



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MERCIER.

## Answers to Correspondents

D. M. (Levin).—It is clear that you have not spelled the Gaelic words correctly. This makes it hard to find the exact meaning. Guessing at what the misspelled words ought to be, the sense might be: "In the day of my tribulation I will invoke the Lord: I will stretch out my hand in the dark without fear to get light for my soul."

READER.—The explanation is found in the fact that in the early ages of the Church, sins regarded as mortal were fewer in number. Circumstances of course affect the gravity of sins, and ignorance and knowledge of malice do so notably. Probably, also, the fervent early Christians were comparatively free from many vices prevalent in our time. There was certainly not then such recklessness about calumny and detraction of neighbors, even among people who profess to be leading Christian lives. Lists of certain grave sins (such as we find in St. Paul) were well known of course.

E. de M.—Marie Corelli's books are not on the *Index*. They are decent and even moral productions compared

with the average novel of the present time. She was not a great writer, but so good a judge as Gladstone thought she was a power for good. Very few English books are on the list, although many of them come under one or other of the general rules, for instance, books treating with obscene matters, and books teaching false doctrines would be condemned thus.

H. J. N.—The philosophy of history means the study of the connection of events and causes and the tracing of the "increasing purpose" in human affairs. Perhaps the first effort to co-ordinate knowledge in this way was St. Augustine's *City of God*, which still remains a classic. Bossuet was a modern who revived this scientific method, which all serious historians now try to follow. Observation of events, patient watching of phenomena have their uses, but they do not bring the highest kind of knowledge. The efforts made during the past two centuries to make observation and recording of facts more important than thought have had evil results. Even the pagans recognised the importance of the study of things in their causes: *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*

## Diocesan News

### ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

July 11.

Rev. Father O'Donnell has returned from Australia to Buckle Street. All his friends are delighted that his health is much improved by the trip. The streets and the alleys have missed his familiar figure on its round. He and the Rev. Feilden Taylor know all the byeways of the city's East End, and the work they do there is unknown and untold.

The engagement is announced of Edward, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. O'Sullivan, of Addington, Christchurch, to Elsie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kelleher, of the Internal Affairs Department, Wellington. Miss Kelleher is well known in the Newtown parish where her parents reside. She is a niece of that prominent churchman, Mr. Paul Hoskins.

The St. Vincent de Paul charity ball comes off on the 30th. This ball is for a good object as its name denotes. Last year it was a great success financially and socially. Let us hope that this year will eclipse it.

Wellington folk are looking forward to hearing the tenor, Charles Hackett, whose success in Australia was so great. Mr. Hackett includes in his programmes a collection of Irish songs and ballads. The *Sydney Bulletin* prefers McCormack in the Irish songs, but it is only fair to wait and hear Mr. Hackett before judging. In any case McCormack was treated so churlishly in Australia that neither country may hear him again. McCormack never forgets the Lewisham Nuns and gives of his best in their cause. Playing also in Wellington at the present time is "Peg O' My Heart." It brings back echoes of a wonderful voice that once played Peg here. There is only one Sara Allgood. She lost her husband during the great epidemic here—and though now she is at the height of her fame with her name mentioned casually in novels, and with the new comedian, Casey, writing plays for her at the Abbey, there must come to her often a vision of those days of desolation and of a quiet grave in old Karori. It is doubtful if she will come this way again. Australia failed to understand "The Whitehaired Boy" when the last company of Abbey players brought it out. Dazzle is preferred to humor and it is the eye not the head that is filled nowadays. It is an age of Cairos and Chu Chin Chows.

Turning to football—the Marist Soccer teams are fast distinguishing themselves. The Chatham Cup fell to them last Saturday to the great delight of their many supporters here. The Marist Rugby team is a comparatively young team and is holding on well. An old and keen critic of football for many Wellington winters asked the scribe to print this advice—"Tell the young Marist players to stick

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