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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- April 13, Sunday.—Palm Sunday.
- „ 14, Monday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 15, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 16, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 17, Thursday.—Holy Thursday.
- „ 18, Friday.—Good Friday.
- „ 19, Saturday.—Holy Saturday.

Holy Thursday.

For a short time to-day the Church puts off her mourning. At the Mass her ministers are vested in white, the bells are heard, the organ peals forth. For a moment she desists from her meditations on the sufferings of her Divine Founder to contemplate the tender love which led Him to institute the Blessed Eucharist on the very night before His Crucifixion. In cathedral churches the bishop consecrates the holy oils which are used in the administration of certain sacraments, and also in some ecclesiastical functions.

Good Friday.

This day is called "Good" because on it we were liberated from the dominion of Satan, and the happiness which God had in view in creating us was placed once more within our reach. We must not forget, however, by what means this was accomplished, and that the day so pregnant with blessings for us was marked by unspeakable sufferings on the part of Our Divine Redeemer, who for our sake yielded Himself to a shameful death. This should be the subject of our meditations to-day. We cannot enter the church without being reminded of it. At the morning office the celebrant and his ministers are vested in black, and the history of the Passion is chanted. When the ceremonies are over, the altar is bared of its ornaments, the statues and images of the saints remain veiled. The crucifix alone is uncovered—a striking reminder of the intensity of God's love for man, and in particular an emblem of hope to the repentant sinner.

Grains of Gold

MARY'S PLAIN.

(Holy Thursday Night.)

It is not merely that my heart
Is crying so for Thee to-night,
Who in the sacrilegious mart
Art set against the lords of might!
But oh, that Thou shouldst hear alone
The stinging gibe, the searing pain!
That in Thy need Thou shouldst disown
The arms that call for Thee in vain!
One morning—well I know the day!—
I watched Thee down the desert road;
That morning took my heart away
And left me with a weary load.
Ah, dost Thou hear? Out of my pain
I crave this favor—only this—
To hold Thee in my arms again
And cheat bereavement with a kiss.
My Son! . . . Now does the sword foretold
Transpierce my heart with bitter rue.
Yet, if Thine hour is come, behold
Thy handmaid, but a mother too!
Flesh of my flesh! . . . Shall then the bond
That linked two heartbeats each to each
Be torn? Oh, must thou pass beyond
The limit of my utmost reach?
Yet, if I may not share the way,
Each step is treasured in my heart,
That sad-faced mothers may not pray
In vain for feet that walk apart.
Thy will be done! . . . But ah, the blow
Falls heavily upon my soul,
Who needs must share Thy fill of woe.
Would I might bear the crushing whole!

—EUGENE M. BECK, S.J.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KIRHAM.)

CHAPTER LIII.—(Continued.)

Captain French's servant called his attention to Bessy Morris, and he immediately came towards her and commenced talking to her.

Mary Kearney seemed surprised on observing this; and she looked grave, if not pained, when she saw that Bessy's face was crimson and her eyes cast down, while the captain's white teeth gleamed—unpleasantly, Mary thought—through his dark beard.

"He is a splendid-looking man," said Grace.

"But what can he be saying to Bessy Morris?" Mary asked.

"Oh, flattering her, of course," replied Grace. "And really I never thought she was so very bashful. But she is strikingly—not handsome, but some way fascinating. If I were Miss Isabella Lloyd I might be jealous."

Mat Donovan felt himself pulled by the sleeve, and, on looking round, saw Peg Brady by his side.

"Well, Peg, what's the matter?" says Mat Donovan.

She pointed to the captain and Bessy Morris.

"Oh, ay, 'tis Bessy," he remarked. "I didn't know she was here till I see her on the ditch a minute ago."

Peg Brady kept her eyes fixed upon his face, but she saw nothing there but a smile of admiration and pleasure, as he watched them.

"Bessy always had a great respect for you, Mat," says Peg Brady.

"Well, I believe she had," says Mat Donovan.

"As a friend," returned Peg Brady.

"As a friend," Mat Donovan repeated. "What else?"

"But she's not the same since she was in Dublin," said Peg Brady. "I must tell you somethin' wan uv these days. Mind the captain, how pleasant he is."

Bessy Morris turned away to seek Judy Brophy—who was taken possession of by one of her new admirers, and seemed quite intoxicated by his high-flown compliments—when the word "sojer" fell upon her ear, and on looking up she saw a group of Peg Brady's special cronies regarding her with meaning looks, and whispering among themselves, keeping their eyes fixed upon her all the time. It was plain they knew her secret; and wherever she turned she fancied she met looks of suspicion and malice. This was mere fancy; but, perhaps, it was conscience made a coward of her. She wished she had remained at home, and a pang shot through her heart at the thought of how people would talk of her. She brightened up as she passed Mat Donovan, for the same honest smile as ever met her scrutinising glance. She could almost have thrown herself into his arms for shelter from the poisoned arrows which she fancied were about being launched at her.

"Come, boys," said Mat, "up wud the ball."

The ball was thrown up, and there was some good play, and running, with a friendly fall or two; but as it was only a few goals "for fun," there was little or no excitement, and the "high-gates," and "hell-and-heaven," and "thread-the-needle" were resumed, the players merely running away like a flock of frightened sheep whenever the ball came bounding in among them.

"Mat," said Phil Lahy, when two or three goals had been hurled, "I think you might send for the sledge."

"Well, sure I'm agreeable at any time," replied Mat, but t'wouldn't do to send for id until the captain proposes id first; you know 'twas he sent the challenge."

"Well, Donovan," said Captain French, "are we going to have the sledge? I can't stay much longer."

"Uv coorse, sir, as you came to have a throw we wouldn't like to disappoint you," returned Mat. "I'll send down to Jack Delany's for the sledge.—Barney!" he shouted, as Wattletoes was passing hot-foot after a young

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girl, who was evidently bent upon leading him a long chase.

"You lost, Mat," said Barney, as he stopped and wheeled round, with a grin of intense-enjoyment lighting up his face.

"How is that, Barney?" Mat asked.

"Oh, if you wor wud me at the high-gates," returned Barney, "you'd get your belly-full uv kisses."

"All right, Barney," rejoined Mat. "But I want you to run down to the forge for the sledge, as the captain'd like to have a throw before he goes."

"Begob, an' I will so," exclaimed Barney, becoming suddenly quite serious, on finding himself entrusted with so important a commission.

"Take up that ball," said Phil Lahy, in a tone that quite frightened Jackey Ryan; for it reminded him of the bishop's "Come down out of that window," the day that he, Jackey, and two other aspiring youths climbed to one of the high windows in Kiltubber chapel, to hear his Grace's sermon in comfort, and, as Jackey said, without having the life "scroodged" out of them. "An' Brummagem," added Phil, "do you folly Wattletoes, for fear he might bring the wrong wan."

"I think I'll go down to the forge after 'em," said Billy Heffernan, "as they'll be apt to box about id, an' delay ye too long." But Billy Heffernan's real motive was to tell Norah Lahy that Tom Cuddehy had "disappointed," as it occurred to him that Norah might think the Knocknagow boys were beaten because there was no cheering.

Barney soon appeared with the sledge upon his shoulder, and Mat Donovan, after balancing it in his hand, laid it at Captain French's feet.

The captain stripped with the look of a man sure to win, and handed his coat and vest to his servant. A murmur, partly of admiration and partly of anxiety for the result of the contest, arose from the crowd of men, women, and children around, as he bared his arms; for compared with them Mat Donovan's appeared almost slight and attenuated.

"I never saw the like of him," some one was heard to exclaim in a low, solemn tone, but which was distinctly audible in the dead silence.

He took the heavy sledge, and placing his foot to the mark, swung it backwards and forwards twice, and then wheeling rapidly full round, brought his foot to the mark again, and, flying from his arm as from a catapult, the sledge sailed through the air, and fell at a distance that seemed to startle many of the spectators.

It was then brought back and handed to Mat Donovan, who took it with a quiet smile that somewhat reassured his friends. Mat threw the sledge some three feet beyond the captain's mark, and many of those around drew a long breath of relief; but there was no applause.

But the captain's next throw was fully six feet beyond Mat Donovan's, and several of his father's tenants and retainers cried, "More power, captain!"

Mat Donovan, however, cleared the best mark again by three feet.

The captain now grasped the sledge, clenching his teeth, and looking so fierce and tiger-like, his eyes flashing from under his knitted brows, that the women at the front of the crowd involuntarily pressed back appalled. With every muscle strained to the utmost, he hurled the huge sledge from him, falling forward upon his hands; and as the iron ploughed up the green sward far beyond Mat Donovan's throw, the shout of the captain's partisans was drowned by something like a cry of pain from the majority of the spectators.

"Begor, captain," said Mat Donovan, surveying his adversary with a look of thoroughly genuine admiration, "you're good!"

Taking his place again at the stand, he laid down the sledge, and, folding his arms, fell into deep thought. Many a tear-dimmed eye was fixed upon him, for all imagined that he was beaten.

"His heart'll break," Bessy Morris heard a girl near her murmur.

"The captain is a good fellow," thought Mat Donovan; "an' I'd like to lave him the majority—if I could do it honorable."

He looked on the anxious faces around him; he looked

at Bessy Morris; but still he was undecided. Some one struck the big drum a single blow, as if by accident, and, turning round quickly, the thatched roofs of the hamlet caught his eye. And, strange to say, those old mud walls and thatched roofs roused him as nothing else could. His breast heaved, as, with glistening eyes, and that soft plaintive smile of his, he uttered the words, "For the credit of the little village!" in a tone of the deepest tenderness. Then, grasping the sledge in his right hand, and drawing himself up to his full height, he measured the captain's cast with his eye. The muscles of his arms seemed to start out like circls of steel as he wheeled slowly round and shot the ponderous hammer through the air.

His eyes dilated, as, with quivering nostrils, he watched its flight, till it fell so far beyond the best mark that even he himself started with astonishment. Then a shout of exultation burst from the excited throng; hands were convulsively grasped, and hats sent flying into the air; and in their wild joy they crushed around him and tried to lift him upon their shoulders.

"O boys, boys," he remonstrated, "be 'asy. Sure 'tisn't the first time ye see me throw a sledge. Don't do anything that might offend the captain afther comin' here among us to show ye a little diversion."

This remonstrance had the desired effect, and the people drew back and broke up into groups to discuss the event more calmly. But Mat's eye lighted up with pride when he saw Miss Kearney upon the fence with her handkerchief fluttering in the breeze above her head, and Hugh waving his hat by her side. Even the ladies in the phaeton caught the enthusiasm and displayed their handkerchiefs; while Grace ran to the doctor and got him to lift her up in his arms in order that she might have a better view.

"Donovan," said Captain French, "your match is not in Europe. I was never beaten before."

"Well, it took a Tipperary-man to beat you, captain," returned Mat Donovan.

"That's some consolation," said the captain. "I'm a Tipperary-boy myself, and I'm glad you reminded me of it."

"Mat," said Billy Heffernan, with the tears standing in his eyes, "can you forgive me?"

"For what, Billy?" asked Mat, in surprise.

"For misdoubtin' you," replied Billy, gulping down his emotion.

"How is that?" returned Mat.

"Whin I see you pausin' an' lookin' so quare," said Billy Heffernan, turning away to dash the tears from his face, "I said to Phil Lahy that Knocknagow was gone."

"Knocknagow is not gone, Billy," exclaimed Mat, shaking him vigorously by the hand. "Knocknagow is not gone."

"Knocknagow is not gone," repeated a clear mellow voice behind them; and on looking round they saw Father McMahon close to them, mounted on his bay mare.

"Knocknagow is not gone," Father McMahon repeated, while his eye wandered from one to another of the groups of youths and maidens who had again returned to their sports over the field. "But how long can it be said that Knocknagow is not gone?" he added dreamily.

The good priest was just after kneeling by poor Mick Brien, stretched upon his wisp of straw in the miserable cabin; and as he counted the houses that had been levelled along the way, his heart sank within him, and he asked himself were the people he loved, and who loved him in their heart of hearts, doomed indeed to destruction?

He rode back again, seeming to have forgotten the purpose for which he had turned into the field. But seeing Barney Brodherick making a short-cut to the forge, with the sledge on his shoulder, Father McMahon called to him.

"Oh, bloodan'ouns!" muttered Barney, "I'm goin' to get id now for ever, for losin' Mass—God help me."

"Barney," said the priest, "do you remember anything about a gun of Mr. Kearney's you hid in a bush?"

"Be cripes! your reverence," returned Barney with a start, "id wint out uv my head till this blessed minute. The masher tould me to brin' id over to Mat to mend the stock that Mr. Richard broke, an' the beagles charned to be passin' hot fut afther a hare, an' I thrust the gun into a brake uv briers there above, an' cut afther the hunt. An' God help me! I never thought uv id, to carry id to Mat, but I'll go for id now."



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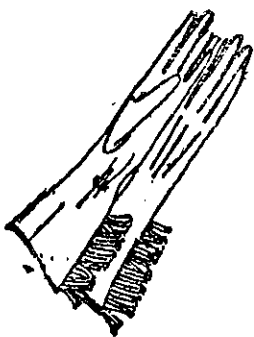
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"'Tis not where you put it," returned the priest. "'Tis in the square bog-hole in Billy Heffernan's turbary. I was desired to tell you so, lest you should get blamed; but say nothing about my telling you."

"The square bog-hole," muttered Barney, as the priest rode on. "Sure the divil a bottom the square bog-hole have. In the name uv the Lord I'll ax lave uv the masher to go see my mother, an' keep out uv harm's way till Sathurday, at any rate." And Barney, dropping the sledge from his shoulder on the field—where it remained till Tom Maher broke his scythe against it the next summer—hurried off to ask leave to go to see his mother.

"I'm comin' to ax you to give me lave to go home for a couple uv days, sir," said Barney, with quite a broken-hearted look.

"Home!" returned his master, "what business have you home?"

"My mother that's ill-disposed, sir," replied Barney, sorrowfully.

"More d—n shame for her," said his master.

"Good luck to you, sir," exclaimed Barney, brightening up with extraordinary suddenness, and setting off for the little cabin above Gloumuckadhee, where he found his venerable parent in excellent health and spirits.

"I wish we had some place for a dance," remarked Mat Donovan, "to put the girls in good humor."

"I'll give you my barn for a dance," said Tom Hogan proudly; "the best barn in the parish."

"More power, Tom," exclaimed a dozen voices. "Up wud the music."

Mat Donovan threw the strap of the big drum over his head, and a succession of loud bangs reminded Mr. Lowe of his fright on Christmas morning, when he thought a blunderbuss had been discharged through his window. Billy Heffernan and the other musicians produced their fifes, and a loud cheer greeted the announcement that they were to have a dance in Tom Hogan's barn.

The sound of the drum seemed to rouse Father McMahon from his gloomy reverie, as he rode on through the village. "No; they are not gone yet," he thought, as he stopped under the beech-tree—looking up among the boughs, as if he wanted Tommy Lahy to hold the bay mare, and thought the top of the tree the most likely place to find him—"let us trust in God, and hope for the best."

Honor Lahy appeared at the door with a curtesy; and verily that wholesome, honest, smiling face of hers seemed to say, even more plainly than the big drum itself, that Knocknagow was safe and sound—a little old or so; but hale and hearty and kindly, withal.

"Well, Mrs. Lahy, how is she?"

"Finely, your reverence," Honor replied.

Father McMahon cast his eyes up through the boughs again.

"He's gone wud the drum, sir," said Honor.

"Oh, yes, that's quite right. I'll just step in to see Norah," returned Father McMahon, alighting and hanging the rein on an iron hook in the beech-tree.

And how Honor Lahy's face did light up as she curtsied again! And how poor Norah's eyes beamed with pleasure and thankfulness! After inquiring how she felt, and hoping she would be better when the fine weather came, he was going away, when a long roll of the drum softened by distance made him pause.

"Do you feel sorry that you cannot join them?" he asked, looking pityingly into the poor girl's pale face.

"Oh, no, sir," she replied—and there was gladness in her low, sweet tones. "'Tis just the same as if I was with them."

"Ah, then," added her mother, "an' she makes me go out to see which side uv the field the girls do be at, an' then she thinks she do be wud 'em from that out."

"That's right, that's right," said Father McMahon, hurrying out as if the bay mare were trying to break loose and run away. And as he took the rein from the hook, Father McMahon flourished his crimson silk pocket-handkerchief and blew his nose loudly.

Throwing the rein over his arm, and thrusting his thumbs in his waistcoat, Father McMahon then walked down the hill, with his head so high, and looking so awfully proud, that Jack Delany's wife snatched up the twins from the middle of the road, seizing one by the small of the

back and the other by the left arm—which, strange to say, was not dislocated that time—and ran with them into the house, not even venturing to stop to pick up the "rattler" and wooden "cornerake" which Brummagem had bought for the twins at the fair after winning one-and-fourpence at "trick-o'-the-loop"; Mrs. Delany being fully persuaded that in his then mood Father McMahon would think nothing of crushing the twins—one under each foot; and then turn round and ask her how dared she bring such nuisances into the world, two at a time!

"God bless us!" exclaimed Jack Delany's wife as she stooped to pick up the "rattler" and "cornerake," when the priest had passed, "did any wan ever see a mau wud such a proud walk?"

"Mother," said Norah Lahy, "I'm as sure as I'm alive that I know two saints who are still walking the earth."

"Who are they?" her mother asked.

"Father McMahon and Miss Kearney," replied Norah.

"Why, then, I know a saint," thought the poor woman, with a sorrowful shake of her head, "I know a saint, an' she's not able to walk at all." And Honor Lahy turned away her face and wept silently.

Great was Phil Lahy's astonishment when he heard that Tom Hogan had given his barn for the dance even without being asked. And, after pondering over the extraordinary circumstance for a minute or two, Phil declared that, "after that, we'd get the Repeal of the Union." He could talk of nothing, however, but Mat Donovan's triumph, which he attributed in no small degree to certain "directions" which he had given Mat; and even when Judy Brophy's new admirer beckoned him aside, and wanted to know "what part of a woman was her contour," Phil answered shortly that he never "studied them subjects much"; so that the young man, who thought he had hit upon a new compliment, went back to Judy's side no wiser than he came, muttering, as he rubbed his poll with a puzzled look, that he "didn't like to venture the 'contour,' though he was nearly sure 'twas all right;" and he had to go over the old compliments again; to which Judy Brophy listened with as much delight as if she had not heard them all fifty times before. And now it is only fair to say that there was not a warmer admirer—that is, a warmer female admirer—of Nancy Hogan's beauty at the dance that night than Judy Brophy; and in protesting against her brother's bringing home a penniless bride, perhaps Judy Brophy did no more than a good many tolerably amiable young women might have done under similar circumstances. And, furthermore, we feel bound to admit, that were it not for those two hundred sovereigns out of Larry Clancy's old saucepan, that somewhat pedantic young man, who is so assiduous in his attention, would not be puzzling his brains about her "contour," as he is at this moment.

"Bessy Morris's is the only sad face I can see," Grace remarked to Mary, as the joyous crowd left the field. "I wonder what can have happened to her."

Mary beckoned to Bessy as she was passing, and after saying something about the alteration of a dress, asked carelessly what was it Captain French had been saying to her.

"Well, he was humbugging me about the sergeant," Bessy replied, with a look of pain.

"Oh, yes, yes," returned Mary, brightening up. "I understand. Good evening. And tell Mat Donovan how delighted I am at his victory."

Norah Lahy sat in her straw-chair looking into the bright turf fire, and deriving as much pleasure from the dance in Tom Hogan's barn as if her foot were the fleetest among them all. But she hoped, when the dance was over, that Billy Heffernan would come down and play "Auld Lang Syne" for her—or "something lively," if her mother put her veto upon "grievous ould airs."

(To be continued.)

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The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

INTRODUCTION V.—(Continued.)

We are plied with the consolation that the liberty accorded to Ireland is Canadian Home Rule. Again, it is simply not the truth. The Home Rule of the Irish Free State is what Canadian Home Rule would be, if the province of Quebec were separated from the Dominion, and annexed to France or to the United States, and if, moreover, Canada were subjected to a compulsory Imperial contribution, and aggressively stripped of the right of Secession. England remains in possession of an English Pale richer and more populous than she was able to maintain from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. And for the much advertised "British evacuation of Ireland," England retains within the seas of Ireland an army powerful enough to reoccupy Dublin within a week. The graves of St. Patrick and St. Brigid, and of the last of the High Kings of Ireland—the Derry of St. Columcille—the Armagh palaces of the Red Branch Knights of Irish chivalry—the most glorious battlefields of Ireland's history from Blackwater and Benburb to Antrim Fight—the church of the Dunganon Convention—the Cave Hill of Wolfe Tone's United Men—have all become conquered territory and foreign soil.

Affrents like these to the most cherished sentiment of a nation older than any in Europe are not to be got rid of by printing the Northern Ireland and the Southern Ireland of the British Statute Book within sarcastic "quotation marks" in our newspapers. The Treaty is a compromise, and in one respect an all but fatal compromise. Where, in our design, the varied tints of universal Ireland might have been united, rainbow-wise, to form one arch of peace, there are left, in place of one dissentient minority, three new minorities smarting under memories which it may take many years of healing patriotism to render supportable. Within the Six Counties, the Catholic minority already count their martyred dead by the thousand and their ravaged homes by tens of thousands. The Unionist minority in the South, who, had they accepted Home Rule as frankly in 1912 as they have done in 1921, might be figuring by this time amongst the foremost leaders of their countrymen, have been obliged to put up with sufferings of their own which, although immeasurably fewer than those of the Catholics of the North, are none the less cruel and detestable. Pray Heaven that certain abominations of the Civil War of 1922, from the responsibility for which neither side is free, may not finish by creating and perpetuating a Republican Minority still more dangerously discontented! Until some way can be found out of these complexities it would be wicked to flatter England into the delusion that she will not still be pursued and haunted by the disaffection of an *Irlanda Irredenta*.

For all that, there is no more reassuring proof of the prodigious advances made by the Irish Cause than the difficulty of getting the Republican youth to form a tolerant estimate of the amazing powers and liberties which the Treaty, with all its limitations, does indisputably embody. Its one organic vice is not so much the fault of the Sinn Féin negotiators as of the Hibernian negotiators who preceded them and fettered their hands. It cannot be beyond the compass of an enlightened patriotism to find a happy solution of these difficulties within the country and between the two countries, and that not by the rude hand of armed Revolution, but by unwearied good humor and by a magnanimity towards minorities that will take no rebuffs.

But three things seem to my poor vision to be essential things: (1) The old "loyalist" minority, inside and outside the Six Counties, must have their apprehensions allayed in that spirit of conciliatory tenderness, allied with quiet firmness of purpose, of which the nominations to the Free State Senate have given a substantial guarantee. (2) Love of Ireland must not be confounded with an insane hatred of England—the England of actual life. There must be a generous recognition of the extent to which the masses of the British people have come to a deep heart on the subject of their relations with Ireland. Self-interest, no less than our finer instincts, counsels us to understand and appreciate the supreme fact that nothing short of some intolerable aggression on our own part will henceforth tempt the

honest common people of Britain to undertake the armed reconquest of Ireland. (3) Before and above every other consideration whatsoever, I would place the condition that means must be found of reconciling and restoring good comradeship among those portions of the two armies of the Civil War who were comrades in a nobler war up to the Truce of July 11, 1921. Nobody is more acutely sensible than I how trying to their elders often enough are those Republican youngsters who, in their passionate devotion to the soul of Ireland, are apt to forget that there is also a body of Ireland which has some rights in the partnership. It is Tourguénief's everlasting incompatibility of "Fathers and Sons"—of the greybeards who cannot help knowing and the adolescents who need nothing but faith in their own bright imaginings. Nevertheless, fortunate is the nation the worst reproach of whose youth is the excess of spirituality and self-renunciation which impelled them, in the face of a terrorism that made the strong men stagger, to pluck up the Irish Cause out of the pit of corruption and disaster into which the "Constitutional" politicians, Irish and British, had sunk it. Unnatural, indeed, would be the Irishman who would not suffer injuries at their hands in silence—who would not extend an infinite indulgence even to their unreason—rather than find any comfort in seeing the young founders of our liberties hunted down and put to death, or traduced as the scum of the earth, by their own ungrateful countrymen.

It is too soon to say more with any confidence, excepting this: Amidst the gloom which hangs over our country as heavily as a funeral pall, while these pages are written, there shines forth one consolation of immortal efficacy—we can never permanently lose anything we have won (and we have won many and marvellous things); and whatever remains will of a certainty be added unto us—it may be through the mediation of the League of Nations, to whose council board Ireland will now have free access—not, in any case, we may pray, through any new recourse to the barbarities of armed Revolution, but through the wise exercise of the powers which the Revolution was needed in order to place within our reach. For which reason, however our hearts are saddened by the smoking monuments all around us of the existing war of fratricides, the story of the earlier and united struggle of the pre-Truce days will for centuries still in the womb of time kindle in the soul of Ireland a pride in her young men and an unconquerable faith that what they did highly and holily then, they will be found capable of doing again at need, so long as the ocean breaks against our irremovable landmarks as a Nation.

(To be continued.)

ASHBURTON NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

March 19.

The names of Miss McIntosh, who contributed a dance, and Miss McGrath a song, at Father Price's welcome home at Methven, on the 29th ult., were inadvertently omitted from "Ashburton Notes" of the 7th inst.

The quarterly Communion of members of the Hibernian Society took place on Sunday, the 16th inst., when quite a large body in regalia approached the Holy Table.

Holy Mass was celebrated on both St. Patrick's Day and the Feast of St. Joseph (Wednesday, 19th inst.), in Ashburton and also at Hinds.

The fortnightly meeting of St. Patrick's branch (No. 420) of the Hibernian Society was held on Tuesday evening last, the vice-president (Bro. H. Lennon) presiding. One new member was elected and installed by the presiding officer. One brother was declared on the sick funds. The District Executive forwarded the agenda paper for the Triennial Moveable Meeting to be held at Westport in May, and the discussion on same, together with the appointment of a delegate to represent the branch were held over till next meeting.

There passed away in Ashburton on Wednesday, the 18th inst., a highly respected resident of Dromore, in the person of Mrs. Anthony Crowe. Since coming to Dromore, 17 years ago, she had charge of the local post office, and had won the esteem of a large circle of friends. The deceased lady was attended during her illness by the Rev. Father Brown, and died fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. To her husband, six sons, and three daughters much sympathy is extended.—R.I.P.

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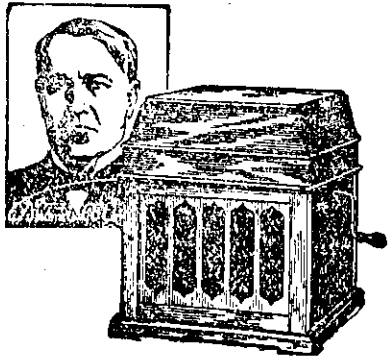
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A Complete Story

In Haste

(By MENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE, in the *North-west Review*.)

"You may say what you like, and Father Murphy, too," exclaimed Constance petulantly, as she strode along beside her friend. "You will never make me believe that everything is ordered by God. How can you suppose, for instance, that He should have taken the trouble to order it to pass that I should break a perfectly good tooth yesterday biting on a piece of candy!"

Her friend, Elizabeth, laughed merrily. "Excuse me, Conny," she said, "I did not mean to laugh at your misfortune. But you put things too funnily. Yes, I think God sent you that little accident, and I base my belief on no less authority than the words of our Lord himself who told us that not a sparrow falls without the will of his Father, and that the very hairs of our head are counted. Your tooth is of far more importance to you than one of your hairs."

"Well, but what earthly good can the breaking of my tooth be to any one?"

"It gives you the opportunity of meriting your resignation and patience."

"I have not either," interrupted Constance, grumpily.

"That's a pity. Your dentist may be hard up, and it will enable him to earn a few dollars," suggested Elizabeth with a laugh.

"Dentists never can be hard up; they charge too much and have too many patients."

"Well, perhaps our dear Lord wished to give you a hint that you could do something better with your money than spend it on candy during Lent."

"Of course, you think that I ought to practice mortification, and give the money to the missions as you do," answered Conny. "I don't pretend to be a saint," she added with a sneer.

Elizabeth colored at the unkind speech, and for a second her eyes flashed. Then she answered quietly.

"No more do I. Indeed, it is just because I am much a sinner that I think I ought to do some little penance. But oh, look, Connie!" she added, as they came within sight of her house. "See all those things waiting for us on the doorstep. Isn't this grand! Why, I declare, it is Ethel's very best tailor-made dress! Isn't it generous of her to give that for the missions when they are so hard up? And she has so few dresses, poor child!"

"I think it is perfectly insane of her, for it is the only decent looking thing she has to wear. Surely, you must be mistaken as to her wishing to give it to the missions!"

"Why, no! I can't be. For she said to me, 'When we move I'll have a lot of things we don't need that I'll be able to give for your poor missions, and if you are not home, I'll leave them on the doorstep.' And see, here is an old coat of her husband's that she spoke to me about, and some baby things that Tommy has outgrown, and ever so many other old clothes. Isn't it fortunate they should arrive to-day when you have come to help me pack up! It does seem wonderful about this beautiful dress, for I know Ethel thought so much of it. But I'll tell you what it must be. Poor dear little Tommy nearly died of pneumonia a few weeks back, and I dare say Ethel made a vow to part with this dress if he was cured. The poor girl has so little she could sacrifice, she doubtless could think of nothing else. How delighted some poor Indian will be to receive it!"

The two girls immediately set to work, and carefully sorted and packed the numerous things that had been sent for the poor missions, a specially large parcel of warm articles including the precious dress being made up for a destitute Indian mission in North Dakota. The girls had hardly tied up and addressed the last parcel, when a gentleman friend called for Constance and offered to take all the parcels to the post office.

"Oh, thank you, that will be grand," exclaimed Elizabeth. "I'm sure you will be just in time to catch the mail. I certainly seem in luck to-day, for everything comes just at the minute I want it. God is so good," she added softly.

Constance and her escort had barely been gone an hour when there was a ring at the telephone, and Ethel's voice inquired anxiously:

"Have you found my embroidered cloth dress? The cleaner tells me that not finding me at home, he hung it on your door, knowing you were a friend of mine and would know where I had gone to."

"The cleaner!—Your embroidered cloth dress!" gasped Elizabeth, feeling her legs shake under her.

"Yes. I have an invitation to Mrs. McGuire's card party to-morrow night. So, as I have no other decent dress, I thought I'd have that handsome cloth dress of mine cleaned. But I stupidly forgot to tell the man that I was moving and didn't give him my new address. Didn't you find the dress? O dear, what shall I do if it is lost! Do you suppose somebody could have stolen it?" she added in a tone of distress.

"No, it was not stolen. I—I—found it hanging on my door in the midst of the things you had left for the missions, and I thought—I—Ethel; I wish you had phoned a couple of hours ago!"

"Beth Garfield! You don't mean to say you are crazy enough to send my only respectable dress to the missions! Why, you knew it was the only decent one I had, and that I have not a cent to buy another with! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" and Ethel burst into a flood of tears.

"Don't cry, Ethel, don't cry!" exclaimed her friend. "I will rush down to the post office and see if I can stop the parcel; and if not, I will send a special delivery letter explaining the matter to the father and begging him to send the dress back at once at my expense. The letter is sure to get there long before the parcel, and so you will get the dress back all right in a few days."

"Yes, but what am I to wear in the meantime? Oh, Beth, how could you do such a thing in such a hurry, too! You might have phoned and asked me about it. You might have known I could not afford to give away my only good dress!"

"Well, I couldn't have phoned for I don't suppose you have a phone in yet. But, of course, it was stupid of me to send off the things in such haste. But don't fret, I'll run at once to the post, and if I can't stop the parcel, you may be sure I'll make it all right for you, if it costs me my last cent."

So Elizabeth hurried down to the post only to find that the mail had left just half an hour before. Then, after writing a very explicit and apologetic letter to the good missionary, she sent it off by special delivery and hastened to her friend, Ethel, from whom she had to take volumes of bitter reproaches and floods of tears. Beth felt miserable enough for tears herself, but she managed to keep them back, and finally cheered and comforted her friend by promising to lend her a perfectly new gown of her own which none of their friends had seen.

That night she slept little. The next day she also had to run the gauntlet of Constance's sarcasms.

"Well, now do you think that every little thing comes from God? There you are, always working and slaving for the missions, and just through your eagerness to help them you get into this pickle. That seems a queer reward for all your devotedness to the winning of souls."

"Perhaps I deserve a punishment for something," answered poor Beth. "In any case I know it must be the will of God, and that it will turn out for the best in some way, though it is very distressing to me now."

They waited in anxiety for the return of the parcel, or at least for some word from the father whom Beth had entreated to write at once and if possible to send a telegram. But though Beth sent letter upon letter and two imploring telegrams, days passed and one week succeeded another, and there was no news of the lost dress! Ethel was more and more indignant with her friend, and poor Beth was fairly worn out with worry and self-reproach.

Meanwhile the letters and the telegrams had safely

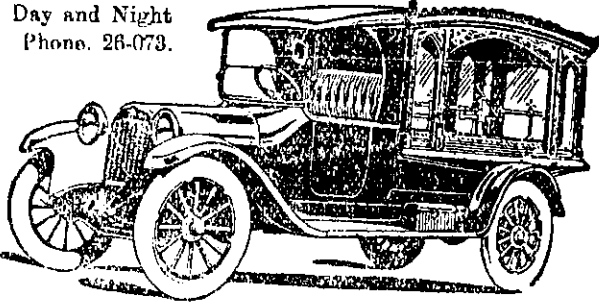
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reached the mission and were lying in a heap on the good father's plain deal table, while he painfully travelled through the snow and bitter winds, visiting one after the other of his missions. His young sister, who had come to help him for a while, had not dared to open any of his mail; but he had told her that if any parcels of clothing arrived in his absence, she was to open them and distribute the things to the most needy, keeping any exceptionally good articles until his return, when he would decide to whom to give them. There happened to be in the neighboring city a school chum of Loretta's, whom she had met by accident on the rare occasion when she was able to be driven to town to do some necessary shopping. On her return she had spoken of the girl to her brother, who was much annoyed at her having renewed the acquaintance, for although a Catholic, the girl was divorced and had entirely given up the practice of her religion.

"Mind," said the father sternly, "I don't want you to have anything to do with Eleanor Jones. She is not a fit woman to associate with my sister, and I forbid you to let her into my house. I have serious reasons for this."

"But, Albert, if she should come all this long way, along these impossible roads to see me, it would be cruel to send her away! How could I do it? And we used to be such friends at the convent! I am sure she cannot really be a bad girl!"

But Father Albert was obdurate and insisted that Loretta should write a letter telling the girl of his refusal to receive her into his house. Loretta fully meant to comply with his wishes, but had put off writing the painful letter from day to day. A week or so after the young pastor had gone on his rounds, the parcel from Beth arrived. Loretta had eagerly opened it and spread the things around, when there was a ring at the bell. Before she had time to get to the door, it flew open and in bounced Eleanor Jones dressed in the very latest and loudest fashion and powdered and painted up to her eyes, exclaiming gushingly:

"Oh, you dear, sweet thing, how glad I am to see you!"

Poor Loretta felt an awful sinking at her heart. Why had she not written! What could she do or say now?

"Well! You don't seem very glad to see me," cried Eleanor. "This is a queer welcome to get after jolting for miles on these beastly roads to visit an old friend. I thought you'd be just tickled to death to see a civilised being."

"I would have been ever so glad to see you if Albert had not forbidden me to receive any company," stammered Loretta. "I'm so sorry I can't be hospitable and ask you to stay to tea."

"Oh, never mind about the tea. But you need not think you are going to turn me out at once, for I just won't go till I have seen something of you. What a dandy tailor-made dress you've got there. The embroidery on it is perfectly stunning! Where did you get it, you lucky girl?"

"It's just what I've been longing to get for myself, but one can't find anything in this hole of a place."

"It—it isn't mine," stammered Loretta. "It has just been sent from the middle west to give to some of our poor Indians, who have hardly a rag on their back."

"To give to some poor Indian! That lovely gown? Why, Loretta, it would be a sin! Fairly casting pearls before swine! It is a peach of a dress! I'll tell you what, Lorry, sell it to me. I'll give you hard cash for it and you will be able to do far more good to your old Indians with that than by giving them this unsuitable thing. I know it would just fit me."

"I am afraid Albert might not like it," stammered Loretta, though she longed to accept, for she had that very morning visited a wretchedly poor family where the father lay almost dying on a heap of straw in a miserable tent, without a fire, though the temperature was at 20 degrees below zero. The poor creatures had no food and scarcely any clothes, and she had but little to give them.

"Bother Father Albert," cried Eleanor. "He isn't here anyhow. I knew that before I started, or I wouldn't have come. Be a dear, Lorry, and let me have this. I'll give you five dollars for it."

"No, I can't. I am afraid of vexing Albert," answered Loretta.

"He won't have seen it. He need not know anything about it unless you are such a goose as to tell him. Besides he would have the sense to know that the money would be of more use than the gown."

But Loretta still refused. She was far too honorable to think of hiding anything from her brother, and he had told her to keep any particularly good thing till his return. Yet she wished with all her heart she dared accept the money. The temptation was great, and Eleanor was terribly insistent. She had coaxed and persuaded and raised her offer, and at last she seized the dress and throwing a ten dollar bill on the table, she ran out of the house saying with a laugh:

"You can tell his Reverence that I dropped in and carried off the dress in spite of you."

Fairly stunned, Loretta stood for a minute as if rooted to the ground, and by the time she had recovered her presence of mind and run out, Eleanor's machine was spinning down the hill. Well, thought the girl, the only thing to do now was to help the poor Indian family with the money, and trust to our Lady to help her out of the muddle. A Sioux chief, called Great Horse, volunteered to go to town to buy the most necessary things. The next day, when Loretta saw the comfort the money had brought, she could not help rejoicing over it. But a few hours later, when Father Albert returned rather sooner than had been expected, she felt miserably anxious and guilty, and when on opening his mail he told her of its contents and bade her pack the dress up immediately and send it back to its owner, she nearly fainted with emotion and consternation.

"J—I—haven't got the dress. I—sold it!" she gasped between her tears.

"Sold it! Whom did you sell it to?" asked her brother, and poor trembling Loretta told him the whole story. At first he was very angry. But the girl was so remorseful and distressed, that his kind heart was touched. He realised, too, that she had been forced into the sale in spite of herself.

"There, there, don't cry any more over it," he said kindly. "The only thing to do is to go to town, give that girl back her money and get her to return the dress. You can explain to her that the gown was sent by mistake and was not ours to sell."

"But I haven't got the money! I spent it all yesterday to buy wood and food and a blanket for poor Red Deer, who is so sick and in much misery!"

"Spent it all! Goodness! What a hurry you women are in about everything. How in the world did you manage to spend ten dollars in this place?"

"Great Horse was good enough to ride to town for me. I thought it was so fortunate he was home! What can we do? Could you lend me the money, and I'll get mother to advance me my next month's allowance and pay you back?"

"Lend you ten dollars? My dear girl, I could barely lend you ten cents! Perhaps you can persuade your friend to give up the dress and wait a few days for her money."

In this hope, Loretta was driven to town by a good Indian, but Eleanor totally refused to give up the dress unless paid at once for it. Indeed, she pretended not to believe at all the story about the mistake. Loretta was desperate. She was determined not to go home until she had safely mailed the gown to its owner. In her perplexity she asked the advice of the good Indian, who suggested she should try to borrow the money of the richest man of the neighborhood, who had only recently come to live on his large estate. The poor girl naturally dreaded asking him, but at last she screwed up her courage, and almost before she realised what she was doing, she was standing shyly before him and stammering out her request. The gentleman was astonished at seeing such a perfectly charming and refined girl in that out-of-the-way place, and insisted in making her take a chair and explain the matter to him. In her anxiety, Loretta waxed quite eloquent, describing the misery of the poor Indians, the devotion and untiring efforts of her brother and his many hardships and difficulties, going after his scattered flock in his rickety old Ford, over steep hills and almost impassable roads, through snow and storm, or under the blazing sun, always

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"I don't know why I am telling you all this," she said suddenly. "As you are not a Catholic, it cannot interest you. Please forgive me." A pretty blush made her look lovelier than ever, thought her host.

"But I am a Catholic," he answered. "At least, I was brought up one."

"You are a Catholic! Then why —?" and she stopped, blushing rosier than ever.

"Then why have I not looked up the missionaries and helped the missions?" he said with a laugh. "Yes, you are right, I ought to have done so, and I certainly will do so in future. To begin with," he added, handing her five crisp ten dollar bills, "please give this from me to your brother for the needs of his mission. I am sure he will be glad to have you use one of them to buy back the dress you are so distressed about. If you have any trouble in getting it back, just let me know. Tell Father Albert that I hope to have the pleasure of calling on him in a very few days. In the meanwhile, if I can be of any assistance to you, please let me know."

So that day Beth Garfield received a telegram, telling her the dress was safely on its way back, and soon afterwards she received a bright and charming letter from Loretta stating the cause of the delay and recounting the adventure of the sale and recovery of the dress. The only part she said little or nothing about was her visit to Mr. Morley and his subsequent visits to them. But Father Albert supplemented that, for little more than a month later he wrote, thanking Beth for her next parcel of clothing, and adding:

My sister was much charmed by the kind letter you wrote to apologise for the trouble you had given her, and we both were sorry to see how much you had worried over the matter. Please do not think any more about it, except to thank God, who allowed this all to happen in order to bring incalculable good to the mission and to a precious soul. My sister most likely told you that in order to buy back the dress she nerved herself to borrow the money from a wealthy man, who was a perfect stranger to us all. He turned out to be a fallen-away Catholic, and he was so touched by Loretta's account of our poor mission that he not only lent her the money she wanted but gave her forty dollars more for our poor Indians. Since then he has been most interested in my mission, has been regularly to see us, giving generously every time, and begging me to prepare him to receive the sacraments once more. That has been satisfactorily accomplished. On Easter Sunday he came to make his Easter duty among our good, zealous Indians, to whom he brought many gifts, while to their unworthy pastor he gave—what do you think? Why, a splendid little new Ford to replace my battered one, Isn't it grand? And all that might never have happened if you had not made that little mistake about sending the dress in your eagerness to help us. I must add that there is a slight drawback to my perfect joy over this affair, and that is that if Mr. Morley has given me a Ford, I find that he is about to steal from me my most precious possession, the sweetest sister a man ever had. However, I think he is worthy of her, and they both promise to come to see and help me constantly, so I must not grudge the dear girl her happiness, which she also owes indirectly to you. So you can imagine what heartfelt prayers are going up for you every day."

"Isn't God wonderful!" exclaimed Beth, as she handed the letter to Constance. "Didn't I tell you that everything he allows to happen always turns out for good?"

"Yes, this is truly grand!" cried Constance. Then she added with a laugh, "I have not yet discovered what wonders may come of my broken tooth, but then, it is true, I did nothing but grumble about my ill-luck instead of bearing my trouble patiently as you did. To your motto that all things turn out for good, we must add 'to those who offer up their troubles and bear them patiently.'"

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Mater Dolorosa

"She claims no crown from Him apart
Who gave God life and limb,
She only claims a broken heart,
Because of Him."

In the narrow and tortuous streets of Jerusalem, a multitude of people are assembled together in groups, gesticulating and talking wildly, and many show signs of impatience as though waiting for something to happen; and ever and anon glance anxiously towards the end of the principal roadway, which is densely packed with masses of the populace.

Behold the poor, patient figure of the Divine Mother of Sorrows as she meekly stands on the outskirts of the noisy rabble: she is waiting for the coming of her own dear Child whom the people have sentenced and are taking to death. So long has she lingered there straining her eyes for the first sign of His familiar and beloved face, and now at last she is rewarded as a procession appears in sight. As the motley cavalcade wends its slow and painful way along the hard and uneven road, the excitement of the waiting concourse waxes high, and ribald jests and coarse jokes fill one's ears with shame and indignation. Oh, why do they not cease their foul chatter and fling themselves in humble pity and love at the sacred feet of Him who deigns to pass through their midst?

He comes, but oh so slowly, painfully, and yet so sublimely—one brave heart alone in that cruel, merciless crowd notes with a tender throb of pity His lagging footsteps and lacerated Body—His Mother.

She still remains on the extreme edge of that throng of careless spectators, and she hears all the profane oaths uttered against His adorable name—that dear name which she has called Him by since He was a tiny baby and which has always passed her lips with feelings of love and reverence. She feels the pain of it all in her tender heart, all the cheap jesting, the vulgar remarks and the heartless indifference: ah! now He comes. . . . He is passing, and as the ominous shadow of a Cross falls before her intent gaze upon the glistening white road, she hears, as in a dream, the prophetic words which Simeon spoke to her years ago and which she kept locked in her bosom. "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce." In reverent and pitying awe, she turns her eyes full of her great evermastering love to her Divine Son who bears that dreadful cross upon His torn and bleeding shoulder, and her heart contracts with pain as she looks upon that wearied figure.

The eyes of the Divine Sufferer, compelled by that ardent glance of love, seek and rest upon hers, and as He reads all the untold anguish of that gentle soul He staggers painfully—oh! that He must inflict this bitter sorrow upon her whom He loves best upon earth! Seeing that He falters, the soldiers roughly strike Him a cruel blow and then the mother heart outpours "My Jesus, my Jesus!" and flinging herself forward into the pathway, she stoops and kisses that dear hand; roughly the men drag her away and push her staggering back to the hissing, jeering crowd, and stifling all the terrible agony of mind and soul, Mary shrieks back and quietly moves on with the frantic mob.

Oh Mary, Divine Mother of Sorrows, as you bravely walk the painful way of the cross, may I creep in spirit to your side and learn your great love for our dear Saviour, may I learn, too, your wonderful lesson of sorrowing patience and fortitude? I look into the sweet face of my Mary and I see not only her love for her Jesus, but I see also her inexhaustible love for each one of us, and I gain hope and confidence anew and humbly try to take up my cross and follow in the unwavering footsteps of that Ideal Mother.

As a woman, with all a woman's instincts, my heart goes out in waves of uncontrolled pity to the frail and gentle figure of my Mary, as she calmly takes her stand at the foot of the Cross, that terrible instrument of her Son's torture and death. No precious tears dim the sweet beauty of her eyes, no trembling of the lips betrays the pain of her bruised and bleeding heart, nay, even her lips part in a heavenly smile of ineffable love as she raises her pale, patient face to that of her suffering Son. Try how we can it is impossible for us to realise one iota of the deep, enduring anguish which filled and overflowed in that gentle breast during these long hours of acute agony.

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The dying eyes look down into hers for the last time and mutely plead that she will take into her care all His ungrateful and erring children, the brave eyes understand and signify her submissive obedience, and then as the Divine head drops lifeless upon the tired and aching breast, a low and almost imperceptible moan escapes her pallid lips and she breathes in a passion of sorrowing love "Oh, my Son, my Jesus!"

Broken and torn as her poor human heart is by this crowning sorrow of her simple life, she heeds that last desire of her beloved one and takes to herself all the creatures of His pure hands to be for ever their spiritual Mother. How well it would be for us if we always remembered this when the world fails and hurts us, and with what an eye of love would He behold us as we crept to the side of His Virgin Mother and, invoking her by the poignantly beautiful title of Mater Dolorosa, we told her all our troubles and confided them to her loving care.

See, now the Divine Redeemer is being taken down from the Cross, and Mary watches with the keen eyes of a mother each movement and motion. Oh! how those arms long to embrace that all-sacred body, how she craves to wipe that strangely beautiful face and smooth the tangled masses of His hair. Ah! her heart is throbbing nigh to suffocation as the Son is placed within His mother's arms—now at last they are together—He is hers, none other shall touch Him: she is back in imagination at her Nazareth home and ministering to Him as when He was a little baby and all dependent upon her. Behold the wrapt and lovely expression of her sweet face as she bends over Him and takes the lifeless form to her heart. Behold the perfect type of perfect motherhood as her adoring face bends in agonising love to contemplate the calm, God-like beauty of her Son—see, it is the same divine expression which is reflected on the face of every mother as she gazes on the features of her cherished baby. Oh, glorious Motherhood, how blessed indeed are you now!

Let us leave this Divine Mother alone in the sacred presence of her Adorable Son—the one glorious woman and the one glorious Man who graced this poor earth of ours with their all-sanctifying presence and love.

Oh Mary, Mother of Sorrows, by the last bitter agonies you suffered as you clasped your dead child in your arms, I implore that you will stand beside me as you stood beside your Son on the Cross, until the hour when the Consummation Est of my life is pronounced . . . may you then stretch forth your arms to receive me and with your own dear hands lead me into the Holy Presence of the Glory and Love of my life—my Jesus!

"Sorrowing Heart! shed o'er my life thy grace
And welcome me in suffering's fond embrace."

—ROMA E. M. McAULIFFE, in the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa*.

PALMERSTON NORTH NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

March 28.

Numerous priests passed through last week on their way to the Hutt to attend the funeral of the Very Rev. Dean Lane. Many of the parishioners were friends of the dear old Dean. May heaven soon be his!

An Australian priest (Rev. Father Lynch) who is spending a holiday in God's Own Country, arrived in Palmerston last Sunday week. He was promptly "bagged" for the pulpit in the evening. A good "bag"! was the verdict at the close of the devotions.

"The best St. Patrick's Day picnic we have ever had," said the grown-ups. "The bestest," said the kiddies, it sounded more expressive. It was well Sister was not listening, or she would have looked severe and talked about "grammar." For several weeks beforehand the children had been having chats (secret and confidential) with St. Patrick about the weather. The day was perfect, thanks to St. Patrick. Everything, even the smallest detail in connection with the picnic was perfect, thanks to the committee. Everything went with a swing; splendid train

arrangements for conveying the picnickers to and from Ashhurst; games and sports all day long. Not one dull moment for anyone; even the "croakers" were silent. They were too busy enjoying themselves to find time to grumble. The members of the picnic committee were not out for glory or advertisement; their motive was the highest: the enjoyment of others, especially the children; but they must have been very pleased at the splendid success of the outing, due entirely to their hard work.

So much for St. Patrick's Day: what about the night? Well, we had a euchre and dance in the Empire Hall; sounds "flat" for St. Patrick's Night, but it was'nt, really. The euchre prizes were valuable ones (not only in the advertisement), and like the picnic every wheel was well oiled and everything ran smoothly from start to finish. Entertained and entertainers alike had a satisfied feeling, that speaks for itself. The social committee like the picnic committee deserves (and has received in full measure) the praise and thanks of all the people.

A visit from the Angel of Death always means sorrow; but when that sad visitor departs only to return again in a few weeks' time, human hearts well-nigh break with sorrow. Such an awful load of suffering has fallen upon Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of Terrace Street, Palmerston North. At the beginning of January the eldest son, Eddie, died at Napier, and on March 20 Maurice, the only remaining son went to his last long sleep at Dannevirke, at the early age of 35 years. Mr. Butler had been ill, very ill, but his people fully expected him to recover, everything pointed in that direction; but alas! complications set in, and there is one more widow in the world to-day. Christchurch was the deceased gentleman's birth-place, but he was educated at the local convent school and at St. Pat's College. After finishing his studies he returned to Palmerston and became a law clerk in the office of Mr. E. O. Hurley, solicitor, but in 1921 he took up a position in Hawera. About a year ago Mr. Butler went to Dannevirke where he entered business as an hotelkeeper. The heartfelt sympathy of all is extended to his widow, his aged parents, who have borne their heavy cross so bravely, and to his two sisters (Misses Lily and Ruby Butler) the sole survivors of this much-esteemed family.—R.I.P.

Turning from the death of one in the prime of life we come to another of our people, Mrs. Ellen McRae, whose long life of labor and piety closed peacefully on March 22. Mrs. McRae was born 85 years ago at Castle-Connell, Limerick, Ireland; in 1858 she went to Australia with her parents; and in 1866 she married and with her husband came to New Zealand; the goldfields of the West Coast being their destination. After several years Mr. McRae gave up gold mining and became a bootmaker at Black's Point, Reefton, where his death occurred in 1907. After her husband's death Mrs. McRae came to the North Island, and resided in Levin for several years. In 1917 she joined her daughter, Mrs. C. Williams, of this town, at whose home she resided right up to the time of her death. One could tell by a glance at the face of the dear old lady as she sat in her chair spending the evening of her life in peace and happiness, that she had endured all the hardships of pioneer life; and one could tell by the tinkle of the Rosary beads as they slipped through her worn fingers that the Faith she brought from Holy Ireland burned as brightly as ever. Heaven must open quickly to such souls as hers. May that thought comfort her people, to whom sincere sympathy is extended. Besides Mrs. Williams, Mrs. McRae left three other daughters—Mrs. Rodgers (Palmerston North), Rev. Mother Mary St. Anthony and Mother Mary St. Constantia, of the Sisters of the Missions, Christchurch, and two sons—Messrs. Philip McRae (Wellington) and Alexander McRae (Sydney).—R.I.P.

It is a duty to look pleasant. But if we do not feel pleasantly the duty is a hard one. To be pleasant is to have the heart right towards God and man. To trust. To be patient. To know that all things work together for good.

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Current Topics

"La Croix" and Archbishop Redwood

In the issue of *La Croix* for February 12, we notice a long and appreciative article on the paper on "The Occupation of the Ruhr" written for the *New Zealand Tablet* some months ago by our distinguished Metropolitan. While complimenting his Grace on his defence of the truth, the great French journal gives its readers an ample analysis of the whole article which it describes as a masterly and noble exposition of the facts and a presentation of the case to the Catholics of the Dominion which deserves the respectful gratitude of the people of France. No doubt in a short time *La Croix* will also present to its readers a summary of our report of the wonderful Catholic demonstrations that took place in Wellington last February in honor of his Grace's Golden Jubilee as a bishop. The *Tablet*, bearing with it that news, has gone forth to the ends of the earth, and by this time must have arrived in the offices of the leading Catholic reviews and journals of the new and the old worlds. We are pleased to know that it is always a welcome visitor there, and from a gentleman who has been editor of important secular as well as Catholic reviews, magazines, and newspapers, we received the spontaneous testimony that, *taken all round*, the *New Zealand Tablet* is the *best Catholic paper he ever read*. From a man of the ability and critical acumen of Mr. T. P. Gill such praise is a compliment worth having. We might add to that a recent letter from an Australian-born bishop who considers that at no time of its career was the *Dunedin* weekly better and more efficient than at present. A dignitary of the Church, writing from Rome, remarks: "The best proof of the worth of the *Tablet* is the fact that I see it quoted more frequently at this side of the world than any other Catholic paper south of the equator." One may be pardoned for deriving some consolation from the approbation of those who are so capable of judging.

Reunion

While Low Church people rage and fume, earnest Anglo-Catholics still pray for what they rather inexactly term "reunion" with Rome. Owing to the extreme latitude of doctrines permitted to Anglicans, many of the clergy of that Church have a habit of mind which makes it hard for them to understand that on matters of dogma Rome neither will nor can change or compromise. In a recent letter, the Archbishop of Canterbury gives an account of the Malines Conferences to his fellow-Anglican prelates, concluding with the following remarks:

The third conference was held at Malines a few weeks ago, under the same kindly hospitality as before. There has not yet been time to weigh adequately the record of the conversations which took place, still less the unsolved differences which they exhibit, but I may say at once that, as was inevitable, the discussions are still in a quite elementary stage, and that no estimate, so far as I can judge, can yet be formed as to their ultimate value.

Needless to say, there has been no attempt to initiate what may be called "negotiations" of any sort. The Anglicans who have, with my full encouragement, taken part are in no sense Delegates or representatives of the Church as a whole. I had neither the will nor the right to give them that character. This is well understood on both sides. They have sought merely to effect some restatement of controverted questions and some elucidation of perplexities. And to me it seems indubitable that good must, in the providence of God, ensue from the mere fact that men possessing such peculiar qualifications for the task should, in an atmosphere of good will on either side, have held quiet and

unrestrained converse with a group of Roman Catholic theologians similarly equipped.

No further plans are yet prepared, but it is impossible, I think, to doubt that further conversations must follow from the careful talks already held. At the least we have endeavored in this direction, as in others, to give effect to the formal recommendation of the Lambeth Conference that we should "invite the authorities of other churches to confer with (us) concerning the possibility of taking definite steps to co-operate in a common endeavor . . . to restore the unity of the Church of Christ."

MacDonald Scores

According to A.G.G. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's great stroke of policy in recognising the Russian Government was the boldest and best act of public policy done since the war. The eminent critic named says that the December elections were worth while if only to substitute this plain business acceptance of facts for the pompous obstinacy of Lord Curzon. He is also of the opinion that Mr. MacDonald's efforts to make the League of Nations a real thing instead of a sham will have a good effect on America, whose co-operation is necessary to make it what it might become but for the schemes of old-fashioned diplomatists. The Prime Minister has also made good in his attitude towards Germany. *The Nation and Athenaeum*, February 9, says:

A singularly stupid and ill-mannered tirade appeared in Wednesday's *Morning Post*, in regard to the statement that Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador in London, proposes to hold a reception at Carlton House Terrace in honor of the Government. Did the Ambassador pay this tribute to the preceding Government? asks the writer. He certainly did not, and the insulting references to Germany which follow pretty clearly indicate why he did not, and what would have happened to Mr. Baldwin from his backwoodsmen if, having had such an invitation, he had dared to accept it. Apparently, in the view of these besotted Die-Hards, the war is to go on everlastingly and we are never to have a friend in the world again except with the sanction of M. Poincaré. Mr. MacDonald has blown this insanity to the winds, and the air in Europe is fresher and cleaner already. He represents the best thought of the country in restoring friendly relations with everybody who desires to be friendly, and enabling the world to get out of the war atmosphere that has asphyxiated it so long. As for Herr Sthamer, everyone who has the privilege of his acquaintance will resent the boorish vulgarity of the *Morning Post*. No one ever had a more difficult task to perform than that which Herr Sthamer undertook nearly five years ago. He has performed it with a dignity and good temper that have won him a respect and a confidence which few Ambassadors have the good fortune to inspire. He is not, of course, a professional diplomatist, but a man of affairs with business connections with Hamburg. His wife, who is an American, is as highly regarded in her own way as he is himself. May it be long before there is a change of tenants in Carlton House Terrace!

Home Rule for Scotland

When Scots ask for Home Rule, it has been remarked that they already rule England as well as Scotland, and when we look back at the names of statesmen prominent in English politics for the past century, it is obvious that there is a great deal of truth in the jest. However, the Scots are again moving for the right to rule themselves, independently of an English parliament, and a manifesto from the Scottish Home Rule Association was sent to each of the delegates attending the last Imperial Conference in London. The document points to the fact that Scotland has always stoutly backed Ireland in her demand for self-government, and that she rejoices at seeing it now an accomplished fact. Ireland has at present the right of

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separate representation at the Imperial Conference and is also a member of the League of Nations; that Scotland has no such rights ought to be remedied, for it implies a position of inferiority to all the self-governing parts of the Commonwealth of British Nations. The manifesto continues:

The status, separately and collectively, of the States composing the Empire and under one Crown now being notoriously in process of change and development, or at least of fresh consideration and discussion, the occasion is opportune, as the obligation is urgent, for our English partners, generously to permit that reconsideration of Scotland's place and status, not merely within the Commonwealth, but in relation to the Imperial Conference and to the League of Nations, which the Scottish people have so long demanded.

"Unconquered."

The need of self-government in Scotland has never been more urgent. Many post-war problems are pressing for solution. Our country is like a man with his right hand tied behind his back—unable to help himself, a most humiliating position when it is remembered that Scotland's record of unconquered national existence is hardly paralleled in Europe, and that its people have no lack of experience in the affairs of Government. Is it because Scotland has been too constitutional in its methods of pressing for self-government that its demand has been ignored?

Support Our Claim.

Our object in putting the case of Scotland before you as a member of the Imperial Conference is to request you, as representing one of the great Dominions, to introduce or support a resolution requesting the British Government to call at once a Scottish National Convention in Scotland, representing all Scottish interests, in order that a scheme of self-government, suited to the Scottish people, may be framed, and in due course presented to the Parliament in London for ratification.

This association, representing as it does both individuals and organisations, including local governing bodies in Scotland, in making this request, wishes to emphasise the anomalous position in which the Scottish people find themselves. By ordinary constitutional methods, the elected representatives have made fruitless efforts to induce the British Parliament—dominated by English representatives—to pass a measure of Home Rule for Scotland. Those efforts on constitutional lines have been repeatedly nullified by England.

We believe that having the power, your high sense of justice will lead you to lend your help to the Scottish people by taking action in the conference on the lines which we have suggested.

The Jugendbundbewegung

Twenty-five years ago there began in Ireland a revival movement which had its results in the Rising of 1916, and the subsequent successful war against the British Government. It is interesting to note that in Germany there is a powerful movement flourishing at present which has many resemblances to the Gaelic Revival. The German Youth Movement (*Jugendbundbewegung*) had its origin, like the kindred movement in Ireland, some years before the war. It has now assumed vast proportions and embraces millions of members. An outsider sees the young people singing and dancing, just as a visitor to an Irish Feis did in the years between 1900 and 1916. But there is more than that in this movement of youth. It is said to be the revolt of the young people of Germany against the decadence and materialism of the modern world. Self-education is regarded as the means of advancing towards the desired goal, and education here means moral elevation and spiritual development. The following words from a magazine called *Johannisfeuer* describe the ideals of these young enthusiasts:

Our aim is the return from decadent civilisation to natural simplicity, from all that is external to what is inward and spontaneous, from futile pleasures to real joy, from selfishness to the spirit of brotherhood, from loose ways to thoughtful self-realisation. We seek to set our souls right with God, with ourselves, with our fellows, and with Nature. . . . We must be new men ourselves before we can do anything to help others.

The members of the *Bund* do not smoke or drink or seek the demoralising pleasures of city life, and it is said that one can distinguish them by their very looks from non-members. It is pointed out by critics that although the movement has many of the faults to be expected from such youthful enthusiasm, its tendency is on the whole noble and uplifting. The leading characteristics of the movement are:

1. Hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, and young men and women, have been brought into contact with Nature, taught to appreciate the simple beauties of their homeland, and given a taste for wholesome open-air pleasures.

2. A desire has been aroused for a simpler and purer life, in food, clothing, and in general conduct.

3. The old Germany has been rediscovered in song, dances, tales, games, manners; and best of all in the souls of the young people themselves.

4. A sound instinct has grown up in condemnation of modern decadence, laxity, coarseness, and lack of truth; and the young generation has begun to take a firm stand against national deterioration and immorality. Here we see a breaking through of spontaneous ethical and religious impulses.

5. There is a development of a new spirit of brotherhood within the nation, brought about by the mingling of classes and the return to realities.

It is quite unnecessary to comment on the significance of a movement of such a kind and of such enormous extent at the present time.

At its best, it is an attempt to throw off the evil heritage of the non-moral materialism of the last hundred and more years of European history; and to get back to simple fundamentals from which a fresh start can be made. At its worst, it shows excesses and exaggerations called forth by the resolve of youth to have nothing whatever to do with the authority and conventions of the preceding age. Without this determined rejection of the existing system, it would, however, have been impossible to make a clean start, nor would the movement have been able to gather such a sweeping impetus. The demerits of the *Jugendbewegung* are thus in a sense inseparable from its very nature as a radical upheaval of youth.

Answers to Correspondents

HAKA.—As far as we know the Board of Erin is an Irish American organisation with a leaning for the methods of argument which have been found to produce most respect for us in the minds of Orangemen.

INFETTO.—All right for the people and all wrong for the priest.

GÆL.—The Tailteann Games will be held in Dublin from the first to the eighteenth August. There seems to be no enthusiasm about the matter here, but Canada and the United States are well advanced in organising for the sports.

M. G.—Roisin Dubh means Dark Rosaleen. Aonach Tailteann means the Fair of Tailteann. Like the Fair of Loc Garmain, in ancient times, it was famous for the athletic and musical contests held there. We will remember your hint as to giving the meaning of Gaelic terms as they occur.

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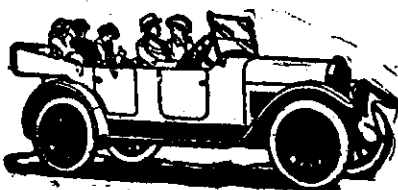
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remember not to forget our warning, we once more remind all and sundry that the *Tablet* is printed from day to day in sheets of eight pages, and that by Monday morning there is barely room left for the editorials and the news sent in by our various local correspondents. Hence, accounts of occasional happenings have little or no chance of insertion in the current issue if not sent in early: if they are brief, and if the correspondence is also brief for the week, they get in by the skin of their teeth; if they are long-winded they are allowed a week's rest to recover their breath.

C. F. G.—In reply to your query we quote the words of a learned Italian author on the same subject: "You must endeavor to frequent restaurants which cater for Catholics on days of abstinence. If you cannot possibly do so, you may eat what is provided. . . Travellers, laborers, and others, who undergo severe strains and suffer much fatigue, are not bound to fast." This extract answers both your questions clearly.

DOURT—It is bad reasoning to argue that abuse of a thing is sufficient excuse for abolishing it. That is the sophistry of the Prohibitionists in a nutshell. It is also the Protestant argument against Indulgences. If pushed to its logical conclusions human nature itself ought to be abolished. Would you suppress trains because there is often a railway accident; forbid steamers because some of them are lost; legislate against motor cars because they frequently kill people?

BOOK NOTICES

Mr. Massey's Liberal Supporters, by H. E. Holland, M.P. N.Z. Worker Press, Wellington. Price, 6d.

Even his political opponents admit grudgingly enough that Mr. Holland is one of the clearest thinkers and most convincing speakers in the New Zealand Parliament at the present time. He makes sure of his facts and knows how to handle them. His publications have the same qualities of lucidity and cogency, and the present brochure is no exception. It contains twenty pages of proof of his thesis that during the past twelve years by voting with the Government on important issues the Liberals, in many cases, forfeited the right to be called the Opposition.

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About, by William O'Brien; *The Church and Liberty*, by Archbishop Spalding; *The Women of Ninety-Eight*, by Mrs. Concaannon; *Daughters of Banba*, by Mrs. Concaannon; *From Sketch Book and Diary*, by Lady Butler; *The Light of the West*, by General Butler; *The Social History of Ancient Ireland*, by Joyce.

A new stock of the foregoing important books has come to hand and may now be ordered from us by readers of the *Tablet*.

Les Echeances, by Ande Cantegrive. Blous, Paris. Price, 7 francs.

The story of Denise Pascal is an illustration of the truth that violations of the Divine Law bring retribution in their train. The novel is not wanting in power and atmosphere. It recalls the manner of Bourget in its analysis of the disorders of domestic and social circles. The moral is prominent notwithstanding certain ambiguous situations and rather cynical phrases.

The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature, by George Schuster (Macmillan).

Matthew Arnold established the debt of English literature to the Celtic traditions. Mr. Schuster contends that the Catholic spirit was its constructive force during the nineteenth century. His studies of such writers as Newman, Kenelm Digby, and Francis Thompson are valuable and illuminating. Many will perhaps disagree with his criticisms of minor writers such as Benson and John Ayscough but the judgment of posterity is likely to endorse his views.

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Our Roman Letter

(By "STANNOUS.")

January, 1924.

The whole western sky, as I saw it one late December evening from the *terrazza* of my home, blazed like a fire. A warm crimson glare played on the roofs below and before me, and seemed to sear the outskirts of the city like a flame coming down from Heaven. I never weary of the changing beauty of the Roman sunset. Long after the sun has gone down behind St. Peter's the glow from its dying embers lingers in the sky. Stealthily the darkness creeps in from without; the radiant sky grows sombre, draping itself in purple, vesting itself in penitential brown, hiding its golden beauty 'neath a garment of dull violet that all too quickly merges into night's livery of grey. Then one's eyes drop to earth again. Rome's roofs are jutting like abrupt shadows into the night, while a million lights, twinkling and dim, are shyly peeping from between the tall dark plumes of the lower sky. Suddenly the spell is broken, and one's thought loses its poise and footing. The dull growl of a motor horn or the peevish plaint of a driver's gong on a tram falls on the startled sense with a shock of unwelcome. It is the city's voice, recalling one to the sound of the inharmonious murmur of the busy streets. The day is dead, but the heart still harbors the memory of the withered hours. Even so at the dying of the year one's soul is peopled with the ghosts of the past, ghosts of joys and sorrows and pleasures and pains, of victories that were defeats and of losses that were gains, of hopes unrealised and of ambitions that were unfulfilled. Thus on this night of memories the ghosts walk in my heart. As I look across the moonless darkness to where but a moment ago was the foundering sun, the dim outlines of San Pietro in Montorio are visible in the grey gloom, and the unsleeping ghosts of our noble dead seem to walk forth from that Irish grave. They too in their crowded lifetime had their ideals and ambitions and hopes; even in death they await their fulfilment.

* * *

Rome, the nursery of music, is already in the first half of its musical year. An event worth recording is the decision of the arbitrators in the *Concorso Musicale*, one of the most important musical contests of the year in Italy, the winning of which gives to the successful artist an official approval that assures him of an honorable place in musical circles here. This year the coveted prize has gone to Robbiani of Cremona, an artist whose youthful dreams of a musical career were almost shattered by the recent world-war. His boyish ambition was first fired by the unstinted approval of the *maestro* Don Lorenzo Perosi in a letter written to him in the year 1901; in that year Robbiani, then a fifteen-year old schoolboy with no scientific knowledge of the principles of harmony and with nothing to guide him but the music that sang in his heart, composed an opera in two acts which he called *Agatodemon*. In his University days he organised a students' orchestra which gave several meritorious orchestral concerts in Pavia. Coming to Rome in 1907 for the study of musical technique, he made his first public appearance as a composer in the *Augusteo* in June 1910 with some original orchestral compositions which excited the favorable notice of the critics, and in the November of the following year he presented a two-act opera at the *Constanzi*. This marked the beginning of his public success; emboldened by the praises lavished on him he set his hand to the composition of an opera, taking as his theme the *Anna Karenin* of Tolstoi. The work was actually finished in February 1915 but the entry of Italy into the war prevented his production. During the war Robbiani was an artillery officer and did not return from the front till the autumn of 1919; family affairs forced him to give up his musical studies and to go into business. But the divine discontent was seething in his musical soul, and in August of last year he submitted his manuscript of *Anna Karenin* to the judges in the *Concorso Musicale* with the favorable result already stated.

Another item of musical interest is the appointment of Ottorino Respighi as the new director of the *Liceo di S. Cecilia*, in succession to the *maestro* Bossi whose "Canti-

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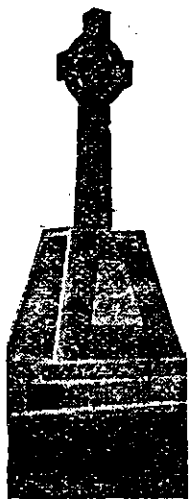
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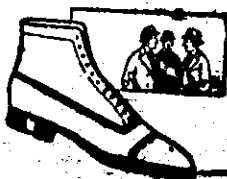
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cum Canticorum" was recently rendered to an enthusiastic audience in the *Augusteo*. Bossi was appointed to this post as far back as 1916 but he remained here but a few months, and since his retirement the directorship was not filled till recently with the nomination of Respighi. Respighi is in his forty-fifth year and has had all the benefits of an excellent musical education combined with an intensely keen natural talent. His studies have not been confined to Italy but have been carried out also in Germany and in Russia, so that he comes to the famous *Liceo* with the highest credentials for success.

* * *

All these names are inevitably bound up with current Italian polyphonia and logically recall to one's mind the name and work of Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. For no lover of choral music can listen to the rendering of modern compositions without thinking of the great genius who clothed polyphony with so inimitable a beauty that he has been freely acclaimed as its founder. Yet Palestrina has the unique honor, in the strict interpretation of the facts of the history of choral music, of perfecting rather than of founding the species of unaccompanied vocal music that is known as polyphonic. The first aim of those who invented what we now call part-singing was to discover some method of making a second voice sing notes which should be harmonious with the notes sung by the main voice while at the same time the two sets of notes should not be identical; further, each part should have its own role to perform as a contribution to the resultant melody. But this was not all; it was also necessary to discover a mode of musical expression by part-singing wherein each voice, while singing a melodious strain, should at the same time take its share in the definite elaboration of a single idea, not singing for itself alone but answering, as it were, the accompanying voice. The realisation of this aim is to be credited principally to one of the most famous masters of the Netherland School, Josquin des Pres, who was one of the *maestri* at the Papal court of Pope Sixtus IV. from the year 1471 to the year 1484. Josquin was chief light of a school of church music which does not seem to have received its full merits at the hands of the historians. To the present day the results of much of his Roman activity remain here in the manuscript Masses of the Sistine choir. When Josquin was born (about 1445) counterpoint was already invented, so that he found he was the first musical genius to come into a world which had his materials already prepared for him. His use of contrapuntal devices has never been exceeded and he has been styled by one historian of music as "the first musician who impresses us as having genius."

Unfortunately Josquin was so great a musician that he imposed himself unwittingly as a law unto his generation, and in the first half of the sixteenth century a large proportion of composers aimed at nothing higher than a servile imitation of the Belgian *maestro*. The result was almost inevitable; they succeeded in reproducing his faults rather than his virtues. The pure and flowing style of the master soon became, in the hands of his unskilful disciples, a mass of elaboration and meaningless attention to useless detail. Thus there is at least one Mass still extant in which the tenor sings the word *Alleluia* incessantly from beginning to end. The sacred text was too often rendered utterly unintelligible, and profane melodies with the verses belonging to them were introduced into the most solemn compositions for the Church. This period of decadence came to a sudden end in the year 1564, when Pope Pius IV., acting in the spirit of the Tridentine reform of church music, commissioned eight cardinals to enforce the decrees of the Council of Trent on the matter of ecclesiastical singing. Thus was ushered in what has justly been called the golden age of church music, which to-day owes its celebrity and its winning appeal to the patient genius of that devout and earnest man, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina.

(To be continued.)

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Bishop Whyte's Return

RECEPTIONS AT VARIOUS CENTRES.

Wednesday, the 12th ult., was a day of rejoicing in the schools of the Sisters of Mercy, for on that day his Lordship the Bishop had come once more amongst his South Dunedin children. It had been intended to hold the Welcome-Home in the Convent grounds which looked gay with bunting, but, owing to the rain, the function had to be held in St. Philomena's College, which had been very nicely decorated. On entering, his Lordship, who was accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Delany, P. J. O'Neill, and Rooney, was greeted with a pretty Welcome Chorus. On behalf of the assembled pupils Master George Walsh feelingly recited an Ode giving expression to their joy at his Lordship's safe return to Maoriland from "Lands where for ages the Faith has held sway," and to their hearty good wishes for his future years. Several appropriate vocal numbers having been rendered, Dr. Whyte, with kindly words of encouragement and praise, thanked the children for their whole-hearted welcome and granted them a holiday.

WELCOME BY THE CHILDREN OF THE ORPHANAGE.

During the weeks that elapsed since the return of Dr. Whyte the girls of St. Vincent's Orphanage had been preparing a special entertainment of their own with joyous expectations of seeing their beloved Bishop in their midst again and offering him a warm welcome. This pleasure was theirs on the glorious Feast of St. Patrick, the special patron of the South Dunedin parish. The orphanage study hall, where the reception was held, looked its best; exquisite taste was shown in the decorations; white and gold drapings gracefully intertwined with ivy and ferns swung from the ceiling and adorned the walls—Erin's tricolor was in evidence everywhere, and illuminated scrolls with Gaelic mottoes were effectively displayed. The entrance of his Lordship was a signal for a hearty chorus of welcome. Accompanying the Bishop were Rev. J. Delany, Rev. C. Morkane (rector Holy Cross College), Rev. P. J. O'Neill, Rev. C. Collins, Rev. W. Monaghan, Rev. E. H. Rooney, Rev. Dr. H. O'Neill, and Rev. C. Tylee. In a little speech of welcome one of the children expressed the orphans' sentiments of joyful welcome and of filial respect. The national character of many of the numbers on a pleasingly varied programme of choruses, recitations, dances, and action songs showed that the Sisters are fostering in the hearts of the orphans a love for the dear Old Land to which they owe the precious heritage of their holy Faith. The performance throughout gave evidence of careful preparation; the "babies" merited a special word of praise, their unaffected, confident air as they danced and sang was very amusing. The concert was brought to a close with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

His Lordship, addressing the children said he was delighted to be with them that afternoon. Their bright, patriotic and altogether creditable entertainment had given him great pleasure; he was particularly pleased to see the shamrock so much in evidence, and they had shown him that they know how to honor the glorious Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick. They had prayed for the safe return of their Bishop and the good God had answered that prayer. To the senior girls who will soon be leaving the institution to go out to work, his Lordship spoke special words of advice for their future guidance, exhorting them always to act in such a manner as to reflect credit on the training they received in the orphanage. They must at all times be particularly exact with regard to truthfulness and honesty and act in a strictly upright manner. If they are truthful and honest they will not waste their time in frivolous reading or idle it in other ways; they will practise obedience and all the other virtues as well, and give satisfaction to their mistresses. It would be a painful disappointment to him, their Bishop, to the priests and to the Sisters if they ever heard that a girl who had been trained in St. Vincent's Orphanage brought discredit on her religion by unworthy conduct.

AT TESCHEMAKERS.

Saturday, the 22nd ult., was a joyful day at St. Patrick's Dominican College, Teschemakers, when the Sisters and pupils were granted the privilege of meeting again,

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after his long voyage across the seas, their beloved and revered Bishop.

The "Welcome Home" of the pupils took the form of an entertainment in the college hall the stage of which was for the afternoon transformed into a fairy bower. As the Bishop entered the hall he was greeted with a chorus of welcome specially composed for the occasion. This was followed by a bright little cantata interspersed with songs, recitations, and dances. The second part of the programme consisted of instrumental and vocal items, the whole terminating with the singing of the New Zealand Anthem. At the conclusion his Lordship addressed the pupils, thanking them for their excellent performance and giving them some interesting details of his travels. In describing the many beautiful old monasteries and convents in the Homeland with their magnificent parks and gardens he said that many a time when visiting these sanctuaries his thoughts would travel far away to a favored spot in New Zealand, viz., to St. Patrick's Dominican College, Teschemakers. I had occasion, continued his Lordship, to tell people in several countries some elementary facts about the geography of New Zealand. But I gave them no information about the situation of Teschemakers. It seems to me, however, that New Zealanders need to be told where Teschemakers lies. It would surprise many to learn that here, 7 or 8 miles from Oamaru, is this Dominican College standing in grounds so extensive, so pleasing to the eye, so restful to the brain. Here in this climate, "bright as a mother's smile" is a college for young ladies whose health of mind and body is so well provided for by the cultured daughters of St. Dominic. Speaking of the hall which was built during his absence, his Lordship said that it was manifestly suited for the work to which it was destined. He had not expected, he said, to find it so elegant or so commodious. It was evident that the Sisters had some generous friends who were animated by the highest educational ideals, seeing that such a necessary building had been added to the up-to-date school that peeps so coquettishly through the trees at admiring visitors.

BISHOP WYHTE IN OAMARU

The children of the parish had been looking forward to the visit of Dr. Whyte after his absence in Rome and their excitement increased as the time of his arrival approached.

The celebrations in honor of his Lordship's return commenced with an entertainment given by the pupils of St. Joseph's parish school which presented a brilliant appearance when the children assembled to bid their Bishop "Welcome Home." The stage, which was decorated with light greenery and colored electric light, was like a glimpse of fairyland, and called forth the admiration of all present. The chief feature of the entertainment was the staging of the fairy cantata, "Bubbles," in which the children took part. Bubbles was acted by Shona Young, a gifted young singer; and the Fairy Queen by M. Simon. Other items were the spirited singing of the "Soldiers' Song," a cleverly executed Highland fling by Miss Shanahan, a piano solo by Master B. Mollison; a piano duet by N. Dexter and H. Illingworth; and a display of dumbbell exercises by the senior boys. The concert was closed by the singing of the New Zealand Anthem.

The Bishop congratulated the children on the charming entertainment they had given. They had done credit to themselves and their teachers. His Lordship graciously mentioned each item praising each in turn, except the Highland fling which could find a competent judge in the Monsignor. Turning to the large assembly of parents present, the Bishop spoke to them of the great responsibility that is laid on all Catholic parents to send their children to Catholic schools. Canon Law lays down very strict regulations on this point and this is only in accordance with the constant teaching and wish of the Church who wants the children to be safeguarded from and strengthened to meet the evil influences of our day. Our Catholic schools teach not only the secular subjects but also the still more important one—the knowledge of God and His Law. They give a religious and moral training that will fit the children for the battle of life. Those parents who send their children to secular schools incur a heavy responsibility and act in defiance of the laws of the Church. Canon Law on this point is concerned not only with children of the elementary

school but also with those who go on to schools of higher study, and desires that even those attending universities should be given means of receiving instruction in religious matters so that their knowledge of the teachings of the Church should progress as well as their knowledge of the various sciences.

While in Ireland his Lordship had visited many educational establishments especially round Dublin, which was famous for its schools, but Teschemakers the beauty of which had charmed him anew on his visit that afternoon, compared very favorably with any of them. He congratulated the people of Oamaru on having so near them such a magnificent school to which they could send their children as boarders. In the town itself there were also educational facilities. The primary school was under the care of devoted teachers and the Monsignor was now having an addition built to provide for those who wished to continue after the sixth standard. In conclusion his Lordship once again congratulated the children, their parents and teachers.

That the children hold the Monsignor in very affectionate reverence was evinced by the stirring reception he received when by the Bishop's request, he rose to speak. He expressed his pleasure at having such devoted teachers for his schools. The work of the school was in a high state of efficiency and each year the inspectors spoke in the highest praise of the teaching imparted. The percentage of passes gained in the various standards compared most favorably with those gained in any other school. He was indeed most grateful to the Dominican Nuns.

On the following evening the boys of St. Thomas's assembled to do honor to his Lordship, who entered the hall accompanied by Monsignor Mackay, Fathers Graham and Fenelon. The concert opened with a violin trio, "Song of the Oriole," by Masters Kelly, Dunne, and Roach. This was followed by a display of club swinging by L. McKinnon, R. Cuddon-Large and G. Thomas. The humorous element was introduced by a recitation "His Names" by J. Ward, as well as by "The Cats' Tea Party" recited by six little lads, Masters K. Nolan, P. Taylor, C. Cartright, L. Dunne, D. Burke and P. Murdoch, who made the irresistible appeal that all little ones make to an audience. The last and certainly the most interesting item was the staging of the cantata "Butternut's Punishment" in which Butternut, the chief worker of Toyland, is taught to overcome his procrastinating habits. This was taken part in by nearly all the boys—L. Nathan as Butternut acquitted himself admirably. The Toyland Workers, the Reindeer Keepers and Brownies excelled themselves in their marches and songs. R. Cuddon-Large, as "Brownie Make-away," the friend of the unfortunate Butternut, acted a difficult part in a charmingly natural way. L. McKinnon's playing of a piano solo showed the good work being done in the music school. The singing of "Vivat" and a "Song for the Pope" by the massed choir of the Academy brought the concert to a close.

His Lordship, in thanking the boys for the pleasure they had given him, congratulated them heartily on the very creditable performance they had shown, all the more creditable in this case as, owing to the prevalent sickness, the boys had worked under great difficulties. He was delighted with the violin playing, praising the great flexibility of wrist and the perfection of bowing displayed. These were the foundations of success in violin studies and the foundations had been well laid. The club swinging too had appealed to him but in a concert where all was good it was hard to single out any one item. He exhorted the boys to make use of the numerous advantages offered to them of a thorough education, quoting in this connection the words of a self-made man to his son, "Get all you can out of education, it is the only thing that is not screwed down. Everything else was screwed down and the screw driver lost." Above all he congratulated the parents on the good sense displayed by them in sending their boys to the Academy where every care, spiritual and temporal, was taken of the boys. As the visitors left, hearty cheers were given for his Lordship and the Monsignor.

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St. Vincent de Paul Society

PARTICULAR COUNCIL OF DUNEDIN.

The first annual meeting of the re-organised Society of St. Vincent de Paul, was held in St. Joseph's Hall, on Monday evening week. There was a large attendance of members representing the various conferences and of the Ladies' Auxiliaries within the circumscription of the Particular Council of Dunedin. The president occupied the chair, and among those present were his Lordship the Bishop, Rev. J. Foley, Adm. (chaplain), and Rev. J. Delany, South Dunedin.

In extending a very hearty welcome to his Lordship the Bishop to the meeting and on his return from the Old Land, the president said that the date of the annual meeting had been advanced a month to allow of the Bishop's presence. At his Lordship's desire 18 months ago the society had been re-organised, and there now existed, besides the ladies' branches which had carried on the good work for many years, five men's conferences, and all were actively engaged, in perfect harmony and unison, in carrying out the work of the society in conformity with its rules. Although absent during the period under review, the members were assured that the Bishop's thoughts were with them, and now that his Lordship had returned, his observations during his travels and wide experience in the society's pursuits would, they knew, be generously and most helpfully placed at their disposal. "No more eloquent address," said the president, "could be presented to their Bishop than the first general report issued by the members of the society, and it is with much pleasure that I now hand his Lordship a copy."

The report and statement of accounts (as printed in March 27 issue of the *Tablet*) were then read and adopted. Commenting on these, the president paid a tribute to the society's district nurse (Nurse Boys) for the excellent manner in which she is discharging the duties of her exacting and always arduous office. The good results of this phase of the society's activities had amply justified the nurse's appointment, and her assistance, working in co-operation with the ladies, was of incalculable value.

Although not mentioned in the report, the president referred in appreciative terms to the fine work performed by the pupils of the Dominican Nuns in conducting, under the auspices of the society, a Sunday school for children many of whom were not so favorably placed as are those who attend Catholic schools; and the teaching of Christian doctrine to them is an especially strong feature. This guild, which usually presents a report of its own at the close of the year, is supervised by the clergy and nuns. At the present time there are upwards of 40 children receiving instruction at the hands of the members. Fitting acknowledgement was also made of the surprising amount of good work accomplished by the Ladies' Auxiliaries, of the gratuitous services of the society's legal representatives, doctors, and of the assistance rendered by the different organisations of the city.

His Lordship the Bishop said he also was of opinion that the most useful and pleasurable address the brothers and sisters of the society could offer him was a copy of their report showing the splendid record of their first year's activities, and he very warmly congratulated them on the fine work they were doing in the interests of those who needed assistance. While not losing sight of the primary objective of their society—the sanctification of their own souls—the members were at the same time, while engaged in the corporal and spiritual well-being of their less fortunate brethren, doing God's work. His Lordship then spoke on phases of Catholic activity that came under his notice during his recent travels; also on the work of the society, more especially in regard to Sydney where it was very strong and influential. Replying later to a vote of thanks tendered to him for his address, the Bishop said he was deeply interested in the society, and not alone by help and encouragement but by other means, he would avail himself of any opportunity of showing this.

Rev. Father Foley complimented the members on the good results of their year's work, and more especially on what they had done during the distressful flood of last April. Great edification was derived from their endeavors on that occasion, and the labors of the nurse were a revelation.

Hibernian Society, Dunedin

Speaking on Tuesday night week at the reception tendered to him by the Hibernian Society, his Lordship Bishop Whyte said how sorry he was not to have arrived back in time to meet the Australian prelates during their visit to the diocese—some of whom were personal friends of many years' standing. They all had expressed their amazement at the hospitality extended to them during their travels through the Dominion. "I can quite understand this" said Dr. Whyte "because it was my own experience when I first came here." Referring to the fine summary of news given in the *Tablet* relating to the movements of the Australian hierarchy, and to the main objective of their visit to New Zealand, his Lordship strongly urged the claims of this splendid paper to the support of Hibernians generally. "Every issue" said the Bishop "contains a splendid selection of articles on subjects of vital importance, and the range of matter provides the choicest reading for all— young and old." He exhorted his hearers to support the paper, to read it themselves and see that it is always available for their children to read. His Lordship's remarks were received with a hearty round of applause.

His Lordship related numerous interesting and entertaining incidents concerning Catholic life in the United States. "Americans," he said, "are generally pictured as being in perpetual pursuit of the 'Almighty dollar' and spare but little time to matters of a religious nature." His (the speaker's) experiences and observations, however, led him to form quite a different opinion, at any rate so far as the Catholic population was concerned. The Mayor of New York city was a staunch Catholic and the high dignity and responsibility of his office is not permitted to interfere with his discharge of long-held parish duties. He (the Mayor) now, as before assuming office, takes his place every Sunday among the collectors at his parish church.

One of the oldest churches in New York (St. Peter's) now finds itself wedged in among warehouses in a busy commercial section of the city, with no residences within a considerable distance; yet all day long quite a number of people may be seen there at their devotions, and their offerings are more than sufficient to provide for officiating clergy and upkeep. Everything (said the Bishop) is done on a large scale in America. Membership of religious organisations are numbered in tens of thousands, and the processions (there called parades) are wonderful sights. An impressive and most edifying sight is, in the event of a fire alarm, to see the members of the splendidly equipped fire brigade when speeding past a Catholic church raise their brass helmets in honor of the Divine Presence; a public act of Faith which shows the religion the majority of them profess. In humorous vein, his Lordship told many quaint stories of persons—their sayings and doings—which were much appreciated and greatly enjoyed by all present.

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AHAURA NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

Mrs. Mary Kennedy (relict of John Kennedy, late of Ahaura) who died at Greymouth on March 13, was an exemplary Catholic. Deceased lady was born at Ballymackey, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, 84 years ago. She came to New Zealand in 1860, when yet a girl, making her home at Hokitika and later at Ahaura, where she lived for fifty years. During her stay at Ahaura she was ever active in the discharge of her religious duties and always a grand example of real Catholic piety. She assisted daily at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass up to a couple of years ago, when her health began to fail. Of a family of eleven (nine girls and two boys) seven survive to mourn their loss—five daughters—Mrs. O'Meara, Mrs. Doogan, Mrs. Malone, Mrs. Higgins, and Mrs. Clayton, and two sons—Hugh and John. She died fortified by the rites of Holy Church. The funeral was large and representative. Rev. Father O'Regan, assisted by Rev. Fathers Long, Adm. (Grymouth), M. J. Fogarty (Ahaura), and Madden (Greymouth) read the burial service. A large congregation attended the Requiem Mass celebrated at St. Patrick's Church on Saturday morning, the 15th ult. May she rest in peace.

The Blackball bazaar is over and the work was crowned with great success. Much thanks is due to Mrs. M. Connors, Miss E. Matthews, and their energetic committee. There is a substantial debt on the church and all are pleased that the sale of work shows a good profit. The church is now looking more like what it was originally intended to be, a house of God. The work reflects well on Mr. Hart and his capable men.

Amongst those who went up in air at Greymouth was Mrs. Kilkelly, of Nelson Creek. Her three score and ten and the rest have not shattered her nerves. She is still hale and hearty, and was quite enthusiastic about the aeroplane's sailing through the fleecy clouds and deep blue sky beyond. Not many years ago Mrs. Kilkelly lived at Callagans, a distance of about three miles from the "Creek." This Callagans is to a certain extent "ungetatable," but in sunshine or storm Mrs. Kilkelly always walked over the rough mountain bridle track to assist at Sunday's Mass. She is a wonderful old lady and a credit to Kinvara, the land of plaid shawls.

Mr. Buttler, who has charge of the renovation and painting of St. Munchin's Church, Totara Flat, is making good progress with the work. The place which a few days ago was a "break up," is beginning to look neat and artistic in its new suit of chocolate and cream.

Mrs. Campbell is leaving Blackball, and the people of Blackball and perhaps the football teams in a special way will miss her smile of kindly welcome and good cheer. She was always and ever ready to help with heart and hand every deserving cause.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

April 4.

Already folk are beginning to plan for Easter. Besides the tournament of the combined Catholic clubs there are many other attractions planned for the holidays. The silver jubilee of Victoria University College will take place at that time, and representatives are coming from the other University centres for the event. A church parade is on the programme, and the Students' Guild here is hoping to have its own parade. They are numerous enough for it, provided the holidays are spent here. If too many go home it would not be worth while. By the bye the Rector has offered the college chapel for the first Guild wedding; surely the offer won't be wasted!

Father Smythe presented his jubilee balance-sheet on Sunday, and also the balance-sheet for St. Francis's Hall, which has more than justified its existence. "The Australian prelates," he said, "remarked on the equipment of the hall, saying that they had seen nothing finer south of the line." The hall was the property of the parish, so the compliment was theirs. The hall had done wonderful service during the jubilee celebrations. It was a rendezvous for all the visitors, where they could rest and be refreshed. It will, by its name, be a memorial of the jubilee and the Archbishop. Thorndon had headed the list of contributions, Boulcott Street being next.

The Marists are to have a house in Auckland, and Father Gondringer, whose name has been associated so long with St. Patrick's, is to be in charge. Considerable interest attaches to the announcement from the historical point of view. The Marist Society was formed for missionary work. The Marists were the first evangelists in this country for the faith. Bishop Pompallier was a secular, but his assistants were Marist priests. Hokianga, Kororareka, Auckland! Before Wellington itself these outposts were associated with the Marists. Perhaps some day when these lands have the magic of antiquity, faithful feet will go seeking Kororareka and pilgrimages of grace will find the graves where lie the men who lit here first the torch of God. Many a missionary then knew what it was to tie the stump of his shoe to his foot with a thong of flax, and to sleep with a saddle for a pillow. The church in this country has had good servants, and their strip of earth is holy ground.

On Sunday evening after church, Fathers O'Neill and O'Donnell came to address the Cumann. They got a great welcome. Father O'Neill, who has held many a Gaelic

class in the South, spoke in glowing terms of the work of the Society that holds the Irish boys and girls together in a strange country. He was listened to with delight by a large audience, who were greatly touched by the humor and pathos of his address. He would visit, he said, the Irish clubs in Chicago and Dublin and bring back the latest ideas. Both he and Father O'Donnell were as much at home with their audience as if they had known them for years. Father John Kelly, in the course of a beautifully delivered little speech, thanked the soggarts of Gore and Waikiki for their words to the Club, and was ably seconded by Rev. Father Fallon. The president, Mr. Nolan, thanked them also. It was great to see the boys and girls crowd round the visitors, eager to greet them in the good old Gaelic tongue. Father O'Neill threw off some fine jests in the Gaelic. Its a great welcome will be awaiting them on their return!

One hears of little hidden acts of kindness that are very much to be commended. Such was the action of a Catholic lady who sent a motor car to the Ewart Hospital so that the Catholic patients there should have an opportunity to see the jubilee procession. It was a gracious thought and should bring a blessing.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society is holding a meeting to-night to discuss means of entertaining the Catholic officers and men during Fleet Week. The city will be *en fete* during that week.

Rev. Father Klimeck, of Upper Hutt, preached a scholarly sermon at Buckle Street on Sunday night. The congregation praised it warmly afterwards.

Brother Louis has returned and he got a great reception from the boys. He found a crowd of them waiting outside the house, with eager faces, and as he went from room to room in the school itself he got a great ovation. He left his own home and his own country to come and teach here, and by its warm-hearted, spontaneous welcome Young New Zealand tried to show him that it appreciated the sacrifice. It tried to make his return another home-coming.

The Hibernian Conference

(From a correspondent.)

Westport, March 25.

Over sixty members of the reception committee in connection with the forthcoming Hibernian Conference attended at St. Canice's Clubroom on Sunday evening last; Mr. F. M. O'Gorman presiding. The secretary (Mr. J. Radford) presented the balance sheet of the Irish national concert held on March 17, under the auspices of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, which showed a credit of £30. Rev. Father Sweeney, in moving its adoption congratulated the organisers not only on the financial success but on the excellence of the programme; the concert was certainly the most enjoyable he had attended since coming to New Zealand. Senior-Sergeant Ryan reported that the weekly "forty-five" and euehre tournament in connection with the delegates entertainment fund were being well attended. He understood that amongst the visiting delegates from Auckland that there were some particularly good "forty-five" players: if that were so a contest would have to be arranged as he thought local representatives would more than hold their own in that department. Mr. Radford mentioned that Mr. J. J. Marlow (Dunedin) would be amongst the visiting delegates, and that Mr. Marlow was one of the leading bowlers of the Dominion. He was not sure if there were any other bowlers amongst the visiting delegates, but if so, a match could easily be arranged and the visitors—whatever the results—would have the pleasure of playing on the best green in Australasia. The Chairman, in moving a hearty vote of thanks to the performers and all who assisted in any way with the concert, stated that financially they were now in the happy position of being able to carry out the full programme for the entertainment of the delegates, which included a motor trip to the Denniston Colliery, also to the historical township of Charleston, where the first branch of the society was established. Their only anxiety now was that every branch would be represented, and in that connection they could only rely on the District Executive to encourage branches in every possible way to send delegates.

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The Christchurch Marist Football Club and the Canterbury Rugby Union

The executive of the Marist Football Club has issued a statement in reference to the actions of the club and the Canterbury Rugby Union in dealing with the Payne trophy and the suspension of the Marist Club. The executive says:—

"The club will not apologise, because it has committed no offence. It will not withdraw the letter to the Canterbury Rugby Union, which was a manly and honorable letter framed to meet the special demands of the moment. If a member of the Otago Union has been allowed to insult the honor of Canterbury's champion club, and if Canterbury has failed in its duty to defend the honor of its champion club, that champion club must act in its own defence. We must submit to the unjust and invalid suspension rather than allow our honor to be besmirched by the vile accusations of 'ringing-in.' We are confident that any other club would have acted as the Marist Club has acted. The Marist Club has violated no rules of Rugby. The action of the club in regard to the Payne trophy match was the only course to be followed consistent with the laws and traditions of Rugby and consistent with the dictates of personal honor, of manliness, and of justice.

"The club claims to have acted in a perfectly constitutional and honorable manner. In preparation for the match the team trained well and aimed to reproduce championship form, and no suggestion of neglect or breach of the rules can be alleged against the club. The club's only offence seems to be taken from the letter to the Canterbury Rugby Union, including a refusal to play. An analysis of the letter will show it to be a perfectly correct and courteous communication. This was admitted by members of the New Zealand Union when the club's appeal was before that body. The Payne trophy match is a challenge match, not a union competition match. The Marist Club had precisely the same freedom to play or not to play for the Payne trophy as the Canterbury Union has to play or not to play in the Ranfurly Shield match. The letter was also declared by members of the New Zealand Union to be 'not discourteous.' This independent and impartial opinion should be worthy of acceptance. The letter was written for the specific purpose of repudiating the cruel charge of 'ringing-in' and as a fearless challenge to the effect that the club was prepared to face any inquiry as to the eligibility of the players. It was as well known to the union as to the Marist Club that an impression had been created that the Marist Club had been caught 'ringing-in' two unqualified players—Mullins and Divine. Mr. Harris, of the Otago Union, gave additional strength to this impression by his remark, which was quoted in the Dunedin and Christchurch papers, that 'the Marists want to win this match at all costs.' It was widely believed that the Marists were guilty of these unfair and unsportsmanlike tactics under circumstances known to the union to whom the letter was written and to the club who wrote the letter. This statement was included as a declaration by the Marist Club that the inclusion of these two men was beyond question, and that the club was prepared to face any inquiry or trial in the event of the calumny taking the shape of a formal accusation before a tribunal of Rugby control, or even in a higher court. It should be remembered that the 'ringing-in' charges had taken such definite shape that a prominent legal authority gave the opinion that there was ground for a libel action; hence this clear, defined, and unflinching declaration issued by the Marist Club. That this charge of 'ringing-in' was no imaginary fancy of the Marist Club is proved conclusively by documents in the club's possession quoting recognised Canterbury Rugby authorities to the effect that the club was guilty; likewise the following quotation from a leading article in the Christchurch Star of September 15:—"Ringing-in" is such a deadly sin in connection with any sport that one would expect the Marist Club to go to any length to avoid the suggestion of such an offence in connection with the Payne trophy match." The club was thus unjustly condemned by the public. The club was undefended by the Canterbury Union, which should have acted as its advocate and friend. The club was thus forced to take a determined stand in its own defence. The members of the club are proud of their success on the football field, but their fame as footballers is a very secondary consideration compared with their honor. As men they feel keenly the unjust accusation of the vile charge of 'ringing-in.' A most remarkable anomaly exists in the case of the Marist Club. The question has been four times before bodies of Rugby control—once before the Canterbury Union, and three times before the New Zealand Union—but on all four occasions the club has had no opportunity of defence or explanation—a strange anomaly which should urge reform in Rugby penal procedure."

The Canterbury Rugby Union later briefly discussed the statement issued by the Marist Club. The chairman (Mr. S. F. Wilson) said he did not want to stand in the way of any club or stop it from placing its case before a meeting of delegates. There could be no fairer tribunal than a meeting composed of fellow footballers. Personally he could not understand why the club had not appealed to a meeting of delegates before if it had considered its sen-

tence unjust, for obviously the only thing to do under the rules was to appeal to a general meeting. The club had said in its statement that it thought it would not get a fair run, as the general meeting would be outweighed by a biased chairman and a committee whose minds were already made up. Accordingly he moved—"That a general meeting of delegates be called for next Saturday evening at a time and place to be arranged, and that Mr. F. T. Evars be asked to take the chair, and that the Marist Club be invited to send delegates to state its case."

In seconding the motion Mr. A. Dey said that probably the Marist Club was not aware of the fact that there were fifty-two delegates at a general meeting of the union, so that the suggestion that the meeting could be swamped by the fifteen members of the Management Committee was out of the question. If the committee refrained from voting there would be thirty-eight disinterested delegates without any feeling one way or the other. He was quite prepared to stand by the decision of the delegates.

Mr. Davis asked if the Marist Club had been consulted in this matter of a general meeting.

Mr. Dey stated that, whether or not the club had been asked, it was the union's duty to give them an opportunity of appealing or explaining.

Dr. Seed: We have been a long time finding our duty.

Mr. McPhail: We may as well be constitutionally sound, even if late.

The motion was then carried unanimously.

A press message on April 4 stated:—

There will be no all-green jerseys on the Rugby fields this season. Marist Old Boys' Football Club has decided to sever its association with the Canterbury Rugby Union. It claims that the union's action in calling a meeting of delegates for to-morrow evening came too late. The concluding portion of its letter, conveying this decision to the union executive, says: "We wish it to be understood that this reply is not meant to convey any reflection on the Rugby Union or the proposed meeting of delegates. The Marist Club has suffered so much because of the long-enduring suspension of its 200 members that some of the consequences are now irreparable. All football clubs know that their organisation demands enthusiasm and encouragement, but there is no man connected with the Marist Club who could, at this stage, undertake the task of reorganising the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Football Club as an affiliated Rugby club, with any prospect of satisfactory results. The Marist Old Boys' Association will revert to its original status as a purely social organisation, leaving adhesion to any outdoor game purely a matter for any member or group of members. Further details will be decided at the annual meeting of the association."

Last Saturday evening the curtain was rung down on what has been one of the most unfortunate and regrettable episodes in the history of Canterbury sport. At the special meeting of delegates convened by the Canterbury Rugby Union (to which the Marist Club had declined to send representatives) the action of the Management Committee in dealing with the case was endorsed by a three to one majority. It was also decided to cancel the affiliation of the Marist Club to the Rugby Union. In effect this means that the Marist Club ceases to exist officially so far as Rugby football in Canterbury is concerned.

At the annual meeting of the M.B.O.B. Association, held last Sunday, it was unanimously decided to form two sections in athletics, and to apply to the Canterbury Rugby League and the Canterbury Football Association (Soccer) for affiliation.

FRENCH COMMANDER VISITS SACRED HEART CONVENT, CHRISTCHURCH

Commander Husson, of the French sloop *Aldebaran*, paid a visit to the Sacred Heart Convent, Ferry Road, the other afternoon, where he was entertained by the scholars. The "Marseillaise" was sung in French, and various patriotic songs and musical items were rendered by the girls.

Bishop Brodie, in extending a hearty welcome to the commander on behalf of the children and Sisters, said it was a great pleasure to them to have the opportunity of entertaining so distinguished a guest. France was the eldest daughter of the Church, and their guest was a fine representative of that excellent country.

There were other brief addresses, mostly spoken in the native tongue of the commander, the college possessing a number of clever linguists.

The visitor chatted merrily with the children, to their mutual enjoyment.

"*Tres bon*, very very good," said the commander with emphasis, apropos of the linguistic ability of the scholars.

At the conclusion of the entertainment Commander Husson thanked those present and wished them *au revoir*, but not before distributing ribbons as souvenirs to the performers to whom he expressed his delight. The visitors were afterwards entertained to afternoon tea by the Sisters.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The Eastern Churches, p. 29. Notes—Trinity College History; The Eastern Churches; The History of Ireland, p. 30. Topics—*La Croix* and Archbishop Redwood; Reunion; MacDonald Scores; Home Rule for Scotland; The Jugendbewegung, pp. 18-19. Complete Story, p. 11. Mater Dolorosa, p. 15. Our Roman Letter, p. 21. Bishop Whyte's Return, p. 23. Archbishop Marnix on New Zealand, p. 33.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiam 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., P.M.



THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1924.

THE EASTERN CHURCHES



HE reunion of the Western Churches, talked of all over the English-speaking world, is a consummation devoutly to be desired; but apart from the grace of God it is still a dream not likely to be translated into reality in the near future. While the question is ventilated in pulpit and in press until it has become so much a matter of common conversation that a man will ask your opinion of reunion as he will inquire what you think of the weather, there is current and ignorance, as widespread as this garrulity, concerning the more substantial prospects and the not less important bearings of reunion with the separated Churches of the East. But while the talk has been occupying the attention of the man-in-the-street, who does not know, in nine cases out of ten, of the existence of Oriental schismatics, much is quietly being done for reunion with the latter.

Not only are there millions of Christian schismatics east of Rome, but for every sect to which they belong there is a corresponding Rite in union with the Pope. Many people are ignorant of the existence of these Oriental Uniate Churches, which are nevertheless in full communion with the Holy See while preserving jealously, and with Papal approbation, their own traditional Liturgies which, far from opposing, Rome fosters and encourages. Popes have always manifested a paternal zeal for the Uniate Churches. Within the last hundred years, Pius IX. founded a special congregation to deal with them. Leo XIII. made frequent appeals to the separated sects and established in Rome conferences with the Uniates to study the best means of reunion. In his Constitution, *Orientalium Dignitas*, he recorded his love and reverence for the Eastern rites and legislated explicitly for their preservation. He also founded many colleges, in Italy and in the East, for the training of their clergy. Benedict XV., schooled in the spirit of Leo, promoted prayers for the Orthodox Catholics and established the Pontifical Oriental Institute, the primary purpose of which is to train scholars to a full and sympathetic knowledge of the state of religion among the Easterns, with a view of bringing them back to the Fold. The present Pope pursues the work of his predecessors with apostolic faith and charity. It is surmised that when the Vatican Council is resumed the problem of reunion

with the East will be discussed, and it is to be hoped that through prayer and study much will in the interval be done to banish the ignorance and misunderstanding which are the chief causes of the continuance of the schism. The Oriental Institute aims at providing men who will be able to deal with Eastern affairs with understanding and sympathy; it strives to spread enlightenment in the West and to afford authentic information to inquirers in the East. Begun in poverty, it is rich in hope and faith. Its courses embrace every religious question within its scope. There are in all fourteen chairs which deal with such subjects as Comparative Apologetics and Dogma, the Liturgies and Canon Law of the East, its Patrology, Church History, Asceticism, Paleography, Archaeology, Languages, spoken and liturgical; and in time there will be added chairs for contemporary Judaism and Mahometanism. The Holy See supports the professors, the best-paid among them getting little more than half a crown a day. On this meagre fund the Institute has to carry on its work, supporting its staff, providing books, and even furnishing aid to poor Russians who knock at its doors. As only members of a religious order could cope with such a task on such conditions, the Pope laid the burden on the shoulders of the Jesuits, asking them to pardon him for imposing on them an onus that was almost unbearable. As it was his order, it was theirs to obey; and the work begun under such circumstances is now progressing with marked success. The Pope's decree was issued in September, 1922, and classes were opened on November 16, the Feast of St. Josophat. More than thirty priests from different countries have undertaken the courses, and a periodical, *Orientalia Christiana*, appears every two months. Degrees in Sacred Oriental Science are conferred. Public Conferences, over which Cardinals are pleased to preside, take place frequently. The Institute has found itself, and nothing but lack of further funds prevents wider and more far-reaching activities. When the means permit, more students will be welcomed, books will be published, and new Professorships established.

Outside of the faithful Uniate Churches there are many millions of so-called Orthodox Christians, who have valid sacraments, adore Our Lord in the Eucharist, and manifest the liveliest devotion to the Mother of God. They are thus much nearer to us than the Christians who are members of the various Protestant Churches; and in the Uniates, who preserve a similar liturgy, there is a link in the chain that reaches very close to them. For this great union, which Lyons and Florence aimed at without lasting results, the professors and students of the Oriental Institute are laboring cheerfully under great hardships, inspired by the Pope who trusts that Providence will provide the means of success, and hopes that "Catholic charity which gave bread to the hungry Russian people will also give to the Church the bread of Oriental knowledge." If we can help in no other way, we can at least help by our prayers that God may hasten the return to the Fold of all his sheep, in the East as well as in the West.

LECTURE BY FATHER COONEY

"A Trip through Palestine" was the title of a lecture delivered by the Rev. Father P. Cooney, on Wednesday evening week at the Oddfellows' Hall, Lyttelton. There was a very large attendance and the audience was treated to an entertaining description of Palestine, its history, monuments and architectural beauties. The lecture which was illustrated with numerous lantern slides was particularly interesting because Father Cooney was able to refer with some authority to the present-day state of affairs in the Holy Land, which he visited not very long ago. The Mayor of Lyttelton (Mr. W. T. Lester) presided. The lecture was given in aid of a fund for repairing and improving the church property.

The great question in life is the suffering we cause; and the utmost ingenuity of metaphysics cannot justify the man who has pierced the heart that loved him.—B. Constant.

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NOTES

Trinity College History

It may be that during your rambles among our book stores your roving eye will fall upon what is alleged to be a history of *The Revolution in Ireland*, as one W. Alison Philips thinks it ought to be written. If any temptations to spend your money on it should blossom forth, nip them in the bud. The book is a bad joke, as far as history is concerned. It throws an unflinching light on how history is taught in the mournful pile of buildings which obstruct so much of Dublin's traffic. If Lecky could know what his successor has written he would not only turn in his grave but arise and haunt the prejudiced professor for the rest of his days. Mr. Philips admires the notorious Black-and-Tans, and by way of history, tells us that these choice British blackguards and gaol-birds were not unpopular in Ireland. No doubt high tea was ready for them in certain studies in Trinity, but even the extreme bias and prejudice of the professor can hardly make him believe that he and his friends are Ireland. The book is the kind of history one might expect to be written at an Orange Lodge after long and fervent prayers for the Pope had given the desired unction to the author, but as a history it is only amusing on account of its misstatements and omissions.

The Eastern Churches

In our leading article for this week we dwell briefly on what Rome is doing to encourage reunion with the schismatic Churches of the East, some of which have a respectable antiquity. It is worth noting, as the practice is misleading for the uninitiated, that the usual practice is to call the unorthodox Churches orthodox and vice versa. Hence, for example, an Orthodox Russian means one who is not orthodox at all, and an Unorthodox Greek is one united with the Pope and sharing fully in the communion of the Catholic Church. There are numerous schismatic Catholic Churches in the East, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and for each of them there is found a uniate branch also. Uniate is the proper Catholic term to use concerning the Churches which are called Unorthodox in accordance with the erroneous custom referred to already. All these Churches have interesting histories, and the ignorance prevalent concerning them is in direct ratio to that interest. No doubt educated men and women on the Continent of Europe are well-informed on such topics, but in English-speaking countries where education is largely a matter of much money spent for small results, the ignorance is not even confined to inferior minds like those of New Zealand Members of Parliament. Should it be possible that any of our readers might regret his share in the common ignorance of such an important historical subject, we advise a study of three volumes by the late Dr. Adrian Fortescue, published by the firm of Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, London. In *The Orthodox Eastern Church*, *The Lesser Eastern Churches*, and *The Uniate Eastern Churches* (the latter a posthumous work) the student will find a fairly exhaustive record of the subject, based on travel and personal inquiry as well as on the study of authoritative books. The third volume, recently published, is particularly interesting in that it deals with Churches united to Rome, of which there are many, embracing millions of Christians in Italy, and in East Europe and Asia. They retain their own liturgy, and celebrate the Christian worship in their own languages without prejudice to the unity of the Catholic Church. The Pope realises the great importance of these Uniates and encourages them in their desire to preserve and maintain their individual characteristics. There are several Uniate ecclesiastical colleges established in Rome, and visitors to the Eternal City about Christmas time will not fail to attend the ceremonies carried out according to those venerable rituals in San Nicola in Tolentino or San Andrea della

Vallo. Father Fortescue's books are the works of an expert. They are written in a charmingly easy style which helps the student to acquire pleasantly a knowledge of an important subject. Unfortunately the last volume was not finished at the time of his early death, so that it remains but a large fragment of the fuller work he had in mind to write. However, we ought to be grateful that it gives us a full account of the Byzantine Rite in Italy, Sicily, Syria, and Egypt, together with a copious bibliography compiled from his notes.

The History of Ireland

There are many good studies of periods of Irish history but so far we have nothing that might be called a satisfactory and reliable record of the nation. Much water will flow under the bridges before a writer or a group of writers in collaboration can produce a classic such as Pastor's volumes on the Popes or Janssen's on the German People. However the spade work is progressing and the materials accumulating from which the whole will one day evolve. For the present for real insight we must go to the works of authors who are making special inquiries concerning definite periods; and for a general conspectus we have perhaps half a dozen books, which, when allowance is made for the bias of the authors, are useful outlines of a very complex and involved story. MacNeill, Orpen, Hogan, Murphy, O'Callaghan, Lecky, O'Brien have all dealt ably with special phases, and Lanigan, Haverty, Mitchel, McGee, Sullivan, and Dalton have to their credit honest volumes which give the general reader as sound a knowledge of the subject as most people desire. Two recent publications, one treating of Ireland in the centuries between 1110 and 1513, the other presenting a view of the same subject from the dawn of history to our own day, have recently appeared. Mr. Edmund Curtis's *Mediaeval Ireland from 1110 to 1513* (Macmillan, 21/-), and *The History of Ireland*, by Stephen Gwynne (Talbot Press, 12/6) are rather important contributions, and ought to be welcomed by all who are interested in Ireland. The former is a work of research, written chiefly for scholars by a scholar who is an authority on the period he deals with. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are none too well known even to the average students, and Mr. Curtis may be regarded as a pioneer in his present work. The chapters on the rebellion of the Anglo-Irish (1327-60) and the Gaelic revival (1399-1449), as well as his investigations of the social condition of the country in 1300 and 1500 are valuable and interesting, if hardly as complete as many would wish.

Stephen Gwynne has made his name as a novelist and a man of letters. He has published several good historical romances from which thousands have learned a great deal about the times in which they are set. His work in the past proves that he is deeply versed in the story and in the poetry of Ireland. He is a Protestant who has long been a Nationalist. He had in his youth all the educational advantages available for a man of the Garrison class in Ireland. So far as a man might, he has divested himself of prejudices. Hence one should expect him to write a story of Ireland likely to be acceptable and pleasant reading to all sections of his countrymen. This, it seems to us, he has certainly done. Now and then one is not permitted to forget that he is not a Catholic. But, on the whole, he tells a great tale impartially and splendidly. His style is sober and lucid and he runs not to purple passages; there is no passion in his pen and one cannot say that he shirks the truth even when hardest. But he makes a great picture of it, from Fionn and Cormac to Patrick, from Patrick to Brian Boru, from Clontarf to the Normans, from Kildare to Limerick, from the Boyne to Vinegar Hill, from the Famine to the Treaty. You watch the sad procession of persecutions, risings, slaughters, cruelties, starvations, and exoduses; see the priests hunted down by the English soldiery; hear the ringing cry of the victorious Celts who smashed England at Fontenoy; salute Sarsfield and Clare; greet Grattan and know him as one of the elect; weep with the women of Black 'Forty-Seven, and

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follow with disgust the endless details of British bribery and treachery which after all failed to kill the nation. There is no ring of propaganda about this well-written and well-balanced book. It is done without sentimentality or hysterics, and when it is done it stands forth with the vividness of truth, its tears and romance and poetry not in the telling but in the facts. Taken all round, one is tempted to proclaim it the best work of its kind yet published.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

On Sunday next (Palm Sunday), the palms will be blessed and distributed prior to each Mass.

Rev. Father Hanrahan, of the Archdiocese of Adelaide, was a guest at the Bishop's Palace last week. He left on Friday for Queenstown.

Rev. Father Maclean, of the Irish Mission to China, who was a guest of his Lordship the Bishop during last week, left by Friday's express for the North.

Master Frank Foster, of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, was awarded the prize in the "patriot" class, in the competition promoted by Cumann na n-Gaedheal, Wellington.

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club is to be held on Wednesday of this week, preparatory to re-opening for the ensuing season. Intending members will be cordially welcomed.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament after the 11 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday last. In the evening there was compline, the usual monthly meeting of the Men's Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and, after the sermon, procession and pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

DOMINICAN CONVENT, INVERCARGILL,

The solemn blessing and opening of the first section of the new convent will take place on Palm Sunday (April 13) at 3 p.m. The ceremony will be performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin. The nuns beg the favor of the presence of all their friends and well-wishers on this great occasion.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, DUNEDIN.

The ordinary fortnightly meeting of St. Joseph's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, held on last Tuesday evening, was very numerously attended, those present including representatives from St. Patrick's (South Dunedin) and St. Mary's (Port Chalmers) branches of the society, who were cordially welcomed by the president. There was also a full attendance of office-bearers—Bro. J. J. Marlow, jun. (president), presiding, and Bro. J. J. Marlow, sen. (District Deputy), conducting the business of the meeting. A considerable amount of correspondence was dealt with. After the reading of the Agenda to be considered at the forthcoming District Meeting at Westport, it was decided to make the next fortnightly meeting a summoned one, when the different items contained in the Agenda will be fully discussed and delegates appointed to attend the District Meeting. After hearing the report from the sick-visitors allowances to those on the sick list were passed for payment. One new member was proposed for election.

The St. Dominic's (ladies) branch met at 7.30, and the members remained while the business of St. Joseph's branch was transacted, and to participate in a reception to his Lordship the Bishop.

(An extended report of this latter pleasing function is unavoidably held over.)

PORT CHALMERS ART UNION.

The drawing in connection with the above art union in aid of the Convent School grounds, Port Chalmers, took place on Friday evening, March 28, at the Convent School, Port Chalmers. The drawing was presided over by Mr. R. Buck, assisted by Miss Norah Flynn, Constable Oswald, also, being in attendance. Miss Todd, Ravensbourne, won the first prize, and Mrs. J. Hart, Port Chalmers, the second. During the evening Miss Felicia Montgomery contributed a pianoforte selection, and songs were rendered by Mrs. W. Campbell, Miss Muriel Slaty, and Mr. R. Campbell, all of whom delighted the audience. Before concluding, the secretary (Mr. J. P. Eagar) thanked all who had contributed to making the art-union such an unqualified suc-

cess. Assistance had been freely given by many friends and ex-pupils of the school in various parts of the Dominion. Many of the letters he had received expressive of sympathy with the gentle Sisters of St. Joseph and their work made good reading. He further stated that the venture had been so very successful that not only were the improvements now paid in full but certain necessary school requisites had been obtained. Those who had helped so enthusiastically and so unselfishly in the good cause had the happiness of knowing that they had assisted in a noble work, and in doing so had done much to ensure the permanent comfort of the Sisters and the children attending the Convent School, Port Chalmers.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

April 3.

Bishop Whyte paid his first visit to Oamaru last week since his trip abroad. He celebrated Mass at the Basilica at 8.30, gave a brief instruction, and in the evening preached to a large congregation. The children of St. Joseph's entertained him to a concert which showed considerable latent talent among the children. The boys of St. Thomas' Academy also gave a very bright and entertaining programme in his Lordship's honor.

At the annual meeting of the Celtic Football Club, Mr. M. F. Cooney presiding, it was decided to disband. Several factors operated against a continuance of the club, said the president, these being disinclination to practise whole-heartedly by some of the members of the teams, lack of proper coaching, and a dearth of recruits with some knowledge of the game—due to the fact that Oamaru is handicapped by the absence of a teaching Order of Brothers to foster a love for the manly sports so essential to growing youths. The club had a record of which it had no reason to be ashamed, and its absence from the football field this season will be much regretted.

The St. Patrick's concert was held on the 24th ult., among the audience being Bishop Whyte. All the numbers were well received and recalls were numerous. The vocal side of the entertainment was made up of well-chosen national items by Mrs. Foote, Miss Bella Meehan, and Messrs. R. Holgate and Andrews. Mr. Allan Young pleased the audience immensely with the quality of his recitations and the manner in which he rendered them. Dancing items of a high order were indulged in by Misses Eileen McMahon, Ena Murray, and Rene Robinson, Miss A. Denholm accompanying one of the items. Miss Nance Spiers at the piano, Mr. W. Meehan with the bagpipes, and the Oamaru Municipal Band lent valuable aid in making the musical part of the performance a success; while Mr. James McKone carried out the duties of stage manager.

SOCIAL AT LEESTON

The ladies working for the big Catholic bazaar to be held at Leeston in October next are to be congratulated on the success of the euchre tournament held in the Catholic Hall on Tuesday evening last (says the *Ellesmere Guardian* for March 28). The tables were all filled and the games were thoroughly enjoyed. The first prizes were annexed by Miss L. Bohan and Mr. Falkingham. Three ladies and three men tied for the consolations, and in the play-off the trophies went to Mrs. J. McCartin and Mr. P. Greenan. Some 15 games were got through, and a dainty supper, provided by the ladies, was partaken of. Miss R. O'Boyle had charge of the card tables and managed so well that there was no perceptible pause between the games. After supper, Rev. Father Creed thanked all present for their attendance, and announced that the tournament would be continued at regular intervals throughout the winter. He would donate two valuable prizes for the highest aggregate marks at the completion of the tournament. The young people then cleared the hall and a short dance was held, Messrs. M. O'Brien and T. Owens supplying the music.

Father McKeon, of Addington (writes our Christchurch correspondent), has just received the sorrowful news of the death of his mother in Ireland. The deepest sympathy of the Bishop, clergy, and people of Christchurch, especially the parishioners of Addington, is extended to Father McKeon in the sad loss he has sustained.

[A CARD.]

HAROLD G. BROADHEAD

A.N.Z.I.A.

REGD ARCHITECT

PHONE 965

TIMARU

DEATHS

FOLEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bridget, beloved wife of Maurice Foley, who died at her residence, Redwood Street, Blenheim, on March 12, 1924; aged 65 years.—R.I.P.

KENNEDY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Kennedy, relict of John Kennedy (late of Ahaura), who died at Greymouth, on March 13, 1924; aged 85 years.—R.I.P.

SMITH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Albion Smith (late of Foxton), who died at his son's residence, Levin, on March 27, 1924; in his 90th year.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

CORCORAN.—Of your charity pray for the happy repose of the soul of Patrick Corcoran, who died at Oamaru on April 6, 1919.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

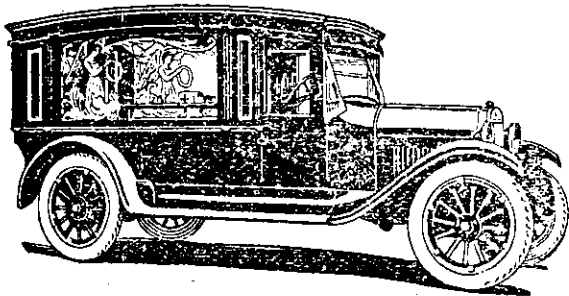
DICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Cecilia Dick, who died on April 11, 1918; aged 23 years. On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her loving mother.

DONOVAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Donovan, who died at Invercargill, on March 18, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

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J. EAGAR, Secretary.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU

A Week-end Retreat for Ladies will begin on Friday evening, May 2, and end on Monday morning, May 5. The Retreat will be conducted by Reverend Father Vincent, S.M. Intending retreatants should apply as soon as possible to the Reverend Mother Superior.

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Archbishop Mannix on New Zealand

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY.

In responding to the toast of "His Grace the Archbishop and the Clergy" at a recent (annual) Communion breakfast of the H.A.C.B. Society held in the Cathedral Hall, Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix said:—

"I have just come back from "God's own country," they call New Zealand. I do not know whose country this is—(laughter)—but I can assure you that I am very glad to be back. (Applause.) I can assure you also that no welcome could give me more pleasure than that given to me this morning by the Hibernians at their general Communion. (Applause.) It is a delight to me, on my return from New Zealand, to have the opportunity of being present at this magnificent demonstration. (Applause.) In spite of the threatening weather, many members have come great distances, and I think the numerical strength of the gathering is up to that on previous and more propitious occasions. (Applause.) I therefore congratulate the Grand President and you all, and again wish to assure you that I am deeply grateful to you. (Applause.)

Newspaper's Questionable Taste.

While I was away you and others seem to have had a slight skirmish with one of the evening newspapers here. I did not hear anything about this matter until I came back from New Zealand. While I was in the Dominion I read the papers there, but I was out of touch with the Australian papers. I was not aware that any such resolution as that proposed was to be put to you this morning, and it appears that I was the only one to vote against it. (Laughter.) I will tell you why I voted against it. First of all, I do not worry about the name by which I am called in the Melbourne evening newspapers, or in the morning newspapers for that matter. (Laughter.) And, secondly, I have often been called by worse names than my own. (Laughter.) I am prepared to believe that the paper referred to in your resolution has been following the example of newspapers in other parts of the world. I do not think that in doing so our local paper is showing either good judgment or good taste. But I have neither the time nor the wish to give lessons in taste to the newspapers, or to attempt to remove the spots from the Sun. (Laughter.) I have, therefore, cast my own vote against the resolution which you have passed. I hope that I am justified also in thinking that the evening paper referred to did not intend to be offensive. You, however, look at this matter from a different angle from mine, and you have voiced a protest which may have a good effect upon this and other papers. These matters of press courtesy and good taste are between you and the newspapers. I am a detached, though interested spectator. (Laughter and applause.)

Beautiful New Zealand.

I have come back with very pleasing memories of my first visit to New Zealand. (Applause.) If the opportunity presents itself, I strongly advise anyone in this gathering to see New Zealand. (Applause.) It will well repay a visit. I have seen a good deal of the world, but, taking all in all, I have not seen anywhere a more beautiful country than New Zealand. (Applause.) Not only is New Zealand a beautiful country, with a climate that can scarcely be surpassed, but I can sincerely say that the kindness, hospitality and generosity of the people of New Zealand are worthy of imitation anywhere. (Applause.)

Lessons for Australia: New Zealand's Wise Policy.

New Zealand's experience might well be repeated in Australia. I have nothing to say of the present ruling powers in New Zealand. But if we had had politicians at any time in Australia of equal capacity with those whom they must have had at some period in New Zealand, this country would be much better than it is. (Applause.) In Victoria and New South Wales half of the population of the two States is to be found in Melbourne and Sydney. There are four principal cities in the Dominion, but not one of them has grown to unhealthy dimensions. In addition, they have in New Zealand a number of progressive, prosperous towns, containing from 5000 to 20,000 people. Australia would be much better off if the population were distributed similarly. (Applause.) One can drive over

hundreds of miles through desert and unsettled country in Australia, but things have been managed much better in New Zealand. (Applause.) There the land has been divided into reasonable holdings, and on every holding is a comfortable house. (Applause.) Ample provision has been made round these homesteads for plantations and flower and vegetable gardens, and over the whole country there is a suggestion of industry thrift and comfort not always found elsewhere. (Applause.) In many parts of Australia it is impossible to see a tree, even with the aid of a telescope. (Laughter.) The country dwellings in New Zealand are usually of wood, but it is a rare thing to find one that has not been recently and tastefully painted. Apart altogether from the scenery of New Zealand, the homes of the people on the land are pleasant to see and well worthy of imitation. (Applause.) It would indeed be a good thing for Australians to go to New Zealand and see for themselves. (Applause.) Our politicians would be benefited in many ways if they visited New Zealand and took to heart what can be seen there. (Applause.) I shall be glad to revisit New Zealand, though I confess that I dread the passage across the water, no matter how calm. (Laughter.) After even a short sea trip I always feel that I want a long holiday on the land. (Laughter and applause.)

Catholicity Flourishing.

Another thing that interested me greatly is the position of the Catholic Church in New Zealand. The Catholic Church in New Zealand has a record that any country might be proud of. (Applause.) In New Zealand the Catholic population is only one in seven or eight. But right through the country I found marvellous signs of progress of the Catholic faith. (Applause.) There are splendid churches, presbyteries, orphanages, convents, and schools, and in some of the large towns the churches, convents and other institutions are as good as, if not indeed better than, anything that Australia has to show outside its capital cities. (Applause.) I was therefore greatly pleased with the evident signs of the depth of the faith and of the generosity of the people of New Zealand. (Applause.)

Archbishop Redwood's Episcopal Jubilee.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the demonstration in Wellington in connection with the episcopal jubilee of the illustrious Archbishop of that city. Archbishop Redwood is held in affectionate regard in Melbourne, and I was glad to have the opportunity of conveying to him your felicitations and good wishes. (Applause.) Certainly the Archbishop of Wellington must be one of the most marvellous men in the world. (Applause.) He is 85 years of age, and yet is as active of body and as alert of mind as a man of 35. (Applause.) The jubilee demonstration was worthy of him and of the Catholics of New Zealand. The procession through the streets of Wellington was a magnificent spectacle, and the route, extending about two miles, was lined with thousands of people, including large numbers of non-Catholics. (Applause.) Members of the Hierarchy, clergy, school children, and the various Catholic societies marched through the principal streets of Wellington, and the demeanor of the large crowds of onlookers in the streets was most respectful. (Applause.) I mention this because in Australia we do not always hear of the best side of New Zealand. (Applause.) We hear of intolerance, of sectarianism, and of fussy Government regulations, but there is another and a cleaner side to New Zealand. (Applause.)

Small-minded Mayor: A Mistake in Public Life.

I know the daily papers here did not say much about the magnificent demonstration and the remarkable procession, but they gave prominence to the refusal of the Mayor of Wellington to give a civic reception to the Bishops of Australia. The reason given by the mayor, one Mr. Wright—wrongly placed as well as wrongly named—(laughter)—was that he could not give a civic welcome to the visiting Bishops if Dr. Mannix were present, because, forsooth, the great Mr. Wright did not approve of Dr. Mannix's attitude during the war. His loyal soul was still in volcanic eruption. (Laughter.) The worthy mayor overlooked the fact that the majority of Australians did not share his view, and also that he owed his position as mayor to the people of Wellington, who heartily endorsed and took their parts in

(Continued on page 35)

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Eden Terrace, Auck., 30/9/24; M. R., Selkirk St., Hamilton, 23/8/24; H. B., Marine Parade, Napier, 30/3/24; G. M. R., 6 Lucy Rd., Napier, 23/9/24; D. C., Ohaupo, 8/10/24; H. L., 28 Francis St., Grey Lynn, 30/3/25.

Copies of Issue of March 13

We have inquiries for extra copies of our issue of March 13. Should any agent or subscriber have copies not required, we would be grateful to have them returned.

JOHN P. WALLS,
Manager N.Z. Tablet Co., Dunedin.

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD'S JUBILEE ISSUE

For some unexplainable reason, the *Tablet* of February 28 did not reach some of our subscribers. Quite a number of letters have been received to this effect. We have some copies left, and if any subscriber who did not receive his (or her) copy would advise us we will post one on.

ROISIN DUBH

Wellington Irish Society's Annual. Second number will be ready March 17. Articles and poems by Arthur E. Clery, LL.D., Mrs. Concaunon, Miss Jessie Mackay, Miss E. Duggan, Mr. P. J. O'Regan, Rev. D. V. Silk, Mrs. Callan Goulter, etc. Result of Auntie Oona's Competition. Order copies early (1/3 post free)—Hon. Sec., O'Neill's Buildings, Wellington.

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THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY.

We have just landed the following books which form portion of "The Catholic Library:—

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Our Sports Summary

There are many scratchings for the big events at Easter in Riccarton. Notable in the Easter is the defection of Parody which may be heard of in Auckland in the near future. In the longer race, one misses Baldowa whose connections were sanguine until recently.

Among those left in the short event, Razzle Dazzle, Listening Post, and Santonio have great credentials to run a fast seven furlongs. In the Great Autumn one is arrested by the chances of Pilliewinkie, Limelight, Gold Light, and Silver Peak.

Santonio has won an open six in Wellington on two occasions, so that there is no doubt about his pace. Remembering how they backed him for the Winter Cup, there ought to be no reason to think he will not be going as strong as Johnny Walker at the end of the straight. A good miler and a good beginner is what one looks for.

Pilliewinkie is a kind of "wait and see" horse. They say he is no good in soft going. But he is some horse when he can hear his feet rattle. Gold Light ran a dead heat in the Oaks with Enthusiasm, and won several good races later on. Limelight is little and good. Observers think she is not striding out as freely as she might if at her best. Silver Peak was a great mare. The question is whether she is now or not.

As might be expected Loughrea said "No thanks" when the Riccarton weights appeared. He is in the Invercargill Cup. So is Baldowa.

Among the entries for the steeplechases at the southern meeting I note the name of Pamplona. He is good when wound up. Noble has run very consistently during the past season and may do even better this year.

Many of the horses engaged in Christchurch are entered elsewhere, and one had better wait and see what the owners intentions are. Murihaupo and Ballymena look like a pair that are worth keeping an eye on in their Auckland engagements. The former is a good miler, and the latter has now proved that he is a representative of good class even among the weight-for-age candidates.

Manawatu meeting was a great success. More power to them all up there! It is said that several wool-merchants heaved a sigh of relief when Ballymena won the Gold Cup. He is a good one.

Valdamo came to life at Otautau and returned a dividend that might be described as "flawhooluch." One of the friends of the corpse was noticed in town on the day of the recovery. Wasn't it unfortunate that urgent business kept him away from the scene of action!

Many punters could not see Motley beaten. Others, with long memories, were mindful of past performances of Tamatete who is second only to Gloaming over six furlongs. It was a close thing but Tilly's duly lauded. Maurice McCarten had a good meeting.

A Waterford exchange announces the death of another of the Widger brothers. This time the summons has come to Dick, who figured principally in the business transactions of the famous firm of horse dealers. Johnnie, Mick, and Joe, who are also now dead, were all good horsemen between the flags. Tom, who survives, was a fine cross country rider in his younger days. Their nephews, the Morgans, inherited the family talent and daring, Dick, Willie, Frank, and Isaac being all crack jockeys. Johnnie Widger's three sons, T. J., Jack, and Mick, could all ride well and the second named has a long string of victories to his credit both in Ireland and England. Of the dozen or more good men of the two generations, Joe Widger and Dick Morgan were both often mentioned as the best steeplechase riders in Ireland. Smaller in numbers but not less in quality, the Beasley family gave great horsemen to the Irish and English turf. Tommy, perhaps the best of them, is dead some years; Willie was killed in Tramore; Harry, now a veteran, is occasionally seen "up" at Punchestown.

ST. PATRICK'S HARRIERS, DUNEDIN

Mr. G. E. Pollock presided at the fifth annual meeting, held last week, of the St. Patrick's Harrier and A.A. Club.

The annual report stated that the club held fourteen runs and seven races, the attendances being very satisfactory. Attendance badges were keenly competed for, and were obtained by the following:—Messrs Bradley, Clutterbuck, Allen, Davies, Meehan, M'Ilroy, M'Allen, H. M'Donnell, and J. T. M'Donnell. A club team competed in the Edmond Cup, but although unsuccessful as a team, individually good performances were registered. The club was also represented in the five mile championship and the Dunedin-Port Chalmers road race.

TAILTEANN GAMES.

Regarding the Tailteann Games, concerning which little enthusiasm is displayed among the Irish here, we have received from the Secretary the following letter:—

A Chara,

The Tailteann Games which will be held in Dublin from the 1st to the 18th of August next, will be one of the biggest events in Europe this year. The programme is widely diversified and includes athletics, cycling, hurling, football, jumping, weight-throwing, decathlon, swimming, rounders, camoguidheacht, handball, boxing, rowing, yachting, golf, tennis, motor-cycling, gymnastics, billiards, as well as literary, art, step dancing, and musical competitions. The great Dublin Horse Show, the finest of its kind in the world, will be held concurrently with the Games, so that every possible kind of taste will be catered for, and the visitor to Dublin will have such a feast of variety as few countries can offer.

Organisation is already far advanced in the United States and Canada. The States, in particular, hope to place some of their finest athletes, both men and women, in the field, and for this purpose are raising a sum of 100,000 dollars to send them to Ireland. In England, Wales, and Scotland in addition to the home country influential committees are at work and good results are assured. The Accommodation Committee of the Games in Dublin are making preparations for the housing and entertainment of 100,000 visitors, and the Decoration Committee are raising a sum of £10,000 for the purpose of decorating the city during the period of the Games.

Amid all this activity there is apparently a strange apathy amongst the Irish in New Zealand. Up to the time of writing no word has reached the Head Office of any prospect of a team from your part of the world. It is possible, of course, that there may be teams or individuals who intend to compete; if so, the General Council of Aonach Tailteann would be very glad to hear from them, in order to make all necessary arrangements. If nothing has yet been done I would now ask all Irishmen in New Zealand who desire the promotion of their country's interests, whether athletic or otherwise, to get together and organise for the Games, so that they may not be without representation when the festival opens. Requests for information should be addressed to the Secretary, Aonach Tailteann, College Street, Dublin.

Mise le meas mor,

C. GIFFORD WILSON, Runaire.

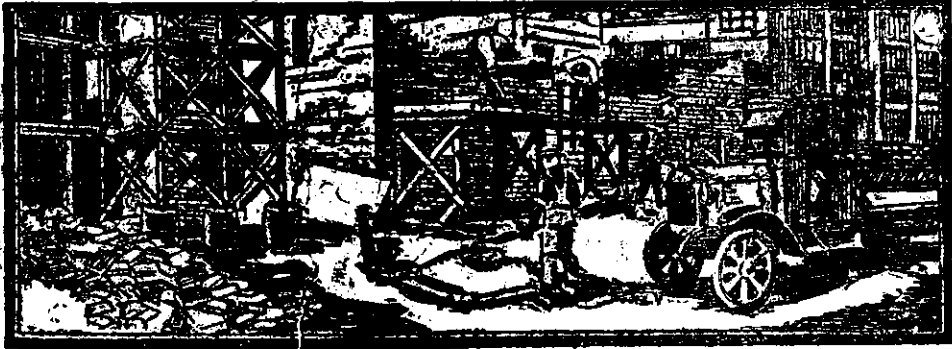
(Continued from page 33.)

everything that was done in honor of the venerable Archbishop of Wellington. (Applause.) Petty and ill-conditioned persons like the Mayor of Wellington are to be met with from time to time; such men are misfits in public life. (Applause.) It was, of course, unfortunate for Wellington that this person, Mr. Wright, happened to be mayor at the wrong time. (Laughter and applause.) It may seem strange, but it is true, that until all the jubilee functions were over I had not heard of the mayor's name or of his action. But when I did hear of what he had done it gave me great pleasure. (Laughter.) He gave his version of the whole matter in the press the very morning that I left New Zealand. Before leaving, I thought it right to say, in a message to the press, that I had been delighted with my visit to New Zealand and with the kindness of the people everywhere, but that my cup of happiness was full when I learned that my presence had saved the Australian Bishops from the indignity of having a public reception tendered to them by such a person as the Mayor of Wellington had shown himself to be. (Laughter and applause.) I am sure the Bishops are grateful to me.

Our Forests are Depleted—Timber is Scarce

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Here and There

Lord Dunsany's Latest Dramatic Fantasy.—Lord Dunsany has at last succumbed to the intriguing idea of writing a play round the monkey gland treatment for rejuvenation. The result has been the very remarkable "Lord Adrian," which Mr. Arthur Bourchier produced the other week at Birmingham. The play deals with the hypothetical problem of the children of the rejuvenated patient developing the characteristics of the ape and eventually rejecting human standards altogether. Nor is the idea of the play, scientists assure us, so far-fetched as it might at first seem.

Senator Yeats's New Book.—Messrs. Werner, Laurie, Limited, the publishers, inform us (says the *Freeman's Journal*) that the next volume in that firm's privately-printed library will be by Senator W. B. Yeats, who has just been awarded the £7,500 Nobel Prize for Literature. Mr. Yeats's new book explains in many ways the symbolism which is at the back of all his work. It is to be entitled, *A Vision and Explanation of Life Founded Upon the Writings of Giraldus and Certain Arabic Traditions*. It will be issued in a limited edition, numbered and signed by the author.

Memorial to Conor Clune.—A committee has been formed to carry out the arrangements for a memorial to the late Conor Clune, of Quin, Co. Clare, who was killed in Dublin Castle on November 22, 1920. It will take the form of completing and furnishing the oratory chapel attached to the new Scariff District Hospital, which is situated at Raheen, the place where Conor Clune spent the greater part of his working life. Mass will be said in the chapel every Sunday and holiday, and it will be open to the public. The oratory is part of the main building, and is beautifully finished inside. Amongst those on the committee are Senator M. MacLysaght (chairman), Rev. W. O'Kennedy, C.C., Ballyke; Rev. J. O'Dea, C.C., Killaloe, and Mr. D. MacMahon, Co.C., Raheen.

Relation of Robert Emmet as Inventor.—An Irish-American, of famous ancestry, has just made what is hailed as the most important invention since the steam engine. He is William Emmet, is a descendant of an elder brother of the famous Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, and his invention is a wonderful engine that boils mercury which simultaneously works a mercury turbine and a steam turbine, the original mercury (returning) having been condensed to its former place in the boiler. Thus a complete circle is described, the invention solving to a degree hitherto unknown the question of perpetual motion. Mr. Emmet has devoted his life to the new engine. He is now 61 years of age, having been born at Pelham, N.Y. Graduating from the U.S. Naval Academy, he served in the Navy during the Spanish-American war. He has been for many years attached to the General Electric Co.

The Inventor of the Nocturne.—Who was the originator or inventor of that type of musical composition called the nocturne? One of the claimants was a Dublin man, who was born in the Irish capital in 1782. John Field's father was a theatre violinist, his grandfather an organist, but his first real teacher was Clementi. Together they toured the Continent, and in Russia they found so many admirers that he settled there, first in St. Petersburg and then in Moscow. He could have amassed a fortune, but what some call the artistic temperament and others laziness, drunkenness, and dissipation intervened, and he died in poverty. He had married the French pianist, Mdlle. Charpentier—one wonders was she any relation of the wife of Scott?—and they had one son, who became a distinguished tenor, Leonoff.

A Ncted Sportsman Passes.—The death is announced of Mr. "Joe" Widger, the well known Waterford sportsman, which occurred recently after a brief illness, at his residence, Beach Hill, West Derby, Liverpool. "Uncle Joe" as he was familiarly called was a fearless and dashing horseman, and he first came into prominence by riding Wild Man From Borneo to victory in the Grand National in 1895, an event which may be said to have set his native City of Waterford ablaze. When he retired from the saddle he became a very strong supporter of racing both in Ireland and in England, favoring the "umping" code, and as recently as last year his colors were carried into second place in the Grand National by Drifter. He was Master of the East Waterford Hounds for a num-

ber of years, but retired three years ago, when he went to reside at West Derby.

Deep regret is felt in Wicklow at the death of the Very Rev. J. Canon Staples, P.P., V.F., which occurred a few months ago after a lingering illness. The late Canon Staples was 84 years of age. He was a native of Forth, Co. Wexford, and had completed 58 years in the sacred ministry. He had been 25 years curate in Athy, 11 years P.P. in Rathdrum, and for the past 17 years P.P. in Wicklow. A great educationalist, he had been responsible for the introduction of the De la Salle Community to the town, and for the erection of National Schools in Clash (Rathdrum) and Wicklow. He was chairman of the Co. Technical Committee from its inception, and chairman for many years of the Co. Agricultural Committee. Politically he was a consistent Nationalist, and was all his life-time connected with the U.I.L. The Gaelic League found in him a warm supporter. His unbounded interest in the welfare of his flock was proverbial. On St. Patrick's Day, 1920, he celebrated his golden jubilee amid manifestations of joy and esteem by his parishioners—a demonstration of affection which gave him the deepest joy. The occasion was availed of to make him numerous presentations and to present him with several addresses. For some time prior to that date and ever since he had suffered ill-health, but latterly he had become sufficiently convalescent to receive the Archbishop on his first official visit to the town, and to assist in the Confirmation ceremonies.

An Abbey Playwright's New Comedy.—Mr. W. J. Casey, author of the two popular Abbey Theatre plays, "The Man Who Missed the Tide" and "The Suburban Grove," has now arranged for the production in London of a new comedy which he has written. Mr. Casey's return to activity in the theatrical world will be welcomed by all lovers of the Abbey Theatre. He has been abroad for a great deal of the time since his two Irish comedies were written. Soon after he left Dublin for London he became private secretary to Mr. Geoffrey Robinson, then editor of the *Times*, and who has now returned to the editorship after Mr. Wickham Steed's resignation, having taken the name of Geoffrey Dawson in the meantime. Mr. Casey joined the permanent staff of the *Times* in London, and went soon after the war to Washington as one of the *Times'* correspondents there. After several years in Washington he was transferred to the *Times* staff in Paris, but returned about eighteen months ago to work on the editorial staff in Printing House Square.

FEILDING NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

March 28.

It is now some time since any news from the Feilding parish has appeared in the *Tablet*. At the present time all the Catholics of the district are united in a gigantic effort, in the shape of a bazaar, for funds for a new church which is so badly needed in this parish.

A queen carnival is being held in conjunction with the bazaar, and the committees of the "Queens" are getting busy promoting the causes of their respective candidates—and incidentally the new church. The bazaar is to be held during Easter week.

During the month euchre parties and shop days have been held on behalf of the town candidate, and dances on behalf of the country candidate. Mr. C. F. Johnston generously offered his beautiful residence, "The Pines" for a garden party to be held on the 22nd inst., but after much preparation this effort had to be postponed owing to the unfavorable change in the weather.

The annual concert and dance for the 17th was held in the Parish Hall and proved a most enjoyable function, and a great financial success.

It is hoped that everyone will continue their efforts until the bazaar is over, and by so doing swell the funds of the new church, so that if possible a start may be made on same in the near future.

Early in the month our parish priest (Rev. Father T. Cahill) was confined to his bed with a severe cold, but is now quite restored to health. During his indisposition the Sunday Masses were taken by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Highden.

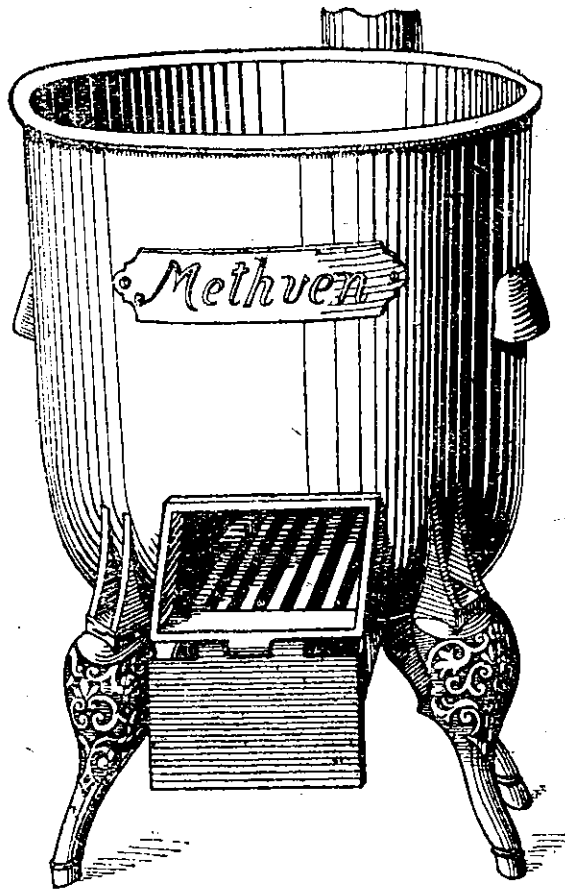
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The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

My dear Little People,—

Have you been as disappointed as I to find that every bit of the *Tablet*—our page and all—went for the Grown-ups' twice lately? I was simply furious, and wondered what we had done, and what do you think had happened? Well, dears, the mail-bag must have taken the long way round for a change, and arrived at the *Tablet* Office too late. Perhaps you didn't know that I often post my letter to the *Tablet*, just the same as you do. I have to, of course, because you must know, if you stop to think, that I simply could not live day and night, Sundays, and week-days, in an office. And when I am some distance from the office, your letters are posted to me, and mine is posted to the *Tablet*. Well, the whole outfit, as I told you in the beginning, must have dawdled on the way, and we had no page. Please forgive your very sorry Anne who couldn't really help it.

This week we're going to talk about the Competition, but before we start we must look up the birthday book and see if we have any April children. Yes, there are a few, here are their names:—Eileen Barnes and Marie Joyce Holden, on the same day; Martin O'Leary; Esme Morgan; Eileen McCarthy and James O'Neill, on the same day. And that is all for April. Many Happy Returns to all these Little People.

Now, about the Competition. Twelve Little People tried for this, and some of the letters are very good. Some, unfortunately, wrote on both sides of the paper, and one or two did not tell me their ages, so, both these kinds of letters didn't get a chance. There were two sections, you remember—one up to ten years and one from ten to fifteen, and I'm sure you will all enjoy reading the Prize Essays. The prize-winners are:—

Class I (up to 10 years of age), Edward John Prendeville.
Class II (10 years to 15), Mary Loughnan.

One of these Little People lives at and wrote about Chatham Islands, and the other wrote a remarkably good essay about a trip to Stewart Island. I want to tell you my Little friends that many of the other triers also wrote good letters, but these were the very best. Also, I am afraid that some of the children *did not write the letters themselves*. This is a condition which must never be overlooked, even if other things are let pass, because it's *not cricket*. Mary Loughnan's essay is so well-written, so clean, and everything about it so carefully done, that I wish you could all see it as I do. But you can't, so, we'll all sit down round Mary while she reads it out for us:—

93 Gala St., Invercargill,
January 27, 1924.

Dear Anne,—This year we spent our holidays at Stewart Island, and as I would like to enter for your competition I shall tell you all I can about the Island. On Saturday the 15th December we drove to the station and caught the Bluff train. It was the most beautiful day scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky and a delightfully refreshing breeze blew about our faces as we raced along the railway line. At fifteen minutes past ten we found ourselves at Bluff and as the Tug left the wharf at half-past ten, we hurried over and booked ourselves seats on the hatchway. We arrived at the Island at a quarter to one after quite an enjoyable trip. Although it was a fine day at Invercargill it began to rain when we arrived at the Island. The first walk we went for was to Ringa Ringa. We did not keep to the track as one may find a prettier walk to take. We wandered along the beach picking up some very pretty shells as we went. The track coming home was a much prettier one than the one we had gone by. It was through one of the loveliest pieces of bush I had ever seen. The Rata was in full bloom and it shone most brilliantly under the rays of the setting sun. The Rimu, tree fern and other forest trees towered overhead while the ferns, pepper trees and orchids grew in wild profusion all round us. The Tuis were trilling prettily as they sat on top of the trees while the Brown Creeper, Skylark, etc., twittered among the trees, now and again the shrill call of the longtailed Cuckoo could be heard above the other bush noises. Once or twice we heard the flutter of the pigeons wings as they flew from

some near by tree at the sound of approaching voices. Another very pretty walk we went for was round to Horse-shoe Bay, that walk also we chose a different way to come home. Both walks were very pretty but one could see where the sawmills had been at work amongst the timber. We went for three very enjoyable boat trips. The first time we went in the launch Neptune which took us to the Neck to see over the lighthouse. It was by no means a large one but it was only meant to guide the late-returning fishing boats. The trip home was rougher than the one coming as the wind had risen considerably but as none of us was bad sailors nobody seemed to mind. The second trip was round to Port William; this time we went in the Rawhiti. It was quite a calm day though the sun was not visible in the sky. At Port William we landed and were shown a tripod used by the whalers of last century. Coming home we had a race with the Tug but as we had a considerable start we beat her by about one hundred and fifty yards. The third trip we went in the Pegasus, visiting Bravo, Sailors' Rest, and Big Glory. Soon after we left the wharf it came on to rain and set in for the day. The men on board fixed up an awning for us with the sails, this kept us drier but we did not land. As we were passing Bravo we saw three goose beaked whales which had been stranded during the storm. We dropped the anchor in Big Glory and had lunch; when lunch was finished we packed up and went home. Although it rained most of the time we were at the Island we came home with a very good opinion of it. I am afraid, Anne, that I have written too much already so I shall have to say good-bye. Wishing you every success with your page and competition.

I remain,

Your interested reader,

MARY LOUGHNAN.

From Stewart Island we will travel to Chathams, and hear what our Little Friend over there has to tell us:—
Owenga, Chatham Islands,

February 3, 1924.

Dear Anne,—School starts to-morrow and I have quite a lot of things to tell you about. I wrote down on a piece of paper everything interesting I saw and I have quite a long list. We had a Crib made of brown paper, flowers, and ferns. There were statues of the Holy Family and the shepherds, and then on the Feast of the Epiphany Mummy put the kings there. It all looked very nice. One day we went fishing on the rocks, and I saw an octopus. It swam under the rocks and a lady who was with us poked it out with a knife and grabbed it quickly and cut out its teeth. I was frightened of it, and everybody laughed at me. A man brought a little green lizard in a jam jar to show us. It was a few inches long and fed on flies. He brought it from "South East Island" but it died a few days later. We went for a walk in the bush and I saw some falling kopi leaves and some black-berries in flower. Three butterflies were chasing one another. A lady and some boys and girls were gathering apples from a big apple tree growing in the bush. We brought home some Rautine flowers, and bluegum leaves. Pattie poured some boiling water over the bluegum leaves and called it "Newcalyptus." Mr. Guest who lives near us took me fishing one day to a creek four or five miles away. We took our lunch and walked all the way. We caught two trout and six eels. I saw a wood pigeon. We brought home one eel and one trout each. When we got home Daddy skinned them. A few days ago Daddy told us if we did our work quickly he would take us out fishing in a launch. Pattie and I both caught some proper and some cod. We could see the fish swimming in the clear water. I will be nine in April.

—Edward John Prendeville.

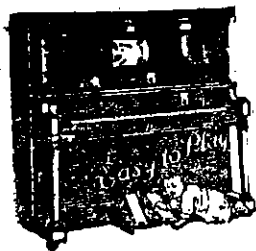
Next week we may have some of the other essays. We'll see. Lovingly, ANNE.

◆◆◆◆◆
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St. Cyril of Jerusalem

TWO MYSTAGOGIC CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTIONS.

(Translated by F.G.M.)

SECOND INSTRUCTION.

Text, 1 Pet. ii., i.: "Wherefore laying aside all uncleanness, and all guile and detraction, etc."

I. Of God's loving kindness you have heard very fully at the preceding Assemblings, (1) of Baptism and Chrism (2) and also of the reception of Christ's Body and Blood: we must now pass on to what comes next in order, as being to-day about to place the coping on the spiritual edifice of your instruction.

II. You have seen, then, the Deacon ministering water to the celebrant and the priests who gathered around God's altar (for washing their hands).

The Washing of Hands.

Now assuredly he did not give it merely to wash away bodily dirt. No, I say, not merely for that. For we were not dirty when we first entered the Church. But that washing of hands is a symbol (signifying) that you ought to be clean from all sins and transgressions. For, as the hands are the symbol of action, by washing them, we clearly signify the purity and blamelessness of those actions. Hast thou not heard Blessed David revealing this mystery, and saying, *I will wash my hands among the innocent and will go about Thine altar, O Lord?* (3) So then the washing is a symbol of being immune from sins.

The Pax.

III. Then the Deacon says aloud, *Embrace one another let us give each other the Kiss of Peace.* (4) Think not that, that embrace is an ordinary one, such as those which are customary in the forum between common friends. Not of such a kind is this embrace. It ties the souls to mutual charity, and pledges them to forgetfulness of all injuries. Therefore this *Osculum* is a Sign of union of souls and of banishing all remembrance of wrongs. Wherefore Christ said, *If thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave thy gift at the altar, and go and first be reconciled with thy brother, and then come and offer thy gifts.* (5) Therefore the *Osculum* is reconciliation, and on this account holy: as elsewhere Blessed Paul cried, saying: *Salute one another in a holy kiss;* and Peter: *In a kiss of love.*

The "Sursum Corda."

IV. After that the celebrant (7) says (chant) aloud: Lift up your hearts: *Sursum corda.* For verily, in this most tremendous hour, one ought to lift up the heart to God, and not downwards about the earth and earthly things. It is then as if the celebrant enjoins that at that time they lay aside all cares of this life and domestic anxieties and lift up the heart to God Who loveth men.

"Habemus ad Dominum."

You then respond: *We lift them to the Lord.* More literally: *We have them with the Lord: Habemus ad Dominum:* giving your assent to that order (of the celebrant) by the response you make. Let no one, then, come (to assist at the Mysteries) who, when he answers with his mouth, *We lift them to the Lord,* has his mind taken up with the cares of this life. We ought indeed at all times to remember God; but if through human frailty this be impossible, yet especially at that time we should strive emulously to do so.

"Gratias Agamus Domino Deo Nostro."

V. After this the celebrant says: *Let us give thanks to the Lord: Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.* For indeed we ought to give thanks because, unworthy though we were, He has called us to so great a grace: because *when we were enemies He reconciled us:* (8) because "He hath

(1) Assembling—the well-known early Christian name for assembling for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries and Holy Communion; as we should say, "at previous Masses."

(2) Confirmation.

(3) Ps. xxv., b.

(4) Corresponding to the "Pax" in the Roman Liturgy.

(5) Matt. v., 23, 24.

(6) 1 Cor. xvi., 20; 1 Pet. v., 14.

(7) I have throughout translated (sacrificing priest) by "celebrant" and (lit elders) by priests.

(8) Rom. v., 10.

deemed us worthy by the Spirit of adoption. (9) Then you say in answer: *It is meet and just (Dignum et justum est).* For when we give thanks we do what is meet and just, but He, doing not what is just (only) but over just, hath acted as a Benefactor towards us, and hath vouchsafed to us such great benefits.

The "Preface."

VI. Then we call to mind heaven and earth and the sea, sun, and moon, stars, and all creation, whether endowed with reason or without it, visible and invisible; angels, archangels, virtues, dominations, principalities, powers, thrones; the many-faced Cherubim: as it were saying that passage of David, *Magnify the Lord with me.* (10) We make mention too of the Seraphim, whom Isaiah in the Holy Spirit saw standing around the Throne of God; and with two wings veiling their face and with two their feet, and with two flying, and saying: *Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD of Hosts (Sabaoth).* For this reason we recite this Profession of Faith (lit: this Theology) delivered to us by the Seraphim, that we may be united with the heavenly hosts in our common ascription of praise.

VII. Then, having sanctified ourselves by these spiritual praises, we implore the loving God to send forth His Holy Spirit over the gifts here offered: that He will make the Bread the Body of Christ, and the Wine Christ's Blood; for without doubt whatever the Holy Spirit hath touched is sanctified and changed.

"Memento of the Living."

VIII. Then, after the spiritual Sacrifice, the unbloody worship, has been accomplished, we call upon God, over That Victim of propitiation for the common peace of the Churches, for the welfare of the world; for soldiers and allies; for all who labor under infirmities; and in general, for all who beg for help, we pray and offer up This Sacrifice.

"Memento of the Departed."

IX. Then we remember also those who have fallen asleep: first, the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs, that God by their prayers and intercessions (12) may receive our supplication. Then also for our holy Fathers and Bishops departed, and for all in general who have fallen asleep in our midst: in the belief that this will be of the greatest avail to their souls, on whose behalf our prayer is offered while This holy and most tremendous Victim is lying here before us.

Objection Answered.

X. And I wish to make you give credence to this by an example. For I know many who speak thus: "What availeth it a soul that departs this life in sins, or without sins, if remembrance is made of it in prayer?" For suppose a King sends men who offended him into exile and afterwards they who are concerned about them weave a crown, and offer it to the King on behalf of their friends who are enduring his vengeance, will he not grant a relaxation of their punishment? In the same way, we too offering our prayers to God on behalf of the Departed, even though they be sinners, do not indeed weave a crown; but we offer Christ slain for our sins to propitiate the merciful God both on their behalf and our own.

The "Pater Noster," "Our Father Who Art In Heaven."

XI. Then, after this, we recite that prayer, which the Saviour taught to His Own special disciples; with pure conscience we call God Father, and say: *Our Father Who art in Heaven.* (13) O, the great love of God for men! To those who have gone back from Him, and are in extreme miseries, He hath granted so great an oblivion of injuries and participation of Grace, as even to be called Father by them! *Our Father, Who art in the Heaven:* the Heavens be those which bear the image of the Heavenly, (14) in which God dwelleth and walketh. (15)

(9) Rom. viii., 15.

(10) Ps. xxxiii., 4.

(11) Isa. vi., 2, 3.

(12) Literally, embassies, as being delegated to pray for us.

(13) Matt. vi., 9, 13.

(14) 1 Cor. xv., 49.

(15) 2 Cor., vi., 16.

(To be continued.)

R. J. Callan

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IRISH NEWS



DUBLIN REVISITED.—FREE STATE AND ITS PROBLEMS.—COST OF LIVING.—THE OUTLOOK HOPEFUL.

Writing in the *Irish Times*, February 5, Robert Lynd says:—

There are many people who say that nothing has changed in Ireland, but it seems to me that Dublin, at least, reveals all the marks of a successful revolution. It is not merely that there has been a change of flag, and that the Irish Tricolor now flies on Government buildings. The change of flag is the symbol of the destruction of a régime that has lasted, not merely since the Union, but intermittently since the Conquest.

Ireland is now governed by her own young men, as she never was before in history. Her ruling classes are no longer drawn from London and landlordism, but from her own youthful democracy. Her soldiers are no longer the guardians of an order based on conquest, but the guardians of an order based on freedom. This reality of freedom is what must strike most of all anyone who revisits Ireland.

The eye may be struck at first by more trivial things—by the extremely green pillar boxes for instance, and the extremely green envelopes in which telgrams are delivered. But the miracle of recent years is the disappearance of an ancient military conquest, and the substitution of a National Army, a National Police, and a National Government.

THE ARMY BAND.

One who was present at the Theatre Royal last night, when the Army Band brought the concert to an end with "The Soldiers' Song," and the Governor-General in his box rose to his feet with the rest of the audience in a scene of passionate enthusiasm, had the triumph of a revolution dramatically presented to his eyes.

It was little more than yesterday when "The Soldiers' Song" was the anthem of men who were fugitives in their own land, and when to sing it or play it in the street or hall was forbidden by law. It was the song of men whose Government could meet only in secret, and whose General Headquarters was a little office only a few yards away from Dublin Castle, with armed men and spies seeking desperately to discover it.

Irish freedom, however, means something more than the triumph of a tune. It means the coming of a new efficiency, and the making of the Army Band is one of the minor evidences of this efficiency. It is said that when Colonel Fritz Brase, a German, first came to Ireland to conduct the Army Band he almost threw up the job in despair. He found the men indisciplined, indifferent to their appearance, smoking when they should not have been smoking, and rebellious against orders. He, accordingly, disbanded them, looked through the Army for new material, found one man who could play a mouth organ, another who could play a tin whistle, and so forth, and out of these unpromising materials he has created a military band that delights soldiers with its appearance and musicians with its skill. Its concerts, at which Wagner and Mozart, as well as Irish airs, are played, draw far greater crowds than can be packed into the theatre.

THE CIVIC GUARD.

The National desire for efficiency, however, has reorganised not only an army band, but an army. And the elements of guerilla indiscipline and high-handedness, which did so much harm for a time in certain counties during the civil war, have been weeded out.

The greatest achievement of the Free State Government, on the other hand, has been the creation of the new Police Force known as the Civic Guard. It was a great experiment during a time of revolution to send out an unarmed police force through the country, and the experiment has been justified by the fact that, for the first time in Irish history, the policeman has become a popular figure. The Civic Guard is composed of young men above the average in intelligence, physique, and good humor and discipline.

An official, not given to reckless enthusiasm, told me that he doubted if there was another police force in Europe to equal them. You may think this an exaggeration, but it is, at least, evidence of the way in which the character of the Free State police has impressed Irish opinion. I have heard the praise of the Civic Guard sung, indeed, by people who were by no means enthusiastic for the present Free State Government.

DOING WELL.

In my own opinion the Free State Government is, considering its difficulties, doing remarkably well. It is criticised by Southern Republicans for being Unionist in disguise, and by Northern Unionists for being Republican in disguise; but, as a matter of fact, it is too busy with the ordinary problems of peace and prosperity to pay much attention to those who think of politics mainly in terms of flags.

After a civil war, in which each side accused the other of excesses, such as, indeed, are scarcely avoidable during a civil war, the Free State Government has undoubtedly restored the reign of tranquillity and order. There is no curfew in Dublin as there is in Belfast, and you hear belated pedestrians peacefully whistling music hall tunes on their way home at one o'clock in the morning.

The armed robberies that still take place are not the work of political guerillas, but of criminals. Nobody now believes that there is any danger of the renewal of civil war, and the most sanguine Republicans foretell the triumph of their cause, not as the result of an appeal to arms, but as the result of an appeal for votes.

Thus, apart from unforeseeable accidents, Ireland is already a country, not of revolutionary, but of constitutional, politics.

Bitterness, it is said, is dying down as more and more of the prisoners are released, and, though bitter speeches are still made, bitter actions have ceased. Apart from the establishment of the reign of order, the Free State Government has been faced by two great problems—how to reduce the cost of living and how to make the Budget balance.

The cost of living in the Free State is about 10 per cent. higher than in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Already the Government is working out various schemes to meet the situation, through a better railway system, better farming, and better shop-keeping.

As regards cattle Ireland has to compete with Denmark, which depends on milk, and with Canada, which depends on beef, and the problem is how to breed cattle among which the cows will produce as much milk as the Danish cows, and the bullocks will produce as much beef as the Canadian bullocks.

At present I understand the average milk producing capacity of an Irish cow is more than 50 per cent. less than that of a Danish cow. This will give you an idea of the prosaic problem about which the Government has to busy itself, and it is the good fortune of the Government that it can deal with its problems from the point of view of national welfare, without interference from organised vested interests.

Men who have served under other Governments tell me that the Free State Ministers are not only efficient as any under whom they have served, but that, not being entangled among vested interests, they are more disinterested, and can deal with problems like a third party, with no thought of anything but the public good.

Their critics do not admit this, but I think history will say that President Cosgrave and his Government have done wonderfully well in an extraordinarily difficult period.

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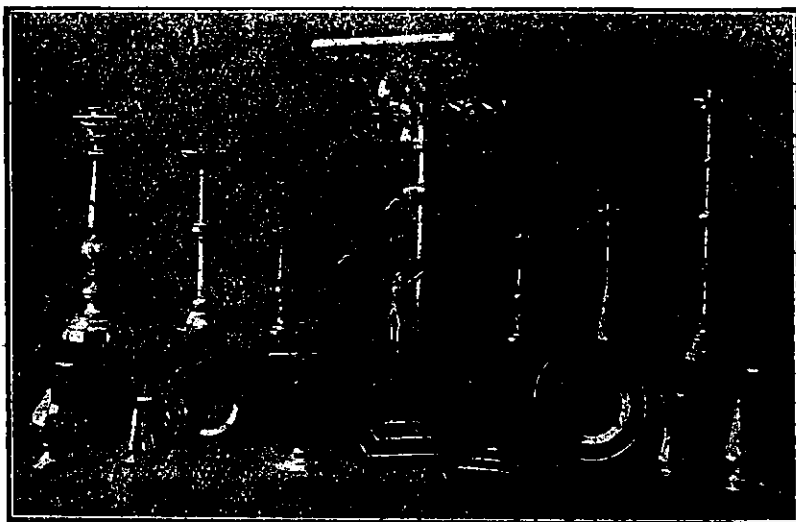
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

There was a medium yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week, 229 being offered. The number of prime heavy bullocks was small. Amongst the bullocks there was a fair number of unfinished animals. Owing to the small yarding, there was a good sale for all prime ox beef, prices for this quality being roughly about 30s per head better than the previous week, and medium-weight cattle improved to the extent of from 10s to 20s per head. Extra prime bullocks £17 to £19 17s 6d, prime bullocks £15 to £16 10s, medium-weight bullocks £11 to £13 10s, light bullocks £7 10s to £10, prime cows and heifers £7 10s to £9 15s, medium £4 10s to £6, old and inferior £3 to £4. Fat Sheep.—There was a large yarding of fat sheep, totalling 2659 head. The number of extra prime wethers was very small, and even medium wethers were not very numerous. Freezing buyers were operating more spiritedly than usual, and consequently a fairly good sale resulted. The sale opened at prices fully 7s per head above the preceding week's rates for all classes, but receded slightly during the sale though towards the end prices recovered, and the sale closed at opening rates. Extra prime wethers brought up to 47s 3d, prime wethers 40s to 45s, medium 35s to 38s 3d, light 30s to 32s.

The Utility Fence

(Contributed.)

STRAIN-UP AS RUNNING-OUT PROGRESSES.

The second wire having been now secured at A and D, the extreme ends of our fence, we put on our straining machine at C, where the two ends meet—a few coils has been run out both ways from C—and take up the slack. The next thing we note is that though the wire is strained-up to a sufficient tension from the angle B to the terminal point at D it is not quite tight enough from A to B, the result of the pressure on the angle-post not permitting the free running of the wire. Now, if we had sufficient depressions in this part of the line, the proper tension might be obtained by stapling the wire down to the footed-posts at such places, but as in this case the ground-surface is level, or nearly so from A to B, the best thing to do is to loop a false tug or wire round the angle-post, attach a second wire-strainer to it, and pull up the wire between A and B, then return to C and take up the slack, which will be, as it were, passed round the post, the result of the tightening-up the other side of the angle. When sufficiently tight everywhere just leave the straining machines where they are till we run out the third wire. Tie it on at the anchor D: staple up about every third post (average), leaving out those at the depressions as before, when, returning to the "jenny" at C from which run out a wire to the straining post at A and returning to C again, staple up in the same way as before. Couple the wire with a figure-of-eight knot at C. Now tie off the last wire at C with splicing loops and release the straining-machine and put it on the wire which we have just run out, and strain up as we did the bottom wire at A.

The end we had in view in leaving the straining machine on the second wire till the third was run out was, that while running-out the third, having to pass along the whole line, we might notice if the second wire happened to be bent out of line, through perchance being caught in any knot, stick, or other projection, and if so, that we might set it free and take up the resulting slack before releasing the machine, and securing, and so save time and trouble. It is obvious that time is saved by working in this way as we don't have to make two trips along the line—the two things are done at the one hit.

Note well here that the best method of straining each wire singly as it is run out possesses the advantage of obviating the entangling of the wires, particularly at the knots—trouble which is sure to follow, cause loss of time and much inconvenience, if all the wires are run out before commencing the straining. Some fencers stress the importance of straining the two topmost wires first, as they exert more leverage on the straining-posts. This cannot be denied, still it is preferable on the whole to work from

the bottom, even if we should be put to the trouble of straining the top wire again, because those at least who are accustomed through long practice, to put up the wires by sight, would find it impracticable to judge the gauge from the top.

Beginners and those who are bound to work to a specified gauge may work from the top equally well provided that they first place the bottom wire in its correct position and gauge the rest from that. Sometimes one sees the bottom wire stapled down right at the ground-surface or just clear of it. This is waste of material.

RIGHTING THE DISTRIBUTING POST.

Before proceeding further let us take a glance at our distributing post (that which is next to the anchor). A slight inclination out of the perpendicular backwards from the anchor-eye and a crack between the back of the post and the earth at the foot, proclaim the fact that the pressure may force the post backwards to such a degree as to slacken the topmost wires of the fence, to say nothing of the appearance of such an eye-sore as a leaning post, unless a remedy be promptly applied. So take a piece of plain wire about a foot to 18ins longer than the distance from the head of the post to the anchor eye, to which anchor eye secure one end by a twisted loop. Next attach a tug or false-wire at the top of the distributing post. Put on the wire-strainer and pull the post back just a little beyond the perpendicular to allow for a slight "give" when releasing the wire-strainer and "stapling off." Staple the wire and remove the strainer and false wire. The post will now remain constant in position. No fear need be entertained of its moving again.

(To be continued.)

GARDENING NOTES.

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

The Vegetable Garden.—The Dutch hoe or cultivator should be frequently used amongst the vegetable plots to keep down weeds, as these are difficult to eradicate when winter sets in. Dig in plenty of good rotten manure as the plots become vacant, in preparation for the rainy season; the soil will be thus enriched for early spring sowing. Collect the vegetable refuse and fallen leaves and remove them to the manure heap: such decaying matter is invaluable for fertilising purposes. Winter greens may be planted to supply requirements when vegetables are scarce. Sow a bed of white stone or golden ball turnips, these being the best winter kinds; also a bed of winter spinach (the prickly variety is the best for winter use). Spinach plants should be thinned out when well advanced, to about six inches apart. Well-manured rich soil is essential to successful cultivation of spinach. As the cabbage fly is very destructive in some localities, spraying with quassia chips or other approved preparation is necessary to destroy the pest. The quassia chips solution is prepared by soaking a handful overnight in water and then spraying with the solution. The spraying should be done early, as a preventative. Growing cabbage need plenty of moisture, and this is best supplied by frequent watering.

The Flower Garden.—As frosts will soon be experienced it will be necessary for those who desire to preserve geraniums or other favorite flowers to lift and store them in boxes under cover. When transplanting geraniums to boxes the leaves should be removed; they die and drop off in any case, and if allowed to decay around the stems the plant will rot and die also. Water geraniums well for some time after removal. Continue the planting of all varieties of bulbs; the sooner they are planted out now the better. Sow thinly seeds of hardy annuals in patches in the borders; if they come up too thick, thinning out will be necessary. Divide clumps that require it and clear away all decaying plants from the garden.

The Fruit Garden.—Picking and storing the fruit will be the principal work now in the orchard. The fruit is ready for picking when it comes off when lifted upwards. Keep all bruised fruit apart from the sound stock, and store the latter in cool, well-ventilated storerooms. The proper method of storing fruit is to place it on shelves in single layers, carefully examining the stock at frequent intervals for any that may show signs of decay; and at once removing such.

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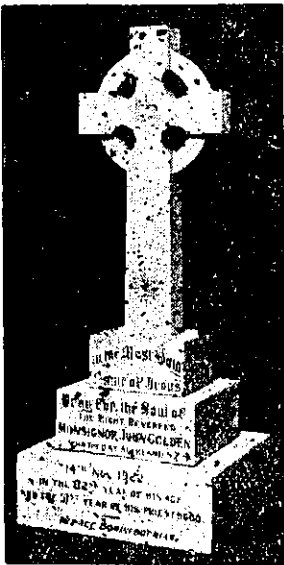
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Obituary

MR. AND MRS. MATTHEW GREEN, FEILDING.

The Feilding parish has lost two estimable parishioners by the death of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Green, formerly of Stanway and Feilding. They worked hard at pioneer farming and brought up a large family of prosperous young people. They were well cared for in their old age by Miss Annie Green, and they had happy deaths. The Rev. Father Cahill conducted the funeral services at the Makino Cemetery.—R.I.P.

MR. RICHARD F. TOBIN, CASTLECLIFF, WANGANUI.

There passed away at Wellington on March 8, Mr. Richard Francis Tobin. The late Mr. Tobin, who was born in Co. Roscommon, Ireland, came to New Zealand when a young man and lived in Wellington, where he was for a number of years a member of the old Cathedral (Hill Street) Choir. He later removed to the Taranaki district, where he spent the greater part of his life. Mr. Tobin leaves a widow and one son.—R.I.P.

MRS. ELEANOR CECILIA DOODY, OXFORD.

The death of Mrs. E. C. Doody, wife of Mr. Thomas Doody, of Oxford, which occurred on February 20, at the early age of 32 years, occasioned sincere sorrow throughout the whole district. The deceased, who was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith, Linwood Avenue, Christchurch, was of a kindly and helpful disposition, and as an ardent worker in all social and Church movements enjoyed the well-merited esteem of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She died fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, and leaves her husband, and six young children (three boys and three girls) to mourn their loss. The funeral left the residence of her parents on Saturday, March 1, for the Cathedral, Barbadoes Street, where Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul; the funeral, a numerous attended one, afterwards leaving for the Bromley Cemetery.—R.I.P.

MRS. BRIDGET WALSH, WESTPORT.

The news of the death of Mrs. Bridget Walsh, which occurred at her residence, Peel Street, on February 25, caused sincere and widespread regret in Westport, where she was well known and highly esteemed on account of her kindly and charitable disposition. The deceased was born in Listowel, Co. Kerry, Ireland, in 1860. She left her native land in 1874 for New Zealand, and took up her abode in the mining township of Charleston, where she married and reared a family of thirteen children—eight sons and five daughters—twelve of whom are living. An impressive scene was the marching of the eight sons behind the hearse at the funeral. Deceased, with her husband and family, moved to Westport some fifteen years ago, where she lived till the time of her death. She was attended during her illness by Rev. Father Sweeney and the Sisters of Mercy. Right Rev. Monsignor Walshe officiated at the graveside. There was a large attendance at the funeral, and this, with the numerous beautiful wreaths received, showed the great esteem in which the deceased was held by all. The coffin was borne by members of the H.A.C.B. Society.—R.I.P.

MRS. BRIDGET GEBBIE, WANGANUI.

Her many friends, both in Wanganui and on the West Coast of the South Island, will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Bridget Gebbie, which occurred at her residence, 284 Avenue, Wanganui, on March 19. Throughout her life Mrs. Gebbie possessed a wonderful devotion to St. Joseph, and many times expressed a wish to die on his feast day. It was her great privilege to have this wish granted. The deceased, who was 69 years of age, was born in Co. Kildare, Ireland. She left her native country at the age of three years and spent the early part of her life in Melbourne. Since then she had resided on the West Coast of the South Island, and also in Wellington and Wanganui. Always of a quiet and unassuming character, her kindly disposition and loving nature endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Until her illness some few years ago, she always took an active interest in all matters connected with the Church. A large congregation attended the Requiem Mass which was celebrated on Friday, the 21st ult., by the Rev. Father Segrief at St. Mary's Church. Very impressive singing was rendered by the Sisters and pupils of the convent school. The funeral took

place immediately after Mass, the pall-bearers being members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of which society the late Mrs. Gebbie was an associate. Heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved family, which consists of one son and four daughters.—R.I.P.

MR. JOHN O'DOWD, FAIRLIE.

Another of South Canterbury's old identities passed away some months ago in the person of Mr. John O'Dowd, who died at his sons' residence, Melville Downs, Fairlie. Deceased was born in Co. Mayo, Ireland, in 1838, and came out to Australia in 1858, landing at Melbourne in March of that year. After four years' experience in the Castlemaine, Forest Creek, and other diggings, he came to Otago, where for a short time he was on the Dunstan, and was in business for a few years at Hyde. Mr. O'Dowd afterwards removed his business to McRae's Flat, and some years later went to the West Coast, where he carried on business at Brighton, Greymouth, and Kumara, until settling in Timaru, South Canterbury, in 1877. He saw Timaru rise from a small settlement to a town of considerable size; when, in 1904, he sold out his well established bakery and confectionery business. Mr. O'Dowd then removed to Fairlie, where he worked up a big business until, in 1911, he again sold out. The remainder of his life was spent in residence with his sons on their farm at Melville Downs. He was a fervent Catholic, and a strong supporter of the ideals which Catholics have to fight for in this country. The *Tablet* was his favorite paper, and he never missed reading it, being a shareholder practically from its inception. He was twice married and leaves a widow, one daughter (Mrs. F. J. O'Brien, Waitahora, Hawke's Bay), and two sons to mourn their loss. Mr. O'Dowd was attended by the Rev. Father Kimbell, who administered all the rites of Holy Church, and also celebrated Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul. The deceased was interred in Timaru cemetery alongside his first wife; the Rev. Fathers Hurley and O'Ferrall officiating at the church and graveside.—R.I.P.

MRS. CATHERINE DENNEHY, CHARLESTON.

The death of a pioneer resident of Charleston, West Coast, Mrs. Catherine Dennehy, occurred at her residence, 23 Hargreave Street, Wellington, on February 23. Mrs. Dennehy, who was in her 81st year, was gifted with a marvellous memory, and, having been a great reader all her life, as well as a keen observer, was a most interesting companion right up to the close of her life. Her recollection of her native place, Druinquin, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, and of her journey out to the Antipodes sixty years ago, was complete and full of detail. Like many other of her country-women she took a keen interest in the varying fortunes of the political history of her native land, and being a lifelong subscriber to the *Tablet* was always eagerly awaiting its arrival to learn the latest reliable information of the situation. It came as a great consolation to her to know in the evening of her life that at least some measure of relief had been given her afflicted country. She came out in the ship *Golden Empire*, which took 93 days from Liverpool to Melbourne, after being a fortnight becalmed and having some of the passengers stricken with plague. Mrs. Dennehy was married in Melbourne, and in 1866 landed at Hokitika with her husband. Together they went through the strenuous "digging days" on the West Coast, and in common with other pioneers suffered many hardships which were inevitable in those days. Mr. Dennehy, who passed away twenty years ago, was the first to get gold at Charleston. Mrs. Dennehy's family numbered ten, and though she was the busy mother of a large family she always found some time to read, keeping herself abreast with the subjects of the day, and in addition being an enthusiastic gardener, she loved the beautiful in the way of flowers, and up to the end of her life had great pleasure in the bringing in to her sick room some of the lovely bulbs and other flowers which she had loved and cherished. During her long illness she was the object of the tenderest care of the devoted Sisters of Compassion. Deceased was attended daily for several months by the Rev. Fathers Cullen, Adm., O'Donnell, and Hilly. She died a most edifying death, fortified by the sacraments and showing a grand resignation to God's Holy Will. The interment took place at Charleston, on March 1. Monsignor Walshe, the "Sagart Arun" and true friend for over 57 years, officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

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Selected Poetry

Hymns of St. Ephrem, the Syrian, in Honour of the Blessed Virgin

1

In His Chariot of Fire, lo! the Lord sets forward, with glory begirt!
 And the tremulous knees of His Bearers are whole and unhurt.
 See the flame-bearing Spirits themselves 'neath their Burden in awe;
 Yet the Daughter of David embraces the Babe whom She bore.
 And the Cherubim tremble with fear, and the Seraphim quake,
 As their "Holy, Thrice Holy" makes Heaven re-echo and shake;
 While His Mother most fondly doth cherish on Virginal Breast
 Him, Her Child and Her Lord, as He taketh His wonderful rest.

2

She, the "Bless'd among women" and faithful, gives suck to Her Child;
 Oh, the wonder! and who can explain it, O Maid undefiled?
 A Virgin gave birth to a Child, yet a Virgin remained;
 Gave suck, yet a Virgin; and died, still a Virgin unstained.

3.

The Orient, blazing with stars, was a figure of Thee,
 For the Lord of the stars arose, for us all to see,
 From Thy bosom, O Mary. And by His most glorious Birth,
 He drove far away all the darkness of night from the earth,
 To enlighten the nations, and those who in Bethlehem laid
 Their gifts at the feet of Thine Infant, O sweet Mother Maid;
 And who, when their homage was o'er,—at the Angel's command,
 Once again sallied forth, to return to their own native land.

4.

So, to-day let the world with the hymns by the Angels intoned
 Loudly re-echo the praise to Him who in Heaven's enthroned:
 Singing, "Glory to God in the Highest, and Peace to man let there be,
 For to-day there is born One, a Saviour to set the world free,

5.

And to-day let Ezechiél, famous by for visions of old,
 See the Promise fulfilled, as inspired he foretold:
 "Let this Portal be sealed for ever, for, through it, alone
 Shall enter the Lord!" And that Gateway, as clearly is shown,
 Is Mary, by Whom without breach of the Seal, the Christ came.
 So, be silent, ye sceptics, who question the Truth we proclaim.

6.

Ay, in sooth, in undying remembrance this Mother we hold;
 And the Bosom that bore Him is worthy of blessings oft told;
 And Joseph, called father of Him is Truth Increate,
 Whose Father is aye to be praised for His Mercy so great.
 O Shepherd of all, Who wast sent the lost sheep to reclaim!
 Who didst carry it back to the Fold, ever bless'd be Thy Name!

7.

O say where shall he who doth seek find Thee present, dear Lord,
 Where wilt Thou with sight of Thyself him who loves Thee reward?

Let him search in the Infinite Bosom of Father Most Holy,
 In Ephrata's woods, and in Bethlehem's Manger so lowly.
 But, if in Mary's pure Bosom he seeks, Thou art hid there 'neath Seal;

Oh! wondrous the myst'rics Thy glorious Birth doth reveal!
 (Stanzas 6 and 7 are, apparently, taken from another hymn.)

—Translated by F. G. M.

Music in Hospital

The flame of my life burned low;
 They thought I was all but dead.
 "He has not very far to go!"
 Their whispering said.

Suddenly over the way,
 Outswelling the din of the street,
 A piano began to play;
 I found it sweet.

Only a halting machine
 Grinding an elfin tune
 With whirrings and whangings obscene
 As a tipsy buffoon;

Yet to me it meant rapture and mirth
 And the endless continuance, after
 These sorry adventures on Earth—
 Of beauty and laughter.

Then the flame of my life burned stronger,
 Blown on by that musical elf.
 And I settled to stay a while longer
 Making music myself.

—ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFELER, in *The Lyric West*.

A Silver Lantern

A silver lantern
 I made of my desire,
 A cloudy vessel
 That dreamed of fire.

I digged my silver
 In a dark mine.
 I crushed it and wrought it
 And hammered it fine;

With graven blossoms
 I made it bright,
 And buds of darkness
 Dreaming of light,

Till—burnished and finished
 And marked with my name—
 God blew upon it
 And gave the flame.

I carry my lantern
 Through the gusty rain:
 Shielded with silver
 The light streams plain.

I carry my lantern
 Through the fierce, bald noon,
 I carry my lantern
 Under the moon,

Through dark and dazzle
 Threading the ray
 That picks out the climbing
 Hidden Way.

—KARLE WILSON BAKER, in *Casements*.

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PASSION-TIDE.

(At Matins.)

(Should be composed with the Latin.)

Sing, my tongue, the glorious conflict
With success divinely crowned,
Triumph on the Cross achieved,
As on battlefield renowned;
Telling how the world's Redeemer
Conquered, when as Victim found.

For the sin of our first parent,
Protoplasm of His Word,
God, in pity for His creatures,
Who through fraud had weakly erred,
To repair what Tree had ruined,
Even then a Tree preferred.

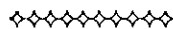
For the work of our Salvation
Such a plan besecmed it well:
Counter-stratagem to frustrate
All the stratagem of hell,
And like Instrument of healing
Found to that by which we fell.

Therefore, when at length of the fulness
Of the sacred time had come,
Born on earth, the world's Creator,
Sent us from His Father's Home,
Came, in mortal flesh invested,
From the Virgin's sacred womb.

In a narrow manger lying,
Hear His tender infant cries!
See what poor and humble garments
'Round His limbs His Mother ties!
With His Hands and Feet swathed, helpless
There the God of Heaven lies!

Everlasting praise and glory
To the Blessed Trinity!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Equal honor ever be!
Praise His Name, O all creation,
Nature One, and Persons Three!—Amen.

—Translated by F.G.M.



SAINT PATRICK: RELICS OF IRELAND'S APOSTLE.

Recently by the gracious courtesy of Most Rev. Dr. MacRory, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, the venerated and highly-prized relics of St. Patrick, Ireland's Patron Saint, were privately shown in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Belfast, to members of the Royal Irish Academy (says the *Irish Catholic*). They consist of the hand and the jawbone of the great Apostle, and are encased in two costly reliquaries—that of the hand being of silver gilt enriched with precious stones. It is shaped like an arm and hand, with the two forefingers outstretched in blessing, and has always been the object of special veneration by the faithful of Down and Connor. March 17 is the day when it is specially exposed in the Cathedral which bears his name.

A cherished account in faded, but legible writing, is preserved with the reliquary, and by the kindness of the esteemed Administrator, Rev. J. O'Kelly, is here given for publication.

"St. Patrick's hand was brought to the Ards about 80 or 90 years ago by Madame Russell, grand aunt of Colonel Nugent. She was married to Charles Russell, who was proprietor of a considerable tract of land near Downpatrick. Charles Russell's first wife was either the daughter or near relative of Lord Iveagh, whose family name was Magennis,

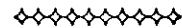
Castlewellan. It was through her that the hand descended to the Russell family. After the death of Madame Russell, which took place about 70 years ago, the hand was in the possession of Mr. Savage, Colonel Nugent's father, until 1798, when it was given to the McHenry family of Kerstown, whose mother was a Russell, a near relative of the above-named Charles Russell.

"P.S.—Perhaps the hand was given to the McHenry family some short time previous to 1798."

No less interesting is the subjoined account summarised by Rev. Daniel Mageean, Professor, Maynooth, from pages 212 and 213 of the 2nd volume of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, 1854, describing the relic, St. Patrick's jawbone and its cover.

This reliquary was formerly in the possession of a family named Cullen, who lived in Derriaghy, Co. Antrim. In it is a human jawbone in a perfect state, but retaining only one double tooth—now missing (in 1919). It had formerly five teeth, three of which were given to members of the family when emigrating to America, and the fourth was deposited under the altar of the Catholic Chapel of Derriaghy when it was rebuilt in 1797. The case is of antique appearance, rather fancifully embossed, and has a lid; though old, it has nevertheless the hall mark of some early date impressed upon it. The bone is of a male of rather large size, and the Cullen family believed that it was the jawbone of St. Patrick, a tradition to that effect having been handed down amongst them for generations. The reliquary, too, was for a long time in this family—the grandmother of the present Cullen—having brought it from her relations, the Savages, of Dunturk, Seaforde, Co. Down. Needless to say, it, too, is held in highest veneration. Formerly water in which it was immersed was given to persons afflicted with epilepsy. It was also used as an antidote for all diseases of cattle.

"Whenever the bone is lifted out of the reliquary a towel or handkerchief is used to prevent contamination by hand."



NUTS TO CRACK.

When is it easy to read in the woods?—When autumn turns the leaves.

When is a pie like a poet?—When it is Browning.

When is a newspaper like a saw?—When it is filed.

Why is necessity like a stupid lawyer?—It knows no law.

What do we often catch, but never see?—A passing remark.

Why is a pig's tail like the letter K?—Because it is the end of pork.

What are most patient objects in the shape of humanity?—Statues.

Which is easier to spell, fiddle-dee-dee or fiddle-de-dum?—The former, because it is spelt with more e's.

Why is a bookbinder like charity?—Because he often covers a multitude of faults.

Why is a wise man like a nail?—Because his head prevents him from going too far.

Why is a banker's clerk necessarily well informed?—Because he is constantly taking notes.



THE FLOWER OF HOPE.

There's a beautiful flower that springs in each heart—
In the soul's virgin soil the roots make their start,
It's the sweetest to raise, the hardest to kill,
Since the Planter who loves it waters it still.

Through the bright beaming eyes of children at play
Bursting flowerets of Hope are flung on life's way,
From those dear freshling hearts and pattering feet,
Where the tendrils find clasp and early buds meet.

Out of gloom or despair the wonderful flower,
In her rising and beauty, throws out a power
That dispels with one breath of fragrance divine,
Every thought which bodes sadness or evil design.

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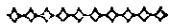
Thompson: "I hear that Jones has had a wonderful run of luck with horses this year."

Jenkins: "Yes, a winner every time. Do you know how he does it?"

Thomson: "No!"

Jenkins: "Well, he holds up a list of the horses running, gets his wife to close her eyes and stick a pin in the list, and she always picks a winner."

Thompson: "I'll try that gag with my wife, but I'll make her use a fork, and then we'll get first, second, and third."

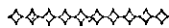


NOT DISCOURAGED.

The morning faded into afternoon, which in turn was shadowed by the coming of the night. It was cold and grey. But the angler moved not, save to readjust his bait. He had been there for many weary hours, when a friend chanced to stroll along the river bank.

"Halloa, George!" he cried. "How many have you got?"

George looked up rather vacantly and replied: "When I get the one I'm after and four more, I shall have five."

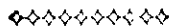


THE EDITOR'S RETORT.

A characteristic story of the late Mark Twain relates that in his early days, when the great humorist was editing a weekly journal in a small town in the States, one subscriber wrote to him, informing him that in a recently-delivered copy of the paper he discovered a spider embedded in the folds. The writer requested the editor to let him know whether such an occurrence was a sign of good or bad luck.

Mark replied in the next issue as follows:—

"Constant Reader.—The appearance of a spider in a copy of last week's paper was a sign of neither good nor bad luck; that intelligent insect was merely studying our columns in order to ascertain whether any store in the neighborhood had failed to advertise in our paper, in order that he might make for that establishment, and there weave a web across the doorway, where he might dwell in undisturbed peace."



SMILE RAISERS.

Optimist (just run over): "I am a lucky beggar! To think that I should be run over by a motor-ambulance!"

Professor (to biology class): "Now, these bacteria are largely very small, though a small number of them sometimes grow to be very large for their size."

"Don't you find a baby brightens up the household wonderfully?"

"Yes; we have the gas burning most of the night now."

Landlady: "Could you eat an egg for your breakfast?"

Mick: "Yes, missus, I think I could; but I once knew a man that ate two, and he lived."

Willis: "How do you like Army life? Quite a number of new turns for a fellow to get used to, I suppose?"

Gillis: "You're right. At night you turn in, and just as you are about to turn over somebody turns up and says, 'Turn out.'"

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Waterspout Wonders.

A remarkable experience recently befell the crew of the steamship Carston, off Guantanamo, Cuba.

One afternoon the vessel was caught in a tropical thunderstorm, which lasted for about three-quarters of an hour. Then the wind dropped suddenly and the low clouds began to send down a number of long, tapering arms towards the water.

These arms were constantly changing their shape and size. Sometimes some of the smaller ones would revolve rapidly round a larger one. All were spinning at an almost incredible speed. When a larger spout was formed it would absorb all the smaller ones around it. At one time no fewer than nine waterspouts were visible at the same moment.

Waterspouts are fairly common in the course of the Gulf Stream, and one is occasionally seen round the British coast. But to encounter them in such numbers is an almost unheard-of occurrence.

They are caused by small swirls of air, which are brought about by conflicting currents in the atmosphere. These swirls suck up the water from the sea, sometimes in the form of spray, but more often in the form of a great swaying column of solid water. As the spout reaches the clouds, which are always low at such a time, it spreads out and breaks into drops which are scattered through the body of the clouds.

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The largest and most wonderful of Great Britain's power stations is that on the Thames Embankment, at Chelsea, in London.

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Immediately under the boilers are the furnaces. These are fed automatically by coal through a chute from the hoppers above. Stoking, as it is generally understood, is unknown at this up-to-date generating station. All that the attendant has to do is to turn a handle, when, lo! the coal drops on to the grate.

The grate, too, revolves in a very ingenious manner, although it is as large as an ordinary suburban garden plot, boasting of 88 square feet of surface. After the coal has passed through the furnace, the ashes drop automatically into little trucks in the basement below. These are carried along on rails and dropped into a great ashpit. On an average 500 tons of coal are burnt every day.

Let us calmly, gracefully, sweetly, joyously go forth to fulfil our various offices; and in a subdued, peaceful and happy temper to encounter our trials. So shall largeness of mind, abhorrence of strife, clemency of criticism, absence of suspicion, tenderness of compassion, and love of the brotherhood be to us a tower of strength and a fount of consolation now, in death, and in the day of eternity.—Cardinal Newman.

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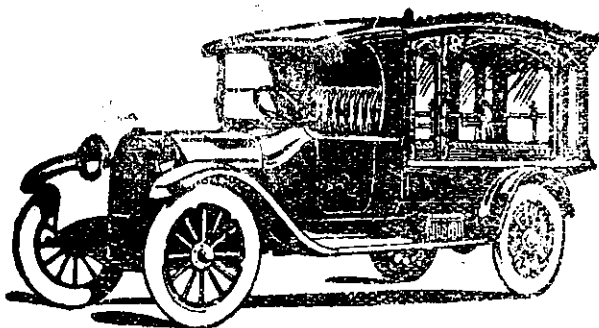
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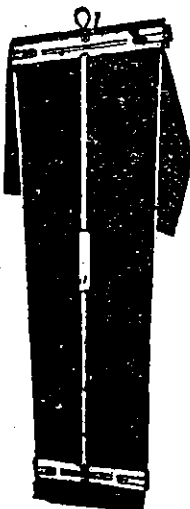
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