

NOTES

The Apocalypse

A writer in the *Dublin Review* sets forth the interesting thesis that the Apocalypse, apart from its inspiration, is a poem symbolising the Paschal feast as it was celebrated at Ephesus, when the bishop, representing the Lamb, sat on a throne in the centre of the apse, surrounded by clergy, singers, ministers and congregation. St. John spiritualises the Paschal sacrifice and symbolises the action of the Mass, which supplies him with a *leit-motif* and a scene. The writer puts some coincidences in parallel columns as follows:—

THE APOCALYPSE.	THE MASS.
The Son of Man Judges, warns, forgives.	Judica me . . . Confiteor.
The Lamb takes the Book.	Introibo ad altare Dei.
The 24 elders offer up the incense prayer.	<i>Kyrie eleison</i> with incense.
Adoration of the Lamb.	Gloria . . . Agnus Dei.
The seals.	Introduction to Consecration.
Silence in Heaven.	Silent adoration.
'Angel with incense.	Incense at Elevation, etc.

"Before discussing or criticising this attractive theory," says the *Catholic Leader*, "the reader should take the trouble of going through the Apocalypse and visualize its scenes on this new background. Although the coincidences must be taken in a broad sense and such as an inspired poet handles in his own free way, the reader will find that this new symbolism imparts to the Apocalypse a very comprehensive principle of unity and a very suggestive meaning."

The French Academy

The Academy is the oldest and most venerable institution in France. It consists of a body of forty of the most distinguished literary men, whose official duty is to supervise the Dictionary of the French Language and to register words approved by the authority of the best writers. This national centre of intellectual culture was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, and among its members were many Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops. At the present day Catholic influence dominates the Academy and many renowned Catholic writers and novelists are among its most active members. The senior member of the Academy and its secretary are zealous Catholic propagandists. The admission of such active Catholics as Georges Goyau, René Bazin, Mgr. Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic University of Paris, and Marshal Foch into the most famous national institution of France has given to the leaders of the Catholic movement a powerful influence over the rising generation. It is no longer thought to be "effeminate" for a young Frenchman to describe himself as a religious believer.

"Nordics"

In America the differentiation against Latin and Slav races in the matter of immigration quotas is arousing no small stir. There are American Jingoists who are just as foolish as English Imperialists or German Junkers ever were; and the foolish and ignorant people who were not able to translate correctly *Deutschland Ueber Alles* are the very ones who want their own particular little racial brand to override all others. The *English Review* has found, in Sergeant Murphy, a disciple of Mr. Dooley, whose eloquent and wise voice is so rarely heard nowadays. The Sergeant pokes no end of fun at the present "Nordic" antics of the Yankees:

"I see Pilburn is going to emigrate to the United States," remarked Mr. Heddle.

"Pilburn—Pilburn," repeated Sergeant Murphy. "Let me see. Round-skulled, dark, inclined to thick ankles. They won't have him. He's not Nordic. Nothin' but Nordics is bein' accepted now, and thim only undher pressure of the Road-makin' Thrust, who are short of cheap min to handle the pick-axe."

"What's all that about?" asked the landlord.

"Sure, haven't you heard tell of the new U.S.A. policy, Heddle? It's the sinsation of the day. They used to grade the emmygrints be the number of dollars they had—or more likely hadn't. Now they're gradin' thim accordin' to race, and a brunette like you, Heddle, has as much chance of gettin' into the United States as a rich man has of climbin' through the eye of a camel. Me bein' a blonde and long-headed—sure it's the devil's own job to get a hat to fit me—an Nordic, which manes that I'm superior and wan of the world's rulers from nine till six, and nine till wan Sathurdays, outside the *Daily Hoot* offices. The likes of me is what they want to maintain the high standard of civilisation which America has attained except in the lynchin' areas.

"Let us," says Congress, 'dam the sthream of min that ought to but don't shave twice a day. The banana thrade is overcrowded. Statistics show that four out of every five persons convicted of petty larceny are brunettes, while the blondes reserve for themselves the more jinteel pastime of oil graft. The average golf handicap of the brunettes is in the late twinties, while a blonde with more than eighteen is excommunicated be his fellow athletes. And so on and so forth to siven places of decimals.

"Therefore, from now on open arms will be held out to the blue-eyed, fair-haired European that seeks our shores, and firearms to anny man with dark complexion that thries to edge himself in among us."

". . . And that's why in the future the brunettes will enther America in a thrickle, while the blondes will sweep in like a torrent. And in maybe two thousand years from now, Heddle, the man that can boast of bein' wan hundherd per cent. American will have somethin' to boast of."

"What's one hundred per cent. American at present?" asked Heddle.

"I don't know," replied the Sergeant, "Maybe Choctaw."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Miss Florrie Gardner has received notice of a transfer from Dunedin to Christchurch, and if she is pleased at the news it is more than her friends down here are. In musical circles Miss Gardner will be long missed by Dunedin Catholics. She was always ready when called on to help forward any Catholic movement, and did not spare her beautiful and cultured voice in the cause of religion or charity. On the concert platform, as in the Cathedral Choir, Miss Gardner used her talents for the glory of God and for the happiness of her neighbors, and Dunedin does not fail in appreciation of what it owes her.

Is it some selfish Christchurch man that makes those P.O. appointments? One would think it is either that or else somebody who does not like Dunedin. Not long ago this miserable wretch took away from us our star baritone, Mr. J. McGrath. Later, he made another raid and carried off one of the props of the North-east Valley parish, Mr. Julius Dunne. As if two were not enough for him, he now demands Miss Gardner. In the meantime we will try to take a charitable view of it. Maybe they want some uplifting people in other parts, and if they do Dunedin is of course the place to look for them.

"Have you been to Pharoah, the Egyptian?" said an inquisitive person to a friend the other day in Dunedin. "Holy Moses, no I haven't," was the answer, as the button-holed one bolted for a tram and left the notorious inquisitor standing alone in Dunedin's Via Sacra, which is Rattray Street, of course. All the same there are lots and lots of people going to him, as they will be going to Gypsy Smith later on. Cures? Any amount of them—just as in Hickson's healing campaign. Just, and just so. Rub your

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