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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 19, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 20, Monday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
 „ 21, Tuesday.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.
 „ 22, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 23, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 24, Friday.—St. Raphael, Archangel.
 „ 25, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. John Cantius, Confessor.

St. John was born at Kenti, in Poland. Ordained priest, he exhibited the most ardent zeal for souls, and a boundless charity—in a word, all the virtues of a good pastor. Severe to himself, he was ever indulgent to others, who were sure to find in him a generous friend in all their necessities. He died in 1473, being then 70 years of age.

St. Hilarion, Abbot.

St. Hilarion, founder of the monastic life in Palestine, was born at Tabathe, near Gaza. He became a Christian at Alexandria, and visited St. Anthony in the Thebaid. Returning into his own country in 307, he divided all his goods among the poor and retired into the frightful solitude of Majuma, where numerous disciples placed themselves under his direction. He founded numerous monasteries in Palestine and in Syria, and left his solitude and retired to the island of Cyprus, in order to escape celebrity.

St. Raphael, Archangel.

It is narrated in the Old Testament that the Archangel Raphael was sent by God to guide the young Tobias on a journey. The description of this journey, given in the Book of Tobias, enables us to better understand the exceeding charity of our guardian angels, who, though invisible to our eyes, preserve us from evil, and guide us on our way to heaven.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ GRAINS OF GOLD THE ONE TRUE BARQUE.

The night is dark and the winds are high,
 On the face of the angry deep,
 And clouds look wild in the stormy sky,
 As tossing in the mist they sweep.

We're riding down through the fearful sea,
 In our voyage of life and death;
 We're riding down to eternity,
 Over breakers that roar beneath.

Strange shadows of rocks before us rise,
 Through treacherous wave and squall,
 And ever anon as the lightning flies,
 We hear strange voices call.

To leeward far, where the billows dash
 And the sea in surges swells,
 We see dim, shadowy vessels crash,
 And we hear the sound of bells.

No barque can live in this awful sea,
 Nor ever to port be moored,
 Unless it floats from its pennons free
 The banner of Christ, Our Lord.

His vessel alone, the one true Barque,
 For twice a thousand years,
 Has weathered, with ease these wreck-strewn seas
 And glorious still appears..

—THOMAS WALSH.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ REFLECTIONS.

Despise not those of the household of faith, who come to you seeking hospitality.—St. Cuthbert.

For even prayer itself, when it hath not the consort of many voices to strengthen it, is not itself.—St. Basil.

The Storyteller

NORA

Translated from the German by

PRINCESS LICHTENSTEIN

(Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates,
 Washbourne, Ltd.)

CHAPTER II.—Continued.)

In Helen's room there reigned the most profound silence. She had hardly eaten anything since the morning, and lay inanimate on her couch. The recent excitement seemed to have exhausted her, for not one word passed her lips, only the dry cough sounded now and then at short intervals.

The nurse, hoping that she was asleep, prevented the child from going in to her. The lively and high-spirited little thing soon found the room too small, and, according to her father's permission, went out for a romp in the corridor. Nora also entertained the shadow of a hope that she would meet her new acquaintances. She was not deceived. As she looked dreamily over the high balustrade down into the courtyard, which was full of people, she saw the priest coming up the stairs with his pupils.

"So quiet and so lonely!" he said kindly, as he caught sight of the child.

"Papa is gone out, mamma is asleep, and Hannah is scolding," reported the child concisely.

"Those are three sad things for you, little one," said the chaplain smiling. "Don't you feel bored?"

"I thought you would come," said the child openly, "and that's why I remained here. I already heard your little girl crying in there," she added, pointing to one of the doors in the passage.

"Yes, Lily is there with our mother," said the elder boy. "Come in with us," he added, kneeling before her so as to bring his tall limbs down to her height, whilst she laid her hand confidently upon his shoulder. "Come with us," he repeated.

"I may not do that," she answered. "I may not go to strangers; mamma has forbidden it once for all. But I may play here," she added wistfully.

"Well, then, we will play here," said the boy. "You don't mind, do you, sir?" he said, turning to the chaplain.

The latter nodded assent; he also felt attracted towards the child.

"What shall we play at?" asked the boy again. "Can you skip?" he said, pointing to the skipping-rope she had brought out of her room with her, as the long passage seemed a favorable ground for the purpose.

"If I can skip!" she said contemptuously. "I can do a deal more than you think. Strike it for me!"

The boys complied with her wish. The small creature then raised herself on her toes, drew her body up to its full height, threw back her dark hair, and lifted her arms high above her head. Graceful like a fairy she danced on to the rapid curves of the rope with the most wonderful and nimble movements.

All of a sudden the loud applause of the boys made her stop. "I have learnt that from Miss Emily," she said; "but I ought not to have done it," she added, abashed and contrite; "mamma cannot bear my doing it before strangers."

"And why does your mother dislike it?" asked the chaplain interested.

"Mamma says that it is not nice to show one's self off. She does not like my riding either."

"Does not your mamma ride, then?" asked the chaplain again.

"Mamma ride!" she said, with a pretty little movement of pride, and throwing back her head on her shoulders. "Papa's people only do that; and they do it for money!"

"Can you ride already?" exclaimed the boys, full of wondering admiration.

"Of course I can! Ride and drive too!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I have four piebald ponies



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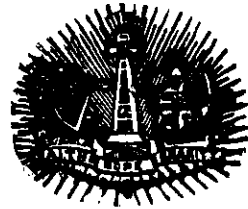
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Wellington

which belong entirely to me. You can see them, if you go to the circus. The little Wimbleton drives the post with them; I have allowed him to do it. I can do it myself much better, though!"

The boy's eyes opened wide. "You can already drive a four-in-hand!"

"I can drive six horses at a time," she said with assurance. "This year at St. Petersburg I drove before the Emperor with six ponies, and quite alone. He would not believe papa when he told him that I could do it; so mamma allowed me to do it after a great many entreaties. I also remember quite well what the Emperor said," she added; and it was easy to perceive how much she longed to be asked what it was.

"What did he say?" exclaimed her listeners.

"First of all, he took me up in his arms, and kissed me, and gave me this," she said, showing a locket, in the shape of a heart mounted with pearls, which she wore round her neck. "But you must not laugh," she said to Curt, whose mouth was twitching suspiciously.

"What did the Emperor say?" asked Curt, bringing her back to the point.

"He said—he said"—she hesitated a little, "she will one day cause the world to talk about her much more than about you, and will put you in the shade, my dear Karsten," repeated the child, word for word, and with great precision.

"Now, you're laughing after all," she said indignantly, as even the chaplain could not refrain from a smile.

Curt, meanwhile, had blushed to the roots of his hair during her last speech. "I am not laughing a bit," he said seriously. "Your mamma is quite right; it is not at all nice for a little girl to let herself be seen thus. It would pain me very much to hear you talked of as a circus-rider. It would, indeed, be a very sad thing to happen to you."

The boy had spoken warmly. Damped by the sharpness of his reproof, the child looked up at him, and an expression of pain passed over her little face. He saw it and was sorry. Once more, kneeling beside her, he stroked her dark hair back from her forehead, and said in a friendly tone, "Now, don't be angry with me. You won't be a circus-rider, will you?—But have you learnt other things also besides riding and driving?"

"Oh, a great deal!" answered the little one ingenuously. "Mamma gives me lessons every day, and then I have masters, too. I can already read and write in three languages, and I also know my catechism," she added, with a look at the chaplain, as if that were more particularly his business.

"Who teaches you in it?"

"Mamma does, and every day, too: I have already been to confession. You are also a priest," she added, "I noticed that at once."

"Really!" said the chaplain. "So you found that out at once, eh?"

"I know a great many priests, you see. When we arrive in a town, and remain sometime in it, mamma takes me at once to one, and he makes me go through an examination. Mamma is very pious, you know. She goes to church every day; but now she is ill," the child chattered on.

"That is very good of your mamma," said the chaplain, moved by the description of the mother who, amidst all the fatigues of a wandering life, had not neglected to guide her child's soul. "Mind you become as good as she is."

"Are you also pious?" asked Nora, looking up with her large eyes into Curt's face.

"That's what you get for preaching Curt," smiled the chaplain. "But, come now, boys, your mother will be expecting you."

"No; do remain here a little longer," cried Nora, holding Curt back. "You remain, at all events. Let your brother go in."

She looked pleadingly at him. The boy did not dislike to be begged thus; he remained where he was, and considered the little thing as some new and wonderful toy.

"What a funny little creature you are!" he said.

"But there is mamma already," he added, rising hastily

as his mother entered the corridor from one of the rooms opening upon it.

"What are you doing there?" she asked, approaching the group.

The chaplain was going to answer, when another door was thrown violently open, and a strange looking woman fell upon the countess, crying and screaming in one breath. The latter at first shrank away from her, taking her for some mad woman or other.

"Oh! help! help!" screamed out the woman in broken German, and wringing her hands the while. "Missus dies, and no one there to help her!"

"What does she want?" said the surprised countess.

The child, however, sprang towards the new comer, and encircling her with her arms, called out, "That is our Hannah. Hannah! what is the matter with you?"

"O Miss Nora! mamma so ill, and master not there!" moaned the woman.

"Mamma is ill," repeated the child, suddenly understanding what Hannah meant. "O mamma! mamma!" she then called out, bursting into tears, and hastening into her mother's room.

"There seems aid required here, sir," said the countess.

"Try and find out from this person who the husband is, and where he is, whilst I see what can be done." And, without hesitating, she entered the sick woman's room, in which she already heard the voice of the weeping child.

Helen lay as before upon her couch, but her head had sunk back into the pillows, the sweet features were contracted, and a streak of blood, trickling down from her lips upon her dress, sufficiently showed what had taken place.

The child had thrown herself upon her mother, and was calling her by all the most loving epithets she could think of; but the young creature lay motionless, seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around her.

Curt, who had followed the child, tried in vain to soothe her.

The countess took in the whole situation at a glance.

"Try to get the child away for a moment, so that the mother may not be frightened, and send at once for a doctor," she whispered to her son, and began tending the sufferer. She carefully placed her head in a better position, and bathed the burning forehead and wetted the parched lips.

"Mother," breathed the poor woman, opening her eyes wide. But at the sight of an unknown face, an expression of surprise and of disappointment depicted itself on her features.

"Calm yourself," said the countess kindly, "I am a stranger to you, whom chance has brought to your side. Allow me to nurse you until your husband's return. I have already sent for him."

She was rewarded by a look of deep-felt gratitude, after which the tired eyelids closed once more. The countess watched the patient attentively, and she saw the shadows of death gradually gathering around her eyes, and changing the expression of the mouth. She also examined the different objects near the couch. Close to the travelling clock was a prayer-book, and the rosary which lay in the folds of the young creature's dress seemed to have slipped out of her fingers. The countess's decision was taken.

"Is there any one else you would like to speak to before your husband's arrival?" she said in a low but distinct voice.

The eyes opened slowly and with difficulty, but they were full of intelligence and of acquiescence. The lips moved hastily, but not a sound was heard. The hand, however, made a sign on her forehead and breast, which the countess understood. She answered it by making the sign of the cross herself.

"My chaplain, the tutor of my sons, is here," she said again gently and distinctly; "would you like him to come, or shall I send for the parish priest?"

Helen's hands were joined in mute entreaty, and she stammered: "Oh! at once! at once! I have so much to say!"

The countess satisfied her at once. Curt succeeded in getting the child away; with her arms tightly wound about his neck, she allowed herself to be carried by him into the next room, where Hannah sat completely overpowered.

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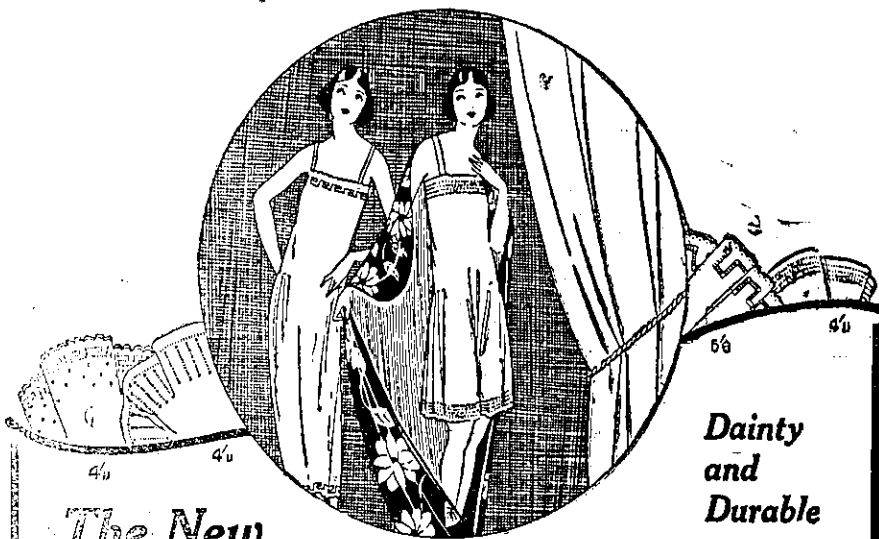
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HAINES-27

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The chaplain then entered the sick woman's room. He was still very young; he had only received holy orders a short time before, and had at once entered Countess Degenthal's house, so that it was for the first time that he had to exercise his holy office at a death-bed. Helen looked at him for a moment, as if she were studying his face. His features wore the calm of an angelic purity, and the holiness of his estate gave him a dignity far beyond his years. She felt that she could place confidence, place the great care of her life within his hands, and make him the representative of her wishes to her husband. And by an admirable guidance of Providence, the few words of a chattering child had given him the key to her position, so that he could understand her at once, to her great relief. His advice accorded completely with her wishes, and she felt a sensation of repose come over her which she had not had for a long time, after she had given him full powers concerning her child.

Her peace with God was soon made; she had a simple and childlike mind, unsullied by the world, and prepared long ago for this solemn hour.

Her husband entered as soon as she had completed her confession; he had received the news quite unexpectedly on arriving at the hotel, for the messenger had just missed him, and his passionate nature gave way completely before this dreadful anguish which had fallen upon him unawares. Helen's pale face was animated by a faint color when he entered, and a ray of love shone forth from her eyes; but the peace she had just felt was disturbed. It is not easy to quit this earth when two loving arms hold us back, when earthly happiness asserts itself once more. Alfred was only conscious of his own presence; he did not even notice that strangers were there. Helen's heart, however, was filled by another love as holy as that she felt for her husband: knowing that she had but little time left, she called for her child.

The husband hardly heard what she had said, but the countess, herself a mother, understood her, and made Curt a sign to bring the little girl in. Nora was still in his arms and would not let go of him, poor little frightened and sorrowing thing; so he carried her to her mother's couch, and held her up in order that the dying woman might embrace her.

But was it jealousy, or was it to bring the child before its father's notice, which made Helen push the boy hastily away, and lay her husband's hand on Nora's head? Something in this action pained Curt, and he retreated a step, blushing.

With the quickness of observation peculiar to the dying, Helen noticed this, and held her hand out to the boy; she signed to him to come nearer to her, until he leant completely over her. His was a handsome and pleasing boy's face, and tears were falling from his large brown eyes—so deeply did he feel another's sorrow.

Helen looked at him searchingly, and then raised her weak hand and laid it upon his head as if to bless him; her lips formed the words, "Thank you!" but she was prevented from saying more by a violent attack of coughing. To the alarm of the standers-by her handkerchief was once more tinted with blood. The doctor entered at last and made use of his authority, although he admitted that nothing could be done. He ordered the child away, and the chaplain led the husband also out of the room. The countess, however, remained, and continued to nurse Helen with care, fulfilling to the last her self-imposed service of love.

That was a long and melancholy night during which the young life fought its battle with death. It was only at morning dawn that all was over.

Around the couch upon which Helen had breathed her last, knelt these various people so strangely brought together: the priest, who had administered the last consolations to her, and the despairing man he was endeavoring to comfort, offered two very different types, chosen from two very different stations in life; the boy knelt also, and tenderly held the little girl who had cried herself to sleep in his arms; and the countess stood and supported in a sisterly manner the head of the dead stranger, the wife of the horsebreaker, whose position had wrung a sigh from

her, and caused her to shrug her shoulders with a proud pity.

Eight days passed by. Helen's body had been three days in its home under the earth. The widower had mastered the first emotion of his grief, and the exigencies of life began once more to claim their due. It is, indeed, fortunate when work does come and force us out of the contemplation of our grief. There is something levelling in great sorrows, as in any out-of-the-way events, which do away for the moment with every social barrier. The countess had been indefatigably kind and active in the services she had rendered the afflicted family. Little Nora had remained completely under her protection, so that the child should not feel the loss of her mother too acutely.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

His Party, nevertheless, proved themselves equally perverse in cheering his denunciation of the prostrate rebels. They cheered again when the Prime Minister announced that the "National" (i.e., Board of Erin) Volunteers in Drogheda had proffered their services to the police against the insurgents, and cheered more loudly still when the Prime Minister delivered an eulogium of the least reputable of all their colleagues who boasted that he had stolen the rifles of the insurgents on the night of the meditated rising in the County Limerick and then made his escape to the House of Commons to enjoy his blushing honors. They were to give a still more striking proof of their alienation from honest Irish sentiment. Mr. Birrell had just returned from Dublin and handed in his resignation. This time distressingly serious and with irrepressible lines in his eyes, he made a moving description of his feelings as he "stood amongst the smoking ruins of Dublin and surrounded with my own ruins in mind and thought" and had the sympathy of a House melted by his eloquence and by his fate. He by ill chance proceeded to give a new reminder of his irremediable incapacity to understand Irish feeling by hazarding a remarkable prediction: "The unanimity of Ireland has as I say even yet been preserved. This is no Irish rebellion. I hope that, although put down, as it is being put down, as it must be put down, with such success and with such courage and yet at the same time humanity toward the dupes, the rank and file, led astray by their leaders, that this insurrection in Ireland will never, even in the minds and memories of that people, be associated with their past rebellions or become an historical landmark in their history."

A coarse chorus of assent boomed from the Hibernian benches. They could not have given more offence to Ireland's most sacred traditions if they had cursed the memory of Robert Emmet, the hero of a curiously similar insurrection outside the walls of Dublin Castle. If it be true that Success is the goddess of an Englishman, Failure, in the patriotic sphere, is no less truly an object of Irish worship. Our history for ages is the history of heroic failure, pitted for ever against odds to which it was no shame to succumb, and condemned fatally to terminate in the prison or on the scaffold, in broken hearts and calumniated names. If Ireland has no other reward to offer, she has at least a lavish love in which to enshrine her beaten soldiers, and if her young conscripts of Easter Week had done nothing more memorable than to give up their lives in what the Prime Minister of England was among the most generous to acknowledge to be a clean and gallant fight for a fine ideal, the more hopeless was their fight, the less willingly Ireland would forgive any aspersion on their memory.

But as a matter of fact the Easter Week Insurrection was something more than an obscure deed of desperation. It was, even if it stood by itself, an amazing military success. A body of enthusiasts having according to the official calculation only 825 rifles at their command succeeded in taking possession of the seat of Government within a single hour and holding possession of it for five

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days against a trained army of 20,000 men at the least, while the fairest quarter of Dublin was being tumbled about their ears in a bombardment whose every shell shock (in the words of Mr. Healy who witnessed it) "sounded like the thud of clay falling upon his father's coffin." The one flaw in their plans was the unaccountable failure to capture Dublin Castle. It might have been the easiest part of their enterprise. We have already seen that the Castle was only defended by a "corporal's guard" and that, according to the evidence of the Lord Lieutenant, as soon as the small party of rebels shot the policeman at the gate of the Lower Castle Yard, "there was nothing to prevent them from going right in, of course." This view is shared entirely by Major Price, the Director of Military Intelligence, who "was talking to Sir Mathew Nathan in his office not 25 yards from the gate when the firing commenced." When asked "why they did not go on?" his reply is: "They could have done it as easily as possible. Twenty-five determined men could have done it." The evidence seems to be that, not even twenty-five, but only "half a dozen Volunteers in green coats" were available, probably owing to the poverty of men as well as rifles—still more likely because great as was the contempt of the insurgent leaders for the ruling powers, they refused to give credence to the unimaginable state of unpreparedness now disclosed in evidence. But it is certain that if half the number of men detailed to seize the Post Office or the Four Courts or to entrench themselves in Stephen's Green had been devoted to the supreme enterprise of capturing the citadel of English power, Dublin Castle and the Viceregal Lodge, with the Lord Lieutenant and the Under Secretary, must have fallen an easy prey to their arms and a victory so resounding must have been followed by an uprising in the country of which nobody could measure the extent or the duration. Verily it was only an ingenuous Mr. Birrell and an Irish Party in the last stages of decadence who could have fallen into the mistake of taking it for granted that their sneers at the beaten rebels would be re-echoed by the Irish nation. Any Irish schoolboy could have taught them that an adventure so glowing with romantic daring, and crowned with the halo of so many unflinching deaths in front of the firing-platoons of England, would be remembered with pride and tenderness as one of the most inspiring episodes of our history.

They believed they were dealing with a trumpety Dublin commotion and were confident they had heard the last of it once the abscess was lanced by Sir John Maxwell. Both as to the facts and as to the prophecy, they were ludicrously astray. The insurrection was planned on the calculation that Reserve Lieutenant Von Spindler, the German Commander of the Aud, would succeed in landing his cargo of 30,000 rifles and field guns on the coast of Kerry. He did pass safely through the lines of a great British fleet on the north coast of Scotland and arrived in Tralee Bay on the appointed day, and but for the absurd accident by which the motor-car conveying those who were to signal to him fell into the sea in the darkness, he would doubtless have put his guns successfully on shore. Had he done so, it is now known there was an abundance of men in every county of the South ready and panting to take them up, and an insurrection must have followed which it would have taken England many months to cope with, could she even have mustered the great army that would be required for the purpose in the crisis of her fate in Flanders. It is not so generally known that even the capture of Casement and the voluntary sinking of the shipful of German rifles would not have prevented an insurrection upon a vaster scale than the Dublin one, had not Professor Eoin MacNeill, the Commander of the Volunteers, countermanded the order before the news could penetrate anywhere outside the neighborhood of Dublin, that his order had been in turn set aside (only, it is believed, by a single vote) by the Dublin Executive. Information not to be doubted came into my own possession that on the appointed night many thousands of insurgents from every part of Cork City and County converged upon the different mountain passes for the march into Kerry, and were only dispersed after scenes of angry remonstrance on the arrival of a messenger from Dublin, who

urged in vain that the loss of the German armaments had put an end to all possibility of success. For many months the abject failure of the Parliamentary politicians had been preparing hundreds of thousands of young Irishmen of high spirit for any chance, however desperate, of retrieving the honor of their nation in the fair ranks of war, and the evidence before the Hardinge Commission leaves no room for doubt that by a natural reaction, the young men seduced by the intrigues of the Board of Erin into Mr. Redmond's "National" Volunteers were going over in thousands, with their arms, to the side of the genuine fighters. One of the favorite excuses of "the Party" for the country turning to the side of the rebels was that they were horrified by the barbarities with which Sir John Maxwell put the Rising down. It was a misappreciation of Irish feeling as false as the rest. "The country" were, indeed, horrified by the twenty-one shootings in cold blood in Kilmainham Prison, but it was not so much that they pitied the young idealists as they admired and envied them, and they attributed their fate, not so much to the English militarists, as to the laches and incompetence of "the Party" and its leaders. For the young Republicans of the Original Volunteers, of course, Parliamentaryism in any shape was the enemy. But they knew themselves to be and would have remained a minority of no great dimensions, had not the mind of the country far and near been seething long with distrust of the Parliamentary politicians, and that not, as "the Party" fatuously tried to persuade themselves because the War Office had been uncivil in their dealings with Irish recruits, or even because of the Kilmainham fusillades, but for very much deeper reasons. Even the older men—"the sane and moderate elements," as they came to be nicknamed—although, until the astounding revelations that were to come later of the possibilities of guerilla warfare, they still believed armed rebellion to be stark madness, were already filled with disaffection to a Parliamentary Party steeped to the lips in a partly corrupt and wholly disgraceful bargain for Partition, and felt their pulses throb at the gallantry and unselfishness of the insurrection which, according to Mr. Birrell and his Hibernians, was only to be remembered with execration by the Irish Nation.

The wise men in Westminster persisted in their faith that the whole affair was a Dublin bubble and that the bubble was burst. For a moment they were disillusioned by the arrival of Mr. Dillon from Dublin, where he had been besieged in his house in North George's Street under the protection of a party of military. He burst into the House of Commons in a state of intense febrile excitement, and under the scandalised eye of Mr. Redmond, delivered a panegyric of the Dublin insurgents even more extravagant than had been his abuse and ridicule before the Rising. As we have seen, there had been "strong differences of opinion" between him and his titular leader, when there was question of "gingering Nathan," and when even the gentle Nathan asked: "What is Redmond up to, after what Dillon wrote to him over a month ago in the enclosed" (still unpublished) "'Confidential' letter to him?" The "strong differences" this time took an exactly opposite turn. While Mr. Redmond thought the occasion demanded "on behalf of all my colleagues" an expression of his and their "detestation and horror" of the rebellion, his nominal lieutenant, fresh from Dublin, broke into a passionate paean to the glory of the rebels which, it may truly be said, did more to wound the feelings of the British House of Commons than all the frank hostility of the insurrection. Nor were his denunciations in high falsetto of the military altogether deprived of their sting by the absurd anti-climax at which he arrived when he complained that his son had been insulted by some subordinate officer who did not express himself in terms of proper respect for the name of Dillon, and with arm upraised registered the vow: "No son of mine shall ever enter the English Army."

This, however, was but an excited moment of panic on the part of a man who had to do something to make Dublin habitable for him ever again. He, like the rest of "the Party," soon fell back into Mr. Birrell's comfortable infatuation that the "unanimity of Ireland has even yet been preserved"—and preserved, of course, in support of the Board of Erin. Before long they had every Corpora-

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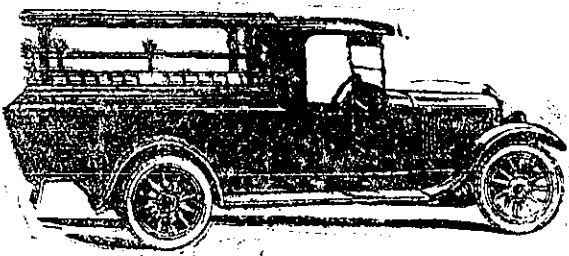
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and County Council filled with Hibernian nominees passing "unanimous" resolutions expressing the country's "detestation and horror" of the wicked rebels—resolutions which, before many months were over, the Boards that passed them wiped out from their books with penitential tears in the hope of absolution from their electorate. The rebels were being courtmartialled or deported in their thousands, the last of their newspapers were extinguished, and the country-laid prostrate in a silence that seemed to be the brother of death. The reign of the Board of Erin was apparently so completely re-established that we had the farseeing Mr. Dillon assuring any Republicans who still ventured to show their heads that "the War Office paid no more attention to their antics than to the hopping of as many fleas."

CHAPTER XVI.—"AN IRISH PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Asquith met the Easter Week crisis with a "gesture" which, had he persisted, might, even at the half-past eleventh hour, have saved Home Rule and himself. He went across to Ireland in person, visited the rebels in their prisons—it was even made a high crime that he shook hands with some of them—learned things that were not likely to be divulged in evidence before Lord Hardinge's Commission and returned with the conviction that England was not dealing with a gang of criminals, but with the best youth of a nation—that it was not Dublin Castle or Sir John Maxwell's firing-platoons that had won the day—that, on the contrary, it was "Dublin Castle" that was doomed by God and man to disappear, and it was militarist terrorism that must disarm before the more unconquerable spirit of Liberty. Hearts the most lacerated by recent events could not be impervious to the soothing influence of the pilgrimage of an English Prime Minister who came to Ireland not to insult the memory of Pearse and his brother martyrs, or to traduce their motives, but to do justice to their romantic adventure, to confess that their fight had been "a clean one," and to solicit advice by what great measures of conciliation he could best prove that they had not died in vain. Furthermore, on the morrow of an abortive insurrection savagely put down, and with the knowledge of the futility of expecting any further military aid from Germany,* the great mass of the population might, nobody then doubted, be still weaned from counsels of violence by some practical demonstration that Parliamentary methods were not wholly vain nor English promises always perfidious. A deputation from the All-for-Ireland League who waited on Mr. Asquith in Cork—headed by Captain Sheehan, M.P., whose credentials were his own services in the Munster Fusiliers, and the lives of two of his gallant sons buried on the fields of Flanders—gave the Prime Minister in a sentence the programme which even at that dark hour might have spelled salvation for the two countries. It was—"Any price for a United Ireland, but Partition—never under any possible circumstances!"

A statesman of the Gladstone stature, returning to London with such convictions, would not have rested a day nor relaxed a muscle before giving them practical effect. Mr. Asquith's incurable defect was not want of courage or of constructive capacity, but a genial indolence which was growing upon him as his unexpected passion for human companionship expanded. There is no evidence that he personally went a step further upon the road he had opened up in Ireland. He made the *gran rifiuto* and handed over his Irish task and with it his own future to the ready hands of Mr. Lloyd George. Weighed though the latter was with a thousand feverish cares as Minister for Munitions, his dauntless spirit did not hesitate to accept the inheritance bequeathed to him by his unsuspecting chief. His ignorance of Irish affairs was fathomless as the ocean—so fathomless that, as will be seen in a moment, he was unaware that Mr. Redmond had ever said: "There is no longer an Ulster Difficulty," and had never heard that Mr. Devlin's B.O.E. Hibernians were an exclusively Catholic Order. His genius lay in first making

*Sir Roger Casement was bitter in his complaints of the neglect and contempt which met him on every hand in Berlin. Compare Mr. Ronald McNeill's account of the sympathetic experiences of the emissary of the Ulster Covenanters, Mr. Crawford, in Hamburg and in the Kiel Canal.

daring imaginative proposals and afterwards thinking out how the facts might fit in with them, or might be brutally ignored if they did not. That is not to say that he was consciously heartless or unscrupulous. I think he was always cloudily sensible of the beauty of the Irish cause, both for ethnic reasons, which enabled him to see Celtic visions beyond the Irish seas as well as amidst his own haunted Welsh mountains, and also because Ireland in the House of Commons had shown him the pattern of glorious hardihood which he was himself to copy and improve upon for the upliftment of his Welsh brethren in the House of Commons, up to his day an ineffectual bilingual folk. Even his ignorance might have had its advantages, since it saved him from any inveterate prejudices in affairs so surcharged with prejudice as those of Ireland. It will always be debatable whether if he had accepted the Chief Secretaryship and devoted to it the prodigious energies—the matchless dynamic power of "push and go"—which enabled him to turn the munitionless *débâcle* of Mons into the breaking of the Hindenburg line, he might not have succeeded, where Mr. Asquith with his majority of 98 and a sterilised House of Lords had failed through loss of nerve or a too easy temper.

(To be continued.)

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(By W. J. Fitzpatrick in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*.)

CHAPTER I.

"In the folds of my heart is the Shamrock there
It grows in my love, wide-spreading, fair.
And a thousand times dearer than rose or sedge
Tall-flowering, by the grey sea's edge."

The bright March sun was shining down on the rugged Irish coast, on the Irish sea, and on the Irish mountains rising in lovely grandeur behind it. Along the deserted country road, two figures were pacing slowly, a girl with a face like the dawn, in its freshness and its fairness, and a young man who looked at her with all his heart in his dark eyes.

Madge Bartley and Owen O'Driscoll had known each other all their lives, had been friends and playmates from the time when they were tiny, toddling children, and now that they had grown up to young man and maidenhood the early intimacy had ripened and deepened into something sweeter and tender, consciously on Owen's part, but as yet Madge had not analysed her feelings for her old playmate. She only knew that she was perfectly happy and contented when they were together, and that the day seemed long and dull if Owen did not come and see her some time during its length. Just now her thoughts were in rather a chaotic state, for Owen had told her that he was going away. The firm with which he was engaged had offered him a post in their London branch, and he had practically decided to accept it.

"You see, Madge," he said, slipping his hand inside her arm, "it would be madness for me to refuse this offer, because it is certain to lead to something good eventually. And if I refused it—well, they would probably overlook me altogether, and I might never get another chance of promotion. So I really think I ought to accept it."

There was a wistful ring in his young voice, for he dreaded the imminent parting more than he could express.

"Your—your mother will miss you dreadfully," said Madge, in a rather tremulous voice, for Owen was the "only one son of his mother, and she was a widow."

"Mother will come and live in London, too," replied Owen. "She will like it, for although she married an Irishman, her heart is always with her native London."

"How could anyone who had once lived in this dear beautiful land go back to England?" exclaimed Madge, with her eyes on the distant mountains, those flower blue, sweet eyes of hers which held the dawning of a now strange pain in their starry depths.

"Well, I daresay mother felt something like that when

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she left home, but, you see, Madge, it was to follow the man she loved.

"Oh, yes," Madge sighed, "but you, you—you will not like leaving home?"

"I will not," he returned, with vehemence. "There is only one thing that could make me go. Madge, oh, Madge—say you will miss me a little bit."

He had stopped and faced her, his hands on her shoulders as they stood in the deserted road, a world of love and longing in his eyes. "Madge, dear, tell me that my going will make some difference to you. I—I—could not bear to think that you did not care."

Madge lifted her eyes—wet now, and gazed into his as she answered instantly:

"Care? Of course I care, Owen. I shall miss you—oh, dreadfully. I—I do not know what I shall do without you."

"Dear," he said, "I know I have not the smallest right to speak to you now and I do not ask you for anything—remember that. But just want you to know that I am going away to try to get on, so that some day I may have the right to speak to you. Oh, Madge, dearest," the passionate, eager words pouring out as if he was moved by some force outside of himself; "I know what people would say to me if I tried to bind you now by any promise to me, and I should deserve all that they could say. But at least I may tell you what you are to me. That can do you no hurt. Madge, I love you, I love you! I think I have loved you since the first day I played with you on the sands down there. Dear, I did not mean to betray myself. I did not intend to say anything of this to you, but somehow when I saw your face just now, and your dear eyes wet—"

He stopped, mightily moved and shaken by the force of his emotions, while she said gently:

"Why should you not tell me, Owen? Do you think," very softly, "that I do not care to hear it?"

"God bless you, Madge. It has been such a comfort to me to tell you that I love you, and I do not think I have done you any wrong, since I have not asked you for anything. I have not asked you to give me any promise. Stop, dear," as she was about to speak. "I know, perhaps, what your dear, generous heart would say, but I will not let you say it. I will not let you promise me anything."

"Why?" she asked him, brave in the knowledge that she loved him, too.

"Because it may be years before I can come back to you with anything to offer you except"—with a slight laugh—"my love. And, dear," pressing closely the two little hands now taken into his close clasp. "I am not going to bind you down to anything indefinite. Other men," with a sharp, short sigh, as if the very thought of his own suggestion were agony to him, "will love you, better men than I, and though none of them," with passionate assurance, "can ever love you more than I do, yet they may be able to give you more in the way of position and wealth."

"As if," said Madge, proudly, "I should care about that."

"God bless you, dear. I know you wouldn't. But your parents, Madge. They might, very naturally, have something to say about it. No, dear; I absolutely refuse to bind you now, but if I do get on well, when I have got something to offer you, may I come back then, Madge, and ask you for what I dare not ask you now?"

"Whenever you come," she said, steadily, though the tears stood thick in her sad eyes, "I will be waiting for you."

"And you will not forget me, dear?"

"I will never forget you, Owen."

For one long minute the brown eyes held the blue, and then—for there was no one to see—his arms went round her and folded her close.

"Kiss me, dear," he whispered, "just once, so that I may have something to remember." And as she raised her face to his, it seemed to them as if the world stood still for that first lover's kiss.

"There," he said, as he released her, "no one can ever take that from me in all the years to be. Madge, give me something to keep, something in remembrance of

to-day. Give me a piece of that shamrock you are wearing."

It was St. Patrick's Day, and Madge had pinned in the front of her dress a huge spray of the national emblem, "the green, immortal shamrock." She unpinned the brooch which kept it in place, and held out the spray to Owen.

"There," she said, "take it all. It is a nice piece. I gathered it myself this morning, and"—with a little unsteady laugh—"I hope it will bring you the very best of luck."

Owen took the shamrock almost reverently from her, and raised it to his lips.

"It will be my charm," he said, "for it will speak to me of Ireland and of you. I shall always keep it, Madge, always. And see," detaching the piece he wore in his coat, "I will give you mine. Will you keep it dear? And, perhaps it will sometimes remind you of the boy who is working and thinking of you far away. And, oh, Madge, if ever you should want me, if ever you should need a friend, then send me that piece of shamrock, dear, and I will come to you from the ends of the earth."

"I will remember," she said softly; "I will always remember Owen."

Ten days later Owen bade adieu to his native land, and to Madge. The parting was a trial to both of them, for in the hearts of both was the thought that it "might be for years and it might be for ever," but they bade each other a brave farewell, with the simple blessing which comes so readily to the lips of the Gael, and the hope was a prayer for their speedy reunion.

CHAPTER II.

Madge Bartley stood before the mirror and surveyed her dainty reflection with satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that one is perfectly and becomingly gowned. The soft sheen of the pearl-tinted satin showed off to perfection the fresh tintings of her flower-like face, with its soft crown of gold-brown hair.

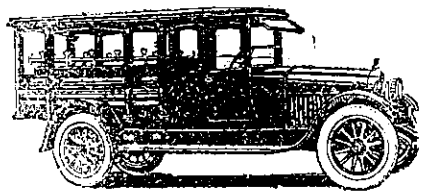
"Money certainly is a satisfaction," thought Madge, with a little smile at the dazzling image in the glass, but the next instant the smile faded, and the blue eyes grew sombre as she reflected that there are some things in the world that money cannot buy, the things best worth having, such as love and joy and great abiding happiness.

Some months after Owen's departure a great and unexpected change of fortune had come to the Bartley's. A great uncle of Mrs. Bartley's had died leaving to her the whole of his immense fortune. Consequently Madge had the delightful experience of possessing as much money for her gloves as she had previously been obliged to make cover her whole yearly expenditure. Her parents moved into a better neighborhood and society took them up, and when it realised that Madge was an heiress it discovered also that she was a beauty, and she was in a fair way to have her head turned. But through all her change of fortune and position Madge's heart remained loyal to the boy who had kissed her and gone away, taking with him her love and constant prayers. No one knew why she remained so deaf to all the suitors—young and old—who came a-wooing; no one even guessed why there was sometimes a wistful look in her flower blue eyes, or why her smiling face was sometimes clouded with a shadow, as if pain and she were not unacquainted. Only the stars could have told of the restless, sleepless hours when Madge lay wide-eyed and miserable, wondering why Owen had given up writing to her, if he had forgotten her, if his passionate love-words had been but the outcome of a boy's passing fancy, if absence had taught him that he had not really cared.

"If I might know that he had forgotten me I could bear it easier than this suspense, this eternal wondering why," she thought.

But the days grew into weeks, and the weeks lengthened into months, and no word came from him after one brief note in which he had congratulated her on their unexpected good fortune.

"It could not be the money that has come between us," she thought, sick at heart with wondering why the chill of silence had fallen between them, and why her last letter remained unanswered.



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But Madge was not the girl to wear the willow in public, and, however, her heart ached at times, she presented a gay and smiling face to the world.

She had come to London to stay with a girl friend, Lily Kinsella, and was in the midst of a round of gaiety and pleasure, enjoying to the full her first glimpse of the great capital.

It was the 17th of March, and they were going to the theatre that evening to see an Irish play—a tribute to Madge's nationality. She sighed as she fastened a huge spray of shamrock in the front of her dress, as she remembered last St. Patrick's Day, and she thought how she would give all the light and glitter of her present surroundings to be back once more on a lonely road, within sight of the Irish mountains and sound of the Irish sea, to hear once more a voice, young, ardent, passionate, a voice long heard in dreams alone, to feel again on her lips that first lover's kiss.

Madge was not in the least interested in the piece. She felt a contemptuous amusement for the stage Irishman, and wondered if anyone who had once heard the beautiful rippling music of the brogue could really accept as a faithful rendering of its sweetness the atrocious mixture of accent which came from the lips of the actors. Exceedingly bored by the whole performance, her glance left the stage and wandered round the crowded theatre, idly scanning the sea of more or less interested faces. Then in the semi-darkness, one face turned to her own seemed to stand out distinctly, and she felt as if her heart stopped, and then raced madly on. Then the lights went up and her eyes met his for it was Owen—Owen—who sat there, just the same as of old, but with a tired expression on his handsome face. For an instant they looked in grave surprise into each other's eyes, then Madge smiled and bowed.

"Is it to you young O'Driscoll has just bowed?" asked Tom Kinsella.

"Do you know him?" she asked, quickly. "I used to know him when he lived in Ireland."

"Oh, I only know him slightly. He always strikes me as a poor beggar who is rather down on his luck."

"Down on his luck!" The expression haunted Madge for the rest of the evening. "Down on his luck." When fortune had smiled on her. How she yearned over him and longed to comfort him. She would like to have asked Tom innumerable questions about him, but shyness restrained her.

However, as they left the theatre, Owen himself came forward to speak to her; conventionally polite and courteous, but it seemed to her a little strained in his manner.

"How do you do?" she said, "I—this is a surprise, I did not expect to see you."

"Nor I you," he returned, and then she introduced him to Lily Kinsella, and the four young people left the theatre together.

"You—you are quite well, Owen?" she asked, "and your mother? You have quite forgotten us, I think," speaking nervously and hurriedly, for they had only a moment or two together.

"I did not flatter myself I had any right to remember you," he said a trifle bitterly. "You are a very different person now, you know from the little girl I used to play with. Fortune has not been as kind to me as she has to you."

"Then it is the money," was Madge's swift inward thought. "Oh, what a silly, proud boy he is."

There was no time for more, for the Kinsella's motor had come up, and Owen was making his adieu. But as he held Madge's hands in his own he looked into her eyes, because although he might school his tongue and his manner, he had not so much control over the "windows of his soul," and Madge looked into their unhappy depths, and read the truth there. He loved her still, he loved her just as much as ever but because she was rich and he was poor he considered he was for ever debarred from telling her so. All the way home her thoughts were in a whirl, for she realised that all her life's happiness was linked irrevocably with his.

She scarcely heard the merry chatter of the others, but as she bade Tom good night, she said carelessly, "So

you know Mr. O'Driscoll's address? I quite forgot to ask him."

"Something, Thornley terrace," he answered. "I expect Thornley terrace would find him if he has been living there any length of time."

Madge thanked him and said no more, but that very evening a sealed envelope addressed to Owen O'Driscoll, Esq., lay in her writing case ready to be posted on the morrow, and it contained nothing but a withered brown spray of what had once been living green shamrocks. Madge had always carried it about with her and guarded it as her most priceless possession.

The next evening he came. As Madge went to meet him in the library, she was seized with a fit of shyness, and could find no words with which to greet him. But he came towards her with his hands outstretched.

"Madge," he said, "Madge, darling, I have no right to come to you, I, a penniless nobody. They will say," with a catch in his voice, "that I am a fortune hunter. They will not believe what is God's own truth, that I love you dear, and have loved you ever since."

"Dear," said Madge, bravely, though the color flamed in her face, "what does it matter what people say? Is your pride stronger than your love for me?"

Then Owen's hands went round her, and that love had conquered and that pride was slain.

"It was the shamrock that did it Madge," he replied. "I should never have had the courage to come if you had not sent to me and told me by it that you were just the same little girl as the Madge of long ago."

"It has brought us back Owen," she said softly, and he answered reverently:

"God bless it, darling: It has brought me back to you."

Obituary

MRS. MARGARET MAHONEY, CHRISTCHURCH.

There passed away on August 25 a highly respected resident of Christchurch, in the person of Mrs. Margaret Mahoney, widow of the late Daniel Mahoney, of Carlton Street, Merivale. The deceased was a very devout Catholic, and being of a kindly disposition enjoyed the esteem of a wide circle of friends. The interment took place in Linwood Cemetery; Rev. Father Roche, S.M., celebrated Requiem Mass at St. Mary's Church and officiated at the graveside. The many expressions of sincere sympathy extended to those of her family who survive her and mourn their loss, testified to the respect in which the deceased was held.—R.I.P.

MR. DANIEL FINNIGAN, NELSON.

Deep regret was expressed when it became known that Mr. Daniel Finnigan had passed peacefully away at his residence, 58 Tasman Street, on the 20th ult., at the age of 62 years. The deceased was born in Co. Cork, Ireland, and came to New Zealand in 1880. He was engaged in mining pursuits on the West Coast for a period of twenty years, after which he came to Nelson in 1904, being an employee of the Nelson City Council up to twelve months ago. Although quiet and retiring, he unobtrusively performed many charitable acts which will long be remembered by those who sought after help and kindness. Much sympathy prevails for his widow and family of seven daughters and five sons, his only sister Mrs. Costigan of Greymouth, and his only brother Mr. Denny Finnigan. The funeral took place after Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul being celebrated at St. Mary's Church by Rev. Father Hoare, who also conducted the last sad rites at the graveside, where the large cortege was a fitting tribute to the high esteem in which he was held.—R.I.P.

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The Church in New Zealand

AUCKLAND DIOCESE: SOME OLD-TIME RECORDS.

A Typical Early Marist Missionary

As showing the truly wonderful endurance of the early Marist Missionary Fathers in the face of privations and hardships, apart from the dangers to life and limb so often encountered as to become almost their daily experience, we quote the following relating to Father Petitjean, and the conditions he endured, we may reasonably assume, were the common lot of his devoted confreres:—From New Zealand Father Petitjean writes to his family in 1841 thus: "My sister asks me what sufferings I have endured in these far-away missions. Is it proper that I who have just entered on missionary work should speak of sufferings? However, if this interests you, here are some details concerning my usual food: I do not mean to mention them as privations. My food is sometimes pork, sometimes potatoes; I vary one by the other; for dessert a few grains of corn cooked in water: and that is all. Lately, I met a Protestant gentleman, who took pleasure in enumerating in the greatest detail, his articles of diet, and added 'You have all these too, haven't you?' I replied to him very simply: No, I have very little rice; I don't eat bread; I have only enough wine for Mass; I have given up tea and

his feet. Often after a day's journey, the Missionary would knock at the door of a cabin which he found to be destitute of inhabitants: in such cases he easily found a sleeping place, but no means of appeasing his hunger."

At that time, and for many years afterwards, those zealous pastors (the Marist Missionaries) were obliged to find their way as best they could about a country still in the primeval state of nature. To the amazement of the Maoris, they would emerge from the unknown carrying the whole of their worldly possessions (including the requisites for offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass) strapped to their shoulders. The following extract from an article "The Story of the Church in Otago and Southland, 1840-1920," written for the *Tablet* on the occasion of the consecration of Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, as third Bishop of Dunedin, may prove of interest in the present connection. "During these years (probably the late 'forties and early 'fifties) a considerable native population inhabited paha along the coast of Otago about Waikouaiti, and among them the priest would spend a few days. The home of Michael Leahy, a son of Erin, married to a native woman, was ever the hospitable haven for the Missionary worn out with the toils of travel, privation, and exposure: and here he would rest and "refit" preparatory to resuming his journeying elsewhere, and meanwhile instruct the Maoris and administer to their spiritual needs. A lady



VIEW OF RUSSELL, BAY OF ISLANDS (KORORAREKA OF THE MAORI, AND SCENE OF HONI HEKE'S EXPLOITS)

The historic residence of Bishop Pompallier stands behind the trees to the extreme right of this picture.

drink nothing but water: If I had something better I would keep it most carefully, in case I should receive the visit of some great chief or some stranger!" My trips into the midst of these tribes produce no change whatever in my daily habits. I live, like the natives, on potatoes. If they have any fish, they share it with me. These people live very poorly, for they sell the labor of their brows to Europeans to procure clothing. The ground serves as both chair and table; little baskets or large leaves, take the place of plates."

We extract the following from another record. "The frequent journeys they (the Missionaries) were forced to make in a country destitute of roads was another source of hardship. They had to travel over paths that sometimes led through swamps, sometimes were steep and narrow and almost always covered over with undergrowth. Oftentimes they lost their way, being unable to distinguish the windings of the path. Father Petitjean narrates how once losing his path, he had to climb up walls of rock. Underneath him lay the ocean, into which one false step would have sent him headlong. He climbed up courageously however, struggling with the brushwood and tormented by thirst, not knowing whether or not he would find his path again. In his distress he began to sing the hymn, "I place my confidence, Mary, in your protection"; and just at that moment he saw the road he was to follow at

now resident in Dunedin, a daughter of Michael Leahy, related to the present writer how her mother remembered to her dying day the prayers taught her by the priest by whom she was married. This lady, despite her many disadvantages, has staunchly kept the faith. As a child, together with her brother, she well remembers accompanying the priests for some distance on their departure to point out the way along bush tracks known only to the Maoris, no such modern conveniences as roads of any description existing until many years afterwards. She distinctly recollects Fathers Séon and Petitjean, known among the Maoris as Father Joseph (Hohepa), and Father John (Honi)—also Father Moreau who came later—in their old-time wanderings, and often marvelled (as did the natives generally) how they found their way about, and through forest-fastnesses; an easy matter, however, for the Maoris themselves, who are naturally gifted with a shrewd sense of location. They were well enough instructed to realise that Divine Providence guided and protected the priests.

Although to a great extent the settled portion of the Otago province has been denuded of its forests, the well-trod Maori tracks through the bush may still be clearly defined in the now open country. A recent writer made a study of these old-time pathways, tracing them in all directions but invariably leading from one pah or camping ground to another and always with a certain objective. The results of this writer's investigations provided most interesting reading.

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Current Topics

Monsignor Seipel About Again

Monsignor Seipel, Chancellor of Austria, who has been confined to hospital since the attempt made to assassinate him some time ago, has now recovered and is about again. He left the hospital on the eve of his silver jubilee in the priesthood, and returned to the Franciscan monastery in which he lived in preference to the stately mansion assigned to the high office filled by him. The people crowded in thousands to the monastery to offer him their congratulations in the Church of the Sacred Heart, where his jubilee was to be celebrated. The Most Rev. Archbishop Sibilis, Nuncio Apostolic to the Austrian Republic, was present, and the Cabinet Ministers and members of Parliament were there in full force. The aristocratic families of Vienna, members of the professions and callings were as well represented as the populace; for all felt delighted to have the saviour of Austria back again. The respect felt for him at Rome was manifested in the presence of the whole Diplomatic Corps, representative of most of the countries of the world. At the conclusion of Mass the Nuncio left his throne and advanced to Monsignor Seipel's prie-dieu to read to him the message from his Holiness the Pope. The Holy Father recalled all the head of the Austrian Government had done for his country, and he thanked Providence for having preserved Monsignor Seipel from the attempt upon his life. He expressed the hope that the wounds, which were thought mortal, would soon allow the Chancellor to take up once more the duties of his office. As far as the silver jubilee was concerned the Pope assured the celebrant that he participated in it with as much joy as he had heard the news of the attempted assassination with sorrow. His Holiness concluded by congratulating the Chancellor on the silver jubilee of his ordination, and wished him many active years in the priesthood.

An "Irish" Criminal

When Mahon, the English murderer, was being tried for his life several British newspapers "starred" the case under the heading, "The Irishman in the Dock." As a matter of fact, Mahon was not an Irishman. He had nothing Irish in him. He was un-Irish in every quality, attribute, and characteristic. Some of the Home papers report that he was one of Lloyd George's Black-and-Tans; and indeed the crime for which he was hanged was worthy of a member of that infamous force. In one sense the action of the newspapers in calling him an Irishman and in emphasising the falsehood that his crime was an Irishman's crime is too trivial to merit notice. In another sense, however, it is important as it shows the rooted, unreasoning hatred of Ireland with which these journals are consumed. When they discuss an Irish question they ride to judgment on the back of anti-Irish prejudice; and the meanness that peeps out at us in small things becomes a monster in great issues. The contemptible spirit that moves them to refer to an English murderer as an Irish criminal also counsels them to speak of an Irishman like Bernard Shaw as the great "English" dramatist and of the Duke of Wellington as the lean "Englishman." When Irish genius makes its mark it is claimed for England; but when an English criminal happens to have an Irish name his crime is proclaimed as an Irish disgrace. The conduct of journalists who stoop to tactics of this kind differs little from that of "Civis," the local falsifier of historical testimony, except that they do their ignoble work with a certain amount of ability.

The "High Sign"

The secret society is an abomination condemned by the Church irrespective of whether it is clothed in the pharisaical respectability of English Freemasonry or the brutal arrogance of the Orange Lodge. The surprising thing is that the civil population tolerate it so easily, as its activities are directed invariably against the interests of the people as a whole. Every country in the world is menaced by secret societies. In England and the Dominions the Masonic Order predominates to the extent that it is almost impossible to point to a position of trust that is not filled by a member. This kind of thing has the worst possible effect upon the character of the individual and upon the interests of the community. It makes for inefficiency, wire-pulling, and general corruption. Under such conditions the public servant, in the last analysis, is not the servant of the public but the servant of the oath-bound secret society that secured his appointment. Prior to the war the German military authorities forbade army officers to join secret societies; and it was only after the French Masons by their bungling and conspiracies had brought their country face to face with defeat that the Government had to get rid of them and fill their places with honest able men of the type of Marshal Foch. The possibilities of the secret society in the civil life of the community are well illustrated by the following extract from *America*:

"A Protestant preacher and a member of his choir in New Jersey were murdered some time ago. At once the police authorities began to search for the murderer. They made a stir. They followed clues. They had theories. They interrogated a multitude. Accounts of their activities filled columns of space in the newspapers. Eventually a neighbor, locally called 'the pig woman' from her occupation, stated, so it was reported, that she had been near the scene of the tragedy on the night it occurred and that she saw a woman holding in her lap the head of the dead minister. Was that woman taken before the grand jury? Was the other woman arrested? Or were the detectives called off? Was police activity ended? Were the newspapers silenced? Was the crime hushed up? Is the 'high sign' stronger than the law? Not long after this event, the son of a rich baker in New York State killed a poor sailor. He admitted the killing. He was arrested and tried for murder. He pleaded not guilty. But he made no defense, introduced no witnesses, did not himself testify. He was declared not guilty. Is the 'high sign' stronger than the law? More recently an architect in a Maryland town, who was separated from his wife, bought a pistol and asked the hardware dealer to show him how to load it and fire it. Some days later, after he had time to learn how to use the weapon, he called at the house where his wife was, went up to her room, had an interview with her, and when he came downstairs she was dead, killed by a bullet. He was tried before three judges. They declared him not guilty. Is the 'high sign' stronger than the law? Just before Congress adjourned a representative from a Western State and another man went one night in a sedan automobile from Washington to Virginia. They parked the machine by the roadside near Alexandria. Shortly afterwards two constables came along, peered into the sedan, and discovered the visitors in the act of perpetrating an unmentionable crime. The policemen arrested the Congressman and his companion, and took them to gaol, after refusing bribes offered to let them go. At the trial the constables testified under oath to what they had seen. In the face of that testimony the jury acquitted the accused. Is the 'high sign' stronger than the law?"

The Klan and Protestantism

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rights of men, no doctrines that appertain to a free people: it has organised a voting strength bound by corrupt principles of religious bigotry, racial hatred, place of birth, nationality, and the lower and baser elements of human nature that awaken prejudice. With that prejudice organised, the Klan seeks to put into force the identical doctrines that are prohibited in the United States by its Constitution, and have been condemned by every pure-minded patriot from that day to this."

The foregoing is the description of the Ku Klux Klan organisation as given by Patrick H. O'Donnell in *America*. Incidentally Mr. O'Donnell shows that the founders of the Constitution of the United States embodied religious rights and privileges in the fundamental law of the land, and that they laid the lines of political power to run parallel, not to conflict with religious belief and the right of conscience. He points out that the strength of the Klan lies in the fact that it assumes to speak for the patriotism of the country; that it claims to be representative of the great majority of the nation, as the majority is at least non-Catholic; and that because it pretends to be a spokesman of Protestantism the timid politician takes refuge in the excuse that to interfere with the Klan would be to bring religion into politics. The writer proves that the history of the last three years shows that the weight of the Klan infamy rests upon Protestant shoulders. Hooded knights direct their wrath by terrorism against the negro, the most helpless section of all. The negro group is fewer than twelve millions in America, and it is Protestant by a vast majority. Whatever else may be said about the negro, he is a devout believer and a sincere worshipper. Therefore, the Klan persecutes a race, denies it every right to which it is entitled by the Constitution, and having tried to strip that race of religious and political rights and debase its members as Protestant and American, it does not lie in the mouth of the Klan to say that it represents Protestantism. If the Klan is a religious issue and is directed against Catholics it is strange but true that the Klan-ridden States are almost exclusively Protestant. It has been judicially and definitely determined that in Oklahoma there were 3500 outrages, ranging from assault to assassination of both men and women, but it has not yet come to light that a single Catholic has suffered at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan. Fiends in the name of Protestantism have stood over men and women and lashed them into insensibility; or, in some cases, murdered them, but so far as the records show Catholics have escaped their fury. Hypocrites in the name of Protestantism have inflicted untold miseries upon men and women who seek consolation in Protestant denominations. The records of trials in klaverns show that klansmen have defied the courts of law and usurped their functions, and that their sentences have been followed by scourgings and assassinations directed not against members of the Catholic faith: their victims now fill Protestant graves. "When it is declared," Mr. O'Donnell concludes, "that Klanism is a religious question let it be said: Yes, it is an assault on Protestantism as it appears in the black race; Protestantism as it appears in the victims that have been outraged and assaulted: Protestantism as men live in Protestant States, and Protestantism as Protestants have maintained liberty and the Constitution and the laws of the nation. And Protestants will undoubtedly not be found wanting at this late day."

Old Stones and Continuity

Certain non-Catholic clergymen have been writing to the papers to tell of historic stones which were sent out from England to be used in the foundations of churches in New Zealand. In reference to one such boulder, an Auckland cleric tells the public that it was sent to St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, from England, where it originally formed part of a monastery in Canterbury, erected by St. Augustine in 597, A.D. Finally we are informed that "this fact spoke eloquently of the continuity of the Church, linking up the present with early days of Christ-

ianity in England." We know a respectable Catholic pawnbroker who exhibits in his window a Freemason "jewel." But he does not tell anybody that this jewel is eloquent of his continuity with the Dark Brotherhood or that it links him up with their past in any way.

It is historically evident that the Church of England is not in continuity with the Church in England before Henry VIII. How was the spiritual supremacy of the Pope overthrown, and who "transubstantiated" Henry into a Pope, and converted the Church of England into a state institution? The Pope refused to sanction adultery. Henry could not live without committing adultery, and so he made himself head of the Church, and appointed a kindred spirit, Cromwell, his vicar-general. We know Henry; let Dean Maitland introduce Cromwell to us: "The Lord Cromwell was the patron of ribaldry, of low jesters, and filthy ballad mongers." To this pair archbishops and bishops bowed and salaamed as to the supreme spiritual authorities, representing Christ on earth. And, as Cairdener says, "neither holiness of life: high integrity, wit wisdom, European fame, nor the memory of old familiar friendship, could shield any man from the King's resentment who would not declare his acceptance of the new doctrine of supremacy." Hallam says, "An historian whose bias was not unfavorable to Protestantism confesses that all endeavors to overcome the aversion of the people to the reformation were too weak, and even intimates that *German troops were sent for on account of the Bigotry with which the bulk of the nation adhered to the old superstition . . . the Protestant faith was imposed on our ancestors by a foreign (German) army.*" No wonder the Loyal Orangemen are so fond of the Kaiser! Groer says, "The years of Cromwell's administration form the one period in our history which deserves the name that men gave the reign of Robespierre. It was the English Terror. The State Papers tell how faithfully the people clung to the old faith, and how they resisted till the life-blood gushing from their lips stifled their protests." All this is clear proof that there was a breach of such a nature that it meant actual apostasy. And that apostasy was accomplished by the aid of a German army directed by two monsters of cruelty and lust. Protestant historians witness that the historical facts of the case were as we have stated. And though some Anglicans of our day tell us there never was any change, the bishops of Henry and Edward had no such illusions. Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, writes to Peter Martyr, February, 1562: "Now that the light of the Gospel has shone forth, the very vestiges of error, must, as far as possible be removed, together with the rubbish, and, as the saying is, with the very dust, and I wish we could effect this in respect to that linen surplice: for as a matter of doctrine we have pared everything away to the very quick and do not differ from your doctrine by a hair's breadth." If this is not a frank avowal that the Anglican Church had turned Protestant we can not trust our senses. If there was no change why was a German army employed to make the people change? If the doctrines of the Church of England were no innovation why did people die rather than accept them at that time? Contrast for a moment the character of Cromwell and of Cranmer with the character of Thomas More, or of John Fisher, and ask yourself which men were on the right side? Of all the tragic farces in history there is none equal to the grave efforts of Anglican bishops to persuade themselves in the face of plain evidence that their Church had any origin more remote than the will of an immoral tyrant who introduced the State Church (of which he was the glorious head) in order to remove all restraint on his passions. When we consider its origin we do not wonder that men should seek to hide that origin. But the combination of good faith with their blindness is an amazement and a paradox.

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By SOPHIE HALL
for the "N.Z. Tablet"

"Come lets away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i the cage;
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness; so we'll live
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies."

—King Lear, v., iii.

Genius has been described inadequately as an infinite capacity for taking pains. The world, however, continues to believe that it consists in the existence of certain special powers not vouchsafed to the typical man. Industry can never supply the place of inspiration, and the musical genius of a Beethoven is not to be explained by reference to his thematic note books. But no genius marches triumphant without knowledge, Michaelangelo and Raphael had to learn how to paint. Beethoven had to study counterpoint.

So, too, the interpretative musician may have genius, as Liszt undoubtedly had; but like him, his successors must have keen penetrative analysis, based on knowledge. The wider and deeper this knowledge the more serviceable it will be. Liszt had a masterful acquaintance with the history of his art, and when he embarked on his exploration of the resources of the piano, he knew whence he was starting and, like a second Columbus, he might guess where he was likely to arrive.

So we venture to assert that the interpreting musician who may have a complete technic, and impeccable taste, genuine temperament, and a lively imagination, together with a sound theoretical groundwork, is still insufficient if he lacks that broader and inspiring view which is to be obtained from the illuminating historical retrospect.

A knowledge of the history of music is invaluable to every lover of music, and every scholar of music, first by its broadening of the imagination, and secondly, by its vital force in the development of style.

Every lover of the music of the period of polished taste, that of which Haydn proclaimed Mozart to be the foremost Master, will know that the piano style of Mozart was not exclusively the outcome of the man's individuality but partly and largely of the possibilities of his instrument, and also of the stock of harmonic materials acquired by the musical world in the latter half of the 18th century.

And the student of musical history possesses a treasury of information which enables him to discern the aim, the direction, and the achievement of Haydn's and Mozart's art,—for with Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—the last of the great Classicists,—the classical forms known as the Sonata and the Symphony reached their highest mark.

Classical music is music written by men of the highest rank in their art,—men corresponding with the "classici" of ancient Rome. It is music written according to widely accepted laws, disclosing the highest degree of perfection on its technical and formal side, but preferring aesthetic beauty to emotional content, and refusing to sacrifice *form* to poetic, dramatic, or characteristic expression.

The Sonata became the dominant form in all kinds of instrumental music in the middle of the 18th century, and has remained the dominant form ever since. Like everything else in this world it was a growth. When the term "sonata" was first used it served only to distinguish pieces that were sounded (Italian "Suonare" to sound) or played on an instrument, as distinct from "cantata"—music to be sung.

Later on, however, the use of the term became restricted, being applied only to works which, like the modern sonata, consisted of several movements.

A modern sonata consists of two, three, or four movements, each movement must be of a character consistent with the first one, and this, and the last movement are always in the same key, though not invariably in the same style. The first movement is generally in rapid tempo;

the second movement is generally in slow tempo, and is usually one of the rondo forms. The final movement is in rapid tempo either in rondo form or sonata form.

A Symphony is a work for orchestra constructed on similar lines to those of the sonata.

The first sonata was written by Johann Kulnau who died in 1722. The sons of the great Johan Sebastian Bach helped to develop the form of the sonata; but the classical form did not reach its height until it had been treated by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

The sonata form contains within itself the vital principles of all musical form, and therefore the essential methods of attaining musical beauty in any type of composition.

The history of the symphony is the history of all art. It moves in cycles; it marks a parabola. It began as a naive expression of feeling; it learned little by little how to master its own working material. As soon as new instruments for producing it were perfected it immediately expanded its style to correspond to the new possibilities.

In Haydn we see it as naive, folklike, tuneful music not highly imaginative, somewhat smacking of the soil. The substance of all Haydn's best work is the folk music of the Croats; a branch of the Slavic race; its gaiety, elasticity, and ingenuousness are Slavic rather than Haydnish. It is true he idealises the music of his people as a gifted individual will always idealise any popular art he touches; but he remains true to his source, and accurately representative of it, just as the finest tree contains only those elements which it can draw from the soil in which it grows.

Mozart, more personal than Haydn, shares with him his aloofness, the reticence of classicism. The symphony in Mozart's hands reaches a stage of classic perfection which may be compared to Raphael's paintings. Hardly a touch of the picturesque, the romantic, or the realistic mars its serene beauty; it smiles on all alike; it is not for you or for me,—but for everyone.

And how delightful are Mozart's digressions; he often enlivens you with a story,—by the way, but he always manages to preserve the continuity of his material.

Haydn could also write melodies with elegance of outline and vocal fluency. Melody, that mainstay of musical expression, dances on through every measure suggesting sometimes the rough homespun of the peasant and sometimes the glittering adornments of the courtier.

Haydn had the people's blood in his veins; and their homesongs and dances, crop out inevitably through his artistic settings.

Joseph Haydn was born in Rohrau, Austria, on April 1, 1732. His father was a poor wheelwright, whose ancestry was Slavic rather than German,—the name was originally Hajden, a name which is common in Croatia,—his mother had been a nobleman's cook but both were musical, in fact the father could play the harp without knowing a note of music.

In his early childhood the talent of the boy was discovered from his delight and ability to play upon the drums—instruments to which he was accustomed from his infancy. At the age of six he went to study with a relative; at eight he joined the famous choir at St. Stephens's Cathedral in Vienna, where he stayed for over nine years, studying and singing.

Here he obtained free support and free instruction in singing, receiving lessons from the cathedral choir master, Reuter. It is said that Haydn practised at least sixteen hours a day during this period of his studies.

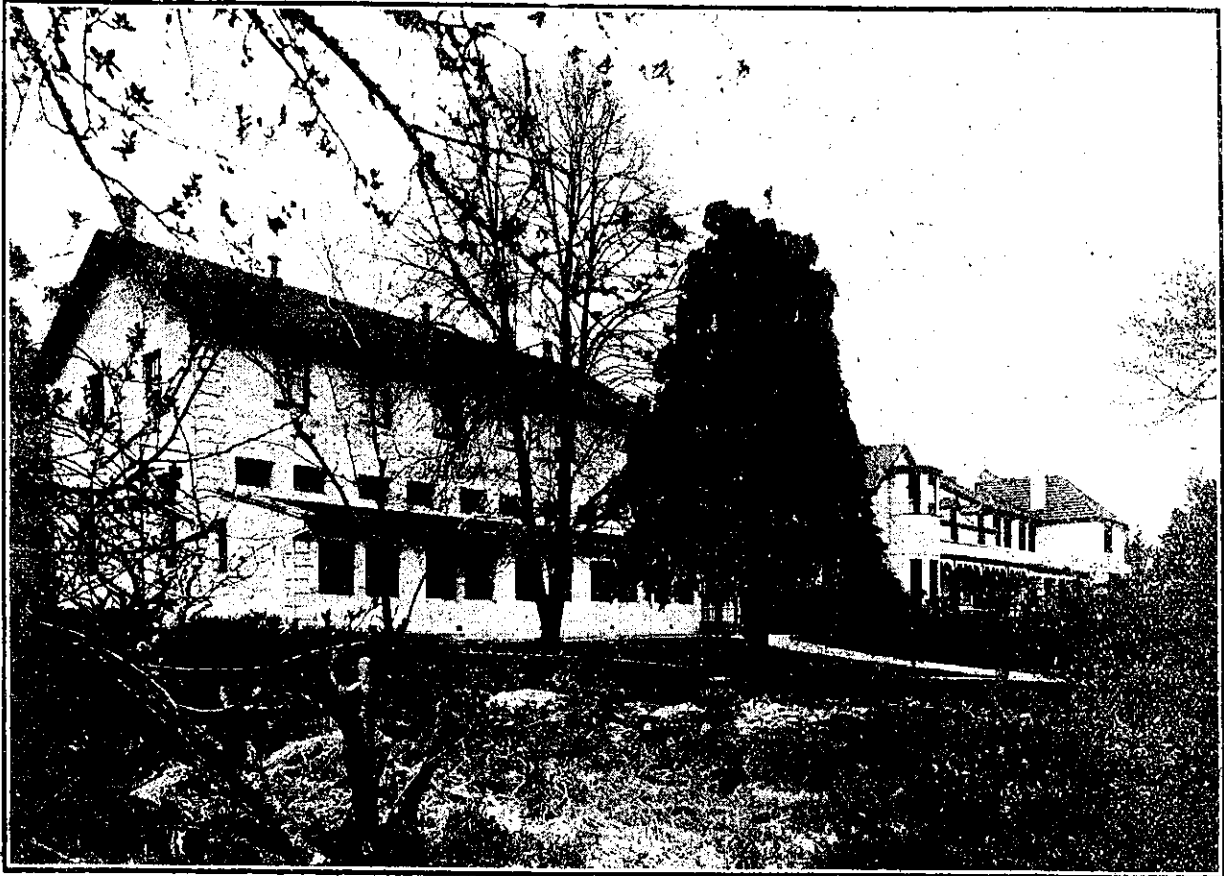
At the age of sixteen his habit of playing practical jokes caused him to be expelled from the choir: he had bought a new pair of scissors and in order to find how sharp they were, he tried them on the pigtail of a fellow chorister; the pigtail was cut clean off the wig, and the joker was condemned to be caned,—and then told to go. Being penniless and unable to find employment for some time,

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he might have starved had it not been for his friends, who obtained for him a few pupils,—by this means he was able to earn enough to provide himself with the bare necessities of life.

During the next six years he wrote his first Mass; a comic opera; and his first quartet for stringed instruments.

For a time he studied under the great teacher, Nicolo Porpora, blacking his boots, etc., and serving as his valet, in payment.

However his ability soon became known and he secured wealthy patrons who provided him with means to continue his work. One of these—Count Morzin—of Bohemia had a fine orchestra and while conducting this in 1759, Haydn wrote his first symphony. Two years later Haydn became assistant choir master at the country seat of Prince Esterhazy, an enthusiastic amateur, who,—struck with the merit and originality of a new symphony of Haydn's,—retained the composer in his private service; subsequently giving him the appointment of Chapel master, a post which he continued to hold till the death of the Prince in 1790.

During his tenure of office Haydn composed a large number of symphonies, operas, Masses, concertos, and other instrumental and vocal works.

Haydn's operas like those of Handel are now swallowed in oblivion, though he wrote over twenty-five works for the stage.

Prince Esterhazy was known as "The Magnificent" and some idea of the elegance of the court in which Haydn spent much of his active life may be gained from the fact that the Prince's own court costume was embroidered with genuine diamonds. The favorite instrument of the Prince was the Viola di bordone, and Haydn was obliged to furnish new pieces for this instrument all the time.

After the Prince died Haydn went to London to conduct some concerts. There he was received with enormous enthusiasm and Oxford University conferred the degree of "Musical Doctor" upon him.

He returned to Vienna but went back to London in 1794 meeting with even greater success: there he heard the Oratorio Music of Handel, which inspired him later to write his famous Oratorio, "The Creation," which he composed in 1798 at the age of 66.

The fame of "The Creation" which was produced in Vienna soon spread through Europe; in England it has long been second only to the "Messiah" in popular favor. During his two visits to London Haydn composed the group known as the "London Symphonies" twelve in number which rank amongst the finest of his orchestral works.

Thomson's well known poem furnished the subject for Haydn's next Oratorio "The Seasons" which was completed in 1801. This was Haydn's last important work.

Haydn established the Sonata form on a permanent basis. Many tentative efforts toward a new method of musical structure, based on an organised contrast of themes and keys had been made. Haydn organised this material and welded it into the sonata form of which he composed forty-four.

He built upon the popular songs and dances of his native land, which in the matter of structure belong to the same order of art, as symphonies and sonatas! And how this kind of music could be made on a grander scale was what Haydn wanted to discover.

Haydn owed much to Emanuel Bach—the greatest clavier player, teacher, and accompanist of his day. Of him Haydn said: "Those who know me well must be aware that I owe very much to Emanuel Bach, whose works I understand and have thoroughly studied."

No two musicians, small or great, were ever better disposed towards each other than were Haydn and Mozart. They frequently met and it is not saying too much that they truly loved each other.

It was Mozart who, recognising his brother composer as his foster-father in music, called him by the fond title of "Papa Haydn," which sticks to him yet. We, also, though for other reasons may well call him "Papa." He was the "father of instrumental music,"—he created the modern forms, of instrumental music:—Sonata, symphony, string-quartet, etc.; he individualised the instruments of the orchestra, and gave them independence.—So "Papa" Haydn he was and "Papa" he remains.

Haydn, in like manner, showed his fondness for Mozart in many ways; on one occasion he exclaimed, "If I could instil into the soul of every lover of music, the admiration I have for Mozart's matchless works, all countries would seek to be possessed of so great a treasure. Let Prague keep him, ah! and well reward him. Mozart is incomparable. Forgive me if I get excited when speaking of him, I am so fond of him!"

When Haydn was musical director to Count Morzin in 1759 or 1760, he received a salary of £20 a year. Nevertheless he felt this meagre income sufficient to warrant his marrying the daughter, of a wigmaker, named Köller.

His wife's maiden name was Maria Anna Köller: She was three years older than Haydn, and is described as a veritable "Xantippi," heartless, unsociable, quarrelsome, and extravagant, who made things hot for her husband all the rest of their married life. Carpani says she was "not pretty nor yet ugly." Her manners "were immaculate, but she had a wooden head and when she had fixed on a caprice there was no way to change it."

She used his manuscripts as curl-papers, and underlays for pastry, and even told him, when he was in London that she had seen "such a nice widow's residence, should he die" and asked him to send her the money to buy it.

Haydn, however, survived her nine years. He bought the house she had coveted "and now" he wrote in 1806, "it is I who am living in it—as a widower."

Haydn's last years were a constant struggle with the infirmities of age; and when his presence was specially desired at a performance of "The Creation" in 1808, he had to be carried in an armchair to his place in the concert hall. At the words "And there was light" he was completely overcome and became more and more agitated as the performance went on, and at last had to be carried out. People of the highest rank crowded round to take leave of him and Beethoven, who had been for a short time his pupil, fervently stooped and kissed his forehead.

When the French entered Vienna in 1809, Haydn is said to have died of excitement, and probably, old age during a bombardment of the Austrian capital. He was buried in Vienna.

His instrumental works number nearly 700 including 125 symphonies and 50 sonatas and pieces for the piano.

His vocal works include his oratorios, 13 operas, 14 Masses, 30 motets—including the famous "Seven Last Words from the Cross," which is frequently given to this day.

In conclusion it is evident that in all the factors which go toward making a musical composition—form, rhythm, melody, color, harmony—Haydn not only has original and impressive thoughts to express, but also has the power and "finesse" to express these in a beautiful and distinguished manner.

Permeating all his music too is that atmosphere of clarity and simplicity which is the very breath of life for the student.

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The Rev. Charles Schoonjans, S.J., Collège Saint-Servais, Liège (Belgium), writes to us expressing thanks to all co-operators in the matter of collecting old postage stamps.

He asked that collectors continue their efforts in the good work, and keep on sending. The stamps prove a great source of revenue for the missions, and every parcel is received with gratitude. If the name of the sender is enclosed, an acknowledgement is sent by Rev. Father Schoonjans.

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Answers to Correspondents

B. B. (Auckland).—Many thanks for your kind message which we appreciated much.

INQUIRER.—There is no Catholic hospital in New Zealand wherein probationers may qualify.

READER.—The Germans fired *shrapnel* at the tower of Rheims Cathedral because the French were using it for military purposes. The chief damage done to the church was due to a fire that started from burning straw within the building. Evidence of that is to be found in Ward Price's letters to the *Times*. He was on the spot and he was also honest. Had the Germans wished to bombard it, ask yourself as an intelligent man how long it would have lasted. They were near enough and it is not generally considered that they had anything to learn about shooting. Anything else you want to know?

H.P.—Ibanez is a mediocre Spanish novelist who has been much boomed and far over-rated in England and the United States. The Spaniards do not think much of him and they smile at foreign praises of his books. He is a second-rater, to put him as high as possible. But as the best English novelists now living are all more or less below second-class it is no wonder that Ibanez is a star among them. You will not find a book of his worth reading, or worth the money.

BOOK NOTICES

Humour. The latest copy of this bright periodical contains details of a £50 competition in which readers are invited to vote on a series of clever covers. In picture, paragraph, and story, *Humour* maintains its cheery record.

The Round Table. The September issue of this sound quarterly contains a series of important articles of universal interest. The paper which traces the growth of autonomy in the Dominions is particularly appropriate. The American Presidential campaign is ably dealt with. The article on the Ulster Boundary Question supplies us with a great deal of valuable information and comment concerning that vexed problem.

Judith's Garden. Platypus Series. Angus and Robertson, Sydney. Post Free, 2/8.

This publication of Mary E. Basset's story is one of the best of the brilliant series now being issued in Australia. Readers of *The Little Green Door* will expect a delightful tale, and they will not be disappointed in this book for garden-lovers.

Old Bush Songs. Platypus Series. Edited by A. B. Paterson. Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

It was a wise idea to include this collection of old-time Australian songs in the Platypus Series. There is history as well as poetry and rollicking fun in the ballads and it is well to preserve them.

The Squatter's Dream. By Rolf Boldrewood. Platypus Series.

Not as successful as the immortal *Robbery Under Arms*, by the same author, this Australian novel is, however, well worthy of inclusion in the series.

The True Story of Margaret Catchpole, by G. B. Barton. Platypus Series.

There is an amount of old Sydney history in this story of the life of a humble heroine of the dark penal days. The story is told with great ability and it reads like a novel.

My New Curate, by Canon Sheehan. (Tablet Office.)

We are pleased to see among the recent *Tablet* stock a new edition of Canon Sheehan's masterpiece, the story which has been translated into half the modern languages. It is the most delightful picture of Irish life ever written. From Tolstoi to the critic of *Punch*, all reviewers and readers were at one in the praise of it.

Miniature Lives of the Saints, by Father Bowden, O.C. (Tablet).

In two handy volumes we have here a life of a saint and some pious thoughts for each day of the year. No

better book for the spiritual reading of busy people could be recommended.

The Prymer, Edited by Father Martindale. Price 7/6 (Tablet.)

The scholarly introduction to this admirable prayer-book shows us that the Catholic laity of England, in bygone days, loved the prayers of the Ritual and used them daily. The prayers and exercises collected in this neat little volume are all the expression of true Catholic piety. The Latin and English of several are given side by side. The neat binding and the characteristically excellent printing of Burns and Oates go to make up a booklet most suitable for presentation.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

October 10.

The Newtown bazaar is the event of the week. The weather has been on the whole very favorable. The bazaar was opened by Mr. McKeen, M.P., and the stall-holders are doing brisk business. In addition to the sideshows and the raffles there are exhibition dances every night. The dancers represent the Irish Club, and the classes of Misses D. Guise, K. O'Brien, M. and I. Connop, G. Gibbs, and P. McMillan, Messrs. T. Knowsley, and D. McLennan. The children of St. Anne's are also performers. The Queen competition is going well. At the time of writing Miss Mulholland and Miss Breen appear to be close contestants; the final should be very interesting.

A branch of the Hibernian Society has been started at Island Bay, and its members are working hard for its success.

The Children of Mary dance was held on a beautiful clear night and was a great success. The Thorndon ladies know the secret of tasteful decoration. The supper-room was decorated with sprays of white broom and behind the screen were the busy workers on whom the success of such functions depends. St. Francis's Hall itself was festooned with delicate lacy streamers, a dainty springtide effect. The proceeds are to be devoted to the debt extinction fund on the hall itself.

Kilbirnie had its Forty Hours last week. The sermons were preached by Rev. Father McLaughlin, C.S.S.R., a new arrival to this country. The ceremonies were very beautiful, and the choir under the diligent baton of Mr. Foote rendered excellent music. Kilbirnie is working quietly and steadily for its new school.

A pleasant little function took place at the last Hibernian meeting. The retiring president, Mr. M. Walshe, was presented with a past president's collar and a certificate. Evidences of Mr. Walshe's popularity were many and the speeches were highly eulogistic. Mr. Walshe has rendered valuable services to the society and is honored therein.

The Marist Soccer team beat Hospital for the Charity Cup. The match was played at Porirua in the presence of many spectators. The win was well deserved and the play at times brilliant.

The Home of Compassion tea was a great success. In spite of the bad weather a great many set out up the hill road. The St. Pat's boys played throughout the afternoon and their items were much enjoyed. Wellington is not the only place that gives on such occasions. Donations are coming in even from the far south. Mother Aubert and the good nuns are deeply grateful for the kindness and generosity of their benefactors.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

The Hibernians held their quarterly meeting in St. Patrick's Hall last evening when the usual business was gone through. A large number of members were present. One new member was initiated and three candidates proposed for membership.



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Dunedin

The usual meeting of the boys' sodality was held last Monday night.

There recently passed away one of our oldest parishioners in the person of Mr. Donald Campbell (formerly of Blenheim). Mr. Campbell was well known and popular as a parishioner and hard-working citizen of this centre. He leaves a widow and large family of sons and daughters. Heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mrs. Campbell and family on their sad bereavement.—R.I.P.

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New Plymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

October 8.

The Hibernian euchre party and dance held on September 29 added over £15 to the church funds, making a total of £69 for the four of the series. This is very creditable and the Hibernians are to be congratulated on their efforts and on their increased activity. Mr. Hannan (president) and Mr. Grace (secretary) of the committee are largely responsible for the smooth running and success of these functions.

Several dances, concerts, "afternoons," etc., have been held in connection with the bazaar to be held next February. Father Lynch has pointed out that the parish will shortly be faced with large expenditure and that money will have to be found. An area of five acres has been purchased at a cost of £3000, and on this a new school will have to be erected. Government regulations have made this necessary, as the present area at the parish school is not sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the education authorities. However, the new site is an excellent one, and Father Lynch is to be congratulated on securing a property that should prove of great future value to the parishioners. Our town has doubled in population during the last ten years (is this a Dominion record?), and it is almost certain that new schools and churches will be required to meet the circumstances. It is thus wise to look well ahead and make provision, especially for Catholic education in the future. Our parish priest has a big programme of work ahead of him, but if everyone helps half the troubles will disappear.

Owing to pressure of work, Mr. J. Dobson has been forced to resign his position as organist and choirmaster at St. Joseph's Church. He spared no efforts to make the choir efficient and his services will be much missed. Mr. Ralph Crawshaw, is at present, organist.

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Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

October 10.

Watch these "notes"! coming soon! True story of a climb; 150 feet above the earth; thrilling episodes. There's plenty of news this time, so we'll keep it until the next. Not at all curious, are you?

It's good to be able to report that Miss Hickson is now an ex-patient of the hospital. The fervent wish of her friends is that better health will be hers for the future.

On Wednesday of last week Miss Noelle Pascal became Mrs. Harold Cooper. The bride was on the clerical staff of the A. and P. Association for five years, and a few weeks before her marriage the members of the A. and P. presented her with a silver tea service and salver.

The carnival fever is still going strong, and the money is flowing in. Every Saturday the votes are counted and the position of the six candidates announced. Then enthusiasm runs high and the following Monday brings forth a new batch of schemes for skinning the public in favor of "our" pct. When we're not talking carnival we are taken up with the railway deviation. It will take four years to complete; and everybody is asking: "How long will it take to start?" A long time, at the rate of speed in the Talk Shop.

For a few days the sun shone brightly: the wind went to sleep, and "everything in the garden was lovely." Said we: "Summer is knocking at the door." Then the wind poked his head over the fence and said: "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." A little later the "god of waterworks" turned the watering-cans upon us;

and mighty noisy was he banging the cans about—thunder we called it. Now we have decided that it's just spring, and summer is not yet in sight. But winter and frosts and chilblains have gone once more. Hurrah! let's be thankful!

One of the "lucky sort" carried off (which doesn't mean carried home) the quarter ton of coal which was one of the first prizes for the euchre on Wednesday night. A good many tons of coal have been "won on the cards" this year. The social committee members will now retire gracefully from the money-making arena as they do not wish to clash with the queen carnival campaign. The members have done more than anyone could have expected of them; and it will be very interesting to hear all about their bank account.

Our Sisters gave a concert; oh dear! what a blunder! That's the way to get the "stick." The Sisters' pupils gave a concert; that sounds better. To say that a convent concert is a good concert is "redundancy"; and then there's that "stick" again. Things are becoming rather "hot" so let's jump out of the danger zone! The first part of the concert was taken up with choruses, songs, recitations and drill; and all the performers were up to the mark. Have you ever been to Fairyland? all who attended the concert have, for the second part consisted of an operetta called "The Fairies of the Seasons." There was a Fairy Queen and a Fairy Moonlight, train-bearers, a trumpeter, a maid of honor and two pages, besides the dozens of fairies representing the four seasons—about 80 performers in all; and all acquitted themselves like true inhabitants of Fairyland.

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Reefton

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

The ladies of the parish held a very successful "Paddy's Market" last week, and as a result a considerable sum of money will be available for improvements. I understand it is the intention of Rev. Father Herring to spend the money that was so raised in erecting a shelter shed for the children in the school grounds, and also do some much needed improvements to the children's school play grounds by means of levelling, filling, etc.

The usual fortnightly social and euchre party was held in the parish hall on Tuesday evening, the 30th ult., and another very large attendance was the result. Notwithstanding many counter attractions the attendances at these functions are remarkably well sustained. The prizes for the euchre were won by Mrs. Gilman and Mr. Martin. Miss Farrell supplied the music, and Mr. R. Roberts made an efficient M.C.

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DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

October 9.

A very successful concert and dance was held in the Papakura Picture Theatre on October 1 in aid of the Otahuhu parish funds. There was a large audience which showed its unmistakable appreciation of each item presented. The programme was contributed by Mrs. W. Crawford, Misses Olga Clarke and Connie Barry, and Messrs. Dan Flood, R. McLeod, J. A. Sharpe, T. Seaton, T. Rior-dan, Kernott and C. Bassett. Misses McKinnon, M. C. Sharpe and C. Clarke were efficient accompanists. Another concert is to be held this week at Papakura Valley, the proceeds of which should help to swell the funds for the new Manurewa church. In the Otahuhu Hall on Friday evening last, the final euchre party and dance for the season was held. The attendance was not as good as usual, probably due to the weather being too hot for dancing, but the card room was crowded. Mrs. Fleming won the ladies' euchre prize and Mr. Patrick carried off the gents'. This social marked the conclusion of a very pleasant series, the success of which has been due to the whole-hearted support accorded by the parishioners and the indefatigable work of a zealous committee. The long promised repetition of the highly successful children's ball is to take place early in November. The genial and popular pastor, the Rev. Father Skinner, is making many necessary altera-

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tions in and around the church property at Otahuhu, and before long the grounds will considerably add to the attractiveness of the little church.

Miss Blake and Mr. Bowater, who are the energetic promoters of the refreshment stall in connection with the Epsom Catholic bazaar held a successful social evening at the Orpheum Theatre, Onehunga, on Wednesday last. The hall presented a very animated scene, and an attractive programme of dancing was arranged, the music for which was supplied by the Professional Orchestra. Several vocal items interspersed the dance programme which were well received. The supper arrangements were in the capable hands of Miss Blake and a number of assistants who were unfemitting in their attention to the wants of their guests. A card tournament was also arranged for those who did not indulge in the light fantastic, and altogether the evening proved very enjoyable. A substantial sum, to be devoted to the refreshment stall fund, is expected to accrue as a result of the entertainment. The "500" card tournament held the previous week in the Epsom schoolroom was not the success that it should be. A considerable falling off was noted in the attendance of parishioners, and the entertainment provided is worthy of better support. Mr. and Mrs. Keenan were the winners of the ladies' and gents' prizes.

The Marist Fathers, whose great work on behalf of church and education in New Zealand is well known, have decided to further extend their activities by opening a house in the Auckland district. The newly formed Catholic parish of St. Mary's, Mt. Albert, now in charge of the Rev. Father Gondringer, S.M., is to be the centre in Auckland. It is intended shortly to establish a monastery and a school in the parish on a site of several acres in Mountain Road, adjacent to the church which has already been erected.

Te Kuiti

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

Our parish church recently received a much needed coat of paint. This improvement was made possible largely by the efforts of Mr. John Walsh, who was instrumental in collecting the necessary funds from the parishioners.

As a result of a successful social organised by Messrs. J. Mullins and T. Greaney, the children's basket-ball ground will shortly receive a coating of asphalt.

The fortnightly euchre and socials which have been held throughout the winter months have proved highly successful, and as a result the church funds will benefit to a considerable extent. The social committee, who so ably and consistently contributed towards this success, comprised the following:—Mesdames Mullins, Mueller, Gunson, Greaney, Frank, and Messrs. Gunson, Mueller, and Terry Mullins..

PUHOI

In spite of wind and weather we are going ahead in Puhoi. The storms that tried us proved that we were staunch enough to survive even greater ones, and the work done is earnest of more and more advancement. Springtime finds everyone smiling in the old Bohemian settlement, and the Pastor, Father Silk, is like a live wire in our midst.

As far as we can find out he is not a vain man, but considering the work he has done it would not be surprising if he had to get a larger size in hats every other week. Alas, if we flatter ourselves that we have the quality, there is no chance of deluding ourselves that we have also the quantity. Indeed, when balance-sheets and such uncomfortable things appear, it is evident that the laborers are few and the contract big.

Of course our results are also big. There is our fine new school, and our beautiful convent, with its devoted and unselfish teachers tending the lamp of the Faith here in the Northern territory. So we are not down-hearted, not even though we now recognise that it is necessary to enlarge our church and find funds for the same.

But there's where the shoe pinches! Having spent well over three thousand pounds already, some among us are conscious that even good will does not always find a

way. Hence, reluctantly, we are obliged to tell our friends beyond our borders that if they give us a helping hand we shall not be angry with them. Donors of One Pound or more will receive a souvenir copy of the *History of Puhoi*, an exhaustive and learned work which was everywhere in New Zealand (and in several other places too) welcomed with laudatory notices by the press.

Church of the Sacred Heart, Timaru

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

(From our own correspondent.)

The first Sunday in October was a memorable day in the history of the parish, being the thirteenth anniversary of the opening of our beautiful church. At the early Masses a record number approached the Holy Table, including a large body of Hibernians and Knights of the Blessed Sacrament, wearing their regalia.

At 10.30 High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Barra, S.M., when the choir rendered with fine expression and effect Silas' Mass in C, Mrs. Mangos presiding at the organ.

The annual Eucharistic procession took place at 2.30 p.m., when a very large number of parishioners and the general public assembled in the convent grounds. With banners displayed and floral tributes decorating the processional route, the convent grounds presented a scene of exquisite beauty. Sacred pictures, emblems and statues lined the avenues, while two magnificently candelabraed altars were erected—one at the main vestibule of the convent and the other in the girls' playground, where Benediction was given. Punctually at the appointed hour, the procession left the convent in the following order:—Cross-bearer and acolytes, schoolboys and girls, band, convent pupils, Children of Mary, Altar Society, St. Anne's Guild, Sacred Heart Society (ladies' branch) and Hibernians. Each body wore its respective regalia and was led by banner-bearers. Then came the flower-strewers and censers preceding the monstrance which was carried by Rev. Father Barra, beneath a canopy borne by four parishioners, and attended by lantern-bearers, as a guard of honor. Following the Monstrance came the clergy: Rev. Fathers Hurley, S.M., P.P., McCarthy, S.M., Fay, S.M. (Temuka), O'Connor, S.M. (Geraldine), and Ginisty, S.M., also the general body of parishioners.

At each altar appropriate music was sung by the church and convent choirs, to very devotional accompaniments supplied by the South Canterbury Regimental Band. The church was crowded to excess, and the preacher on the occasion was Rev. Father McCarthy, Marist Missioner, who preached an eloquent discourse, on "The grounds for Catholic belief in the Blessed Sacrament." The Rev. Father Fay officiated at Benediction, assisted by Fathers O'Connor and Ginisty. Special Benediction music was contributed by the choir, and Silas' "Ave Maria" was devotionally sung by Misses Meehan and Dennehy. At the conclusion of the solemn and impressive ceremonies the choir and congregation sang "Faith of Our Fathers" in a spirited manner. The altar and sanctuary were chastely decorated and reflected great credit on the sacristan. The decorations in the convent grounds were carried out under the direction of the nuns and sisters ably supported by a willing band of workers, who were highly complimented upon the artistic arrangements, giving another proof of their labor of love. The procession was in charge of three marshals who carried out their duties in an efficient manner.

We have pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Mills and Hillary, South Canterbury sports' hairdressers and tobacconists have opened their new and commodious hair-dressing saloon and tobacconist shop in the Windsor Hotel buildings, Timaru. The saloon is particularly well lighted and ventilated, and the appointments new, modern, and complete; and will be conducted with strict attention to approved hygienic practice. Three chairs have been installed and three first-class hairdressers have been engaged. This firm specialises in ladies' buster cut. Their service is prompt and efficient. A complete stock of all cigarettes, tobaccos, cigars, smokers requisites and gents' shaving necessities and fancy goods, books, magazines, stationery, and school requisites will be found on inspection.

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Dunedin Catholic Students Club

(Contributed)

The annual Communion of the Dunedin Catholic Students Club, held at St. Joseph's Cathedral, on Sunday last, was the final function of a very successful year. During the past year the activities of the club have been many and varied, and has no doubt been the most satisfactory since the club's foundation four years ago. The activities of the society have included a picnic at the commencement of the year, two social evenings, the annual ball, annual Communion and six lectures on questions of Catholic interest by Catholic professional men of the city. The following were the lectures for the year:—"The Catholic Church and Hospitals," Rev. Father Morkane; "Louis Pasteur," Dr. P. P. Lynch; "The Eternal City," Rev. Dr. H. O'Neill; "Myths and Legends," Mr. A. Neil; "Lourdes," a lantern slide lecture by his Lordship Bishop Whyte.

An able secretary, a hard-working committee and a spirit of enthusiasm among the members, have combined to make the past year by far the most satisfactory on record. The membership of the club has increased to about sixty-five owing to the large influx of Catholic students this year, and the zeal for the faith which these men and women have brought with them insures for the club an active and prosperous future.

Annual Ball.—The annual ball of the Catholic Students Club was held in the Overseas Club room on Thursday, the 9th inst. Good music, good dances and good company together made the function one to be long remembered. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers and shrubs from the gardens. The low tones of the greenery set off as they were by colored light shades showed off the ladies' frocks to great advantage. An excellent supper was served by the ladies of the committee to the 45 couples present. Among the number were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Callan, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. E. O'Neill. As this was the first function of its kind conducted on such a scale the committee are pleased to be able to report it such a great success.

Annual Communion.—The members of the Students Club received Holy Communion in a body at 9 o'clock Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday. Rev. Father Morkane, Rector of Holy Cross College, celebrated Mass and addressed the students in an excellent and scholarly sermon.

After Mass a Communion breakfast was held in the refectory of St. Dominic's Priory, by kind permission of the Mother Prioress. The ladies of the committee, under the direction of their indefatigable secretary, had prepared an excellent repast and appropriately decorated the room with the University Blue and Gold.

At the conclusion of the breakfast Mr. O'Regan (president) addressed the members. He passed in review the fortunes of the society during the four years of its existence, and attributed its present flourishing condition as being in a great measure due to the present secretary (Miss Simmers) and her predecessor (Mr. MacKenzie). Mr. MacKenzie had seen the club through many trying times and "when things were at their worst Mac was at his best." Besides being a demonstration of their Catholic Faith the function was also a thanksgiving; and it was fitting that Father Morkane who had founded and fostered the society should be the celebrant of the students' Mass. As to the future the speaker emphasised the growing need for a Catholic hostel where students away from home could live in a Catholic atmosphere and thus safeguard the great heritage of the Faith.

His Lordship Bishop Whyte (patron of the society) briefly addressed the gathering, expressing his pleasure in the work that was being done and hoping that the club would continue to prosper. He agreed that a Catholic hostel would be of inestimable value to the students, and concluded by wishing the club every success in its undertakings.

After the breakfast the ex-St. Dominic's girls among the students, at the kind invitation of the Mother Prioress, showed their fellows over the convent.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

October 12.

A children's fancy dress ball was held in the Hibernian Hall on Tuesday evening in aid of the Cathedral sale of work. A large number of children were present and greatly enjoyed the evening.

The contract for the building of a new church at Marshlands has been let to Mr. W. Shaw, who has already made good progress with the work.

His Lordship the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about 200 candidates at St. Mary's, Manchester Street, on Sunday afternoon.

The Sisters of Mercy are making additions and alterations to their convent at Villa Maria.

A mission was given at New Brighton, by Rev. Father Collins, C.S.S.R., and at Lyttelton by the Rev. Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., both being well attended.

The Forty Hours' Adoration at the Cathedral commenced on Sunday morning, the 5th inst., and concluded on Tuesday evening when a procession of the children and the sodalities of the parish was held. Very large numbers approached the Holy Table at the early Masses on Sunday.

A meeting of the Cathedral school committee, convened by his Lordship the Bishop, was held on Thursday evening, when it was decided to make an appeal to the parishioners for funds for the building of a new school for the Marist Brothers. A circular has been sent out convening a meeting of the parishioners on Sunday next, the 19th inst. It is proposed to build six class-rooms on the present grounds; the old building to be remodelled to provide club rooms for the M.B.O.B.A. and also a parish hall.

Ashburton

(From our own correspondent.)

October 10.

The quarterly communion of members of the St. Patrick's branch, H.A.C.B. Society, held last Sunday morning, was easily the largest in numbers for many years. In the near future endeavors will be made to have a communion breakfast held afterwards, which would act as an encouragement for country members to attend.

A popular Ashburton success at the recent examinations held in Christchurch of the Trinity College of Music, London, was that of Miss Madge O'Malley, daughter of Mr. E. A. O'Malley of this town. Miss O'Malley, who is only 17 years of age, was successful in securing her Licentiate Diploma.

The Catholic Literary and Debating Society continue to draw large attendances of members to its weekly meetings. The programme on Wednesday evening last was a "Parliamentary Election," three candidates presenting themselves for election. The programme proved to be a most enjoyable one, for at question time each was subjected to a running fire of questions, after which a popular vote was taken and the president (Mr. Val Cullen) declared Mr. T. Gorman, Liberal, elected.

ROTORUA NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

October 11.

Wednesday, October 1, Rosary and nice little instructive reading by Dean Lightheart commenced in St. Michael's Church, and is being continued every evening during this month.

On Sunday, October 5, over 20 little boys and girls, pupils of the Convent School, received their First Communion, eight of them being little Maori boys and girls. In the evening the little ones took part in the monthly procession of the Children of Mary Sodality.

Mr. J. Glass, a member of our choir and the promoter of our social evenings, left this morning by car for Gisborne for a well earned holiday.

The Foundation Stone of the NEW CHURCH AT PALMERSTON

Will be Blessed and Laid by
MOST REV. DR. WHYTE

ON

Sunday, October 19th, at 3 p.m.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Modern Italy, p. 29. Notes—Good Language; English "Brogue"; Imitate the French, p. 30. Topics—Monsignor Seipel; An "Irish" Criminal; The "High Sign"; Old Stones and Continuity, pp. 18-19. The Church in New Zealand, p. 17. Haydn and Mozart, by Sophie Hall, p. 21. Why Catholics Build Schools, p. 33.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1924.

MODERN ITALY

IN reviewing the course of events in the Italy of the present day, there are three things that ought to be clearly remembered. The Italian Government was in the hands of anti-Christians, Jews, and Masons, since the death of Victor Emmanuel; by an almost bloodless revolution, the Fascists, under Mussolini, rid the nation of this incubus; as a consequence, the secret societies, which have such control of the press of Europe, use their influence against the Italian Premier, just as they do against de Rivero, and for the same reasons. The European press is like the British press, which apart from a few noble exceptions such as the *Nation* and *Athenaeum* and the *Manchester Guardian*, is a gigantic lie-factory, always ready to denounce as seditious every journalist who tells the truth; and, hence, one cannot expect to find anything like fair play given to the patriots of Italy or Spain by our average daily paper. Under such circumstances, it is refreshing to find, from the pen of James Barnes, in the *Dublin Review*, a bold apology for Fascism.

Fascism he conceives as a return to the ancient Latin tradition. "The Nation," says Mussolini, "is not the instrument of parties for their own end. The State is the legal incarnation of the Nation. Political institutions are only efficient in so far as national values find in them expression and protection." Italy as a modern godless State failed. She must be rejuvenated and her ancient religion must be made the soul of her unity. The World War was the result of the bankrupt philosophies and politics of the past: it was a judgment on a world of spiritually bankrupt peoples. The youth of Italy saw this with Latin clearness. Fresh from the fighting, they made up their minds that at least their own land would face the future unhampered by the old influences which brought ruin on the nations of Europe. Led by a wonderfully brave and gifted man, they swept away, by a revolution unlike all other revolutions, the international and anti-national forces which were opposed to freedom. They saw what the secret societies had done in Italy and elsewhere by their schemes against the religion of the people; and not only did they see that there can be no sound commonwealth unless it is based on the love and fear of God, but they had the courage to make their vision a reality. Good Italians must

be good Catholics; all that is best and noblest in the race is bound up intimately with the ancient faith. Therefore Mussolini decreed that Fascism cannot be divorced from Catholicism. He restored the teaching of the Catholic religion in the schools. The clergy are recognised and honored. Religion is reinstated in State functions. In the streets once more a reverent people welcome religious processions which so long had been either banned or exposed to the sneers of the international Jews and Masons. One must remember that this came by way of a revolution, which was almost bloodless. One must not be surprised that there were acts of violence; one is rather astonished that such acts were so few: if not excused they can be explained. What of the Vatican during these momentous changes? Mr. Barnes says: "The Vatican meanwhile has displayed its customary sagacity. It has restored the damaged property as a protest against violence, but has repudiated the party politician priest and the persons who would make of purely religious institutions Party headquarters. Nothing is done to hamper Fascism; for the Secretariat of State are well aware of what is occurring, of the fruit which the movement appears to be maturing. . . . The important point to grasp is that Italy now desires—and without equivocation—the Church to be free and unrestricted in its spiritual activities and would like to see removed any suspicion that the Pope is or might become a prisoner in the grasp of the Italian State. Only thus, it is recognised, can the Papacy exercise its maximum influence throughout the world, and only thus can Italy co-operate with the Papacy without damaging the cause she would espouse."

By word and by deed Mussolini has demonstrated his belief that whatever is good and great in his country is due to her religion. Logically, he set himself to overthrow the enemies of that religion and to place it in honor once more. Nations robbed of religion degenerate quickly; religion is the saving vital force of a people. Fascism saw this at home and in the godless States beyond Italian borders, and now seeks to make of the Nation a Community of the Faithful, a Holy Empire, designed to gather in the course of centuries all men into its bosom. It is no wonder that such a policy, and the leader in whom it is incarnate, should be hated and calumniated by every Masonic newspaper in the world, by every sordid politician who exists for his own ends and those of his party, by every anti-Catholic government which is striving to drive religion out of the souls of the young by a protracted course of secular schools. When you want the truth regarding Italy, do not therefore look for it in the propaganda sheets which spread the lies about the corpse-factories, about the mutilated German babies, about outraged Belgian nuns, about the Pope being pro-German, and about Germany being responsible for the war; and seek it not from editors who make outrageous statements about people and then refuse to publish an exposure of their ignorance or malice, prostituting journalism and making it a thing of shame.

GARDEN FETE AT ADDINGTON

Arrangements are well in hand for the holding of the garden fete in the school grounds, Spencer Street, Addington, on Saturday next, the 18th inst., and to be continued in the schoolroom on Monday and Tuesday, the 20th and 21st inst. The stall-holders and their assistants have been untiring in their efforts to raise funds for the various stalls, and that their efforts have been crowned with success is evidenced by the collection of artistic, ornamental and useful articles. The following are the stall-holders:—Zealandia Stall (ice cream and sweets): Mrs. Amos and Misses Duggan; "Paddy's Market" (produce): Mrs. Bearman; Sacred Heart Stall (surprise packets): Mesdames Serrakowski, Walsh and Gibson; Riccarton Stall: Mesdames Sullivan, Guiney, J. Ryan and Kennedy; Refreshment Stall: Mesdames H. Wilson and McConnell; chairman of committee, Mr. E. O'Rourke; secretary, Miss B. M. Sloan.

NOTES

Good Language

Some time ago George Bernard Shaw appealed for more care in the pronunciation and enunciation of our words in ordinary speech. He said that most English people are like parrots. When the bird is first taught it speaks intelligibly but as time goes on only those who have been constantly hearing it can understand. To point his moral by an example, he instances the fact that most of us often fail to catch the names of the persons to whom we are introduced, because the names are hurriedly muttered. English papers that try to be comic have invented a dreadful gibberish which they suppose to be the speech of the stage-Irishman, but in reality it is like nothing under the sun. Irish people always have a difficulty in pronouncing English, for the same reason that Italians and French people have—because they are used to pure, open vowels and soft consonants, instead of the harsh northern jargon of the Saxon. And yet there are some who hold that the educated Dublin man speaks the best English in the world, while there is some reason to think that the average Irishman writes the language better than the average Briton. We do not take kindly to making diphthongs of simple vowels. Although slender letters are not strange in the old tongue, we find the broad consonants, such as Italians and Spaniards love, easier and more congenial in our speech. Ninety per cent. of English people who learn Italian will not pronounce correctly the simple word *fatto*, which, to an Irishman comes naturally. Similarly, one can invariably detect an English tourist by the way he says *scusi* when he bumps against you in the Vatican Museums. So that we may console ourselves by reflecting that even if we cannot speak the foreign English tongue well, we can make a far better hand of all other foreign languages than the English people can.

English "Brogue"

Not even the most awful attempts the comic papers make to represent the Irishman's brogue are as horrible as the dialects spoken in many parts of England. The jargon of the Cockney (which we have here in no scant measure) is dreadful to hear. "Law" becomes "lor," "idea" is "idear," "cow" is pronounced as if spelled "kyeow," and the vowels are transformed and transmuted according to no law ever dreamed of by any German philologist. The average foreigner can at least understand the Dublin newsboy, whose voice is as rich in harmonics as the note of the tui, but even grave Scots professors are left wondering what was said by the man-in-the-street in London to whom they apply for directions as to how to get to the Abbey. And as for the Doric of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cornwall, etc., not even a Swiss waiter, who can translate almost every kind of grunt, could cope with it. "Aa'll kēep him agaat"; "Where ar ta bahn"; "Shoos fratching from t'morn ter neet"; "It's a dree soort"; "Tewing aboot," and similar puzzles are not Sanscrit but (according to the *New York Daily News*) the ordinary speech of native-born English people. England is small enough and old enough to have taught its people to speak their own tongue, but instead of trying to do that English editors try to make the savages laugh by ridiculing Scots and Celts who make a far better job of English than the London or Liverpool people do. Even the Frenchman who, when threatening to strike a cabby, said "I shall blow your nose, sare!" or the Kerryman who tells you that he is "after coming," is a linguist and a philologist compared with the average London bus conductor. Not going so far afield, it is frequently observed that the average product of our splendid New Zealand public schools (which banish religion to concentrate on other things) makes shocking attempts to pronounce even common words.

Imitate the French

Everybody who has heard native Gaelic speakers deal readily with slender "t" and trilled "r" and glide vowel and guttural vowel must be amazed at the wonderful tradition of correct speech which this remnant stands for nowadays. But we may find its counterpart in modern France, where educated people are as careful to speak French well as they are to write it correctly and beautifully. That charming American essayist, Agnes Repplier, is worth quoting on this point:

"Educated Englishmen and Americans have generously admired the careful art with which the educated Frenchman uses his incomparable tongue. Santayana says that this precision is part of the 'profound research and perfect lucidity' which has made French scholarship one of the glories of European culture.' Henry James compared the vowel-cutting of the French actor and orator to the gem-cutting of the French lapidary. Lord Morley sorrowfully confessed that the French have more regard for their language, whether they are writing it or speaking it, than the English have for theirs.

"It is a severe and conscientious, as well as a tender and a proud regard. It is part of the intellectual discipline of the nation.

"For France, ever on the alert to guard this high inheritance, is far from the danger of complacency. She watches sharply for any indication of slackness on the part of her educators. It is not enough that a young engineer should be accurately informed unless he can accurately voice his information; unless he can write a clear, concise, intelligent, and well-ordered report. A school boy is expected to be what Mr. James calls 'tidy' in his speech. An actress is required to be articulate, pleasing and precise, to give to every word she utters its meaning and its charm.

"The high-pitched, artificial, and eminently ill-bred voices of many American actresses unfit them for their profession. They can act intelligently, but they can not speak agreeably. The stage has always been the exponent of correct vocalisation, of that delicacy, finality, and finish which sets high the standard of speech. It was left for an American dramatist to complain that he was compelled to rewrite his play in order to eliminate all the words which his leading lady mispronounced.

"If some Americans can speak superlatively well, why can not more Americans speak pleasingly? Nature is not to blame for our deficiencies. The fault is ours. The good American voice is very good indeed. Subtle and sweet inheritances linger in its shaded vowels. Propriety and a sense of distinction control its cadences. It has more animation than the English voice, and a richer emotional range. The American is less embarrassed by his emotions than is the Englishman, and when he feels strongly the truth, or the shame, or the sorrow his words convey, his voice grows vibrant and appealing. He senses his mastery over a diction 'nobly robust and tenderly vulnerable.' The formed and finished utterances of an older civilisation entrance his attentive ear."

IRISH HISTORY COMPETITION

The results for the Junior Division this year are as follows:

First Prize (Gold Medal), Sheila Campbell, St. Philomena's, South Dunedin;

Second Prize (Silver Medal), Neil McGurk, Petone Convent School;

Third Prize (Book Prize), John Cosgriff, Nightcaps Convent School.

Book Prizes:—Jack Summers, Petone; Leonore Mee, St. Philomena's; Jack Grace, Petone; Dorothea McDowall, St. Philomena's; Vincent Burke, Petone; Nellie Sullivan, Petone; Gwen O'Malley, Villa Maria; Kathleen Ryan, Ferry Road Convent, Christchurch; Wilfred Albertson, Port Chalmers; K. McCormack, Queenstown; Colleen Barry, Newtown, Wellington.

Honors Certificates:—Lola Fox, St. Joseph's, Dunedin; G. Lynch, Queenstown; Elma Jenkins, St. Dominic's; Cathie Ward, Queenstown; Mary Harnett, Teschemakers;

Norah O'Brien, Teschemakers; Mary Dexter, Oamaru Convent School; Jessie Lindsay, Port Chalmers; Nellie Henaghan, Teschemakers; Clare O'Connell, Wrey's Bush; Constance Smith, St. Dominic's.

(The Senior Division results have not yet come to hand. We hope to have them for our next issue.)

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The foundation stone of the new church at Palmerston will be blessed and laid by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of the diocese, on Sunday next, the 19th inst., at 3 p.m. A cordial invitation to attend the ceremony is extended to friends and well-wishers.

A new company has been formed locally for the manufacture and fixing of fibrous plaster ceilings, walls, etc. There is a growing daily demand for this sanitary and artistic building material, and the firm's manufactory is designed and equipped to handle the business on a large scale and so bring its products within the reach of everybody. An expert staff of workmen are employed. The management is under the efficient control of Mr. C. Poppelwell, and the designing department is in the hands of Mr. N. Ryan, both of whom are members of the firm, and ex-pupils of the Christian Brothers' School in Dunedin. *Tablet* readers will no doubt wish the new firm success in its enterprise.

The members of St. Patrick's Ladies' Club, South Dunedin, finished their successful season with a very enjoyable fancy dress and musical evening on Monday, the 6th inst. Items were given by Miss K. Quinn (song), and the Misses Smith (duet). Games were the chief feature of the evening. The prizes for the most original fancy costume were awarded to Miss P. Kennedy (1st), Miss Dougherty (2nd), and Miss M. Whitty (3rd); the lucky finder of the black cat hunt being Miss E. Straug. Supper was then laid in the supper room, prettily decorated in blue and gold.

The Hibernian Club, under the management of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, South Dunedin, will open in its new and spacious rooms, Duke's Buildings, Cargill's Corner, this (Wednesday evening) at half-past seven o'clock. All Hibernians are eligible for membership and those wishing to join the club are cordially invited to be present at the formal opening. The club departments consist of a billiard room tastefully decorated and furnished, and a full sized billiard table. The reading room and lounge is nicely furnished, and everything possible is being done for the comfort of patrons. The building is a new one, consequently everything is up-to-date including all conveniences. The subscription is £1 per annum payable quarterly, half-yearly, or annually in advance. Full-benefit or honorary membership of the Hibernian Society is a necessary qualification for membership of the club.

DEATH OF SISTER M. COLOMBIERE, O.S.D.

On Monday morning a Solemn Requiem was celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, for Sister Mary Colombière Ryan, O.S.D. The celebrant was Rev. Father Kaveney, Adm.; deacon, Rev. T. Hally; subdeacon, Rev. F. MacMahon; M.C., Rev. Father Monaghan. Deceased was a native of Killaloe, Co. Clare, Ireland. Barely seven months ago she came to Dunedin as a postulant for St. Dominic's Priory, her strong vocation having inspired her to leave her friends and her native land in order to join the great army of Irish teaching nuns who are keeping alive the Faith in distant countries. Deceased was in her twenty-first year, and had received the habit of a Dominican novice only a few weeks when her death occurred, terminating an illness of several weeks duration. During her brief life as a nun she won the esteem of her superiors and the affection of her companions by her zealous devotion to duty and by her unflinching cheerfulness. By her death the Community lost a promising teacher and an exemplary religious; but they are consoled in their bereavement by the knowledge that her peaceful and edifying end was the beginning of her eternal reward. To the Dominican Community and to Sister Mary Colombière's friends in Ireland we offer our sincere sympathy in their sorrow.—R.I.P.

ROSARY SUNDAY

ST. PATRICK'S DOMINICAN CONVENT, TESCHEMAKERS.

Rosary Sunday! What happy memories are awakened in the mind of every child of St. Dominic at the mere mention of this sweetest of our Saints's feasts. In every Dominican Convent throughout the world the great feature of the day is the Procession of the Holy Rosary, during which the Fifteen Mysteries are sung and recited.

Rosary Sunday of 1924 will long be remembered by all those who were present at St. Patrick's Dominican College, Teschemakers, on that day, when to the usual Rosary Procession was added the more solemn one of the Blessed Sacrament—a ceremony unique in the history of Teschemakers.

All through the preceding Saturday the dark, gray mists of early October drifted in from the sea, deluging the plains around. It was one of those rains which invariably lasts for three days—an ominous foreboding for Sunday's devotions; but as Faith can remove mountains so also can it remove thunder clouds. On Sunday morning, contrary to all the laws of weather forecasts, the beams of the morning sun pierced the veil. It was wonderful and mysterious and could find but one explanation, viz., "Answer to Prayer." Nor was the golden light of morning faithless to its promise of a bright afternoon. The grounds were looking their best, for careful hands and loving hearts had left nothing undone to beautify the pathway that must for evermore be a hallowed one.

At about 2.30 arrived his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Right Rev. Monsignor Mackay, Rev. Fathers Ardagh, Fenelon, Martin, and Brother Goggins, followed by a large portion of the Oamaru congregation, including the children of the parish school and of St. Thomas's Dominican Academy, and the members of the local choir.

The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary having been recited in procession, the more impressive function of the day began. As the Sacred Host was borne from the church there floated through the solemn stillness of the grounds the devotional strains of the "Pange Lingua" and other hymns to the Blessed Sacrament, intermingled with the happy notes of Nature's choristers who seemed to vie with one another in singing their Maker's praises.

The first Benediction was given from the front balcony, at the end of which was erected a temporary altar tastefully decorated in white and gold blossoms—the choicest of Spring's fair gifts. The procession then wended its way to the college hall where was erected the second temporary altar, beautifully adorned with magnificent arum lilies, typical of the purity of the Honored Guest Who was to bless His people from this, His second throne. After the third Benediction, in the convent chapel, his Lordship addressed a few appropriate words to the congregation, reminding them of the origin of the Rosary and of all that St. Dominic had accomplished by its fervent recitation. Finally he exhorted them to be ever faithful in reciting it devoutly. Then followed the singing of that grand old hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers," and the heart-stirring "Hymn to St. Patrick."

The unqualified success of the day's proceedings was certainly due to the untiring zeal and unswerving faith of Rev. Father Ardagh who was the first to suggest the procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the Teschemakers grounds, and who encouraged so many of his congregation to take part in a ceremony which cannot fail to bring a blessing on them and on all those belonging to them. On Sunday morning, undaunted by the inclemency of the weather, he arrived at Teschemakers to celebrate Holy Mass—bringing with him the promise of sunshine and of efforts crowned with success.

On Monday afternoon his Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a number of the children of the college. After the ceremony the Bishop addressed the children in his usual earnest but kindly way appealing, especially to the senior girls, always to remain faithful to the lessons and advice of their devoted teachers, the Sisters of the Dominican Order, under whose zealous care they had spent so many happy and useful years.

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MARRIAGE

GROSS—ARAMBURU.—On August 19, 1924, at Wanganui, by the Rev. Father G. Mahony, S.M., Alfred George, third son of Mrs. Madeline Gross and the late Jacob Gross, Mouterhouse, Lorraine, France, to Anna, only daughter of Mrs. Jeanne Aramburu, Wanganui and the late Joachim Aramburu, St. Jean de Luz, France.

DEATHS

DODD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Albert, dearly beloved and only son of Daniel and Mary Dodd, Dundas Street, Dunedin, and brother of Mrs. O'Connor, Woodhaugh, who died at Edendale, on October 1, 1924; aged 36 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

MAHONEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Mahoney, relict of Daniel Mahoney, who died on August 25, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

MULHOLLAND.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Hugh, beloved husband of Catherine Mulholland, who died at 51 Young Street, St. Kilda, on October 6, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

PHELAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Minnie, beloved wife of James Phelan, and eldest daughter of Mrs. A. McNamee, Garston, who died at Dunedin, on October 6, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

IN MEMORIAM

CROSSEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of George Lawrence Crossen (late 9th Reinforcement), who died at Christchurch, on October 13, 1919; also William Crossen, who died at Christchurch, on October 13, 1923.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on their souls.—Inserted by their loving mother, sisters, and brothers.

DONOHUE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Delia Donohue, who died on October 8, 1923. On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

HICKEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private James Joseph Hickey, who was killed in action on Passchendale Ridge, France, on October 12, 1917.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents, brothers, and sister (Mrs. M. Cogan, Patearoa).

MOYNIHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Alexander Moynihan, who was killed in action at Passchendale, on October 16, 1917.—R.I.P.—Inserted by F. and L. Moynihan, Totara.

MOYNIHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Alexander Moynihan, second son of Mr. W. Moynihan, Ngapuna, who was killed in action at Passchendale, on October 17, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving father and brothers.

McNAMARA.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Hannah McNamara (nee Moody), who died at Dunedin, on October 13, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her loving family.

MULLIGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private Bernard Mulligan, Oamaru, who was killed in action, at Esnes, on October 8, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

TRAILL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of J. H. Traill (15260—15th Reinforcements), who was killed in action at Passchendale, on October 12, 1917.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

LUFARO.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Frank, dearly beloved husband of Margaret Lufaro, who died at Lyttelton on October 13, 1920.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

TEMPLE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Rifleman John Temple (7th Reinforcements, N.Z.R.B.), who was killed in action at Passchendale Ridge, on October 12, 1917.—R.I.P.—To memory ever dear.—Inserted by his loving mother, sisters, and brother.

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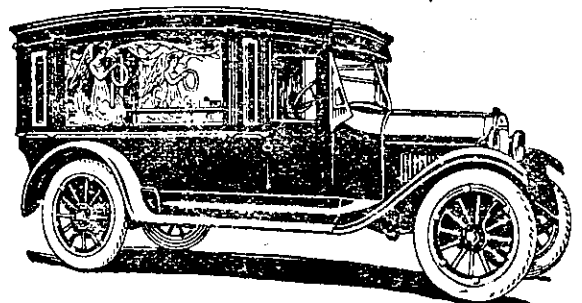
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WHY CATHOLICS BUILD SCHOOLS

THE BISHOP OF BATHURST ON EDUCATION PROBLEMS.

An admirable statement of the Catholic position in regard to education problems was made by his Lordship the Bishop of Bathurst (Right Rev. Dr. O'Farrell, C.M.), on the occasion of the solemn opening of a new convent at Orange, N.S.W. In the course of an interesting address, Bishop O'Farrell said:—

"There are many people who cannot understand why we spend so much on building schools and supporting them, and why we don't take advantage of the public school system, which would save us all this expense. The answer is simply that we believe religion is an essential part of a child's training, and to subordinate religion to other things and to put it in a backward place, as is done in the public school system, is the most certain way of destroying all respect for religion in the mind of the child. There are others who think our claims are untenable, because we are looking for endowment of religion. Some of these people are in good faith. They look upon the education of the young as a mere secular matter altogether, and they cannot understand what religion has to do with it. There are others who are satisfied with the provision made in the public school system to huddle out religion for an hour a week, giving the children the idea that religion is only a secondary matter, and which, in after life, has its consequences in religious indifference and empty churches. There are others who think we are at war with the public school system, which we would abolish, root and branch, if we could, and that we would force all others to think as we do.

Defective Machinery.

"It is true that we regard the principle regarding religion in the public school system as wrong, namely, that it almost entirely eliminates from the mind of the child what, after all, is the most important of all knowledge, the knowledge of its faith. It is true, we regard the system as a defective machine, a lop-sided, truncated system, a compromise between those who care for no religion, and those whose ideas of it may be reduced to a common denominator. But it is not true that we censure those who work this system. The public school teachers are an excellent and conscientious body of men and women, doing a great and responsible work, of whom I have never said anything but words of praise. But I contend that with the best will in the world they cannot produce a well-finished article with the machinery at their disposal. (Applause.)

"Let us not be misunderstood. We want no change in the present system. If it suits the great majority of our fellow-citizens, let them have it. If it suits in its religious aspect the religious views of the majority of our citizens, as the Minister for Education seems to think it does, by all means let them have it. Nor do we ask for State aid for religion. We don't want a penny of the general taxes for religion. But what we do ask, as a matter of simple justice, is for an amendment of the Act, such an amendment as will give our teachers a just reward for the secular work they do in their schools. If the secular work of our teachers and schools does not come to the standard that the State expects from the public schools, we expect no help.

Just Reward for Secular Work.

"But if our teachers reach this standard, why should not the laborer get his due? Why is it that because our teachers give our children in their daily life the extra help of their religion that the State penalises them for doing so? Does it matter to an employer if his workman says his prayers from time to time at his work, provided his work is satisfactory? Does this detract from the value of the work done? Does it matter to an employer whether his workman abstains from meat on a Friday or not? What matters it to the employer whether he does or not, if the work is satisfactory? Now, the State in the education field is an employer. It is also a monopolist. But when our Catholic teachers follow the State syllabus, and do their secular work as well as the State's own workers, the State says to them, 'I will give you nothing for your

work, because you teach your religion to your children,' Is that fair? Is that just?

A Parallel Case.

"Ministers of the Government, and members of Parliament pay the market prices for their cabbages, cauliflowers, bananas, sugar, tea, and coffee. They don't ask whether those who grow them are white or yellow, or black-skinned people. They don't ask whether the growers are Catholics or Protestants, or Jews, or Buddhists, or Brahmims. If they find the article good, they pay for it, and they eat it, too, without any squeamishness as to whether the growers pray to the God of the Christians or to Buddha or Confucius. But, because Catholic teachers teach their children the religion of their fathers together with the secular school work, then that secular work is declared 'black' in this enlightened country!"

Archbishop Redwood in Rome

RECEIVED BY HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.



A cable message from Rome, under date October 4, says:—

The Pope received in private audience Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington. He congratulated him on his vigorous good health despite his 86 years. He gave him a paternal message for his flock.—Reuter.

PUHOI DAY BY DAY.

Work Accomplished and Expenditure Since 1922.—Painting and refurbishing presbytery; painting and repairing church; purchasing a parish hearse and erection of its garage; erecting of new school and convent, etc., at a total cost of £3260. To this enormous sum those within a ten-mile radius of the Puhoi church contributed no less than £3090. Outside assistance amounted to only £170. Now the parishioners are called upon to enlarge their church at a cost of £500, as it is hopelessly inadequate to seat more than half the congregation. In view, then, of the heavy expenditure incurred here within the last two years, and bearing in mind the enormous havoc wrought in this district by the recent floods, I, on behalf of the parishioners and on my own behalf, appeal to the generosity and charity of your readers to assist those people who have given such ample proof that they are prepared to assist themselves. All donations gratefully received and kindly acknowledged. Donors of one pound or upwards shall receive a copy of the history of this Bohemian settlement with the author's compliments. Donations to be forwarded to the parish priest, Rev. D. V. Silk, or to the secretary, Mr. W. J. Schollum, Puhoi, North Auckland.

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PORT CHALMERS NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

October 8.

The parishioners of St. Mary's Church, Port Chalmers, are at present busily engaged preparing for a jumble sale to be held in November, to raise funds for the purpose of renovating the school. On Tuesday, the 7th inst., a "gift evening" was held in the local school. The committee intend holding a euchre party on Thursday, the 30th inst., and from this function it is hoped that the funds will be materially raised.

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS

After a very successful tour of the South, the famous Fisk Jubilee Singers commenced a tour of the North Island at Napier on the 15th inst. After appearing at Hastings, the Fisk's will be at Waipukurau on the 17th, Paekakariki on the 18th, and will open a season of five nights at the Town Hall, Wellington, on the 20th. At the conclusion of the Wellington season the Jubilee Singers will commence a comprehensive tour of the West Coast of the North Island according to the itinerary published in our advertising columns. These wonderful singers are, as the *Sydney Bulletin* truly says, worth going miles to hear.

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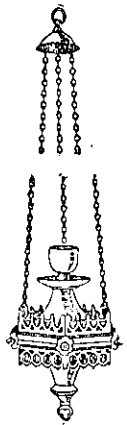
The *Sydney Bulletin* says:—"The Fisks are glorious; worth going miles to hear."

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- Waipukurau 17th
- Paekakariki 18th
- Wellington.....20th to 25th (Town Hall)
- Otaki 27th
- Foxton 28th
- Feilding 29th

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Our Sports Summary

Dunedin did not throw a flood of light on the New Zealand Cup prospects but it revealed one thing which I shall mention presently.

Heavy rain made the track a quagmire on Thursday, and as a consequence the form displayed has to be taken at a discount.

Ravenna beat a poor lot in the open six furlongs. Wild Hind was not nearly ready. On the second day The Harp won well in the hands of Hector Gray. Top Score led Printemps and Last Dart into the straight in the final event on Thursday. The former were out of the way in Top Score's race on Saturday, and those who remembered not to forget reaped a dividend when the Clifford colors came duly home.

The Classics were rather sensational. Arpent was backed like a certainty for the McLean Stakes. But some knowing ones would not have him as the inner circle knew he was coughing since the previous day and was not at his best. Arpent, however, led into the straight and looked like a winner until Overdrawn, which had been very badly left, came from the rear and sailed home with ridiculous ease. Arpent was not tuned up, but it hardly made any difference. The winner looks like a champion.

Dalgety's pair, and Lava, and Tresham were fairly well supported for the Guineas. But Count Cavour, whose poor display in the six on Thursday lost him many friends, won with a lot in hand.

The Ranfurly, on Saturday, produced seven starters of good class. Backers declared for Boadicea. Printemps had faithful supporters on the strength of his win on Thursday. Not a few who saw Mantua's phenomenal run into third place the first day would look at nothing but the wee bay mare. They were justified. Printemps seemed to be winning from Baldowa when, right from behind the field, wide on the outside, the tiny Mantua came like a streak of lightning to get up and win by a head. South-creners will remember that she gave just such a display when beating Loughrea, Palestrina and other good ones at Invercargill last summer.

And now here's what I was going to say about the Cup. Tarleton's race throws no light on his chances. Limelight ran close up under a big load, and, with a stone less and six furlongs more, at Riccarton, might be very hard to beat. By giving a ten lengths start to horses like Boadicea and beating them down the short Dunedin strait Mantua proved that she is the one most likely to be in a hurry when the others are tiring at the end of the Cup two miles. Therefore, of the candidates that started here, Mantua, Limelight, and Count Cavour look likely, and in that order. But the latter is so heavily engaged that he probably will not start.

All this does not prejudice what was said previously about the chances of L'Amour. I note that a sporting paper says that his form this year has been disappointing but that he is doing good work. What more do you want? If your money was on would you like to see him winning and earning penalties early in the spring? The other half of the news is the important thing: He is well and doing well, thank you.

The Stewards? Casting a glance over the nominations, one would say: I like Wassail, Songbird, Tukia, and there's plenty of time to talk about them when the acceptances are in.

And the Trotting Cup? Nothing new to add. Aeron will be hard if he jumps off. Taraire ditto. And I like Vilo always.

Scribes writing of the defeats of Gloaming invariably leave one out. Was he not beaten by War Plane at Trentham? And, *moi qui parle*, say unto you, that few of his victors were better than War Plane.

Both given the knock-out by "NO-RUBBING" Laundry Help—hard work and disease bacteria concealed in soiled clothing. It's hygienic.

Football at Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

With the final match for the Lane Cup between M.B.O.B. and Pirates, the curtain was rung down on what has been a highly successful season for Hawke's Bay. At the end of the first round of the club championship Marist headed the list, then came a series of mishaps that tended to upset the balance of the team. We lost Jimmy Mill to the "All Blacks" which, needless to say, was also an honor; then injuries were the next item and Marists went downhill fast. The only big fight they put up in this round was the last game of the championship against Hastings, when "no-side" was sounded the score-board read 3 all. But Marists were not to be out of all the fun. The Rugby Union decided on a knock-out comp. for the Lane Cup, and Marist were there with "bells on." Their first victims were Havelock, easy meat for the boys in Green, 15—3. Next came H.S.O.B. more fun still; we came out 13—6 (the 6 being two penalty goals). Then came the final, on Saturday, the 27th ult., against Pirates. Both teams took the field in good "nick." Marist kicked off against wind and rain and were at a decided disadvantage, and the first few minutes saw the boys in Green being pushed on their own line then forced twice in quick succession, and this brought them to their mettle. They started with a rush and from then till call of time Pirates weren't in the picture. The heavy "green" forwards dominated play throughout and combined well with their backs. Bond scored for Marist after a clever and strategic move by McCarthy, whose game throughout was a marvel. The pick of the backs were Corless, Dinneen, and McCarthy. As for the forwards, they played as one man. The win by the "Greens" 3—nil, was well received by a large crowd of spectators. In the evening both clubs held a combined smoke concert.

WAIMATE NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

October 6.

St. Patrick's School reopened on Monday last after the term holidays. Both the Sisters and the pupils are delighted with the new building, everything being so very convenient and bright. The inspector's report on the annual examination held in August is to hand and was most satisfactory. The inspector congratulated the authorities on the erection of such a fine up-to-date building.

The Superior-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose Mother House is at North Sydney, paid a short visit to the local convent this week. During the past month she has been visiting the convents of the Order throughout New Zealand, and left Waimate on Monday afternoon to visit the Morven Convent.

A mission is being conducted here by Rev. Fathers McCarthy and McGrath (Marist Missioners). The mission exercises are well attended, the church being packed every evening, everyone showing the keenest enthusiasm. Friday evening, being the first Friday of the month, Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary was honored. After reciting one decade of the rosary there was a large procession consisting of Children of Mary, school children, and members of the Hibernian Society round the interior of the church, and Father McCarthy preached a beautiful sermon on "Behold thy Mother."

The Children of Mary held a euchre party and dance in St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday, September 23, when there was a good attendance. The prizes for the euchre were won by Miss Ferriter and Miss M. Hannifin (who played as a gent). After a dainty supper was handed round dancing was continued till 12 o'clock. Mr. P. McCrossan made an efficient M.C. As a result quite a tidy sum will be available to hand to the Sisters towards providing requisites for the school.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED

We are anxious to get into communication with persons willing to act as our correspondents in the smaller towns in New Zealand, and would be pleased to hear from anyone willing to do so. Particulars will be supplied on application to the *Tablet* Office.

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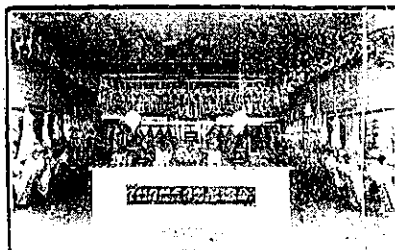
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HERE AND THERE

Seventh Centenary of Irish Dominicans.—The seventh centenary of the coming of the Dominican friars to Ireland was during August celebrated in a special manner at Drogheda, where the friars established a monastery in 1224. All that remains of this house to-day is the venerable bell tower of the old monastery, which stands on high ground on the Louth side of the town. High Mass was celebrated in the priory church by the Franciscans in the presence of the Bishop of the diocese and the Dominicans. Civic Drogheda was represented by the Mayor and six members of the Corporation; and a contingent of the National Army and a company of the Civic Guards were present. During the day a telegram was received from the Cardinal Secretary of State, conveying the Apostolic Benediction to the Dominicans, their benefactors, and all those taking part in the centenary celebration.

* * *

New Home for the Irish College at Rome.—News has been received that the Italian Government has purchased the Irish College in Rome for the purpose of erecting a bank on the site. The college authorities have secured a suitable site in another part of the city, and will soon start the building of an up-to-date college. The college has had an eventful history, and the roll of its students is a very distinguished one. Blessed Oliver Plunket, his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, his Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop Kelly, Monsignor Kirby, Monsignor O'Riordan, and a host of other prominent ecclesiastics have had long associations with the college in the past. Daniel O'Connell's heart is enshrined in the chapel. Monsignor Hagan is the present rector.

* * *

Conversion of Prominent Zionist.—The Jewish Telegraphic Agency of London reports that Hans Herzl, only son of the late Dr. Theodor Herzl, who founded the Zionist movement, has embraced the Catholic religion in Austria. Hans Herzl received baptism at the church of the Dominicans in Vienna, being baptised by Father Schlessinger, who is himself a convert from Judaism. The baptism took place on July 20, two days before the twentieth anniversary of Theodor Herzl's death; but it is only now that the fact has been made public.

* * *

A Heroine of the Revolution.—The Catholics of Besançon have just celebrated the centenary of the death of Sister Martha of Besançon, one of the most remarkable heroines of the Revolution. Sister Martha was a Visitation nun, who during the Revolution fearlessly walked about Besançon in the habit of her Order. For 54 years she devoted herself to the sick and wounded, visited prisoners, and attended to the wretched and distressed. During the Terror she hid the priests, and helped them to exercise their ministry in secret, and obtained remission of the death sentence passed on many soldiers. Louis XVIII decorated her with the Royal Order of the Lily, and other distinctions were conferred by the Tsar of Russia, the Austrian Emperor, and the King of Prussia. Sister Martha, who was born in 1749, entered the Visitation Order in 1770. Expelled from her convent at the Revolution, she returned to Besançon, and in a hired house constructed a chapel, where the refugee priests could say Mass in secret. She died in 1824 at the age of 75. On the façade of the hospital, which she founded in 1796, there is a bust of Sister Martha, which was inaugurated by President Carnot in 1890.

* * *

Death of Joseph Conrad.—Joseph Conrad, the famous novelist, died suddenly at his home after a brief illness of one day. Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski, to give him his complete name, was a Pole by birth, a Catholic by religion, and an Englishman by adoption. Born in the Ukraine in 1857, he was the son of a Polish squire and patriot, whose family had felt heavily the hand of the Russian oppressor falling on it. At an early age Conrad

took to the sea, and it was in these early years that he acquired his knowledge of English. So great became his knowledge of his adopted language that his writings now rank among the models of English literary style. Conrad was by no means a Catholic novelist, in the sense that his religious affiliations played any conspicuous part in his writings. The funeral took place from the church of St. Thomas á Beckett at Canterbury, where Requiem Mass was celebrated, at which Poland and Polish letters were officially represented as well as the English literary world.

* * *

New Auxiliary Bishop at Jerusalem.—The Pope has approved the nomination of the Rev. Father Kean, of the Salford diocese, as Auxiliary-Bishop of the Latin Patriarch at Jerusalem. Born of Irish parentage at Durham, Dr. Kean was ordained in the year 1896. After a varied missionary career in Salford and Manchester, Father Kean, as he then was, acted as Army chaplain in France, Belgium, Egypt and Palestine, and received the medal of honor from the Custos of the Holy Land. He was highly esteemed amongst the Irish and other Catholics of Lancashire, where he achieved a high reputation both as a zealous priest and eloquent preacher. For some time past he has been ministering in Palestine.

* * *

Tribute to a Tailteann Winner.—In his interesting causerie, entitled, "Men, Women and Memories," in a recent issue of *Sunday Times*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor writes: "My readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Con O'Leary, who is a recent addition to my staff on *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, has won the first prize at the Tailteann Games in Dublin for a short story. He has the promising beginnings of a very brilliant journalist and Irishman of letters. I recommend his 'An Exile's Bundle' to those who have not already read it as one of the most fascinating and picturesque descriptions of the Irish atmosphere and the Irish temperament that has been written for years." Mr. O'Leary was formerly on the editorial staff of the *Freeman's Journal*.

* * *

An Irish Artist in Stone.—Mr. John Sloan, a first prize winner at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, Aonach Tailteann, in the decorative stone and marble carving and inlaying section, is a native of Dalkey. The work which received the award was an Irish limestone table top, inlaid with onyx and Connemara marble. During his apprenticeship at the Mount Jerome Monumental works he attended the School of Art for several sessions, and had a distinguished course. He has been foreman at the Marble Works, Mount Jerome, for the past seven years, and during that time designed and carved the beautiful Celtic Cross War Memorial in the grounds of Christ Church, Lceson Park. Another example of his work is the Celtic Cross erected as a war memorial in the grounds of St. Mary's, Donnybrook, from the design and under the superintendence of Mr. R. Caulfield Orpen, R.H.A. He was complimented by the latter on the efficient manner in which his ideas were carried out. Mr. Sloan also designed and carried out the handsome war memorial erected in the grounds of the R.H. Military School, which takes the form of an Irish limestone obelisk, surmounted by a Maltese cross, and he has also to his credit the execution of the war memorial erected at Zion Church, Rathgar, from the design of Mr. R. Caulfield Orpen, R.H.A., who again expressed his satisfaction with Mr. Sloan's interpretation of his ideas. The memorial to the late Dr. George Petrie, the eminent archaeologist, erected in Mount Jerome, which takes the form of an old Irish Box Tomb, with Celtic interlacing, was worked by Mr. Sloan from the design of Mr. R. M. Butler, F.R.I.B.A.

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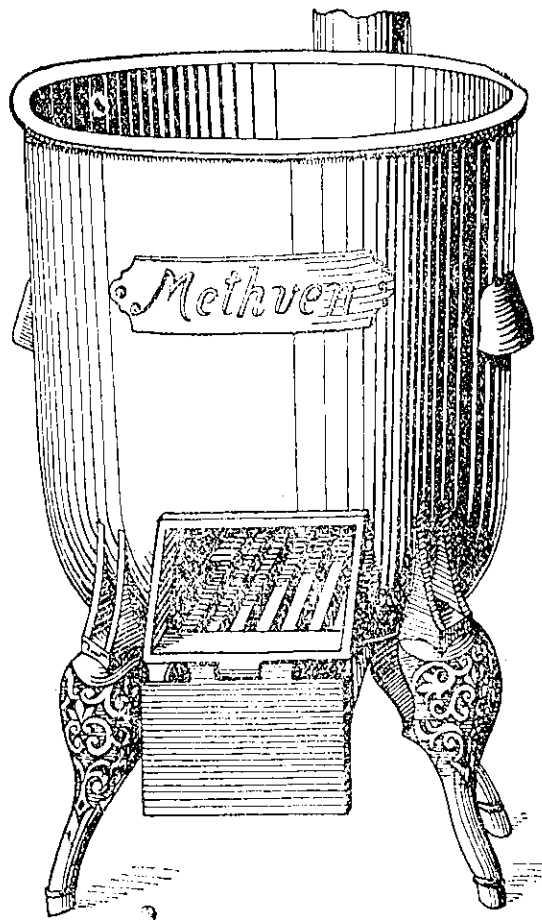
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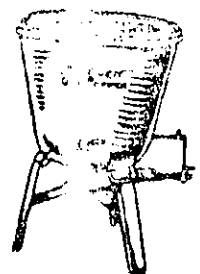
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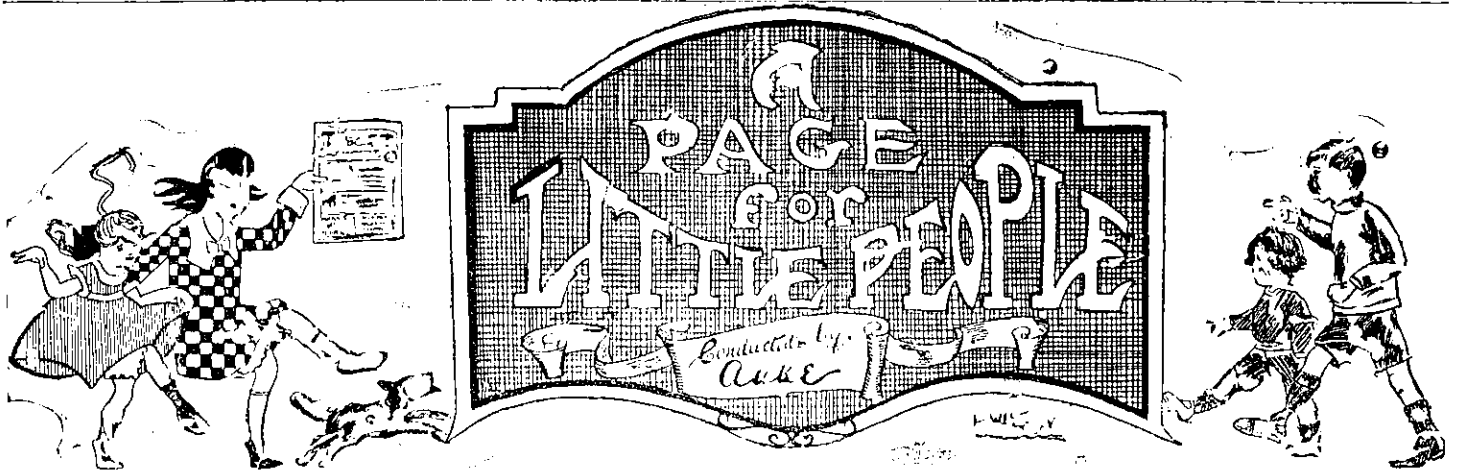
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My dear Little People,

This week I have only a small mail, but it is a very nice one, as it brings me tidings that my dear Little People are writing to each other. Also, I have to introduce some new friends who want to join us. Now, isn't that just what we have been wanting, a real live Letter Club with Little People getting letters from each other. As I have a little more room than usual this week, I will let you read the letters from our new members, before getting on with the story.

42 Douglas Street, St. Kilda, Dunedin, 25th September, 1924.—My Dear Anne, I have at last plucked up courage to write to you. I have written twice before and both letters were sent about the time of your great Christmas rush, when all you could do was to publish the names of your correspondents and add two or three words of reply. As that was before the establishment of the Club, I wish to remit my name for membership. I am thirteen years of age and am desiring to discover a twin who will be fourteen on November 15 next. If I have the joy of claiming such twin, would she let me know by mail right away? However, whether I have or have not such a relation, I would like someone to correspond with me. I would like Pearl McNeill to look with favor upon me, as she is the same age as I am, and she also obtained her proficiency last year. I am in Form 3 at St. Dominic's College, a place well known to you, Anne. I have already written to Lorna Carroll and am hoping to meet her namesake, Mary Carroll, aboard the "Joy." Anne, dear, I do think it will be interesting to carry on correspondence with someone living out of New Zealand. Well, Anne, I cannot enlighten you as to the scenery of Dunedin and as I know not any more news I must conclude. I remain, your affectionate Little Person, Teresa Paterson. (Welcome Teresa, and I'm so sorry you have had to wait so long for a proper reply. I looked up my birthday book and found that Patricia Alice Brocherie, Onuku, Akaroa, and you have the same birthday. But I cannot say if you are the same age. Will you write to one another and find out? Perhaps as time goes on we will have more Little People in other lands to whom we can write and get letters from.—Anne.)

The Valley, Maraekakaho, Hastings, H.B.—Dear Anne, Please accept me as a member of the L.P.L.C. We play Cricket on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and Tennis on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Everything is looking beautiful now, the trees are getting their new leaves. We had a holiday to-day because it is Dominion Day. There are many young lambs up here now. Shearing will be starting soon. I remain, your new friend, Dan McCormack. (Glad to welcome you Dan and I'm sure some of our boys will be writing to you. Do you help with the shearing, are you "Fleece-O." Some day we'll be up your way in the "Daydream," and we'll play cricket and tennis.—Anne.)

Okain's Bay, Banks Peninsula, September 26th, 1924.—Dear Anne, Please may I join your L.P.L.C.? I have always been interested in the Little People's Page. I am sixteen and I would like to write to Lorna Carroll. We live in the Akaroa parish, have you ever been to Akaroa? It is a very pretty place. Our parish priest is Father Gallagher and he comes and celebrates Mass in our own home. We cannot often get to Mass at Akaroa as it is a long distance and we milk over fifty cows by hand. We were able to get to a mission during the winter preached by a Redemptorist Father (Father McManus) and Father Gallagher celebrated Mass here about four weeks ago, he comes as often as he can. I have one sister Kathleen and two brothers Jack and Terence. I have a cousin at Holy

Cross College named Jim Maguire. Do you know him Anne? I will say good night now with best wishes from your new member, Trephena Bernardine Quinn. (We are so glad to welcome you dear Little Person, and your letter is so interesting. You are indeed privileged to have Holy Mass celebrated in your own home, and I'm sure God will bless you for trying to hear Mass when you have so many cows to milk. No, dear I do not know your cousin, but I hope he will say a little prayer for me and my Little People, all the same. Write again to me, and write to Lorna Carroll if you want to, she'll sure be pleased to hear from you.—Anne.)

Now my dears we'll have a bit of our story, just to the bottom of the page, that's all the room we can get.

THE UNKNOWN LAND (continued)

At first she used to sing these ditties only when alone, but by degrees she began to let her little ones hear them now and then.—for were they not going to accompany her? and was it not well, therefore, to accustom them gradually to think about it?

Then the little ones asked her where the Unknown Land was. But she smiled, and said she could not tell them, for she did not know.

"Perhaps the great river is travelling there all along," thought the eldest child. But he was wrong. The great river was rolling on hurriedly to a mighty city, where it was to stream through the arches of many bridges, and bear on its bosom the traffic of many nations; restless and crowded by day; gloomy, dark, and dangerous by night! Ah! what a contrast were the day and night of the mighty city, to the day and night of the Sedge Warbler's home, where the twenty-four hours of changes God has appointed to nature were but so many changes of beauty!

"Mother, why do you sing songs about another land?" asked a young tender-hearted fledgling one day. "Why should we leave the reed-beds and the willow-trees? Cannot we all build nests here, and live here always? Mother do not let us go away anywhere else. I want no other land, and no other home but this. There are all the aits in the great river to choose from, where we shall each settle; there can be nothing in the Unknown Land more pleasant than the reed-beds and the willow trees here. I am so happy. Leave off those dreadful songs!"

Then the Mother's breast heaved with many a varied thought, and she made no reply. So the little one went on:

"Think of the red glow in the morning sky, Mother, and the soft haze—and then the beautiful rays of warm light across the waters! Think of the grand noonday glare, when the broad flags and reeds are all burnished over with heat. Think of those evenings, Mother, when we can sit about in the branches—here, there, anywhere—and watch the great sun go down behind the sky; or fly to the aits of the great river, and sing in the long green herbage there, and then come home by moonlight, and sing till we fall asleep; and wake singing again, if any noise disturb us, if a boat chance to paddle by, or some of those strange bright lights shoot up with a noise into the sky from distant gardens. Think, even when the rain comes down, how we enjoy ourselves, for then how sweet it is to huddle into the soft warm nest together, and listen to the drops pattering upon the flags and leaves overhead! Oh, I love this dear, dear home so much. Sing those dreadful songs about another land no more!"

Goodnight Little People. More story next week. Do you like it?—Anne.

The "Ait" the little bird speaks of is a tiny island in a lake or a river. You've seen them haven't you?—Anne.

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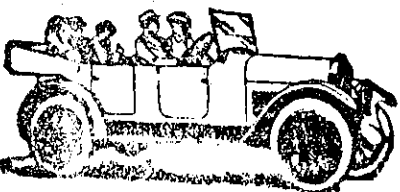
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MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE MISSIONS,
CHRISTCHURCH.

In the Trinity College Music Examinations just concluded, the following is a list of successful pupils of the Convent, Ferry Road, conducted by the Sisters of the Missions. At the close of the examinations, Dr. Warriner, of London, examiner for Trinity College, delivered an interesting and instructive address to teachers and candidates, and also presented the medals awarded by the Christchurch centre; Miss Annie Hudd winning the gold medal for the candidate obtaining the highest marks in the Higher Local and Senior Divisions. Miss Hudd is the fourth pupil from the Convent, Ferry Road, to win the much coveted Trinity College gold medal. Licentiate Diploma: Isla Barter, Maisie McLennan, Winifred Stott, Lucy Fullwood, Mercy Cook, Madge O'Malley, May Garden, Eva Smart. Higher Local (pass): Rose Tanner, Cecilia Reilly, Mary Nolan, Phyllis Muschamp. Senior—Gold medalist: Annie Hudd (violin honors); Eileen Grennell (honors), Ruby Smith (singing honors), Elizabeth Johnson, Irene Hay, Connie Morris, Alethea Bennett, Theekla McKendry (singing), Mary Tansley (singing), Marcella Smith. Intermediate: Phyllis Porter (honors), Annie Hudd (honors), Noel Cape-Williamson (honors), Kevin McMennamin (violin honors), Lena Davidson (singing), Josephine McNamara (singing), Elsie Waite (singing), Eileen Marshall, Earica Bowley. Junior: Mavis Roi (honors), Isabel Drake (honors), Doreen Steel (singing), Connie Bradley (violin), Erl Keane (violin), Eileen Quill, Mary O'Boyle, Ellen Coulston (singing), Monica Hennessy (singing), Gladys Davie, Lillian Haughey, Kathleen Smith, Monica Rich, Pauline Sleeman, May Williamson. Preparatory: Aileen McCormick (honors), Merle Garnett (honors), Leo Aspell (honors), Patricia Senior (honors), Phyllis Dearman, John Pohl, Eileen Hendron, Mary Wormesley, Freda Robinson. First Steps: Reggie Nelson (violin), Stanley Lane (violin), Ellen Rivier, Kathleen Griffin, Moira Gibson, Eileen Daly.

Results of the Theoretical Examinations held in June last:—

Licentiate Diploma: Art of Teaching and Rudiments of Music, Mercy Cook, Winnie Stott. Senior: Isla Barter (honors). Intermediate: Annie Hudd (honors), Molly Goldstone (honors), Connie Morris (honors). Junior: Doreen Steel (honors), Eileen Grennell (honors), Edna Coulston (honors), Kathleen Brady (honors), Kevin McMennamin (honors), Alethea Bennett (honors), Evelyn Duckworth (honors), Sheila Ryan (honors), Jean Coleman (honors), Mavis Roi (honors). Preparatory: Isabel Drake (honors), Lillian Haughey (honors), Pauline Sleeman (honors), Leo McMennamin (honors), John Pohl (honors), William Lane (honors), Mellicie Ryan (honors), Mary O'Boyle (honors), Erl Keane (honors), Eileen Brice (honors), Lulu Kydal (honors).

VILLA MARIA CONVENT CENTRE.

Licentiate—McKie, Margaret (singing). Higher Local—Barron, Dorothy (violin); McKeefry, Annie (violin); McNamara, Monica. Senior Honors—Barron, Dorothy (singing); Armiger, Cassie. Intermediate Honors—Collett, Myrtle; McCullough, Nance; McNamara, Monica (singing); Santos, Ruth. Junior Honors—Carney, Lucy (elocution); McCullough, Nance (elocution); O'Keefe, Mary; O'Malley, Gwen (elocution); junior class (singing). Junior Pass—Bennett, Thelma; Bunker, Relise. Preparatory Honors—Ainger, Kathleen (elocution); Hoban, Ethel (elocution); Powell, Moya (elocution); Walker, Mavis (elocution).

LYTTELTON CONVENT CENTRE.

Associate—Miller, Evelyn. Higher Local—Day, Ivy C.; Fitzgerald, Kathleen. Senior—Reynolds, Hazel. Intermediate—Wales, Edith. Preparatory Honors—Anderson, Myrtle (violin); Gilray, William (violin); Ramon, Florence (violin). Preparatory Pass—Casey, Ellen; Mather, Isabel. First Steps—Edgar, Evelyn.

AKAROA CONVENT CENTRE.

Senior—Paul, Alice; McKillop, Daphne; Richfield, Hazel; Richfield, Margery. Junior—Curry, Gwendoline; Robinson, Nancy; Wakelin, Alma; Walker, Ethel; Wheelch, Betty. Preparatory—Curry, Nora. First Steps—McDonald, Jean; Stewart, Jean; Walker, Ethel (violin).

KAIKOURA CONVENT CENTRE.

Senior—Peoples, Mary G.; Withers, Margaret S. (singing), honors. Junior—Burland, Annie (singing), honors; Harle, Anne (violin); Harle, Jean (violin); Low, Frances; Wallace, Clare. Preparatory—Garrett, Edna (honors); Keenan, Kathleen; O'Malley, Joyce; Wareham, Josephine (violin). First Steps—Lawson, Marjorie; Miles, Sheila.

WEDDING BELLS

DARBY—FORD.

At St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, Christchurch, on August 27, in the presence of a large number of friends and well-wishers, the marriage was solemnised of Thomas, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Darby, Dean Street, and Margaret (Peggy), youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Ford, Bishop Street, St. Albans, Christchurch. Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., assisted by the Rev. Father Kerley, S.M., and the Rev. Father O'Meeghan, officiated and celebrated Nuptial Mass. Miss Katie O'Connor was organist for the occasion; Mr. Martin Darby was his brother's best man, and Mr. T. Ford was groomsmen. The bride, who was escorted by her brother, Mr. P. G. Ford, wore a beautiful dress of ivory French chiffon, embossed with silver. The low waist line was defined with loops of pearls, caught at the side with a handsome pearl ornament, and the long sleeves were of ivory georgette. From the shoulders fell a square train of silver lace, lined with ivory georgette and finished with an embroidered pearl horse-shoe. The filmy tulle bridal veil fell from a light coronet of pearls, and her bouquet was of daisies, white sweet peas and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaids were Miss Eileen Ford, the bride's sister, and Miss Molly Darby, the bridegroom's sister. Miss Ford wore a charming frock of shrimp pink georgette, with three tiered skirt, and narrow side panels of plisse georgette, and graceful angel-sleeves. Her becoming hat of grey georgette and lace had a wide drooping brim, and was trimmed with vari-colored flowers and ears of wheat, and she carried a bouquet of pastel tinted flowers. Miss Molly Darby's frock of heliotrope georgette had a tiered skirt of knife-pleated georgette with inlet side-panels of silver lace, and a girdle of narrow silver ribbon. Her pretty hat of heliotrope georgette and silver lace and her bouquet of heliotrope and cream flowers exactly matched her frock. Marie Toner, the bride's niece, in a powder blue frilled georgette frock and hat to match, was a dainty little train-bearer. Immediately after the ceremony at the church, Mrs. Ford held a reception in the private drawing-room at Ballantyne's. Rev. Father O'Connell, presided, and the usual toasts were honored. When the newly-wedded couple, left for their honeymoon, which was spent in the North Island, the bride wore a fawn garbicorn costume, piped with green, a red fox stole, and a fawn hat with touches of green and tan.

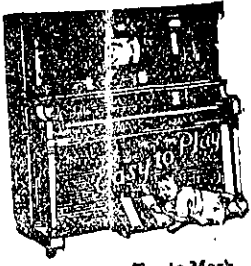
HIBERNIAN SOCIETY

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH, DUNEDIN.

The usual fortnightly meeting of St. Joseph's branch (No. 73) of the H.A.C.B. Society, was held on the 30th ult., the president (Bro. R. A. Simpson) presided, and there was a large attendance of members. The sick visitors (Bros. A. Berland, W. Simpson, and T. Hughes) handed in their report, and sick pay was passed for payment. Three new members were elected and two candidates proposed for membership. It was decided to invite the members of St. Joseph's Ladies Club to a social evening on October 14, at which a large attendance of members of the branch is expected. An invitation from the All Saints' Club to a social evening was received and accepted. The president, on behalf of the social committee, announced that the sale of tickets for the society's social had been so extensive as to necessitate the engaging of a larger hall, hence Victoria Hall had been secured in place of the Overseas Club rooms. The social is to be held on Thursday, October 23.

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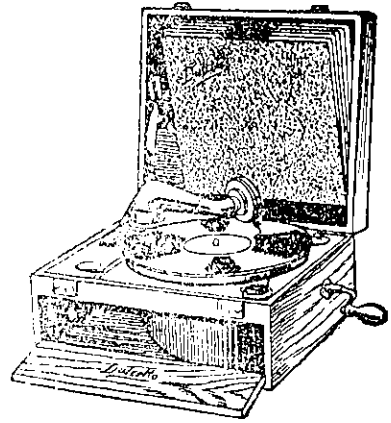
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IRISH NEWS

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—A PROTESTANT BISHOP'S VIEWS.—SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE DOMINICAN'S IN IRELAND.—ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO CROAGHPATRICK.—STUDY OF IRISH FOLKLORE.

I have just returned from a pretty long trip through the country and never yet have I seen promise of better crops and a richer harvest (says a contributor to a Home paper for August 2). In spite of all that one hears as to the rains having destroyed the crops the facts as seen by me during the week-end all point the other way. I have no hesitation in saying that if the ripening period of the next couple of weeks is accompanied by a fair amount of sunshine, this will be one of the best years Irish agriculturalists have been favored with for a long time past. The haulms, or "stalks" of the potato crops present a luxuriance of growth indicative of a very high yield of tubers. The corn crop is very heavy and very little of the corn has been "lodged." Despite the rains a fairly good proportion of the hay crop is already fairly safe and root crops of all kinds are, as might be expected, doing splendidly. Pasture lands have produced nearly twice the amount of pasturage of other years, and if we have had less sun, we have also had less injury to cattle from the activities of the gadfly. All things considered this will be one of the best years the farmers of this country have had for a decade, and when they are doing well the whole country will do well. Despite all the croakings one hears everywhere, any unjaundiced observer passing through the country cannot help thinking that Providence has been most bountiful to the people of Ireland this year. If the people could only realise their good fortune in living in such a pleasant land, so singularly favored by nature, and learn to make the most of what they have got, good days would be in store for all in this old but ever new country.

* * *

Addressing the annual Anglican Synod at Carlow, Right Rev. Dr. Day said that, looking back over the last year, they could find much cause for thankfulness and encouragement. "The country is now settled and peaceful," he declared. "The Government have faced great difficulties with courage and firmness and have won the admiration of all classes by the way they have done their work. "Under more settled conditions the prosperity of the country has begun to revive, and such isolated instances of lawlessness and outrage as may occur here and there are being dealt with by a strong hand. And among our own people, especially in the farming community, one is thankful to find a growing spirit of confidence and hope. Our people have passed through very troublous and trying times. Many of them have suffered grievous loss: but it is most cheering and encouraging to hear them talk. Far from being depressed or pessimistic, they are doing their work cheerfully and bravely, living at peace with their neighbors, and looking out to the future with a courageous and trustful spirit. (Applause.) Of course, we are not as many as we were. Some of our people have left the country. Some have been driven out, and their loss has been felt in many ways. "But I hear that many are anxious to return. "They find they cannot settle down. They cannot make themselves happy outside their native land, and in spite of what they suffered they would rather live in Ireland than anywhere else. (Applause.) After all we Irish churchmen are real Irishmen, with deep patriotic love of our country, and its people which nothing can destroy and we believe we have a place in the life and service of our country, and that it would be vastly the poorer by our loss, and surely it is a matter for satisfaction that members of our community are occupying influential positions and doing valuable work in the public service. One must say that by their fairness and impartiality in making recent appointments that the Government have gone the right way to make Ireland a happy and united country."

The seventh centenary of the coming of the Dominican Friars to Ireland was celebrated recently in a very special manner in Drogheda, where the Order established its house in 1224. The only relic of this remaining to this day is the venerable belfry tower of the Abbey which stands on an eminence on the Louth side of the town.

High Mass was offered at the celebration. Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell presided.

The Mayor (Ald. P. Monahan) and six members of the Drogheda Corporation attended, and a company of the Civic Guard were also present. The church and grounds were very beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The following telegram was received from Rome:

"On the occasion of the seventh centenary of the foundation of that historic Convent, the Holy Father sends your community, benefactors, and the faithful attending that church the Apostolic Benediction.—Cardinal Gasparri."

His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, delivered a sermon. The history of Church teaching and the important work in that regard done by the Dominican and Franciscans was traced interestingly. In Dominic's mind the conviction was overwhelming that the best way to combat heresy was to preach the doctrine of Christ in the spirit of Christ. He resolved to form an Order of Preachers.

Like all things destined to greatness, Dominic's project encountered difficulties at the start, but, once Papal approval was secured, the Order grew as if men were multiplied by miracle. In 1216 the Dominicans numbered 16 all told; five years later, when St. Dominic died, they constituted eight provinces, and by the middle of the century they counted 7000.

The Dominicans have flourished ever since in the Church, to its great advantage, and with them the Second Order of the Tertiaries.

When the Dominicans came to Drogheda they came to a very important town, possessing and professing the same Faith as they preached then and as they preached now. Their convent and church grew into a noble pile on the most prominent site in the place, and Popes and Primates, Kings and Parliaments fostered the establishment.

* * *

Notwithstanding rigorous weather conditions, the number who ascended Croaghpatrick recently was greater than ever participated in the great pilgrimage before. Wonderful scenes of piety were witnessed. Difficult and trying under the best conditions, the steep climb became doubly arduous in the torrential downpour.

As though further to test the ardor of the devout thousands who came from all parts of Ireland to take part in the annual pilgrimage to Croaghpatrick, a day which began with brilliant sunshine closed with rain teeming from the heavens.

A sermon in Irish was preached on this occasion.

Masses were celebrated in the pretty little church on the summit from 6 a.m. onwards.

* * *

Dr. Sydow, Professor of Folklore and Traditional Culture of Sweden, is on a visit to Ireland to gather Irish folklore and cultural traditions. In Dublin he visited Carysfort Training College, where there are 200 nuns from all parts of Ireland following an advanced course in the Irish language. In a brief address to the nuns, Dr. Sydow said that real national culture is preserved by the common people in countries like Ireland and Scandinavia. One must get in touch with the living traditions in the Gaelic speaking districts in story, poem and music. Dr. Sydow will visit Cork, Kerry, the Aran Islands and Tír na nÓg.

Paddy Monnock

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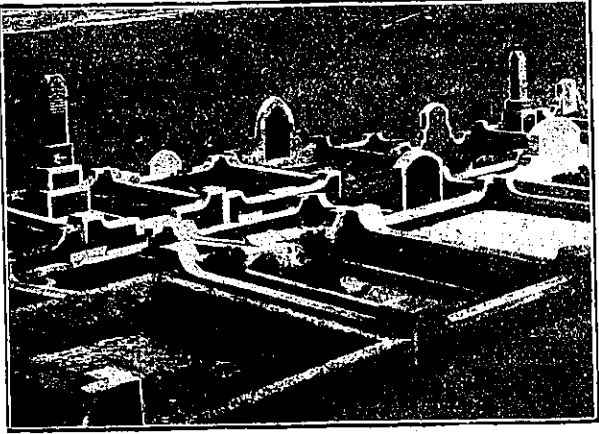
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ON THE LAND

SCIENCE OF THE AXE OR AXECRAFT AND BUSHCRAFT (Contributed.)

THE SIMULTANEOUS SPLITTING AND SIDE IMPACT BLOW.

The general rule is to commence splitting from the end. When the blocks are sawn off, therefore, if they should be fairly large it will be found convenient to set them up on end in order that the grain of the wood, knots, or other peculiarities may be seen at a glance.

To "cut out" using the maul and wedges and do the work more speedily, instead of dividing the block into halves and quarters by wedge power commence by knocking slabs "off the back" by using the combined splitting and side-impact-conserving stroke.

As far as possible leave the slabs just hanging to the mother block, to hold them in position on end, and by using the above stroke send the billet flying sideways till the slab is in pieces; chop around the block, and following the direction of the age rings strike off more "slabs" which send flying in the same style, finally send the core into quarters, and the task is accomplished in the most expeditious way.

Even if the block should appear too stiff for the axe unaided by the wedges, the unexpected frequently happens, and the whole block is disposed of by first splitting off *what will come away* before attacking the more difficult part. To deliver the side stroke properly the essential thing to do is to strike so that at the precise moment that the edge of the axe enters the wood it at the same time strikes outwardly. The impact of the blow is thus added to the bursting power.

This stroke is difficult to acquire, and in bushcraft is sometimes termed "kowking" the edge; it might with equal propriety be termed the shell-shock blows. Beginners beware when practising it, and let no one stand in the line of fire.

PUTTING IN THE AXE-HANDLE.

A false blow! and away goes the axe-handle. Mis-chance! No matter, keep on smiling. There's no use in worrying. Let us repair it promptly.

The first thing to do is to get out the part which still sticks out of the axehead. "Bore it out" did you say? "That makes too much trouble." "Besides when in camp there may not be augers, chisel, etc., to hand, and fore-warued is forearmed."

Shape a piece of hardwood (about 6in long) so that it will just pass through the eye of the axe-head; lay down the axe-head flat on the ground; place the piece of hardwood close up and in contact with the broken off piece in the axe-head, supporting it underneath so that it will strike only against the wood and not come into collision with the iron when subjected to the blow, for we are relying on impact to forcibly eject the handle.

Everything having been correctly placed, pick up another axe and deliver a well-directed and forceful blow point-blank on the piece of hardwood with the back of the axe. A circular sweep something after the manner of the golfer's stroke is very effective. A few such blows will generally expel the broken handle; if, however, it proves too obstinate—a rare occurrence—have recourse to fire.

There is no risk of spoiling the temper of the steel-face if the following simple precautions are taken:

Push or drive the axe-face into the ground as far as the eye. Make a fire on the part of the axe-head which is above ground. Don't wait till the wood in the eye is reduced to ashes, but as soon as it is sufficiently burned or contracted to come out freely, shove it out with a piece of scrap iron or any convenient stick which may be at hand, then pull the axe out of the ground and dip it into cold water immediately.

Before putting in the new handle rub down the sharp edges of the axe-eye with a file, so as to prevent them from cutting into or chafing the wood, when side leverage is exercised on the handle.

For the fitting of the handle a saw, spokeshave, and a bit of hardwood are always desirable, but for a bushman in emergency the axe or slasher is the only tool essential.

Don't fix the axe-head too far out on the handle or the "fall" will suffer. This implies the deepening of the wedge-out by $\frac{1}{2}$ in or $\frac{3}{4}$ in, and the cutting off of what protrudes after fixing.

AU REVOIR.

With tools prepared and keen, reminiscences of the old camp-fires and forest scenes when New Zealand was in the making, come flooding in upon us; we begin again to feel the wild enchanting call, the charm of the strenuous but free life of the N.Z. bushman.

Duty's call now leads us into other paths, but as some poet hath put it (no matter who),

"Still their bright track, which remains in the soul,
No shadow can cover no time can efface,
Around them life's billows and tempests may roll,
But they still leave them clear for the pilgrim to trace."

FINIS.

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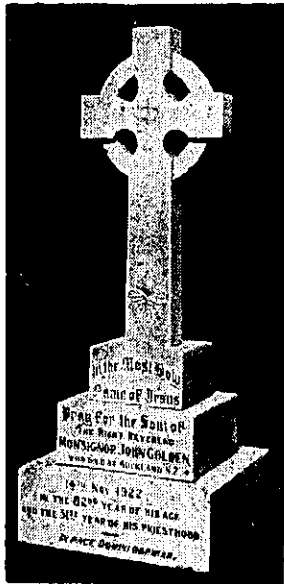
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the story of a man who, after having entered college to
study for the Congregational ministry, spent forty years
as an Agnostic, and at last found security and peace in
the communion of the Catholic Church.

The author, in the course of his book, examines and
rejects the claims of the divers sections of Protestantism
to represent the Christianity of the Apostolic age, and
sets over against them the unbroken continuity of the
Catholic Church, explaining and defending its contro-
verted doctrines and distinctive practices with masterly
hand.

“I feel,” he says, “that this One, Holy, Catholic, Apo-
stolic Church has given me certainty for doubt, order for
confusion, sunlight for darkness, and substance for
shadow.”

“The treatment,” says a reviewer, “is very discus-
sive, and wanders over many wide fields; and is full of
side-lights, historical and philosophical and other. The
course is consecutive and in logical order: belief in God,
conscience, and the immortality of the soul. Then revela-
tion and the Church. Then the Church historically and
doctrinally considered. Then the Church's relation to the
sects. Then the distinctive Catholic doctrines which sep-
arate her from the sects; ending in conviction all round
and reception into the fold.”

Published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, and to be ob-
tained from all Catholic booksellers in New Zealand.

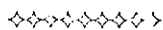
Catholic World

CATHOLICS TO HEAD CITY GOVERNMENT.

The election of Alderman Sir Alfred Bower, as Lord Mayor of London for the coming civic year that begins in November, is (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for August 18) considered to be extremely likely; in which event the high governors of the City of London, for the first time since the reign of Mary Tudor, will all be Catholics.

Sir Alfred Bower is a Catholic, and so also are the two Sheriffs, Alderman Barthorpe and Mr. Harold Downer. And the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are all powerful within the limits of their City of London: so much so, that even the King asks permission to enter London when he arrives at the entrance to the city in state.

The election of the Lord Mayor is practically automatic, and has no connection with popular votes, and it takes place towards November. The Sheriffs are nominated on the Nativity of St. John Baptist preceding, though they do not enter upon office until the feast of St. Michael the Archangel—a custom which is one of the relics of London's honorable Catholic past.

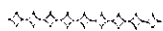


AUXILIARY BISHOP FOR BIRMINGHAM.

Mgr. Glancey, Provost and Vicar-General of the Birmingham archdiocese, has been nominated to the episcopate by the Holy See as Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Birmingham. The nomination has been made at the request of the Archbishop, and it is a clear proof of the progress now being made by the Church in this flourishing Catholic centre.

The Bishop-designate is an old student of Oscott, and since his ordination in 1877 has filled many important ecclesiastical posts and taken a full share in public life, particularly on the side of education.

Nor is Mgr. Glancey unknown as a writer, having several scholarly volumes to his name. He is also editor of the *Orbis Catholicus*, a Catholic year book very much on the lines of the famous *Annuario Pontificio* that is published at the Vatican Press.

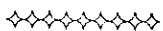


GERMAN CHANCELLOR ATTENDS MASS.

Dr. Marx, Chancellor of the German Republic, whose presence in London at the head of the German delegation has helped to bring the Conference to a satisfactory ending, found time amid his arduous duties to attend Mass at the German church of St. Boniface in the East End.

The church is in the care of the Fathers of the Pious Society of Missions, and the Rector, who preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, reminded his hearers that during this year is being celebrated the 1200th anniversary of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, and that the Apostle of Germany was an Englishman.

A good many German Catholic societies are attached to this church, and after Mass the Chancellor attended a reception in the parish room when the heads of the local societies were presented to him. The German religious, the Poor Handmaids of Christ, who have three convents of their Order around London, came in a strong contingent to welcome the Chancellor.



PRIESTLY JUBILEE OF AUSTRIAN PREMIER.

Monsignor Ignatz Seipel, Prime Minister of Austria, who has almost recovered from the wounds inflicted on him by a would-be assassin, celebrated very quietly the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood.

Nothing could have been more characteristic of the priest-premier than the humble surroundings in which he received the members of the diplomatic corps and other

distinguished visitors who brought their congratulations. At the head of the diplomatic corps was the Apostolic Nuncio, who conveyed the congratulations of his fellow diplomatists, but those also of his Holiness the Pope.

For the first time since the attempt on his life, the Chancellor was able to celebrate Mass, on the occasion of his 48th birthday, in the Sacred Heart church. A huge congregation filled the church for the Premier's Mass, and both on entering and leaving the church Mgr. Seipel was cheered by large crowds that blocked up the approaches to the building.



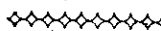
PAPAL CONSTITUTIONS FOR THE HOLY YEAR.

The Pope has issued three Apostolic Constitutions relating to the Holy Year. The first of these suspends, during the Holy Year all indulgences, except those *in articulo mortis*, that of the recitations of the Angelus, of accompanying the Viaticum, the Portiuncula of Assisi, and those granted by the Nuncios, archbishops and bishops in Masses and pontifical benedictions. At the same time the indulgences *pro defunctis* remain in force. There are also suspended the faculties granted to confessors outside of Rome to absolve in reserved cases, except those provided for in the Code of Canon Law.

In the second constitution special faculties are granted to the Canons Penitentiary of the greater basilicas and to the other confessors, delegates of the Cardinal Penitentiary. Among these is one reducing to only three the number of days prescribed for visiting the basilicas, whenever there are impediments to making the prescribed ten days visit.

The third constitution refers to enclosed nuns and other religious in novitiates, to those engaged in teaching in colleges or in communities approved by ecclesiastical authority, to the eremitical religious such as the Trappists and Carthusians, to prisoners, the sick, to workers who cannot interrupt their work, and to the aged over 70 years. To all these is granted the privilege of having commuted by the local ecclesiastical authority all those prescribed works for gaining the indulgence in favor of equivalent works.

Nor is it, under the constitution, necessary to visit the basilicas on foot; any means of conveyance is permitted.



ALSACE PREPARES TO RESIST.

The municipal council of Kaysersberg, in the Upper Rhine, has sent a strong protest to the Government regarding the anti-clerical part of its programme. In almost identical terms, the municipal council of Saint-Louis has passed a resolution of protest. And as most of these protests echo the same thought, that of Kaysersberg reveals the state of public feeling in Alsace and Lorraine. This protest reads:

Faithful to the venerable traditions of ancient Alsace, of that Alsace for which the words fatherland and religion are inseparably united and form a whole symbolised in the tricolor, the Municipal Council of the town of Kaysersberg is profoundly and painfully surprised at the report of religious persecution by the Government of the motherland.

It protests with all its energies against the rupture with the Vatican and against the introduction of the secularist laws in Alsace.

It protests also against the abolition of the Concordat, that admirable instrument for domestic pacification, invented by the political genius of the First Consul, and which Bismarck himself, the promoter of the *Kulturkampf* had to respect, and which has allowed our country with all its different confessions to enjoy the benefits of religious peace.

It protests against all attempts on religious institutions, against the open or disguised sabotage of the denominational schools, against any watering down of the right of parents to decide on the education of their children, and against any meddling with freedom of conscience, which is the first and foremost of all liberties.

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Are you one of the many women who long for a clear beautiful skin—a skin that will be admired wherever you go?

Saxol has no equal anywhere. Each particle of this clay acts like a tiny magnet. Pore-poisons and black-heads are drawn to the surface and absorbed. Wrinkles are banished.

SAXOL gives a Fresh Healthy Complexion and a Pure Clean Skin in just *THREE MINUTES*. We have reserved 5000 full-sized 15/- jars of Saxol which we are going to sell as a big advertisement for five shillings (5/-) a jar.

Are you going to take advantage of this unusual offer?

Send the Coupon Now with a Postal Note for 5/6 (6d for packing and postage) as these 5000 jars will soon be sold.

Postal Address—

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Please post to me in plain wrapper a full-sized 15/- jar of Saxol Skin Perfection Clay. I enclose 5/6 in Postal Notes to cover all costs in accordance with your advertising offer appearing in the *Tablet*.

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Address

Domestic

By Maureen

Scrambled Eggs.

Two tablespoonsful butter, 2 tablespoonsful milk, 3 eggs, one-third teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper, 1 cupful mixed cooked vegetables—French beans, peas, new potatoes, carrots, slices of buttered toast. Heat the butter and milk, add the eggs, pepper, and salt, and cook over hot water. Just as they begin to set add the vegetables, not using all of those suggested, but such as are convenient. Heat thoroughly, pile on slices of toast, and garnish with parsley or watercress.

Banana Pudding.

One pint of boiling water, 3 eggs, 3 bananas, 1 cupful of sugar, 4 tablespoonsful of cornflour, a little cold water, 1 pint of boiling milk, a little salt. Dissolve 3 tablespoonsful of cornflour in cold water and add that to the boiling water. Separate the yolk of the eggs from the white, beat the white to a froth, and stir that into the boiling cornflour and water. Stir the whole very fast, then turn into a dish with alternate layers of the mixture and of sliced bananas. Make a custard from the boiling milk, the yolk of the eggs—well beaten, the sugar, 1 teaspoonful of cornflour, and the salt. Place the pudding in a glass dish. When the custard is cold put it on the pudding.

Chocolate Sponge.

Beat 4 eggs with a cupful of castor sugar for 15 minutes. Sift a cupful of self-raising flour with four heaped teaspoonsful of cocoa, and fold gently into the mixture. Dissolve a tablespoonful of butter in 2 tablespoonsful of boiling water, and stir into the cake just before pouring the mixture into the well-greased sandwich tins, and bake in a moderate oven. Ice with chocolate icing. A few drops of essence of vanilla improves the flavor of this cake.

Walnut Cake.

Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream with a cupful of brown sugar, and stir in 3 well-beaten eggs. Sift in 2 large cupsful of self-raising flour and sufficient milk to make the mixture a nice consistency, and then add two-thirds of a cupful of minced walnuts. Bake in sandwich tins, and when cold, ice with nut icing, and spread between the layers with whipped cream flavored with nut essence and grated walnut.

Gooseberry Jelly.

Wash some green gooseberries very clean; then to each pound of fruit pour three-quarters of a pint of cold water, and simmer them until they are well broken. Turn the whole into a jelly-bag or cloth, and let the juice drain through. Weigh the juice, and boil it rapidly for 15 minutes. Draw from the fire, and stir into it until entirely dissolved, an equal weight of good sugar sifted fine. Then boil for 15 minutes longer, or until it jellies strongly on the spoon. It must be perfectly cleared from scum. Then pour into small jars, and cover with brandy papers in the usual way. When finished it should be quite transparent.

Household Hints.

The rim of a tumbler makes a good biscuit cutter if you have mislaid your own metal one.

Before using a brass kettle which has been put away for any length of time, it should be washed out with salt and vinegar.

In hot weather a glass bottle used as a rolling-pin for pastry helps to keep the pastry light and cool. Choose as cool a place as possible for your rolling.

Spread your tea leaves before using them on a sheet of white paper, and place in a warm oven, not too hot, for twelve minutes or so. The flavor of the tea will improve, and the tea will go much farther.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

We have just received the latest Musical Novelty—"The Canary Songster"—considered to be the best and strongest musical toy ever made for children. Send postal note for 2/6 and receive this by return post.—ALLAN YOUNG, Ltd., 17, The Octagon, Dunedin.

We notify the readers of the *Tablet* that the recent arrival of a new shipment of goods includes the celebrated "Pearson" Hair Brush, also chin straps to reduce double chin. Send combings and stamped addressed envelope when wishing advice about disease of the scalp or falling hair. Why not treat your own complexion in the home? We supply Dr. Waldron's creams, massage, and vanishing, also powders in all shades. Astringent Lotion, Rouge, and Cosmétique.

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Selected Poetry

SLEEP CHARM

Mistily my sleep comes down.
(What now of the brilliant sea?)
Mistily the silken brown
Darkness covers me.

Quietly my sleep draws near.
(What now of the wind's long flight?)
Quietly comes down the dear
Nothingness of night.

—HAZEL HALL in *Poetry*.

HELEN TELLS THE WORLD

(From evidence contained in a recently excavated Egyptian manuscript, scholars have conceded that Helen of Troy was real.)

Why, look you, they go with a handful of Arabs
To dig in a tomb for papyri, for scarabs,
For objects Egyptian of every description,
All wrinkled, all gray with the dust of the ages,
And shining like gold on some Ptolemy's pages
They spy a cognomen, the which—absit omen!
Once sang through the world to the clashing of steel,
A name that was fire, a symbol, a cause,
And they say I was "real!"
Well, I'll say that I was!

When Ilium toppled to embers and chaos
Before the revenge of my spouse, Menelaus,
Who swore he would harass both Priam and Paris,
When half of the world jostled sail on the ocean
To join in the fray, with such horrid commotion
That all the immortals flew down to our portals
And cheered from the side lines—Go on: give me credit!
When king slaughtered king for a lock of my hair.
Was I real? Ah, you said it!
My dear, I was *there!*

My hair was as bright as the coins of Croesus,
My throat was the best in the Peloponnesus;
I had a nice ankle, a smile that could rankle,
A mouth—they all vowed it was honey and roses,
And every one envied my straightest of noses.
My eyes had a slither distinctly "come hither."
Why, Homer wrote verses in praise of my lashes!
And now the professors "concede" me. That's good!
Was I real? Ask the ashes
Where Ilium stood.
—JESSIE HENDERSON, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

YOUTH PROTESTS

Let those who sing the joys of youth be still
And for a while consider what they say.
From early dawn to twilight close of day,
Year in, year out, the foolish graybeards fill
The patient air with reminiscence shrill
Of "carefree seventeen" and "joyous, gay,
Light-hearted twenty"—quite forgetting they
Found life, when young, as now, a bitter pill.

Oh, sages, if to bury cherished dreams,
Daily, with trembling fingers; if to wake
Sobbing, at midnight and not knowing why;
If, to grope blindly for a truth that seems
Forever just beyond one, is to make
Of life a carefree dance, your babbling is no lie.
—ELIZABETH DILLINGHAM in *The Quill* (New York).

A BOY'S SONG ON CIRCUS DAY

Hip, hooray, for circus day!
Am I happy?—I should say!
Yes, the circus is in town,
With its elephant and clown;
With its monkey and its bear;
With its lion in his lair;
With its tricky riding mule—
Not from any riding school—
Lincoln Brothers circus show
Plays to-day—you bet I'll go.

Break of day, on Walnut Street,
Saw me up, the show to greet.
Say, my heart was filled with joy,
And the heart of ev'ry boy
Danced around his breast, I think,
When an el'phant stopped to drink
From a trough of water, where
I was standing, in the square,
With a crowd of boys and men.
That big el-phant drank, and then,
When he quit and off did trot
Down the street and to the lot
Where the circus show is held
Up I threw my hat and yelled.

To the circus grounds I ran,
And a big, fat circus man,
Standing there, in dewy grass,
Told me I could earn a pass
If I'd help him—Well, you see,
That was just what suited me.

So I helped him and his men,
Toting poles and seats, and then,
When we got that circus built,
From his vest this card of gilt
He pulled forth and gave to me—
"Pass one boy," it says—just see!
Gee, but ain't there lots of class
To this pretty circus pass?
—SAM J. BANKS, in the *Albany Evening News*.

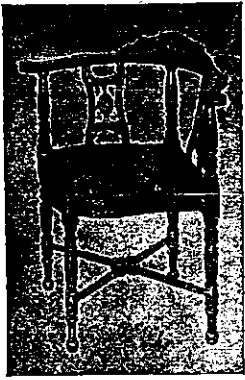
THE LAST SHORE

From the rocky haunts of birds
The ancient shepherd ocean
Is watching the faint herds
Of his endless motion;
In the black expanse of heaven
The bright stars gleam like tears,
And beneath is a grey mist driven—
Ah! hope of years!
And under the mist each wave
Bears a heart that beats no more,
That is stranded as they lave
The fantom shore.

The ancient shepherd ocean
Is whispering, "O cease!
O cease this soulless motion
And give me peace!"
Ah! There is nothing here but grief;
There is not the rest we need
Save where upon the reef
The dead hearts bleed,
And on the cheek of heaven
The bright stars trail like tears
While the mist is a grey hope driven
By the storm of years.
—PASCAL D'ANGELO, in *The Bookman*.

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The Family Circle

"IN THEE, O LORD, HAVE I HOPED."

Afraid, dear Lord? No, not afraid
Of Thy Judgment's just decree.
But ashamed, my God. Ah! yes. Ashamed
To lift my eyes to Thee.
When the sands of life are drifting out
And I stand on death's lone pier,
My heart may sink with an honest shame,
But never a thought of fear.

Ashamed of One Whom I dearly love,
Who gave me a work to do,
Who coming at even findeth me
To my noble Friend untrue.
But fear, my God! Why should I fear?
You formed and fashioned the clay,
You knew the feeble thing I was
When you gave me the light of day.

The small, mean gifts that are mine to give
Other eyes would not deign to see,
But You stoop to take with a loving smile,
Well knowing 'tis only me.
If I feared Thee, Lord, I could not go on.
Then I'll choose the better part—
I will hide myself and my broken life
In the depths of Thy Sacred Heart.

I will kneel at Thy feet and with head bowed low
In shame at the waste of years,
But hopeful still, for my crucified God
Yet waiteth my penitent tears.
With Life's page, all blurs and blots throughout
I will trust Thee on to the end,
For there waits at the lonely pier of death
My kindest, truest Friend.

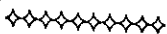


RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL.

Religion gives an entirely different atmosphere to a school. The horizon of the school, in which religion receives recognition as its due, is larger, vaster, and touched with celestial fire. The various topics are invested with a new interest and an added charm.

The teacher even of the secular subjects assumes a more spiritual character. Study and research take on the nature of a sublime duty and partake of the distinction of worship, for God is the truth. Every advance of our knowledge helps us toward some new glimpse of the Divine beauty. Religion infuses into the soul an enthusiasm for the truth and a zeal for study.

It is a mistake to think that the teaching of religion makes for indifference toward secular branches of learning. Quite the contrary is true, and can be readily observed. That is one of the reasons why the Catholic parochial school is nowise inferior to the best-equipped public school. The teaching of religion brings upon it God's own blessing.—*Standard and Times.*



A CHRISTIAN RULE OF LIFE.

1. Be careful to say your morning and evening prayers; for prayer is necessary for perseverance and is certain to obtain it. "Ask and ye shall receive," says Our Lord.

2. Often call to mind that it is appointed for you once to die—you know not when, nor where, nor how; only this you know, if you die in mortal sin you will be lost forever; if you die in a state of grace, you will be happy for ever.

"In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin."

3. Never neglect to hear Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of obligation. By uniting our hearts with all the faithful in Mass, we offer first an act of infinite adoration to God; and second, we bring down the choicest blessings of Heaven. A dark cloud hangs over the Catholic family that neglects Mass.

4. Be careful about what you read, for bad reading is poison to the soul. Provide yourself with Catholic books. Take a Catholic newspaper and Catholic magazine.

5. Remember that a man is known by his company. Fly from the danger of sin; for "he that loveth the danger shall perish in it."

6. If you are so unhappy as to fall into sin be not discouraged; quickly beg pardon of God, and seek the first opportunity to go to Confession and start again a new life. "He that shall persevere to the end shall be saved."

7. Go to Confession and Communion once a week, if possible; at least never allow a month to pass without approaching the Sacraments. By Confession our souls are cleaned from sin and strengthened to resist temptation. By Communion our souls are nourished by the Sacred Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. "He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me," says Our Divine Lord.

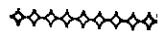


ON READING BOOKS.

We hear a great deal of the importance of the selection of the books we read, but not nearly enough of the even greater importance of the manner in which we read the books after the selection has been made. Jeremy Collier once said, "A man may as well expect to create strength by always eating as to become wiser by always reading. . . . It is thought and digestion which makes books serviceable." It is quite true that, as Bacon explained, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," but this, after all, comes under the head of selection.

The whole question comes down to the real purpose of our reading. If it is mere gratification or to relieve ennui we may be as superficial or as thorough as we choose. If we read for relaxation alone we may skip pages which do not interest and absorb as little as we please; the fact that for the time being we have diverted ourselves into new channels justifies what might otherwise be considered as wasted time; to follow Jeremy Collier's analogy, we may say that the appetite sometimes craves food which is lacking in nutrition. But the human mind can no more be sustained by such food than can the body, and our intellectual palate sooner or later demands real sustenance.

Books have become so common that their significance is sometimes lost, yet it should not be difficult for us to pause long enough to realise fully that the paper, the type, and the binding of the volumes we read are merely the vehicles which convey to us truths which are entrusted to us as stewards, and that it is our privilege as well as our responsibility, after assimilation, to pass these truths on in richer form to those around us. - Exchange.



THE GATE OF LIFE.

Death! shall I fear it, Jesus?
Tremble Thy face to see?
Fear Whom each golden daybreak
Bringeth from Heaven to me?
Nay, I have met Thee, Jesus,
Often—and loved Thee long,
Why should I fear to cast me
Into Thine arms so strong?
Now in my poor heart's shelter
Thou tarriest awhile my Guest,
Then in Thy Heart in Heaven
I shall find endless rest.
Death will but chase the shadows
Veiling Thy Face away,
Death will but seal eternal
Our love-tryst of every day.

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HORRID INGRATITUDE.

An old lady was strolling leisurely across a field, when suddenly she realised that a bull, with head lowered, was charging straight at her. Picking up her skirts, she managed to reach the other side of the gate in safety. Then she turned round, indignation on her face.

"You ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetarian all my life and this is what I get for it!"



RIGHT BY ACCIDENT.

In a country school, in which the furnishings were sadly in need of repair, the geography lesson was in progress when the teacher, pointing with his cane to a spot in the North of Scotland, asked any of the class if they could tell the name of the place he had singled out.

Silence reigned for a minute, then up shot a hand.

"Well, Johnny?"

"Please, sir, it's torn away."

"Quite right, Johnny—Stornoway; but don't take so long to think about it next time."



OUTCLASSED.

Jock went to the races for the first time. On arriving he found the horses lined up for the start, and, desiring a better view, he stepped on to the course.

Suddenly one of the horses bolted and came towards Jock at a terrific pace. Jock turned and fled down the course until a burly policeman dragged him out of danger.

"Why didn't you jump over the rails?" asked the policeman.

"I couldna beat him on the flat, never mind about over fences," replied Jock.



SMILE RAISERS.

He: "There's something I've been wanting to say to you for a long time——"

She (encouragingly): "Yes?"

He: "You've got a black smudge on your nose—soot, I think!"



While waiting at the railway station, Brown put his four-year-old daughter on a weighing machine.

"Only three stone?" he said. "You ought to weigh more than that."

"Well, goodness, daddy!" exclaimed the child, "what do you want for a penny?"



Jimmy was taken by his mother to see the doctor.

"Now, my little man," said the doctor, "what is the matter with you?"

"It's like this, doctor," answered Jimmy. "You know how you feel when you don't know how you feel? Well, that's how I feel."



"I thought you said he was a jumper?" remarked the man to whom the dealer had been trying to sell the horse for three hours.

"So he is," said the dealer.

"Well, he must have come unknit."



Counsel: "And what was the defendant doing meanwhile?"

Witness: "He was telling me a funny story."

"Remember, sir, that you are on oath."

"Well, anyway, he was telling me a story."

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.**

Brownette Bros.



Clock as Money-Box.

A savings bank in the United States is making a present of a clock to every new depositor.

It is a timepiece of a peculiar kind, and is really a combination of a clock and a safe. It needs re-winding every twenty-four hours, but before it can be re-wound a coin must be inserted.

The owner is thus compelled to add something to his savings every day.

Water You Can't Sink In.

Everyone who has swum in a lake or pond as well as in the sea knows the extra buoyancy of salt water as compared with fresh. This effect of salt on water is demonstrated strikingly at Droitwich, the Worcestershire spa, where there is water in which it is impossible to sink.

You can float on the water, sit on it, and even go to sleep on it, without fear of drowning. The better the swimmer you are, indeed, the worse you will fare, because the moment you try to strike out your feet fly upwards, to give you an unpleasant emetic!

So high is the percentage of salt that the crystals completely coat the skin, unless drying is resorted to immediately on leaving the water.

Some of the cures effected by the baths are remarkable. Anaemia, neuralgic ailments, and rheumatism sometimes yield as if by magic under the treatment, which is becoming increasingly popular.

Engineering Feats That Bring Prosperity.

In view of the work now being undertaken by the Dunedin City Council to construct a lake or huge reservoir for the additional storage of water for its electrical power and lighting system on the site of the old Waipori mining township (built on the hillsides and valley of the selected locality), the following extract from *Tit-Bits*, London, describing similar (although on a much larger scale) undertakings, should prove interesting:—

Among modern engineering feats the building of the great dam of Tirso, Sardinia, opened recently by the King of Italy, ranks as one of the most imposing.

The second largest dam in the world, it is 722ft long and over 200ft in height, the artificial lake formed by it containing 30,000 million gallons.

The biggest of all dams is that at Assuan, in Egypt, where, after years of failure, a great wall, nearly a mile and a quarter long, was built across the Nile by a British firm, at a cost of £2,000,000. The building of this wall created a mighty lake nearly 200 miles in length, containing 10,000,000 million cubic feet of water, which is employed for irrigation purposes, converting into rich soil land that was formerly useless.

Valley Becomes a Reservoir.

In the United Kingdom the best-known dam is that forming Lake Vyrnwy, North Wales, which covers what, up to a few years ago, was a beautiful valley containing several villages and hamlets.

The need for storing water for use in certain big industrial centres of the North resulted in the conversion of the peaceful valley into a vast sheet of water, having an area of over a thousand acres and a capacity exceeding 12,000 million gallons.

Considering the enormous pressure imposed upon them, it is astonishing how few dams have failed. One of the worst disasters of the kind occurred near Epiual, France, where a great dam slipped from its foundations and actually overturned, causing great loss of life. The exact cause of the catastrophe was never determined.

Although big dams are being built almost every month, we still know surprisingly little about the factors that govern their safety.

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"SOLVO" is an internal remedy and acts by dissolving the Uric Acid and other salts in the system, thus removing the cause of all these troubles.

The patient taking a course of "SOLVO" should take light food, and sparingly. Take no solid meat, and flush the dissolved Uric Acid and other salts out of the system by drinking freely of water.

Dose—Commence by taking one teaspoonful in a glass of water a quarter of an hour before meals, and increase the dose gradually until the full dose of two teaspoonfuls is taken—three times a day.

Price for three weeks (3) weeks' treatment: 7/6. Postage 1/- extra

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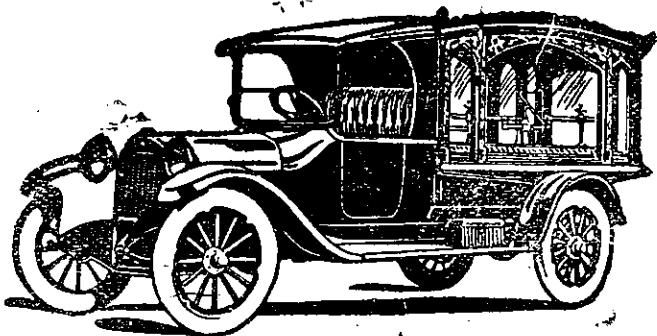
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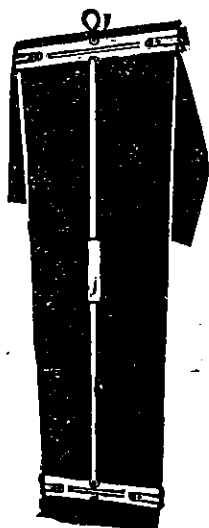
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TO MY PEOPLE

(LEAD KINDLY LIGHT)

Doubtless you are aware England is now in the throes of her free trade policy—i.e., the open door. Prior to the war she was the receptacle for our enemies' goods and undesirables, thus allowing the latter to creep into every crevice of the Empire, to England's peril.

To remove past anomalies "Champion" suggests reasonable protection and a closed door to our enemies, which would enable England to be a much larger manufacturer, with better working conditions and wages for her workers, who have so nobly responded to the Empire's call.

Meantime—

Fortify on "Champion"
Muscle- and Courage-Raiser Flour
I have spoken.—V., Auckland

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