth and long red tongue, but when presently, Nigger went up to him and made a fuss of him, they became sworn friends from that moment.

"Now, come and make friends with me Dippy," said the mistress, and that was how the baby donkey learned that his name was Dippy. It may sound rather a funny name, but it is really very nice and affectionate once you get used to it. While this was going on the groom harnessed the mother donkey, Queenie, to a pretty little carriage, and when Dippy saw his mother strapped and led up with a heavy burden to pull, he said "Oh! mother I don't like to see you all fixed up like that." But Queenie told her little son that she did not mind a bit, in fact that she loved to be of service to the dear mistress who was so kind to her. Off they set, the mistress driving, while Dippy ran happily by his mother's side. First of all they went to a farmhouse to get some new milk, and Dippy having nothing else to do, followed the farmwife into the cowshed and saw a maid milking. But the cow saw him with the corner of her eye and she got such a fright that she kicked over the milking pail, upsetting all her beautiful warm milk. Also, she tossed her long horns in such a threatening way that poor little Dippy went for his life and told his mother what had happened. Queenie explained to him while she gave him a tender licking, that Rusty was all right, but that she had a wee little calf just out in the yard, and that very likely she mistook Dippy for someone come to take little Blossom away. She told him

at the same time not to be surprised if any horses they met snorted and made a fuss, because horses didn't seem to like donkeys at all. Why, she didn't know, unless it was because they were jealous of donkeys' lovely ears.

From the farmhouse they trotted to the village butcher and he was most polite to the gentle old lady, coming to the carriage to take her orders. "I do wish," she said to him, "that you would take Dippy to see his father."

"Certainly Madam," said the butcher, "he is just running the sausage machine," and he led Dippy by the mane through a yard into a large shed. In the centre ran a handsome donkey with a halter round his neck, a length of iron connected the halter with a machine and as the donkey ran so the machine turned, chopped up masses of meat and poured it into sausage skins, which were then twisted—the long strings of sausage that you see in the shops come from the machine. The butcher slipped the halter from the donkey and introduced Dippy to his father. Mokey was very pleased to meet his son and hee-hawed with delight. He told him that he was very lucky to be so young and free, for he found it very tiring and trying to run in a circle.

(We'll go on with Dippy's story next week.)

ANNE.

My Dear Anne—All last year I have been reading the little folks letters, and they were lovely and interesting. So this year I would like to become one of your little band. I am 12 years old and in Standard 4. I have 3 Sisters and one brother. We go to the Convent School it is quite near our home. My brother's name is Verdon. This is a riddle Anne. Two men had shorn a 100 sheep in a day if I man shorn 5 sheep more than his mate how many did each shear. Well dear Anne if I write much more I will be filling up the peoples page. Yours sincerely, Molly McMenamin, Milton.

(Welcome Molly glad you like us well enough to join up. Look out for your riddle in a week or two.—Anne.)

Dear Anne—I have written to you before but you did not reply. I would like to be a member of the L.P.L.C. I like your idea very much. I will try for the prize from ten to fifteen years next time I write. I have one sister older than myself and five brothers younger. I am ten years old hope to be in standard four when school opens. We have no Convent here but I was three years at the Convent in Timaru. Your new friend, Denise Mulvey, Geraldine.

(Am sorry Denise that you got no answer. Wasn't your name included in the trips or lists at all? Perhaps the letter was lost. Glad to welcome you now.—Anne.)

Dear Anne—I would like to join the little people page. I am 8 years on August 25. I go to the Florry Vally school and am in the 3 St I have 3 brothers and one Sister. I was at the Teatone Sports on New Year Day and I enjoyed them fine. I am going to the Pictures to night. We are milking 18 cows and feeding 16 pigs. I am staying with my Grandad for a few days. We are going to have a Misson on the 10 February for one week. 2 of my cousins write to you I always read the children's letters and I like them to, no more this time Anne. Goodbye and love to the children and also you. Your little friend, Filleen Sheehan, Happy Valley.

(Glad to welcome you Eileen and hope you'll write again. We're going to have a rattling good page this year, I think.—Anne.)

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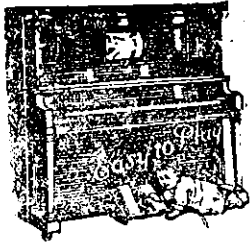
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How Catholic England Celebrated Christmas

Outside the "great solemn abbeys"—as the great monastic houses were described by the plundering commissioners of Henry VIII.—Christmas for the average lay Catholic begins with the Midnight Mass of Christmas Eve. But actually the first ceremonial act of Christmas takes place many hours before midnight, at Prime on the morning of Christmas Eve, when the monastics, vested in rich copes and accompanied with lighted tapers and smoking censers, gather round the great lectern that stands in the middle of their chapter house for the solemn chanting of the Christmas Martyrology, which is always read a day in advance.

It is a wonderful roll of dates and events, this Christmas Martyrology. It begins with the Creation of the World, and it traverses in the most thrilling and colorful terms all the greatest happenings in the progress and development of mankind. Strict purists in chronology might query some of the dates; only a heretic would question the facts. And these events, with the numbering of the years that have passed, pass in rapid succession with an excitement that gathers force as the prefigurings of the Incarnation draw closer to that central fact in the world's history. The Cantor at the lectern changes his note to a higher tone, and in the midst of his monastic brethren in the chapter house he cries aloud that: "To-day, in Bethlehem of Judah, the Word was made Flesh." And all fall on their knees in anticipatory adoration of the Incarnate Christ.

This is the first ushering in of Christmas, which takes place in many a monastic house of Great Britain on the morning of the Vigil. And, outside the abbeys and monastic houses, in the heart of London at Westminster Cathedral the lay folk assist at this ceremony as it is celebrated in the choir by the College of Chaplains. After this there followed the penitential exercises of the Vigil.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop pontificated at the first Vespers of Christmas, and later, at about an hour before midnight, the doors of the Metropolitan Cathedral were opened to admit the faithful to Matins, which preceded the Midnight Mass, celebrated by Bishop Butt in the presence of the Cardinal, at which the Cathedral was crowded to the doors. Prime on Christmas morning was chanted by the chaplains, followed by the High Mass of the Aurora. Then, later on in the morning, there was the Christmas Mass *In Nativitate Domini*, celebrated by the Cardinal Archbishop, who was surrounded by the whole Archiepiscopal Curia, with gentlemen-of-honor and lay dignitaries of the Papal Court in attendance.

Throughout the entire country, England and Wales and Scotland, from our great Cathedral cathedrals and magnificent abbey churches down to the newest and poorest of the mission churches, there was practically not a single Catholic church or conventual chapel in Great Britain without its Midnight Mass. No going out into the highways and hedges here and compelling the people to come in. The difficulty was to find room for the vast crowds that would have overflowed the churches beyond their capacity, and so in every case admission to the Midnight Mass was by ticket only. Cribs were everywhere, and one of the most touching of all these beautiful ceremonies of Christmas was the carrying of the Bambino from the high altar to the manger after the High Mass of midnight.

But, for romance, in which Nature unassisted took the most prominent part, it would have been necessary to have spent the festival with the Benedictine monks at their home on Caldey Island, off the coast of South Wales. The weather prophets had predicted gales, and their prophecies came to pass in abundance. Fierce storms blew up from the Atlantic, their howlings vying with the thundering crash of bells from the abbey tower.

Cut off from the rest of the world by raging seas, as the monks of Caldey were, the calm dignity of the beautiful ceremonies in their abbey church were the greatest contrast imaginable to the fierce shrieking of the wind as it swept across their island, or the dash of the sea spray as it was flung wildly against the painted windows of the monastic church, founded on the rock secure amidst the boiling waves of an angry sea.

Outside the Church Christianity may have failed, as some of our modern critics declare it has. But the Catholic heart of the country beats true as ever, and the Christmas festival which has just passed has seen the Catholic churches more crowded than ever. Which is inevitable, since room has to be found somewhere for the ten thousand or so converts which are added yearly to the Faith in Britain.—*Catholic News Service.*

In Honor of the Social Reign of Our Divine Lord. APPEAL TO THE POPE.

Over 341 cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and superiors; general of religious Orders have addressed an appeal to the Holy Father asking the establishment of a feast in honor of the Social Reign of Jesus Christ. This appeal states that so far back as 1899 the same desire was expressed by five cardinals, one of whom was the future Pius X. Eighty-nine archbishops and bishops of Italy and South America also joined in the petition. The request was favorably received by Leo XIII., and transmitted by the Cardinal Vicar to the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The same Episcopacy also asked the Holy Father for a Mass and Office in honor of the Social Reign of Jesus Christ. The idea of the Social Reign of Jesus Christ has been in continual progress for half a century, and it has been studied under every form, from a doctrinal point of view as well as in its practical realisations at the International Eucharistic Congress. The feast was specially petitioned for in three reports of the International Eucharistic Congress of Lourdes held in July, 1914, at which the Papal Legate presided, and 189 cardinals, archbishops, and bishops assisted. The feast, if established, would be an acknowledgment of the sacred and inprescriptible rights of Our Divine Lord over mankind and a homage from Christian hearts as well as a just reparation for the apostasy of nations.—*Irish Catholic.*

Obituary

MR. TERENCE McCABE, AUCKLAND.

There passed away at the Thames Hospital on the 8th inst., a very much respected and practical Catholic, in the person of Mr. Terence McCabe (writes a correspondent). Mr. McCabe for some years was farming at Turna, and while there was a very active worker for the Church. He left for Auckland a few years ago, and recently visited Turna, where he became ill. He was brought to the Thames Hospital about three weeks ago and after a short illness, borne with Christian fortitude, he passed away. During his illness he was attended by Rev. Father Dignan, who also officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MR. PETER LOFTUS, WELLINGTON.

Another of the fast-diminishing band of early settlers, in the person of Mr. Peter Loftus, passed away at his residence, 26 Ohiro Road, Wellington, on February 1 (writes a correspondent). The deceased was born in 1843 at Loughrea, Co. Galway, Ireland, which county he left at an early age to live for some years in Wigan, Lancashire. Joining the 57th Regiment at the age of 16, he served for a period in the Old Country, proceeding thence to India, and finally, in 1861, to New Zealand. He saw service in the Waikato and Taranaki districts, and took part in the storming of the pah at Otapawa, Te Ngutu-o-te-mani, and sundry other engagements. Later, when the regiment was ordered home he took his discharge, and settled in Wanganui in the retail boot business. At the re-commencement of hostilities he joined the New Zealand Militia, and served with them till the Maori trouble ended. Retiring from business some years ago, he left Wanganui in 1914, and took up his residence in Wellington. During his last illness he was attended by the Rev. Fathers Mahony and Murphy, and died fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. The funeral took place at Wanganui, where his wife, who died some years ago, was laid to rest. Rev. Father Outtrim officiated at St. Mary's Church, Wanganui, and at the graveside. An adult family of five sons and three daughters are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

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IRISH NEWS

THE PUBLIC SAFETY BILL.—THE SENATE.—THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM.—MORE PRISONERS
RELEASED.—BELFAST GOVERNMENT AND SUBSIDIES.

As the Public Safety Act, which empowers the authorities to arrest and intern persons suspected of having committed specified forms of anti-social crime, expires in a few weeks (writes the Dublin correspondent of a Home paper for December 22), a new Public Safety Bill has been submitted to the Dail. The Bill is modelled on the Act in force at present, and, if passed in its existing form, will remain law until February, 1925. Moving its second reading, which was agreed to by a large majority, the Minister for Home Affairs justified the new measure on the ground that several rural districts, notably Leitrim, Kerry, and East Galway, were still seriously disturbed. In those remote localities, he said, civic courage had not yet grown strong, and juries had acquitted prisoners in face of full and substantial evidence of guilt. Exceptional legislation was, therefore, called for—legislation which might infringe, to some extent, the general principles of constitutional government, but which, by rendering lawlessness more difficult, would serve to strengthen, in the ultimate, the democratic system in this country. As every thinking citizen recognises the validity of the arguments advanced by the Minister for Home Affairs, opposition to the Bill was largely formal. Labor members voted, it is true, against it, but their criticisms lacked emphasis and fire. They recognised, no doubt, that—had they been in power themselves—they would have been compelled to submit a very similar measure to Dail Eireann. Among the general public the introduction of the Public Safety Bill caused no excitement. It is regarded as a necessary measure, and it is believed that it will pass rapidly through Parliament.

Lord Glenavy has been re-elected Chairman of the Senate. During the civil war he discharged the difficult duties of his office with impartiality and tact, and his re-election, which was supported by representatives of every party, has given general satisfaction. Lord Glenavy, who in pre-war days was a strong opponent of self-government, has done much to reconcile the old minority to the Free State, and thus the high position to which the Senate has elected him shows that the Nationalist majority is willing his energies to reconstructive work—for every citizen, in-to bury in oblivion the differences of others days; it shows that there is room in Ireland for every citizen who devotes deed, who obeys the Constitution and loyally accepts the new régime. Lord Glenavy's re-election was followed immediately by the election of Mr. S. L. Brown as a member of the Senate. Mr. Brown, who fills the place vacated by the resignation of Sir Horace Plunkett, is a leading member of the Irish Bar. He is a Protestant, but has never identified himself with party politics of any kind. Although Mr. Brown will make an admirable Senator, the defeat of, at least, one of his opponents—the Marquis McSwiney—has caused considerable regret in Dublin. The Marquis McSwiney has for years devoted his great talents to the service of the Irish nation, both at home and on the Continent, and his election to the Senate would have created an excellent impression. The Senate will not be deprived for long, it is hoped, of the services of this distinguished Irishman and scholar, who, through all the troubles of the last few years, retained unchanging confidence in the future greatness of a liberated Ireland.

President Cosgrave the other week unfolded in Dail Eireann the Government's scheme for relieving unemployment. It is proposed to expend about £2,000,000 on the reconstruction of roads and bridges, while an additional sum—£250,000—will be granted as a subsidy for the building of houses for the working classes. These relief schemes, it is estimated, will provide work for 25,000 men—roughly, two-thirds of the unemployed in the Free State. Apart from their immediate utility as a partial solution of the unemployment problem, they will prove extremely advantageous to the community, which still suffers severely from

the effects of the bridge-breaking activities of the Irregulars. Unemployment, owing to a decided trade revival, is decreasing in the Free State. The new works should remove it, temporarily, at least, from the list of problems by which the Irish Government is faced. When the menace of unemployment ceases to confront unskilled workers in the country, anti-social propaganda will become, it is thought, impossible. The vast majority of those who voted Republican at the last general election did so as a gesture of protest against economic hardships for which, foolishly enough, they held the Government responsible. Were these hardships ended, as they would be if work were provided for the rural unemployed, little more would be heard about Mr. de Valera's panaceas, except from those propagandist agents who find agitation more exhilarating than the occupations to which they were accustomed in the days before they achieved what they continue to mistake for fame.

Several hundred internees, including a number of anti-Treaty Deputies and the Mayor of Sligo, were released from custody in December. With the exceptions of Madame Markiewicz and Miss O'Hanlon, there were then no female internees, and it was believed that these two ladies would be soon set free. Up to then the released Irregulars have created no disturbances. Impressed by the determination of the Government to suppress with energy all forms of crime, they have returned quietly to their homes, from which most of them recognise, no doubt, that they were very ill-advised to move at the behest of Mr. de Valera's "commandants" and "brigadiers."

Even the Republican politicians are quiet at the moment. They seem to have been stunned by the failure of the hunger-strike and the over-subscription of the National Loan. They may contemplate, of course, some new form of agitation after Christmas, but it is difficult to conceive on what lines a formidable campaign against the Free State could be run. Their abstention from Dail Eireann, whatever they may think themselves, renders them powerless as a constitutional opposition, while their own repeated pledges forbid them from launching, officially, at least, another campaign of destruction and intimidation.

Archbishop O'Donnell, writing some days before the result of the British election, said: "No one can forecast the turn of great events by which the country may be reunited. Had we been under a single Irish Government the horrors of recent years would never have taken place. Cordially united, there would be scarcely a limit to what north and south might achieve."

The Orange party in the north-east had relied upon the return of the Conservatives to power in Britain. It sent a deputation to that country to support the Conservative candidates. The Conservative Party lost 100 seats. It cannot form a government.

The Belfast Government was heavily subsidised by the Conservative Government of Britain. Moreover, that Conservative Government showed no disposition to put into force the article in the Anglo-Irish treaty which makes provision for the appointment of a commission to determine the boundary between the north-east and the rest of Ireland.

By the next British Government the subsidies to the Belfast Government may be withdrawn. The boundary article in the Treaty may also be put into operation without much further delay. With the British subsidies withdrawn the Belfast Government would find itself in a bad way.

A member of the Belfast Parliament and an extreme supporter of the Government of the north-east area admitted that if the subsidies ceased and if the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh were incorporated in the Free State the Government in Belfast would collapse. By this turn of events Ireland may be re-united.

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MARKET REPORTS.

There was a large yarding of 320 head of fat cattle at Burnside last week. The bulk of the entry consisted of prime quality steers and heifers, there being also a number of choice quality cows. The sale opened at only a shade under the previous week's values, but as it progressed prices receded noticeably, and on the average could be quoted 30s under the preceding week's rates. A number of pens were passed. Quotations: Extra prime bullocks made up to £14 15s, prime £10 10s to £12, medium £7 10s to £9, light £6 to £7 5s. Extra prime cows and heifers realised £9, prime £6 10s to £7 10s, medium £4 to £5, aged to £3 10s. Fat Sheep.—A large yarding, 2624 being penned. With the exception of a few pens of heavy-weights, the entry composed medium and handy weights sheep, with a fair proportion of aged ewes. Exporters were operating freely and values on the average were on a par with those obtaining on the previous week. Quotations: Extra prime heavy-weight wethers made up to 44s, prime 37s to 39s 6d, medium 32s to 34s, light 25s to 27s 6d. Extra prime heavy ewes realised 36s, prime 26s to 28s 6d, medium 21s to 23s, light and aged 8s to 12s. Lambs.—A medium yarding, numbering 1225. The entry consisted of several pens of prime quality lambs, with a fair proportion of light and unfinished sorts. Prime lambs met with a ready sale at an increase on the preceding week's rates, while inferior sorts were very hard to quit. Quotations: Extra prime lambs brought up to 39s 3d, prime 30s to 32s, medium 25s to 27s 6d, unfinished 12s to 15s. Pigs.—A full yarding was offered, all classes being represented. Competition was fairly brisk, but prices, both for baconers and parkers, were easier to the extent of fully 5s per head. Last week's prices for prime baconers are on a basis of about 63d, and for prime parkers about 81d per lb.

Following were the quotations at last week's Addington market:—Fat Lambs.—4600 were penned, a few less than on the previous week. There was a keen sale at 101d for under 42lb, 10d for over 42lb, and 91d for seconds. Extra prime lambs 34s to 37s 3d, few show pens 39s to 41s 10d, prime 30s 9d to 33s 6d, medium 27s 6d to 30s 6d, light 23s to 27s. Fat Sheep.—There was an average entry of 10 races. Values showed on an average little change from the preceding week. The companies operated more freely. Wethers from 61d to 63d, ewes from 41d to 5d. Extra prime wethers 37s to 40s, prime 31s to 34s, medium 27s 6d to 30s 6d, light 24s to 27s, extra prime ewes 32s 6d, prime 24s 6d to 28s 6d, medium 21s 6d to 24s, light 20s to 21s 3d, old 17s to 19s 6d. Fat Cattle.—There was a smaller yarding and an improved demand at the start of the sale of from 25s to 30s per head for good beef. Late entries augmented the penning to 380 head. Values slipped back to the previous week's rates. A few pens of beef made to 36s per 100lb. Prime 31s to 34s, medium 27s 6d to 30s 6d, light 24s to 27s, rough 15s. Extra prime steers £17, prime £12 10s to £15, medium £9 15s to £12 5s, light £6 15s to £8 17s 6d, extra prime heifers £10, prime £7 5s to £9 5s, ordinary £4 15s to £7, light £3 10s to £4 10s, extra prime cows £10 12s 6d, prime £6 15s to £8 5s, medium £4 5s to £6 10s. Vealers.—There was an average market. Runners to £5 17s 6d, vealers £3 5s 6d to £4 5s, good calves 30s to £3, small 8s to 20s. Fat Pigs.—There was a medium entry and a good demand at the start, but values fell away. Choppers £2 to £4 17s 6d, light baconers £3 10s to £3 15s, heavy £4 to £4 10s, extra heavy £5; average price per lb 6d to 6½d. Light porker, £2 7s to £2 12s, heavy £2 15s to £3 4s; average price per lb 8d to 8½d.



The Utility Fence

(Contributed.)

VARIOUS TYPES OF STRAINING MACHINES.

As to straining gear, there are quite a number of patents, each having its own advocates. Some are superior to others in special cases; and again a man working with one make of strainer often becomes expert with that particular kind of machine.

The old type of roller with the ratchet and pawl is a good kind for pulling down trees or similar work. It injures the wire never so little, takes up a great deal of slack, but not an unlimited amount. It will do first-class

service, too, on the bored straining-post where a "plug" or false-wire and "key" are used, but it cannot be used for splicing. With the new gripping and clutching machines the boring is going, in many cases gone, and with anchors as substitutes straining posts are becoming less and less in evidence.

Many object to the gripping trainers on account of the damage they do to the wire. Where No. 8 or lighter wire is used the teeth of some of the grippers may make ravages, but where No. 7 is used any damage worth taking into account is seldom experienced, so that the remedy in this case is to have at hand a piece of No. 7 wire and attach it to the wire of lesser gauge when it is desired to strain them with this class of machine, for the strainer to work upon. The gripping strainers are certainly very useful, handy, and may be quickly operated for a variety of other purposes as well as wire-straining. They certainly claim consideration when making a selection.

The auger will not be much required in the fencing of the future: bored strainers are becoming increasingly rarer, yet it is still necessary for boring the distributing post next to the anchor, to space out the wires. As this post is small, a ¾ in or ½ in bit may take the place of the auger by those who prefer to use the brace and bit.

In bush districts where timber is plentiful a 2 in auger is sometimes used to bore the holes for the mortise for the stay-to-strainer. The axe being used to take out the mortise instead of the chisel.

THE "SPINNING-JINNY."

The spinning-jinny is a name given by fencers to a contrivance employed to run out new wire from the coils as they come from the manufacturers. Wire which has been removed from a fence is generally rolled out the second time, for the simple reason that it is seldom re-rolled uniformly enough to be run out from a "jinny" again. Wire distributors are advertised by some firms, but as the above contrivance can readily be made by any handy man at almost a nominal cost, and will fulfil very well what is required of it it will commend itself to many. When the coil is properly set on the "jinny" the fencer taking care to get hold of the right end of the wire at the beginning, simply goes along the fence line, and the jinny spins round in response to very little pulling on the wire, and "pays out" the wire as long as the coil lasts.

A well-made jinny turns easily, requires little pulling effort, and furthermore, the wire which is run out from it comes out with fewer kinks in it than when rolled out by hand, to say nothing of the saving in labor.

HOW TO MAKE THE "JINNY."

It is made as follows: Take 2 pieces of 4 in x 2 in, 3ft 6 in long, halve in at centres and nail together, driving the nails so as to leave room in the exact centre for a ¾ in hole. Take 2 pieces of 4 in x 1 in and nail together in the same way. These last need not be halved in together. Next: with a pair of compasses (or a trammel may be made) from the centre of the two cases thus formed, describe 3 circles at the distances 6½ in, 8½ in and 10½ in, at each of which distances bore three ¾ in holes, spaced somewhat in triangular form, to prevent the timber from splitting. The object of these different spacings is to suit the pegging on of the coils when the jinny is set up ready for action. Note well here that holes in the cross which is made of the 4 in x 2 in scantling are *not to be bored right through*; about 1½ in deep will be far enough, but the lighter cross should be bored right through, and in such a way that the holes in it coincide precisely with those of the other one, arm to arm. It is also advisable to mark an arm of each cross while in the correct position, so that it may be afterwards seen at a glance that the holes in the upper and lower arms are directly opposite each other when setting the wire on the jinny to commence operations. This may readily be done and a lasting mark made by chipping off the corners of an arm of each cross.

Bore a hole ¾ in in size through the centre of each cross. Next, cut a circular piece about 1 1/2 in in diameter out of an inch board, and also another piece of 1 in board about 1 foot long by 9 in wide, and bore each piece with 3 holes at centre also, to receive a ¾ in round iron bar about 3ft long, which should be well pointed with a tapering point at one end, and a knob end similar to a bolt head at the other, for striking upon when driving it into the ground.

(To be continued.)

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Catholic World

THE NEXT EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

Announcement has been made that the next International Eucharistic Congress is to be held in the city of Amsterdam from July 22 to July 27, 1924. This will make the 27th of these great demonstrations of faith in the Real Presence. The 28th will be held at Chicago in June, 1926. This has been definitely decided upon at the annual general assembly of the permanent committee just held at Paris under the presidency of Monsignor Heylen, Bishop of Namur, at which meeting the Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelin, Archbishop of Chicago, and Monsignor Callier, Bishop of Harlem, were elected honorary members, while Prince Wladimiro Ghiki, of Roumania, and Mr. Martin Manton, Judge of the Court of Appeal, New York, were elected associate members.

NOTES FROM ROME.

(Catholic News Service, London, December 29.)

The academic year of the *Nunci Lincei* was inaugurated at the new quarters of this renowned Roman Academy which have been erected in the Vatican Gardens. The Holy Father presided at the ceremony, and with his Holiness was the Cardinal Secretary of State, and their Eminences Cardinals Merry del Val, Vannutelli, and Ercole, with the president and members of the Academy. In a short speech his Holiness expressed his satisfaction at having been able to offer a new home to the Academy, in a location that was particularly suited to its object of the investigation of truth.

M. Doucet, the French Ambassador to the Holy See, who succeeds M. Jonnart, has been received in formal audience by the Holy Father for the purpose of presenting his credentials. The audience took place with the usual formalities in the Throne Room, and the new Ambassador after leaving the Pope paid the customary visit to the Cardinal Secretary.

Cardinal Sincero, Archbishop of Genoa, has now taken possession of his titular church of St. George in Velabro. Mgr. Jorin, Protonotary Apostolic, read the Bull of Appointment, to which the new titular replied in a very fine discourse, during which he referred to the somewhat lamentable condition of this ancient church which is a votive temple of the reconciliation of the Orient with the Roman Church. The Cardinal spoke of the efforts of the Holy See and the Italian Government in the direction of restoration, and concluded with a prayer for the union of the Oriental schismatics with Rome. The ceremony was a very colorful one. Taking part in it was Mgr. von Huyn, formerly Archbishop of Prague but now Latin Patriarch of Alexandria. Many archbishops and bishops were present, also the Nicaraguan Minister, the ex-Premier Orlando, and students of the Oriental seminaries and colleges.

The *Ancien et Nouveau Testament*, published by A. Brassac, of Paris, has been placed on the Index of Forbidden Books by the Congregation of the Holy Office. The volumes condemned are those for the years 1907, 1909, 1911, 1917, and 1920.

POLISH DESIGNS ON CHURCH PROPERTY.

A Bill for the secularisation of church property in Poland, which was brought before Parliament a month or so ago, is the subject of a strong protest from Cardinal Dalbor, Archbishop of Posen and Primate. This Bill provides for the reversion to the State of all landed property still held by the Church, except that which goes directly to provide for religious services.

Consequently the endowments in land for the episcopal mensa, stipends for the cathedral chapters, support of parishes and convents, would go to the Government, which proposes some monetary compensation on a scale to be worked out by an agreement with the Vatican.

This—Cardinal Dalbor says in a strongly-worded letter

to the Ministry of Worship—is nothing short of wholesale robbery. Things were bad enough—says the Cardinal—when Poland was parcelled out among the Germans, the Russians and the Austrians. Yet even these hostile and domineering Governments gave back part of their ill-acquired gains. And it has remained for a Polish Government to propose taking away practically all the endowed landed property of the Church.

The Government justifies the proposed measure on the ground of agrarian reform, which, as other countries of Europe has seen, amounts in fact to a spoliation of the Church. There is a strong feeling of opposition in the country against the project, though of course the measure is not lacking its supporters.

There is the possibility that a parliamentary majority may be able effectively to throw out the Bill. Though perhaps the opposition might be inclined to consider the idea, provided that an adequate monetary compensation were offered, at least not less in value than that of the confiscated endowments, if they ultimately are confiscated.

THE POPE CREATES TWO CARDINALS.

At the Secret Consistory held on December 20, the Holy Father raised two ecclesiastics to the Sacred Purple. The new Cardinals are Mgr. Evaristus Lucidi of the Congregation of the Council, and Mgr. Aurelius Galli, Secretary of Briefs to Princes and Latin Letters. By these new creations the number of Italian Cardinals is brought up to 33.

Preceded by the Swiss Guards and the choir of the Sistine, His Holiness entered the Consistorial Hall, where the three orders of Cardinals with their Dean, Cardinal Vannutelli, awaited the coming of the Holy Father. After his Holiness had ascended the Pontifical Throne the "Eccent omnes" was sounded and the doors were closed on all those not having prescriptive right to be present at the Consistory.

In beginning his Allocution, the Holy Father deplored the brutal murder of Cardinal Soldevilla, Archbishop of Saragossa, who, he said, had been the victim of an atrocious and sacrilegious crime, but who, his Holiness hoped, was even now enjoying blessedness in the Presence of God. The Pope then referred to the present conditions in Europe, particularly in regard to peace, acknowledging that unfortunately there was little change for the better. Bitter feelings and divisions still exist, and penury and destitution are on the increase, especially with the approach of winter. Recalling his letter to Cardinal Gasparri, in which an appeal was made to all countries having a surplus of wheat, his Holiness expressed his satisfaction at the abundance of help that had been forthcoming from all quarters.

The Pope mentioned particularly the assistance given in Central Europe and the Near East, which had been the means of snatching many unfortunate people from death. His Holiness further expressed his own anxiety regarding the fate of Archbishop Cieplak, who was still languishing in prison in Russia.

The Eucharistic Congress at Paris, the great Eucharistic Congress of Genoa, and the centenaries of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Josophat of Ploek, were recalled by his Holiness, who mentioned particularly the visit of the Spanish Sovereigns who "throughout their sojourn in Rome gave the most noble testimony to the faith and respectful devotion to the Holy See," thus truly representing the Spanish nation as faithful to Christ and His Vicar.

"Finally," declared his Holiness to the Sacred College, "We have to announce the good news regarding Ireland, that land so dear to Our heart, where a settlement is happily approaching. We have received comforting assurance of this in the recent pastoral letter from Cardinal Logue, which has been confirmed by later news."

After the investiture of the new Cardinals the doors of the Consistorial Hall were flung open, and after imparting the Apostolic Benediction, his Holiness accompanied by the members of the Pontifical Court returned to his apartments.

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Domestic

By **Maureen**

Feather Cake.

1½ cupsful sugar, 3 cupsful flour, ½lb butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda mixed with flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, 1 cup warm milk. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs and milk, then stir in flour. When ready for oven add cream of tartar in a little milk, bake in a moderate oven.

Banana Fritters.

½lb flour, ¼oz butter, a pinch salt, 2 eggs: add milk. Beat yolks and whites separately; put flour in a basin and melted butter moistened with warm milk; add yolks and then whites making it just stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Mix very gradually and smoothly.

Maids of Honor.

8 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 1 egg, 2oz ground almonds, a pinch baking powder. Beat the egg well up in a cup, add the sugar and beat until the sugar is dissolved, then add the almonds; stir all together; add the baking powder last. Line small cake tins with puff paste, put a little raspberry jam at the bottom, put in a teaspoonful of the mixture and bake 30 minutes.

Fudge.

1 breakfastful brown sugar, 1 tin condensed milk, 2oz butter. Boil gently, stirring all the time, until it begins to stir just the least bit stiffly, then add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour the mixture into a flat tin or plate (greased) until it becomes thick. At this point bed in the fudge blanched almonds, walnuts, etc., and just before it is quite hard score it across into convenient squares with a knife.

Almond Fingers.

2oz sugar, ½lb butter, ½lb flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 egg yolk. Beat the sugar and the butter to a cream. Mix the flour in gradually and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Roll out as thin as possible; have ready an icing made of the white of an egg and sugar. Spread over the mixture then sprinkle with chopped almonds. Bake in a slow oven till a pale brown.

To Cure a Stye.

Put the smallest quantity of water possible over half a teaspoonful of black tea, and allow it to steep. In 10 minutes fold the wet tea-leaves into a tiny piece of

thin muslin. Lay it on the eyelid and keep the eyes shut for half an hour. This cure is only good before the stye has come to a head; the poultice must be applied as soon as the first prickling pain in the eyelid announces the coming of the inflammation.

For Chapped Hands.

Take common starch, and grind it with a knife until it is reduced to the finest powder. After washing the hands, wipe them, and while they are still damp rub a little of the starch all over them. The effect is most soothing. Mustard ground to a very fine powder and mixed with a little water is an excellent thing for cleansing the hands after handling strongly odorous substances, such as onions and fish, etc.

Household Hints.

To keep water hot for a long time stand the kettle on an ordinary brick that has been heated in the oven or before a fire.

When making jellies, brush round the inside of the mould with a little beaten up white of egg. The jelly will then turn out easily.

White marks made by hot plates can be removed from any wood with spirits of camphor applied with a soft rag. Polish afterwards with a good furniture polish.

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considerably; but as we have opened up a new field in
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confidently ask your help in the coming year.

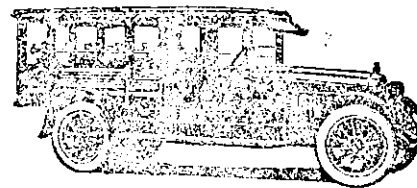
Wishing you every blessing of God.

Gratefully yours,

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"S.O.S."

THE TRUE STORY OF THE DISTRESS CALL.

What do the letters S.O.S., used by ships at sea as a distress call, stand for? The answer is given by Jack Binns, in the *New York Tribune*. It is simple, but in view of the general aptitude to assign a catch phrase to any arbitrary group of letters, a simple answer will not suffice the average person. In this case, we are told, the letters are associated with the cry "Save Our Souls!" so far as the public is concerned, while the call C.Q.D., which it superseded, meant "Come Quick, Danger!" to the layman. Says Mr. Binns, as quoted in *The Radio World* (New York):—

"As a matter of cold fact, neither of these two phrases is correct. Unfortunately, it is the truth that both group of letters were adopted as a matter of expediency, and not because of their peculiar susceptibility to dramatic interpretation. The original C.Q.D. was arrived at by the ordinary process of evolution in the detail work of communication, while S.O.S. was an arbitrary adoption of the first international radio telegraph convention.

"The story of the distress call has never been adequately told, and in view of the large number of questions that have been raised on the point, I am going to outline in this article the history of the famous calls.

"When wireless telegraphy was first placed into commercial use the ordinary telegraph and cable system had been in operation several years and had reached a high state of development. The operation of the latter systems was governed by an international convention which periodically laid down rules to meet necessary operating requirements. Among these rules was a series of double letter symbols which were used by operators to facilitate the working of special circuits, and these symbols invariably incorporated the letter Q because it is one of the least used letters in the alphabet, and in the continental code its dots and dashes are distinctive. In these various groups there was the signal C.Q. This was used on telegraph lines where more than one station was on the line, and it meant that the operator sending the call wanted every station along the line to listen in to what he was about to say.

Now, most of these operating symbols were adopted by Marconi's new company when it began commercial operation at sea in the year 1902. The call C.Q. particularly adapted itself to wireless use, because any ship hearing the call would answer and thus establish communication with the ship making the call.

"As the system gradually developed there were a number of minor emergency calls made and it was quickly observed that the call C.Q. was not of sufficient distinction for emergency purposes. As a result of these experiences, the following general order, known as 'Circular No. 57,' was issued by the Marconi Company on January 7, 1904:—

"It has been brought to our notice that the call C.Q. (all stations), while being satisfactory for general purposes, does not sufficiently express the urgency required in a signal of distress.

"Therefore, on and after February 1, 1904, the call to be given by ships in distress or in any other way requiring assistance, shall be "C.Q.D."

"This signal must on no account be used except by order of the captain of the ship in distress or other vessels or stations transmitting the signal on account of the ship in distress.

"All stations must recognise the urgency of this call and make every effort to establish satisfactory communication with the least possible delay.

"Any misuse of the call will result in instant dismissal of the person improperly employing it.

"This is the exact wording of the famous general order as issued. The original is now framed, and exhibited as part of the important archives of the Marconi Company. It was superseded in July, 1908, by the adoption of the call, S.O.S., as a distress signal by the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention.

"The call S.O.S. is purely arbitrary in its grouping of letters, and was chosen because of the unusual combina-

tions of dots and dashes which make it distinctive above all other calls. It consists of three dots, space, three dashes, space and three more dots."

The Gunpowder Plot

An article on "Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot" in the *Birmingham Weekly Post* (November 3) may be recommended as a model of understatement and suppression: it succeeds in conveying an entirely false impression with the minimum of direct falsehood. The author briefly describes the evidence against Father Garnet in such a way that one can receive no other idea than that the Jesuit father, after impartial trial, was reluctantly found guilty by a nobly tolerant jury. But note the actual evidence:

"He was a close friend of Robert Catesby, Thomas Winter, and the Greenway before mentioned—three of the most prominent figures in the conspiracy. [Incidentally Father Greenway was not a figure, prominent or otherwise, in the conspiracy.] . . . He was implicated in the mission of Guido Fawkes into Flanders about Easter, 1605."

But as the mission in question had nothing whatever to do with the plot, the mention just here seems scarcely relevant. That, then, is the evidence that Father Garnet was a friend of the criminals, and had previously concurred in the sending of one of them on a quite blameless errand. Add to that that he was a Catholic priest at a time when that was treason, and you have all that could be brought against him.

There are, however, two further points in the article:

"At Father Garnet's trial, Lord Salisbury told him that 'all his defence was simple negation.' . . ."

In other words, he pleaded "not guilty."

It is a principle of British law that the prosecution must prove its charges; here the prosecution with bland barbarity threw the onus of proof on to the accused.

The second point leaves one gasping.

"When the Lords Commissioners were satisfied that no further evidence could be obtained for him, the warrant for his execution was signed." (*Italics ours.*)

This picture of the Commissioners doing their best to find evidence on behalf of the unfortunate priest is neat; but what really took place was torture, the intercepting of letters and the utterly loathsome plan by which were overheard conversations between Father Garnet and another priest, to say nothing of the lies told by the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's in order to trick admissions from him. All this section of the *Weekly Post* article seems contemptible in the extreme. As a summary comment it need simply be said that all historians agree that though Father Garnet knew of the plot through the confessional, he had done his best to prevent it.

The second part of the article is of less importance partly because the matter treated is less interesting, partly because the author does not show the same skill in avoiding direct untruth. He tells the story of "Father Garnet's Straw"—a piece of straw which had touched the murdered priest's head, and on which his likeness is said to have appeared. With the truth of the story we are not concerned, and it is impossible to attain any certainty about it at this distance of time, but the writer proves nothing by calling it "ridiculous" and "absurd."

Afterwards he goes on to say:

"The Privy Council commissioned Archbishop Bancroft to make an enquiry into the fable, and punish its instigators . . . and the fraud was completely exposed."

That is an untruth. The Archbishop's enquiry (which, by the way, had not the straw before it) proved nothing. All that emerged, even according to our author, was that a certain artist "believed it quite possible for an imposter to have been responsible for it." Surely a very mild form for a "complete exposure" to take! And even more significant is the fact that no one was punished. (*Catholic Truth.*)

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POEM.

Little heart! list to my telling
 When the tears within are welling,
 If, upon your ills you're dwelling,
 Grief and anger never quelling,
 Then, the Grief of Life you're feeling,
 Grace and joy and peace expelling!

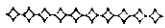
Little Heart! you must be learning,
 Steadily all self love spurning ;
 Good in evil e'er discerning,
 Keep the fires of Courage burning,
 Leaden woes to gold thus turning,
 Whilst for Heav'n, dear Heart! you're yearning.

My heart is strangely fickle here,
 Toward shallow pleasures loved of earth,
 For even this life's tiny mirth
 Enthralls, then chills with sudden fear .

Oh, should success my failures crown,
 The dear Saints welcome even me,
 Can vagrant soul e'er learn to be
 In changeless joy, no more borne down?

But Mary whispers, "Child of Him,
 Whose thought formed Heaven, thee, and me;
 I, too, have known life's shifting sea,—
 Deep joy, then days with sorrow dim.

"Think but of dawn, or star-strewn sky:
 As soon shall these lack mystery,
 Familiar grow, or tiresome be,
 As bliss with Christ in Heaven die."



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Success is the most sought thing in the world. It is seldom attained because most people stumble over the two simple rules governing its attainment.

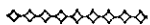
Plan Your Work.
 Work Your Plan.

Planning means thinking, analysing, systematising—making things possible.

Working means despising ease, forgetting hardships, laughing at discouragements—sticking until possibilities are turned into achievement.

These rules are basic, fundamental, necessary— they are the universal laws of success.

There never was a time when concentrated thought and diligent work were not regarded by a full measure of success, and there never will be.



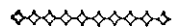
THE FIRST SATURDAY.

Pope Pius X., in order to increase the devotion of the faithful towards the Immaculate Mother of God, and to make reparation for the blasphemies of criminal men who speak against the highest prerogative of the Blessed Virgin, granted a plenary Indulgence applicable to the dead to all those who confess and receive Holy Communion in a spirit of reparation on the first Saturday of the month. The intention of the first Friday is reparation to Our Divine Lord for the outrages offered to Him; that of the first Saturday reparation for the insults offered to Our Blessed Lady. So, accordingly, many of the faithful have adopted the pious custom of receiving Holy Communion on the first Saturday as well as the first Friday. Very often these two days follow each other, and the first Sunday as well, so that the opportunity is availed of by many to make a Triduum of Communions. Mgr. Villard, who was Bishop of Autun at the time of the promulgation of this Decree of Pope Pius X., wrote to his flock:—"As the dawn is

united to daylight, Mary is united to Jesus. So does devotion to the Heart of the Son call forth devotion to the Heart of the Mother. Through St. Margaret Mary Our Divine Lord Himself selected the first Friday as a day of reparation. The Church has selected the first Saturday for the clients of Mary to offer prayer and reparation to their Heavenly Mother."

A writer in the French *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* has also written:—"We shall receive many graces and favors by making the Eucharistic Triduum at the opening of the month. Communion received through a love for Mary will bring love for Jesus into our hearts, Who can teach us better than Mary how we should receive her Divine Son? Since Our Divine Lord takes as done to Himself what we do to the least of His little ones, what a royal reward may we not hope He will have for those who offer consolation to His Immaculate Mother?"

The Triduum of Communions at the opening of the month leads many souls on to the holy practice of frequent and daily Communion.



NUTS TO CRACK.

Why are the tallest people always the laziest? Because they are longer in bed than others.

Who was the fastest runner in the world? Adam, because he was first in the human race.

Why is a watch like a river? Because it won't run along without winding.

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

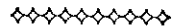
What is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer and grows with its roots upward? An icicle.

When will water stop running down hill? When it gets to the bottom.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot? It is out of the head.

What is the difference between a man going upstairs and one looking up? One is stepping up the stairs, the other staring up the steps.

What is the difference between an engine driver and a schoolmaster? One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

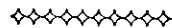


CLERICAL CURIOSITIES.

The meaning of the word "curate" is, nowadays, a very different one from that of former times. Previously the curate was the person responsible for the cure of the souls of the parish; to-day he is simply that hard-worked individual, the assistant clergyman.

"Parson" means "person," the parish "persona"; while the "vicar" originally did the work of the parish on behalf of another. At the present time, however, he is the minister of a parish who is not in receipt of great tithes—where, for instance, the tithes belong to a layman.

The original name for a clergyman was "clerk," so when we speak of a "clerical error" by an individual whom we now call a "clark," we are using a word which formally applied only to the clergy.



A TRAGEDY.

I knew a little boy, not very long ago,
 Who was as bright and happy as any boy you know;
 He had only one fault, and you will all agree
 That from a fault like this a boy himself might free.
 "I wonder who is there, oh, see! now why is this?"
 And "Oh! where are you going?" and "Tell me what it is."
 Ah! "which" and "why" and "who" and "what" and
 "where" and "when."
 We often wished that never need we hear those words again.
 He seldom stopped to think; he almost always knew
 The answer to the questions that around the world he threw,
 To children seeking knowledge a quick reply we give,
 But answering what he asked was pouring water through
 a sieve.
 Yet you'll admit his fate was as sad as it was strange.
 Our eyes we hardly trusted, who slowly saw him change,
 More curious grew his head, stem-like his limbs, and hark!
 He grew at last a mere interrogation mark!

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THE REASON.

In the smaller American towns, houses in which there are cases of infectious disease are put under quarantine and a notice to that effect is posted outside. In one such case, when the illness had been checked, the health officer came to remove the board, but the old mammy was emphatic in her demands for it to be left alone.

"But why don't you want me to take it down?" said the officer.

"Wall, suh," she replied, "eber since dat dere board was put up dere ain't been a bill collectah near dis yeah house, so you let it alone!"

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HOPELESS.

A man who was very short-sighted went to have his eyes tested. After asking him to repeat the letters on the test card without success, the specialist grew impatient and left the room.

Five minutes later he returned with the lid from a dustbin. He put it near the short-sighted man, and said, "Here, can you see this?"

"Yes," said the man.

"What is it?" asked the specialist.

"Well, it's either a half-crown or a two-bob piece," was the unexpected reply.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
WON THE BET.

"Look her, boys!" said young Dareby, the pride of his form; "what will you bet me I won't smack old Juggins in the back and say 'Hallo!' to him?"

Silence reigned for a moment, for Juggins was the head master, and about as likely to put up with familiarity as a Lord Mayor's footman.

"Well," exclaimed a sullen youth, known as Pickles, "I'll bet my fishing-rod against your new knife that you won't do it!"

Other lads made similar offers.

When school met that afternoon every boy watched Dareby with bated breath as he advanced to his principal, and, sure enough, smacked him hard on the back, ejaculating "Hallo!"

Juggins turned fiercely.

"What do you mean by doing that?"

"There was the biggest spider on your back I ever saw, sir," explained Dareby.

"Oh, was there?" said the head master. "Then I thank you for knocking it off, my boy."

And Dareby smiled, while the unfortunates who had accepted his bets gnashed their teeth.

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SMILE RAISERS.

Jack (insinuatingly): "How would you like to lend a friend five pounds?"

Tom: "I'd be only too glad, old fellow, but I haven't a friend in the world."

Virginia: "George says ill-health always attacks one's weakest spot."

Friend (sweetly): "You do have a lot of headaches, don't you, dearie?"

Young Man (to jeweller): "Will you take back this engagement ring?"

Jeweller: "Doesn't it suit?"

Young Man: "Yes—but I don't."

"Last night I woke up with the strange impression that my watch was gone," said Jack, "so I got up and looked."

"And had it gone?" asked Tom.

"No; but it was going!"

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Voltages in excess of 1,000,000 were made to perform spectacular electrical phenomena under the control of a man's finger at the High Voltage Laboratory of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at Trafford City, Pa., U.S.A., recently. Flashing zigzag arcs and high potential surges were included in the demonstrations, which were witnessed by members of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and some visiting engineers of other countries.

The feature of the demonstrations was the forming of a 43 foot arc at a potential of 1,000,000 volts. This was the largest controlled arc ever made artificially and it set a world's record for laboratory work. The length of the arc, the tremendous voltage behind it, and the deep roar that accompanied it, combined to produce a peculiar feeling of awe at the mighty electrical forces under the control of a man's finger. Manifestations of high voltages of electricity produce a sensation which witnesses find hard to define. The 42 foot arc, in making a world's record also rendered the entire delegation speechless. Instinctively they shrank from the enormous flame.

Following the forming of the arc, there was a demonstration of the efficiency of the horn gap. A 15 foot horn was constructed and an arc was induced at a potential of 200,000 volts. The arc rose slowly, due to the hot air produced, with a tearing noise, to the end of the horn, blew out and immediately re-established at the base. It rose again and again until the circuit was opened. This self-explanatory feature is used daily on the power systems to relieve surges and lightning strokes. This is a spectacular test and is an exhibition that witnesses do not soon forget.

The next tests were insulator flashovers. In these tests a dry insulator post, built up of several units was flashed over a potential of 800,000 volts. Following this, the column was covered with a heavy water spray to simulate conditions during a torrential rainstorm, and it flashed over a potential of 650,000 volts, showing the wet insulator to be 75 per cent. as efficient as the dry insulator. This was a remarkably high ratio and is due to excellent design.

During the tests photographs were taken of the phenomena. For the tests the room was entirely in darkness and the arc and flashovers photographed themselves on the camera plate.

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◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
In the loss of dignity, in the absence of praise, in humble subjection, there is great profit to the soul.—St. Francis of Assisi.

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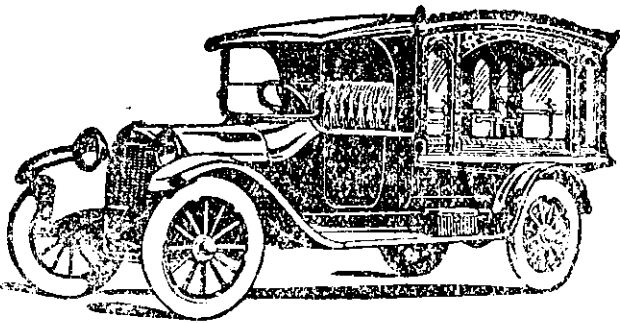
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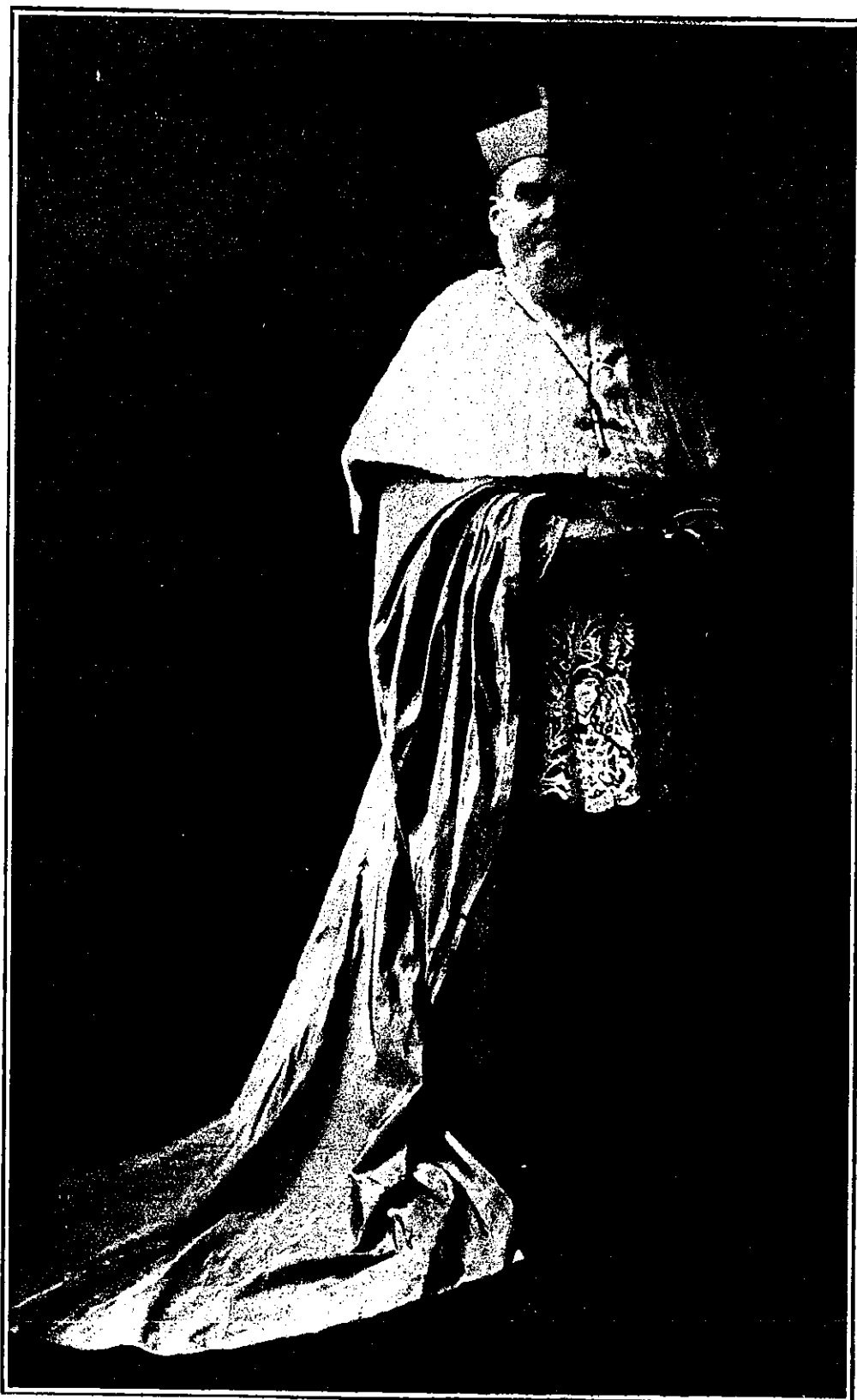
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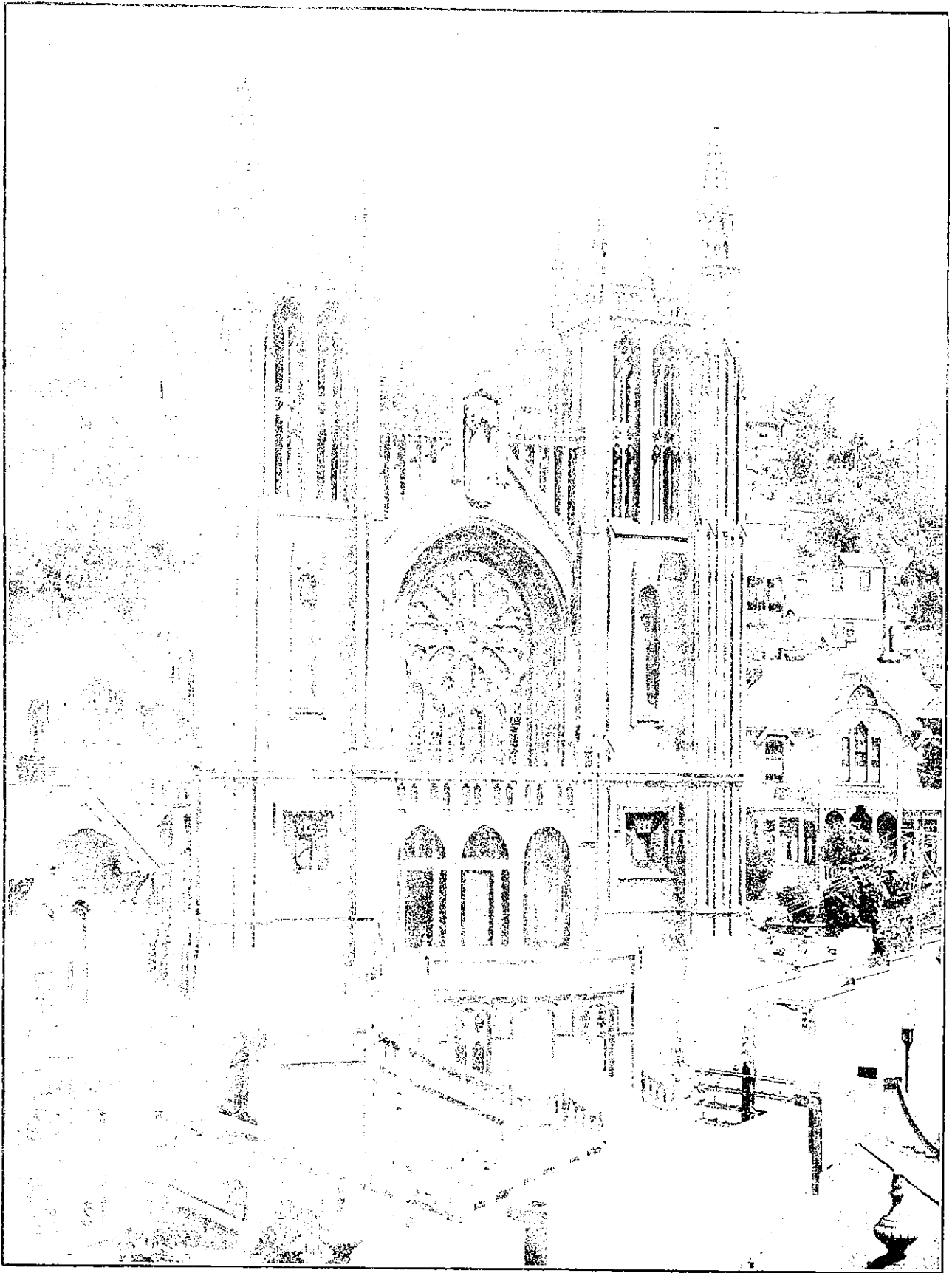
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