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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1925

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- Mar. 29, Sun.—Passion Sunday.
 „ 30, Mon.—Of the Feria.
 „ 31, Tues.—Of the Feria.
 April 1, Wed.—Of the Feria.
 „ 2, Thurs.—St. Francis of Paula.
 „ 3, Fri.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 4, Sat.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

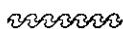
*

St. Francis of Paula, Confessor.

St. Francis was born at Paula, in Southern Italy. His parents spared no pains to implant in his heart sentiments of tender piety, which developed to greater perfection as he advanced in years. He died in 1508, at the age of ninety-one, after having founded a religious congregation known as Minims.

The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary

To drink of that chalice of suffering which the Redeemer of mankind drained to the dregs has fallen to the lot of all the saints, but most of all to the Mother of God. Owing to the closeness of the sacred tie which bound her to her Divine Son she felt most keenly every danger which threatened Him, and every pang that wrung His Sacred Heart. Her seven principal sorrows, commemorated to-day were: the prophecy of St. Simeon, the flight into Egypt, the loss of the Child Jesus, the meeting with her Divine Son on the way to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the taking down from the Cross, and the burial of Our Lord.



GRAINS OF GOLD

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross in anguish keen,
 Ah, who so cold but what that picture stirs!
 Through all the previous centuries no mother e'er had seen
 A son to die—and such a Son as hers.
 No wonder earth protested and the sun withdrew its light,
 No wonder wailing breezes moaned her loss!
 They never since creation's dawn had viewed so sad a sight—
 Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross.
 Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross evokes our tears,
 Our sympathy goes out to her amain;
 Ah! yes; but in our daily life what evidence appears
 That we shall nevermore renew her pain?
 The sins by us committed helped her Son Divine to slay.
 Oh, when temptation's waves around us toss,
 God grant our thoughts revert to her all martyr's Queen for aye
 Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross!

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

Translated from the German by PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN
 (Published by arrangement with Burns, Oates, Washbourne, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XX.

Lily's joy at again meeting her cousin had been singularly damped. He fell so ill after his arrival at Göhlitz, that a doctor had to be sent for, and Lily had thought it necessary to telegraph for his mother to come. The countess arrived the next morning; and oh! what a painful meeting this was to her after so long a separation! The pale face, the emaciated figure, the lifeless expression of his eye, told her that the blow he had received was one of those which change a man outwardly and inwardly for life.

Perhaps she felt something like contrition during the hours she now spent at his bedside, when she found him too tired to support even the sound of his own voice, too indifferent to inquire after his home, too cold and reserved to return her caresses, or to speak one word of confidence in her ear. It seemed as if some cold air had blown upon this young man's heart and had turned it to ice.

But the countess was not fond of searching or discussing the past; she was convinced she had fulfilled her duty, and she did not reflect that we generally accomplish, the most punctually, those duties we have imposed upon ourselves.

His illness? Why, that was brought on by "those people," the climate, and his own weakness. It satisfied her to think how very necessary it always was, and had been, to guide him entirely—how mistaken the chaplain was when he advised his being left to himself, and how careful she must be in the future to keep him away from anything which might remind him of the past.

No one was aware of the cause of this relapse except the chaplain, who kept silence. He believed that there were matters—and this was one—which had better be left to time, and which it was better not to hurry on. Not so the countess.

It was September before Curt was declared to be convalescent. The autumn sun, which retained the brilliancy but had no longer the warmth of summer, shone upon the soft, green turf, and the bright flower-beds beneath the terrace at Göhlitz Castle; and from the drawing-room Lily inhabited in summer one could step out upon this terrace. It was a delicious spot, quite invented for a convalescent: the large, flat stones, the protecting walls of the Castle, and the exotic plants which transformed it into one huge nosegay; in the foreground, the large lawn, with its dainty beds, rich in flowers and varied in colors, and on the horizon, mountains and woods as a background. This was all very enjoyable, and when the sun was too hot or the wind too cold, one could take refuge in the snug and cosy room. Since Curt had risen from his bed he spent many

an hour there, in an apparently dreamy rest. This outward rest, however, only served to conceal the inward struggle which he was carrying on with himself ever since he had met Nora. The love, which had once more awakened in him, and the strength of will which sought to hurry it away for ever, went on gnawing at his heart. He felt qualms of conscience, too, and asked himself twenty times in one day whether he had been right to condemn her unheard. And yet he was so exhausted that he hardly could think. Rest! Rest! That was what he thirsted after. He would have liked to spin a web around him, and to live therein, forgetting all and everything. But we cannot forget at will; and often the more we wish to throw a veil over the past, the more obstacles we encounter in doing so. Those who surrounded him, too, increased the difficulty of the attempt, as they had, more or less, played a part in his life. Lily was the only one who was associated with none of that past, and with whom, therefore, he felt the most at his ease.

And, as for Lily, she only saw in him the missing one she had so often longed for, the sufferer for whose very life she had trembled, and now the convalescent for whose recovery she blessed the Almighty with her whole heart. She was so happy at seeing him up again that her eyes danced for joy. She was so proud, too, of having him quite under her control, of being able to take care of him, that she seemed a transformed being, loving, as she did, with the tenacity of her character.

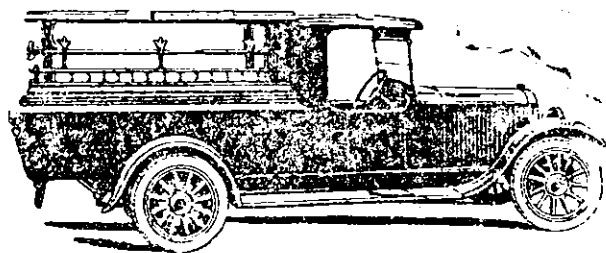
Curt did not think his corner on the terrace the less pleasant because Lily was so frequently there. Her fresh complexion, her fair hair, and her good-natured eyes, showed off to better advantage in the daytime than in the evening, when she often looked tired and insignificant. The simple morning dress suited her better than the display of an evening one, and it certainly occurred to Curt that his little cousin had improved considerably during the last years. She had grown taller, and her figure more graceful; her formerly chubby round face had thinned down into a pretty oval, though her two little dimples were still distinctly visible when she laughed. And Lily laughed often, in her quiet way, since Curt had become her guest.

His eye rested with pleasure and kindness upon the pretty girl, whose tranquil expression was rather soothing than not, and it amused him to watch her busily directing her household. She was always occupied, this little woman; with her housekeeping, or her flower-beds which were her great pride, or else giving audience with quite a matronly dignity to her agents and to her

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MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS

MAIN STREET Gore

poor. These obligations she observed very faithfully, and of late she had found it necessary to fulfil them in the vicinity of the terrace; perhaps, because the young hostess thought it her bounden duty to be as such as possible with her sick guest. Curt often called her away to him, and when she sat by him radiant with joy, it somehow did not put him out in the least that they were only commonplace remarks which fell from her rosy lips. He rather preferred it even, over-tired and over-excited as he was, having done as he thought completely with life. Hundreds of young people have thought it before him, hundreds of young people will think it after him, and it is an idea they are sensitive about so long as it lasts. All the same, however, he found it pleasant to be made so comfortable and to be thought so much of, and now and then the idea vaguely crossed his mind that it must on the whole be agreeable to have a companion so quiet beside one—a companion upon whose shoulders one might place all the petty cares and tiresome small duties of life.

As Curt gradually recovered, Göhlitz became more sociable and more animated.

Countess Degenthal acted as chaperone to the young hostess, and a great many of Curt's friends rushed to Göhlitz to welcome him home. It was thus that one afternoon a small and agreeable circle composed of some country neighbors and a few of Curt's old friends had assembled on the terrace. The Rittmeister whom the chaplain had met at the circus was also of the party.

There is no doubt that there are days, one hardly knows the reason why, when everything seems more beautiful and every one more charming than usual. Such a day seemed to be shining upon the little society at Göhlitz. It was probably not the bright sun which made Lily so particularly gay, and so different from her usual demure self, but she was gay and different, and her heart alone could have whispered the cause of her transformation. She looked just like a cornflower in her blue gauze dress with blue ribbons flowing about her fair hair. Happiness and love, those two magicians, had given her an expression of life and of animation she had never shown before. As mistress of Göhlitz it would not have been difficult for her anyhow to gain admirers; to-day, however, it was not the hostess but the bright and charming girl who attracted every one to her side. The gentlemen present all hovered about the place where she sat, looking like a little May-queen crowned by the blooming oliander, whose rosy tints did not succeed in putting her freshness into the shade. She accepted every homage with quiet self-possession, and seemed only to have eyes for one person. It was but natural that Curt should not turn away from those friendly eyes which were always seeking his. In whatever mood a man may find himself it would be an extraordinary occurrence that he should feel so dead to all vanity as not to be flattered and pleased at being the chosen favorite amongst so many. Curt reclined beside Lily's chair, his arm on the back of it lazily playing with the ribbons which the soft wind was blowing about, as if he had more than a cousinly right to do

so. By degrees his conversation became increased in animation, and the pretty speeches made by the others seemed to spur him on, for he felt that he was the only one who could bring a becoming blush upon Lily's cheek.

"Dare I also approach the queen of the day?" asked the chaplain jokingly, as he now appeared on the balcony.

Lily looked up at him with a proud and happy glance.

"Ah, good day," said the Rittmeister loudly; "yes, here we are all of us at the feet of this young lady, but I can't allow you to be severe upon us, since I saw you hastening to burn incense before the shrine of beauty."

"How so?" asked the chaplain somewhat surprised.

"Well, well," laughed the Rittmeister. "I'm afraid you have a short memory, my dear sir! You'd no time left for us, you were in a great hurry to start upon your journey, and then, after all, you sent up a card to the most renowned beauty of the day! Ah, ha! you had no idea that I was at your elbow on the morning you went to make inquiries at the hotel. I trust, however, that you did not push your holy zeal too far, and that you were not too severe upon the young lady. Where would the Circus Karsten be without the lovely Nora?"

"Ah!" said the chaplain, anything but pleased with the good Rittmeister's somewhat coarse joke, "you are alluding to my visit to Miss Nora Karsten; well, yes, I did call upon her. I have known her from her childhood upwards," he added quietly.

Curt suddenly started, and Lily's blue ribbon was once more allowed to flutter about at liberty. Curt gave no other sign of emotion, remaining apparently indifferent in his recumbent position.

Not so the countess, who was seated near the group, and who now looked up horror-struck, as if she could hardly believe her own ears.

"Yes," continued the unconscious Rittmeister, rushing headlong into destruction, "there's no denying that that girl on horseback is one of the most lovely sights a fellow can see for his money. Really, Degenthal, you ought to see her, if, indeed, you've not come across her in your journey, the Circus Karsten has been almost everywhere."

"No," said Degenthal slowly and coldly.

"Then go to Vienna and have a look at her, she's really worth the while, particularly in her present character of Libussa, she is creating a great furor. Even the reverend gentleman here seemed to be quite delighted with her."

"I don't know about my having been delighted," answered the chaplain; "but I know that I was filled with a deep compassion for the poor girl who was forced, much against her will, to appear in the Circus. She was educated for better things."

"Curt," interrupted the countess crossly, "the air is becoming very fresh, and you should certainly not remain out any longer; do pray go in."

The young man gave her no answer, nor yet did he follow her advice, unless the fact that he put his hat on and drew it right

over his face, was a proof that he also was careful of his health.

The dauntless Rittmeister did not allow his train of thought to be disturbed.

"Forced!" he said, "why forced? It seems quite natural that Karsten's daughter should have taken up that line. But I've also heard that she's very respectable—no little weakness, you know," and the Rittmeister winked in a sapient manner.

"People say that she's betrothed to her father's agent, that handsome, flashy-looking man, called Landolfo," said another gentleman.

"I've heard that also," put in some one else. "She refused to appear during a long time, and then gave in to please him."

"You will excuse me," observed the chaplain, "if I assert that all this was gossip."

"But I know I heard something about a love story," reiterated the Rittmeister. "I'm rather in a muddle about it now, but I'm sure there was something."

"Those things are so often talked about without there being any truth in them. In this case, I can positively assert that Miss Nora was forced, by completely different circumstances, to take a step so intensely antipathetic to her nature, and I can only say that I entertain a deep respect and esteem for her."

"Now, really, my dear Curt," said the countess in a still more sharp and impatient tone, "it is really too foolish of you to remain out. Just look what a mist is falling; how can you expect to get well if you commit such follies?"

"*Je n'en vois peut être pas la nécessité.*" answered the young man, rising and going as far as the drawing-room door, against which he remained leaning, as if he could not tear himself away from the conversation.

Lily now spoke: "Nora Karsten used to be a great friend of mine, and I was very fond of her. She and I were at the same school, and I refused to believe it when I heard that she was going to appear at the Circus. But I'm sure it is as the chaplain says, and that some very urgent reason must have moved her to it. Perhaps her father suddenly lost his fortune?"

"It doesn't look like it anyway, Countess Lily. The Circus is getting on wonderfully, and makes more money every year."

"But then, what can have made her do it?" said Lily thoughtfully: "poor, poor Nora!"

"Yes, indeed, she is to be pitied, if, as you say, she was educated in a convent and amongst girls of a better class," said an elderly gentleman; "the very fact of being severed from their society must be very painful to her."

"Poor Nora!" repeated Lily, but at the same moment her eye fell upon the countess, whose anxiety seemed to be growing quite feverish, and, thinking she was anxious about her son's health, she arose, saying, "Now I think we must force our naughty cousin to reason. Come, Curt, it's more cosy in the drawing-room."

Everyone, of course, followed the young hostess but somehow the drawing-room was not more cosy. The general good humor seemed to have been dispelled as if by magic,

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and a "wet blanket" seemed to have fallen upon every one. The countess did not contribute to the general comfort by darting anxious looks at her son and angry ones at the chaplain; and to crown all, Curt had turned deadly pale and lay back as if exhausted in an arm-chair, without uttering a word. A general break-up ensued, the company alleging that the convalescent needed repose.

As the Rittmeister arose to take leave, Lily asked him in a whisper, "Does the Circus Karsten remain much longer in Vienna?"

"As far as I can remember the last representation was announced a few days ago. But if you wish it, countess, I can send you more exact information."

"No, no, thank you," said Lily hastily, seeing that the countess was approaching. "I will see. . . I now know."

The Rittmeister, seeing that she did not wish to carry the subject any further, took his leave.

"Now, do tell me, my dear sir, what on earth can have induced you to have alluded in so imprudent a manner to that Karsten girl, before Curt, too, so as to awake all the old reminiscences within him?" This was spoken by the countess to the chaplain in an irritable tone, when, after the departure of the guests, she found herself alone with him.

"Indeed, countess, I am quite sure that he has never forgotten anything, and that his present state is only caused by the same old sorrow," answered the chaplain gravely.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the countess, "the climate made him ill, and now the one thing to do is never to remind him of the past by any allusion to it. For my part, I have always carefully avoided saying a word which might turn his mind to the subject. It's really too provoking," she continued in a still injured tone, "and I was so glad, too, of his being here on that very account!"

"You see, countess, we poor mortals can do very little with all our precautions. Count Curt and Miss Nora have met, and that quite lately."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the countess, "you don't mean it! How is it possible? How did it come about?"

"They met by accident in a railway carriage, as Count Curt was travelling here, and the shock of the meeting caused his relapse. You see, therefore, how far from forgetting her he is, and how powerful his love must still be."

"Alas! alas!" cried the countess. "And now, of all times, when I really thought that my plans were fitting so nicely into one another, and that he would be got into proposing to his cousin very soon."

"Dear countess, believe me and make no plans; you will only frighten him away altogether. Leave the whole matter in the hands of God, and depend upon it He will guide all for the best. You have nothing to hear from Miss Nora, as she has long since given up all kind of hope."

"Oh! if you had only not just contradicted that gentleman! I was so glad that Curt should hear the way in which she is spoken of."

"It was an untruth, and as such could not be allowed to stand," said the chaplain firmly, though gently, for he rather pitied the countess than not in her grief; "I am fully acquainted with all the sad details of the case, and it was my simple duty to speak as I did."

"Why couldn't you have let your connection with the family drop?" continued the countess peevishly, as if to vent her anger upon someone whomsoever it might be. "I was so glad to think that we had done with them once and for all!"

"It was a question of looking after a soul, countess; and that, you know, is one of the duties of my vocation. I saw that the poor girl, beaten about by sorrow and bitterness, was on the point of falling into an abyss, and I endeavored to give her comfort by my words and by my presence, and to save her before it was too late. Had it not been my duty as a priest, it would have been my duty as a man, for I promised her dying

mother not to forsake her child, and, with God's help, I think I succeeded in my endeavor."

"Anyhow, she has not given up riding," observed the countess sharply. "I told you from the very beginning what an unfortunate idea it was to have her educated at the Convent of Brussels, and everything has happened as I had foretold. You may say what you like about it, but what am I to do with my poor son? Would he had remained away!"

"Do nothing at all," said the chaplain impressively. "Indeed, there has been already too much done in the matter. Your son's health and Miss Nora's happiness have already been sacrificed. It's so often the case that, when we run away from one misfortune in our over-anxiety, we fall into another."

But it was not an easy thing to make the countess after her opinion.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXX—(Continued.)

What are the definite proposals which press for a solemn reconsideration by all thinking Irishmen?

The first is that an Irishman is not necessarily an *hostis humani generis* who looks for the revision of a Treaty which substitutes for Ireland a Nation a State shorn of Ireland's richest province, laden with a liability of unknown extent for England's National Debt of seven thousands of millions, and forbidden any thought of National Independence with bullies' threats which no other Dominion would brook.

The next is that to make a Truce possible at all it must be an Unconditional Truce. Standing upon the punctilio that the Republicans must first surrender their arms is to condemn the country to the last extremities of an unforgivable blood feud in order to gratify militarist vanity in an infinitely paltry matter. There is no answer to the argument that if Mr. Lloyd George had been equally strait-laced in his first demand for the surrender of arms there could have been no Truce and consequently no Treaty to put the Free State Ministers in power.

If to such an accommodation the existing Ministry interpose an irrevocable Veto there seems to be no alternative but the obvious one of a change of Ministry, accompanied, as it must be, with the corresponding resignations of such of the Republican leaders as may be found to be on opposite grounds equally irreconcilable. The two sets of changes would not involve more than a dozen individuals all told, and of these none but General Mulcahy on the one side, and Mr. de Valera on the other were personally known even by name to the mass of the Irish people up to a few months ago. A hard saying it may be and disagreeable for many. "All things are hard" quoth Heavenly Wisdom itself. There is an undoubted element of cruelty in the proposition, but it demands no greater measure of self-sacrifice and for

the highest patriotic motives than their past and even present sufferings of mind and body must exact. In the last resort public opinion "must be cruel only to be kind" if the nation is not to slip down from danger to destruction. The decree *sic vos non vobis* would simply come to their turn as it did to all others who went before them.

And it is not as if a change of Ministry might imply a rupture with England, as might have happened before the Treaty was the established law of both countries. It can only be altered by slow and deliberate negotiations, English and Irish. The choice of Ministers is a purely domestic concern with which a man of Mr. Bonar Law's shrewd sense would not think of meddling. Indeed the fact that it is Mr. Bonar Law and not Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill who is now to be dealt with is a sufficient reminder that every one of the five British signatories to the Treaty has since been dismissed from office without causing the smallest jar in the relations between the two countries.

Both parties to the Civil War have suffered so atrociously without any compensating results that, the blessings of peace and good fellowship once restored, it is not conceivable that men with a spark of patriotism or human reason should replunge the country into the abyss of fratricide. Undoubtedly other problems will arise with the Truce. The fact has to be faced that there cannot be any tolerable peace until it is made possible for the Republicans freely to re-enter the public life of the country, and this will only be practicable if the oath of allegiance which at present shuts them out from the Parliament of the Twenty-Six Counties is abolished.

You and I may here again insist upon the pettiness of the point in dispute and argue that sworn allegiance to a régime "as by law established" does not forfeit men's freedom to work for a very different one "as by

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law disestablished," and did not prevent the sworn lieges of Charles I and James II from taking away their crowns—in one case "with a head in it." What matters is that the Republicans do not regard it as a petty matter, but, from quite respectable scruples of conscience, would no more take the oath than they would surrender their firearms. But again the difficulty is not so insurmountable as it may look. Mr. Bonar Law is too frank and fearless a statesman not to perceive that the only link left between the two countries and the strongest of all links is the laws of Nature, which continue to bind the two nations together in the most vital of their material interests, with stronger than hoops of steel, and if there was no other difficulty about getting the Republicans to labor for their ideals in the Dail with all the comely arts of persuasion, he would not I think waste much energy in holding on by a form of oath already watered down to a consistency almost contemptuous of the royal personages whom it was framed to honor.

An emergency will arise at once in which the Free Staters, Republicans, and Socialists among whom the Irish Parliament of the future must be divided would find an ample field for united action. The Boundary Commission is foredoomed to failure. It cannot give effect to Mr. Winston Churchill's undertaking to transfer "vast territories" from "Northern Ireland" to "Southern Ireland," in virtue of which the Treaty was really signed. The failure will constitute an essential breach of the Treaty on the part of England, and all Irish parties will be equally keen in resenting and resisting it. In claiming satisfaction and a revision of the Treaty by friendly negotiation with England, and if needs be by an appeal to the League of Nations where it will henceforth meet England on an equal footing, the Free State will run no risk of a break with England, much less of a war for the reconquest of the country, such as demoralised the timorous and the war-sick in their first-judgment of the Treaty of Downing Street.

There can be no finality in the paltry expedients of politicians for human government. The original constitution of Canada—even the broader one suggested by Lord Durham—had to be altered from the first clause to the last before it reached its present glorious evolution. The first step was that the province of Quebec once separated as "Northern Ireland" is now separated had to be restored. The far scattered legislatures of Australia were federated into the Commonwealth without friction, not to speak of war despatches from the Colonial Office. The breakdown of the English machinery for working the Treaty as between North and South would justify and indeed necessitate its amendment, and not in reference to the breach of the Churchill agreement alone, but in the direction of making Ireland's freedom from compulsory Imperial contributions as complete as Canada's own.

England cannot long stand over a state of things in Ulster in which the Catholic and Sinn Fein minority are left without a single representative in the Belfast Parliament and have been shamefully gerrymandered out of the Corporations, County Councils

and District Councils even in counties where they have been proved to be a majority of the taxpayers and ratepayers; in which Cardinal Logue cannot cross the frontier for a visitation of his archdiocese without being held up and offensively searched, and is forbidden liberty to say his midnight Mass at Christmas in the Cathedral of St. Patrick; and in which Republican soldiers are secretly flogged with the cat o' nine tails in the prisons of the Partitionists. The sternness with which the Provisional Government have endeavored to enforce the Treaty to its last letter at the cost of the most drastic severities against their late comrades of the I.R.A. gives them an unanswerable claim for the assistance of England in revising the more insufferable parts of the Treaty.

There would be no need of invoking the intervention of the League of Nations in any spirit of hostility, nor, if the two Nations are wise, of invoking it at all. If the demand of Ireland took the form of a Referendum of all Ireland on the simple issue: Partition or No Partition? it is not easy to imagine how a British Prime Minister of wisdom is going to resist it. Alsace-Lorraine is no more populous and is very much less wealthy than Ulster. It forms less than one-eighth of the area of France, while Ulster covers more than a fourth of the area of Ireland and has for unnumbered centuries contributed the richest pages of her history. England which did not grudge two millions of British lives to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France, has at the same moment quadrupled Ireland in affecting to restore her freedom. This cannot be. No British statesman in his senses can be under the delusion that an Ireland admitted to the Comity of Nations can ever submit to be ravished of her Alsace-Lorraine without an outbreak of

Irish Irredentism which will command the universal sympathy of mankind. No Prime Minister could fail to understand that British opinion alone would promptly square accounts with him, if he set out upon a barbarous reconquest of Ireland by conscripting an army of not less than 200,000 men and at a cost of not less than £300,000,000 to be added to the financial burdens under which the most patient taxpayers of Britain are already bowed to the earth.

Provided always that Irish statesmen are large-minded as well as unshakable. Provided always that they give up once for all the urebins' joy of twisting the British Lion's tail, and that in their dealings with their Northern fellow countrymen they weary not of proving to them that the National Fraternity to which they invite them is the heart's desire of a generous and noble nation, and that they abate not a jot of the special rights and guarantees everybody is now willing enough to concede if they are to be the means of assuaging the forebodings of Ulster. Upon these conditions a Referendum—"Partition or No Partition?"—to be voted upon by the entire population of Ireland—(which it must be remembered has never yet been tried)—would to all human certainty yield such a majority for National Unity—even within the Ulster borders—as must conclude all further controversy on the matter for civilised men. An Ireland thus reunited in the plenitude of her all-embracing liberties would not be long in healing her wounds and might fare forward to the future without an enemy in the world to dim the lustre of her aspirations as "a Nation once Again."

Mallow,

January 10, 1923.

(The End.)

A Complete Story

DANNY'S DOLLAR

"I still lack seventeen cents," muttered old Danny, as he jingled a handful of shiny coins from one gnarled hand to the other. "Seventeen cents—and I'll have my dollar."

"And what do you want so much money for?" asked Nurse Mary, who had come on him unawares, and now stood smiling down at the old man, huddled in his invalid chair, his black, frayed coat buttoned tightly, as he liked it, across his frail chest.

"You look for all the world like the misers in the movies," she laughed, as she professionally arranged his covers, and turned his chair that he might not face the glaring sun.

Danny smiled and answered very simply:

"I need a dollar, and when I get seventeen cents more I'll have one. Until then—maybe I am a miser."

"Then it is my duty, as your self-adopted daughter, to supply the necessary amount," said Mary, her hand seeking a small pocket in her crisp, white apron.

Danny's eyes were the pleading eyes of a little boy.

"No, I couldn't do that," he said. "I must earn it myself. I have almost had a dollar more than once, but someone would

come along who needed it worse than I did, so I've never been able to make it."

"What do you want a dollar for, dear?" Mary urged kindly. "Won't you tell me? Won't you let me help, too?"

There was nothing professional about her now.

"You wouldn't understand, child," he told her gravely. "No one here," with a sweep of his hand that took in the entire grounds, "would understand. It's something special, and I want to earn the money myself."

"Perhaps I could understand, if you would only give me the opportunity," Mary persisted. "But never mind," she added gaily, as she noted the uneasy look in his eyes, "I'll get a secret of my own!"

Nurse Mary looked very beautiful to Danny, as she stood over him in pretended disappointment. He called her his little girl—this bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, keen young woman, who had earned an enviable place for herself in the White Memorial Home during the short time she had been numbered among its nurses. She had scattered sunshine all along her path, but there was a particular friendship between herself and the

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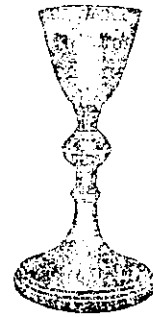
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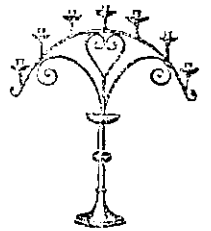


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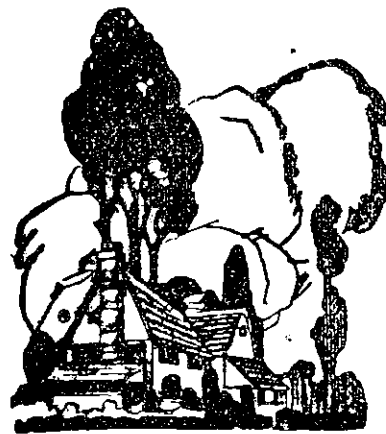
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lonely old man, who lived on and among his memories. Mary learned from the records at the Home that he was supported by a rich young divorcee, whose name Mary had noticed now and then in the society columns of the newspapers. She had left implicit instructions that her name be kept a secret—one of her works of charity, evidently, to cover a multitude of sins.

Danny sometimes talked of relatives—his "folks"—of whom he was very proud. They had come unexpectedly into a fortune, he would explain, and wealth advanced them to a place of social prominence which had no sympathy or room for a helpless invalid like himself. They had left him at White Memorial, "in good care," as they had told him. To all appearances they had forgotten him, but they were Danny's life, and in his generous gratitude he loved them, bravely putting out of his mind the bitter memories of their desertion.

As the days went by this odd friendship between a helpless old man and the popular nurse deepened, until now Danny looked on the girl as belonging to him. The other nurses marvelled at Mary's patience in sacrificing her spare time to cheer up the old fellow, for her companionship was in constant demand at the Memorial. She had come from the East with a letter of recommendation, very flattering praise, no less a being than the "Big Doctor" himself, who was regarded in this small community, as little lower than the President. At first the girls had envied her, because of her brilliancy and her capability, but most of all for the "Big Doctor's" letter. Mary, however, had won over all her associates by a modest bearing in spite of the honors, which to her retiring nature seemed distasteful as a subject of conversation. All eager questions about the "Big Doctor" were parried by a careless:

"Oh, one has to have credentials, you know. The "Big Doctor" is a very good very gentle person. Any one of you, had you worked with him, would have been praised just as generously as I."

The First Friday in June was very warm. Even the velvet lawns, usually so invitingly green and cool, seemed sadly shrivelled for so early in the season, and the heads of the stately hollyhocks were drooped and forlorn.

Danny was sitting in his wheel chair, on the wide veranda, but, unusual for him, he had removed the frayed frock coat. His tired eyes were closed, and the worn hands lay folded in his lap. Here Mary found him. Thinking him asleep when he did not stir at her arrival, she took a chair near by and commenced to work industriously on her knitting. Often she raised her eyes from the bright blue yarn in her lap to glance at kindly old Danny. What heartless people must they have been to leave him here all these long years? Why had they sent him no message in all that time—except perhaps the monthly cheque, which barely covered his meagre expenses?

Even as she was pondering, the old man stirred restlessly, and opened his eyes.

"Hot, eh?" he suggested, with a weak smile.

"Yes, it is rather warm," agreed Mary. "But," she added, with a knowing look to-

wards the sky, "there is rain in the air, I should not be surprised if we had a thunder storm this afternoon."

"Thunder storm reminds me of Little Billy," Danny said reminiscently.

Mary settled herself more comfortably in her chair, for she knew a story would follow the mention of that name.

"Did I ever tell you about the times we had playing soldiers?" he asked, after a pause.

"No, Danny, I don't believe you've told me about that," Mary said encouragingly.

"Well, those were real wars," he began, happy to have a listener for the story he loved to tell. "Little Billy wasn't much more than so high," indicating an extremely short distance from the ground. "He'd always be the Yankee army—his Daddy was from the North," explained Danny, half apologetically, "and of course, I was the South."

Pride thrilled in the old man's voice as he mentioned the cause that was lost but ever gloriously remembered.

"I recollect one day particularly. It was a hot June day like this. Little Billy's army of tin soldiers were not as lively as usual, so my men were winning right and left. And then, just as Billy Boy got in line where he could have wiped out the whole Southern army with one blow, his mother came in and kicked the whole lot of them all over the floor. Said she didn't want such trash cluttering up her best room. Martha was particular that way, for when the money came, there were always fine ladies calling on her."

Mary's needles clicked savagely.

"I remember how bravely Billy took it," he rambled on. "He got up like a little man, saluted me, and then he crumpled up, all a-quiver in my arms."

"Never you mind, Gramp"—he called me 'Gramp,' the dear little chap,—'never you mind. Some day when I get to be a big man, I'm going to build a house just for you an' me. An' you can smoke your ol' pipe all day, an' my tin soldiers can stay wherever we put 'em."

Mary knitted steadily in the silence that followed.

"He must be a fine man," mused Danny, more to himself than to Mary. "I wonder if he built the house. I wonder if he has a place for pipes and soldiers. I wonder if he'll come back."

"Perhaps he will, dear," said the nurse, soothingly.

"But it's been twenty years, Nurse," he objected, as the tired eyes closed again.

For a time both sat in silence.

"There, what did I tell you?" Mary cried, pointing to a dark shadow coming up out of the east. "That has rain in it, as sure as you're born. And it's a blessing, too," she murmured to herself, as her sympathetic gaze went from one bent, suffering form to another along the big, hot porch.

"You wait here, Danny," she cautioned him. "I'm going to get your coat."

Danny's grateful eyes followed her retreating form.

"God bless her," he said softly.

His shaky old hand felt for the pocket

of his shirt, and he brought out one by one the shiny coins.

"I still lack seventeen cents," he told the lady on a ten-cent piece sorrowfully. "But, then," with a sigh, "even if I had my dollar, how could I get away from here long enough for that? Mary! Perhaps I'll tell Mary. I wonder if she'd understand. I wonder if she'd take my dollar to Father Flynn, to have a Mass said in honor of the Sacred Heart—that Little Billy will come for me."

Meanwhile Mary was hurrying to Danny's room. She hardly glanced at the bed cover and plump pillow, hollowed in the centre by Danny's silvery head. The walls were decorated with clippings and bright colored pictures, while over the door a gilded horse-shoe hung perilously near the head of a nail that supported it. Mary reflected that here, as in every room in the hospital, there was a sad absence of holy things. White Memorial boasted that it was a strictly non-sectarian institution, and religion in any form was barred.

Across the back of a chair lay Danny's coat, neatly folded. Mary picked it up tenderly, and brushed a fleck of dust from the worn lapel. The movement caused the front of the coat to open, and Mary's astonished gaze rested on a small, oval-shaped badge. Faded with age, and stained in places as though from water, or from tears, was a Badge of the Sacred Heart, with a rim of red and blue lace, pinned with a huge safety pin to the torn lining.

"Oh, Danny," Mary cried, as she kissed the old Badge reverently, "why didn't you tell me?"

So this was his secret! Poor old Danny! A stranger in a strange land, helpless and alone, with nothing to live on but memories. Lovingly she laid her cheek against the tattered garment.

"You'll have to let me really adopt you now, my old fraud," she said, between smiles and tears. "I told you we belonged to each other."

"Some one in the sun room to see you, Mary," Rita Nolan told her, as Mary descended the stairs from Danny's room, his coat across her arm.

"It must be some one very important," laughed Mary. "You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"It was almost as bad," Rita told her mysteriously, and disappeared through the door leading to the nurses, home to spread her choice bit of news that the "Big Doctor" himself had called at the Home and had asked, personally, for Mary.

Mary entered the sun room, and closed the door softly behind her. For a moment she stood gazing at the broad back, which looked so strangely familiar. Then the "Big Doctor" turned, and without a word held out his arms.

"You!" she breathed. "Why did you come here?"

"Because," said the "Big Doctor" simply, "I love you."

"Please don't go into that again, she told him coldly. "My decision in regard to that was final. I could not even respect, far from love, a Catholic who does not practise, who is ashamed of his holy religion."

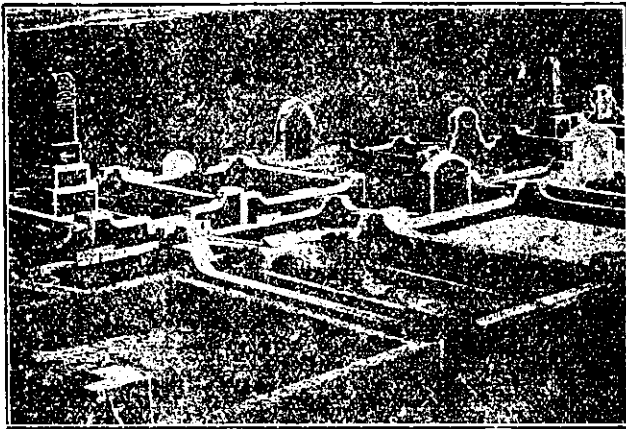
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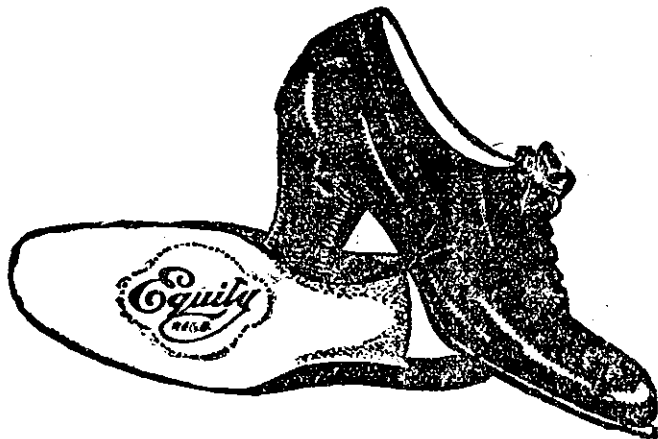
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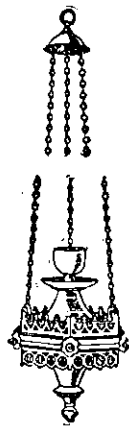
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"Mary, you must listen to me—you must understand. I am not ashamed of the religion. Rather I am a stranger to it. What chance had a youngster of ten to grasp the truth of his Faith, when his worldly wise people sent him to school where the name of God was stricken from the curriculum, and when all his associates in after years were non-believers? Why the women he knew, even his own mother, laughed at religion and lived as the pagans of old. Mary you are the first real Catholic I have known."

"Why did you not tell me this before?" asked Mary sceptically.

"Because, God forgive me, I wanted to bring you over to my easy-going side. I wanted to make a pagan of you."

Mary recoiled as from some loathsome thing.

"Religion to me," he went on, unheeding the motion, "was a very light matter, indeed, until you came, until I realised that the biggest thing in my life was slipping from me."

"The day you left—I thought it was the end. Your picture, which you reluctantly left me, seemed to gaze reproachfully at me, and I carried it to the one sacred place among my worldly belongings—the little trunk I had when I was a boy. I meant to put it away with a few other dear memories, for your ultimatum was, I thought then, too much for me to accept. I did not want religion. It meant parting with some of my worldly dross.

As I cleared a place among my dusty relics to make room for your photograph, I clumsily knocked over a wooden box, a reminder of my baby days, and half a dozen rusty old tin soldiers fell at my feet. I stooped to pick them up, and my hand closed on this."

He held out to her a small oval-shaped Badge of the Sacred Heart.

As Mary gazed her coldness melted away. Then the look of interest and sympathy gave way to amazement. There was the dear, bruised Head, the wounded Heart, the eternal wounds. And outlining the whole, like a halo, was an odd, lacy design of bright red and blue. Instinctively Mary's fingers caressed the old Badge on Danny's coat.

"'Twas a gift from my old 'Gramp' the day I made my First Communion."

"Gramp!"

The "Big Doctor" blushed furiously.

"That was a pet name I had for the dearest friend of my boyhood. My grandfather. He was a real Catholic—your kind, Mary. But he died while I was away at boarding-school, and Mother, whose mind was on social things and who could not understand the love of a small boy for an old man, did not bother to have me come home from school."

"Little Billy!" Mary whispered softly, as one in a dream.

"Little Billy! Mary, dearest, what are you saying?"

But the tenseness of the situation was forgotten as the "Big Doctor" saw the woman he loved sway forward, her face deathly white.

"What is it, darling? Are you ill?" he asked tenderly, his lips brushing the soft curls that peeped out from under her white cap.



THE LATE MR. AND MRS. DANIEL MCKENZIE, OF GLENORCHY.

The experiences of Mrs. McKenzie during the strenuous pioneering days she and her husband and family passed in South Westland were related in our issue for March 4, under the heading of "The Church in New Zealand."

"He isn't dead!" she sobbed.

"Who isn't dead?" the "Big Doctor" asked in a puzzled voice. "What does it all mean, dear?"

"Gramp. He's been waiting—out there—twenty years—for you to come, Little Billy."

Danny scowled as he watched the approach of the two lovers. Though busy, the other nurses managed to watch Nurse Mary as she walked serenely down the corridor, her hand confidently clasping that of the "Big Doctor" himself.

"We'll break it to him as gently as possible," Mary whispered as they drew near the wheel chair.

"Of course you haven't time for an old man, when a nice young handsome doctor comes around," Danny began petulantly, but with a twinkle in his eye, however.

If Mary had planned an easy way to break the news, she was to be disappointed for Danny's old eyes, dimmed to shallow worldly objects, were far-seeing and keen for better things. Weakly he raised his shaky old arms towards the "Big Doctor," tears streaming down his withered cheeks.

"Billy Boy. I knew you'd come!"

The afternoon sun was disappearing, a

golden ball falling through the evergreen trees on the horizon, and Danny watched it quietly, as a mother watches her sleeping babe.

He could see Mary's form passing to and fro before the window, for preparations were being made to move to the big house where pipes and tin soldiers were made welcome. When she had made him comfortable and left him, Mary whispered that she was thinking up words to use in a nice resignation which she meant to put on file in the White Memorial Home, and that if she was sure of being welcome she might come to visit him and the "Big Doctor" in a month or two in his new home.

Danny smiled serenely. He pulled the Navajo blanket over his knees and slowly dropped a few glittering coins into his lap. In his withered right hand he held some thing very dear, for he kissed it now and then.

"You have answered my prayer," he assured the Sacred Heart, pictured on the Badge.

Then he fingered the shiny coins.

"And I still lack seventeen cents."

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CAPTAIN FRANCIS McCULLAGH

THE FAMOUS PRESS CORRESPONDENT AND AUTHOR.

[Captain McCullagh is expected to arrive in New Zealand during the year on a lecture tour.]

Captain Francis McCullagh, famous war correspondent, for many years with the *New York Herald* and lately with the *London Times* and *Daily Mail*, speaking recently at a dinner given in New York by Henry W. Marsh to a few of his associates in the American Defence Society laid special stress on the menace of the Soviet philosophy to the religious and spiritual life throughout the world. In part he said:—

"I have come to speak to you to-night of Russia, a great country which resembles the United States in many of its physical features. Like America, it is of vast extent, impregnable, self-sustaining, capable of supporting a population many times greater than its present population. In the matter of physical characteristics there are many points of resemblance between the two countries; but, in the matter of religious belief and of historical and social development, there are, on the other hand, few points of resemblance and many points of contrast.

"It is a curious fact, that the principle of the Super-State, which we find in Muscovite history as early as the time of Ivan the Terrible, still remains under the Bolsheviks. The theory of the Super-State was

Lenin's guiding principle. Instead of decentralisation, the grant of every kind of freedom (including, of course, religious freedom) and the encouragement of individual initiative, the Bolsheviks have more centralisation than the Tzars had, much less freedom, and no permission at all for individual initiative. Thus, Lenin's cure for Russia was merely an intensification of the evils which had, up to that time, prevented Russia from making much progress.

"Despite the general impression to the contrary, Lenin made no original discoveries in the science of government, and his Red bureaucracy rules Russia as arbitrarily as the Tzarist bureaucracy did, the only difference being that one is violently anti-Christian and the other is not. I do not mean, of course, that the Tzars were saints, but most of the Tzars believed in the Russian form of Christianity and did their best to make it prevail in their dominions, while the Bolsheviks, on the other hand, have deliberately set themselves to extirpate Christianity.

"I would ask you to bear in mind what I have just said about the Super-State of Lenin being in many respects, similar to the Super-State of the Tzar—only worse.

Just as the Tzars felt that they should not allow the Uniat Church to exist, so the Bolsheviks are absolutely convinced that they should not allow any kind of church to exist. The Communist dictatorship of Moscow thinks that it has the right to interfere even in matters of conscience. It has shown in a hundred different ways that such is its conviction. To mention a few of those ways, it has put up alongside the holiest shrine in Moscow a marble slab bearing the words of Karl Marx: 'Religion is Opium for the People,' and its whole system of legislation and education are directed to the destruction of Christianity.

"Some of you may feel inclined to ask me if this is not a mere passing phase, a mere incident in a revolutionary outbreak. In my opinion it is not a passing phase. It is, on the contrary, a permanent feature of the whole Bolshevik theory of the Super-State, and that theory is absolutely subversive of everything in the shape of liberty of conscience or of worship. The laws of a state formed on the Bolshevik model come inevitably into conflict with the Christian law, and the present war against religion in Russia is a development which might have foreseen from the moment the Bolsheviks seized the reins of power. It is a development which you in this country can only regard with abhorrence as a gospel of tyranny, and which is regarded as such by the majority of Christians in Europe, whether those Christians are English Protestants or German Lutherans or Swiss Calvinists or French Catholics.

"In bolshevism there is a good deal of compromise, but it is not the kind of compromise to which we are accustomed in this country. It is a compromise which seeks to lull suspicion with the object of getting home a deadly blow later on. A sort of compromise has been arrived at with capitalism, but this compromise, into which bolshevism has been forced by the necessity of preserving its own existence, means no change of original attitude, for the ultimate purpose of bolshevism is the utter destruction of capitalism. A similar compromise has been made with a section of the Orthodox Church, and in this case, also, the ultimate purpose of bolshevism is the destruction of the Orthodox Church. After an orgy of rapine and murder at the expense of that Church, the Soviet Government consents to tolerate such members of it as allow themselves to be absorbed into the nefarious Bolshevik system. Or, to put it differently, the Bolshevik method is to engraft Communism upon firmly established institutions in the hope eventually of stifling the parent plant. This has been done in the case of the Church, and in the case of the family.

"The Bolsheviks maintain themselves in power by sowing mistrust among their enemies and merciless repression; in other words the Red Terror.

"I do not believe that during the last thousand years any European Government has made such a really serious effort as the Bolsheviks are making to destroy every form of Christianity, and every development that we owe to Christianity, and, indeed, every religion. The anti-religious excesses com-

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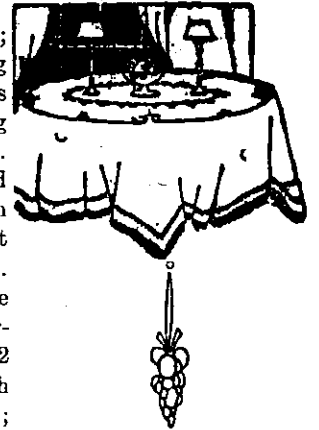
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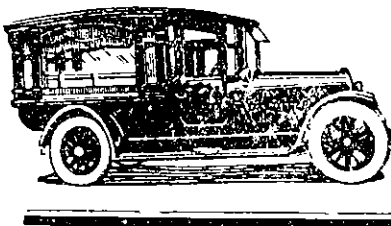
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mitted during the early years of the first French Republic were directed rather against the dominant religion, and no attempt was made to destroy the Christian basis whereon French society was built. In Russia, on the contrary, the very foundation on which we stand are being torn up from beneath our feet, and there is no knowing what is below. The Bolsheviks, in their histories, speak with contempt of the French Revolution as merely a rebellion of the bourgeoisie against the aristocracy and their kind, and they speak with much greater contempt of the Cromwellian and Williamite revolutions as conflicts between the nobility and the country gentry on the one side and the sovereign on the other. They insist that their revolution is quite different, and they are right. It is quite different, for in no previous revolution was there such wholesale nationalisation and such an attack on the principle of private property and of the family. Who can foretell the result of this systematic attempt to destroy the religion which created our modern civilisation?

"Since the cutting of the Suez Canal gave the world an idea of the marvels which modern engineering can accomplish, all the rulers of the Nile Valley have exhibited a certain amount of nervousness with regard to the Sudan; and, I daresay, a great power in possession of the Sudan could, by diverting the course of the Nile, convert Egypt into a desert. In the same way the present very risky experiment which the Reds are carrying out on the Russian branch of the great river of religious truth which flows to us out of the past, may convert all Russia into a spiritual Sahara. And the disaster will not be spiritual only; it will affect every aspect of life in Russia. It will convert the vast empire of Muscovy not only into a desert but also into a plague-spot menacing all Europe and Asia.

"I lived in Russia six years, and I know that religion is a factor of enormous political importance there. You may be a Mohommedan, you may be a Hebrew, you may be an agnostic, but if, in considering the Russian question, you leave out of account the religion professed by about 80 or 90 million of the people, you are not a statesman.

"For the first time in European history we have the spectacle of a great nation being rapidly de-Christianised, being taught to repudiate the very essentials of Christianity. Some of the results are already visible, but though the horrors apparent in Bolshevism are very great, they are nothing to the horrors latent in it, or being only slowly revealed. We are, as it were, standing in front of a diabolical apparition whose face, the most dreadful part of it, is being slowly unveiled.

"Trotzky describes the Russian Government's plans for the break-up of the family as cold-bloodedly as if he were a keeper in the zoo talking about the mating of monkeys. In their plans for the abolition of the family, the Bolsheviks have not gone so far as has been reported; they have not established free love; but the tendency of their recent legislation on marriage and education is all in the direction of that most atrocious doctrine of radical communism, the doctrine that children belong absolutely to the State and must be handed over to the State. You will find a project of law on marriage and education in the organ of

the Commissariat of Justice. *The Weekly of Soviet Justice* it is called, dated September 13, 1923; and in the official *Izvestia* of May 26, last year, you will find an article by Kalinin, the President of the Union of Soviet Republics, dealing with the question of how to destroy the Christianity of the peasants, as if it were a question of extirpating locusts.

However, the abolition of the family is still a thing of the future. Let us come to a horror that has actually arrived. We sometimes forget that, till comparatively recent times, slavery was the normal condition of most men and women, not slavery in the metaphorical sense in which alone it is now used, but slavery in the literal sense of that dreadful word, the sense it had in pre-Christian times.

"It took Christianity a thousand years to abolish slavery, which it did at last, not indeed by direct decrees but rather by the creation of an atmosphere wherein slavery withered and finally died. Bolshevism has brought it back, and in some respects the slaves of the Soviet are worse off than the slaves of the ancient Romans, for the Roman slaves belonged mostly to individuals, whereas the Russian slaves belong to the State. Now, an individual has a heart, but a State has none, and this State which the Reds are building up is not only heartless, it has a poison-bag where the heart ought to be.

"Russian workmen cannot change their occupation. They cannot go on strike. They cannot form themselves into associations, except Communist associations. They are herded together like beasts. They are disgracefully underpaid. They cannot write to the newspapers, unless to praise the Government, because all the newspapers are Government property. If they agitate against the Government—which, by a cruel irony, calls itself 'the Government of the Poor and the Oppressed'—they are denounced as enemies of the revolution, hirelings of the capitalists, and, in extreme cases, are imprisoned or shot without mercy. Only a month or so ago there was a great strike of transport workers in Petrograd, but the meetings of the strikers were broken up by the troops and all the leaders arrested. In March, 1919, the workers at Astrakhan went on strike owing to insufferable economic conditions and non-payment of wages; hundreds of these were shot down or drowned in the Volga. I could give you scores of instances like this. The Soviet Government always takes the same position. It says: 'We are the Workers' Republic. We are the Revolution personified. How dare you oppose the immutable decision of the workers? How dare you raise your hand against the Revolution?'"

"The workers might have something to say to this, but they are not allowed to say it or to print it. And, mark you, the majority of the workmen are now anti-Bolshevist, but as they are unarmed, while the Bolshevik workmen are well armed and drilled and are supported, moreover, by an army which is quite loyal to the Soviet which feeds it well, there is no chance of the non-Bolshevist workmen overthrowing the Government.

"Gentlemen, this whole Russian business is an awful instance of the tyranny of words. This junta of desperate men who have, most of them, nothing in common with the Rus-

sian workmen, has only to call itself 'the Workers' Republic' and a large number of well-intentioned enthusiasts throughout the world throw up their hats and cheer."

A POPULAR RAILWAY OFFICIAL

MR. M. MILLER HONORED.

A large and representative gathering of some 80 Invercargill railwaymen met in the Federal rooms last evening (says the *Southland Times* for February 27) to bid farewell to Mr. M. Miller, who for the past five years has held the office of stationmaster at Invercargill. The evening took the form of a smoke concert, Mr. S. C. Doyle, traffic clerk, presiding, and a very pleasant time was spent, the enthusiasm of the many speakers testifying to the popularity of the retiring officer.

The Chairman, in briefly opening the function, said he was sorry to think that their guest had "done in" his 40 years. He did not have the pleasure of a long acquaintance with Mr. Miller, but he had always found him a thorough gentleman and a most courteous and efficient officer.

Mr. A. Gee, in proposing the toast of "The Management," referred to the excellent relations which had always existed between management and staff in Invercargill, a factor that had contributed greatly to the success of local Departmental work.

Messrs. R. P. Gillies and J. Barnett responded to the toast.

Mr. W. Hartley proposed the toast of "Kindred Societies," and said that he hoped that in the future relations would continue to be as pleasant as in the past.

Messrs. J. Sheehan and E. Fogarty replied to the toast in suitable terms.

PRESENTATION TO THE GUEST.

The Chairman, in presenting to Mr. Miller a very handsome hall clock, suitably engraved, and a full dinner set, which he asked the guest of honor to accept on behalf of Mrs. Miller, said that Mr. Miller had been stationed in Invercargill for five years. He was an excellent officer and a thorough gentleman. He felt sure that everyone present would join with him in wishing Mr. Miller a long and happy retirement.

Mr. W. Hartley supplemented the remarks of the previous speaker by saying that it was doubtful if Invercargill would ever have a better man in the position Mr. Miller had held. He hoped that their guest would be long spared to enjoy the benefits of superannuation.

Messrs. J. Patterson, J. Sheehan, R. Burrell, E. Newman, R. Hayles, J. Shepherd, T. A. Hansen, W. Smith, F. Airey, W. Swale, P. Edmonds, T. J. Bell, C. Jenkins, T. Kelly, R. A. Rammage, L. Whelan, W. Gorinski, E. Fogarty, and T. J. Donovan all endorsed the previous speakers' remarks, and on behalf of the various departments.

Mr. Miller, in a happy and typical speech, thanked the large gathering for their kind good wishes. He felt he could not do better than review his career with the Department. "I was feeling a little blue when I came here this evening," he said, "but your farewell has been so kindly that I have completely recovered." Mr. Miller continued that he first entered the service at Port Chalmers, where he was stationed for five years, and in 1893 he was promoted to a chief clerkship at Westport. He then spent some years at

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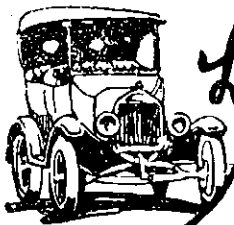
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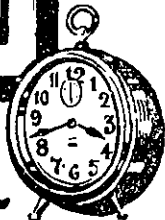
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Totara Flat and Cross Creek, and later was transferred to Carterton and Featherston. After four years at Featherston he was transferred to Dunedin as relieving officer, and he spent some years on relieving work in the district. From Dunedin he was transferred to Invercargill, where the "star turn" was the visit of the Prince of Wales. During his stay in Invercargill he had enjoyed a particularly pleasant term of office, and he was indebted to the many officers who

had assisted him in the execution of his duties.

During the evening an excellent musical programme was given, items being contributed by the guest of honor, Mr. M. Miller (recitation), and Messrs. S. C. Doyle (song), S. Richards (song), J. Shepherd (recitation), E. Newman (song), W. Smith (song), C. Jenkins (song), M. Stevens (song), Mr. E. Perry made an efficient accompanist.

not be offered amid such surroundings. As a result Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald and myself made out a plan of campaign, the good

The Church in New Zealand

THE CHURCH IN TARANAKI: A SKETCH PREPARED FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE PARISH OF HAWERA.



RIGHT REV. MGR. POWER.
Present Pastor of Hawera.

HAWERA (Continued).

The present Monsignor Power, who came to Hawera in May, 1898, is still parish priest. On the day of his arrival he was able to purchase and present to the parish a strip of land running from the reception room in the presbytery down to what is now Mr. Biggin's section in Victoria Street. It is fortunate for the parish that he was able to make this purchase, even though it was against the unanimous resolution of his Church committee, because it now enables the Sisters to get to the new school and play-ground in Little Regent Street without going by the public thoroughfare. The opposition from the committee arose from the fact that they thought the priest was being victimised. Only that afternoon the vendors had purchased the property of which this was part for £350, and they now gave the priest only two hours in which to buy it back from them at £400, even refusing the option of buying back only

the strip that was necessary. In addition to this there were very special reasons why the arrival of the new priest should have been awaited before the first sale was made. The committee were indignant at this, but though there was cause for their indignation, the repurchase of the land was imperative. The name of a parishioner was freely mentioned in this matter, but after an exhaustive enquiry I was able to exonerate him from blame.

From this on I shall find it easier to write in the first person singular, and in reminiscent mood.

On Monday, May the ninth, I made my first visit to the school, and to my horror found ninety-six children and five teachers in a long, narrow room. Father Pertuis' church enlarged by Dean Grogan; it was about 70 feet long by 17 wide. The Gothic windows were very beautiful, but there was not a single pane of glass that could be opened. There was no provision whatever made for ventilation, and the place was stifling that mid-winter day. That night at ten o'clock when everything was still I broke the pane at the apex of every one of the windows. Next morning the Sisters came to me with the stones and the news of the disaster. I sympathised with them as best I could and had the holes cleaned out and covered with perforated zinc. This may be seen still on a couple of the windows which we have preserved. I also had a pane framed and hinged in the centre of each window. I often found these shut afterwards: one can get used to anything. After a few weeks the foundation stone was laid of a new school which was opened the following February and dedicated to St. Columba, the great Irish monk and founder of the schools of Iona.

I was evidently fated to have a busy time in Taranaki. On my first Sunday I said Mass in Manaia at nine o'clock, and then set out for Kaponga to say a second Mass there. How I got there it would be hard to tell, the mud and the ruts were beyond description; midway between Manaia and Kapuni I was dug out by a friendly farmer. When I got to the hall in Kaponga I saw everywhere around me the evidences of a dance that had been held the previous night. I preached on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and stated rather strongly that it should



FATHER PERTUIS,
Founder of the Parish of Hawera.

people were, as they are still, easy to rally, and the result was that before Christmas his Grace the Archbishop blessed the present fine church. The departure of Mr. Fitzgerald for Auckland has been a great loss to the Church in South Taranaki. On my way back to Hawera for Vespers I called to Blitham for afternoon devotions, found a similar state of things there, and only a few of the Catholics of the place to meet me. But amongst them was Frank McGovern, now of Remuera, one of the most sterling and generous Irish Catholics it has been my good fortune to meet. He rallied the people, so successfully that on the 23rd October, the Feast of the Most Holy Redeemer, that is, within five months, the Archbishop was able to bless the first church, now the parish hall. This was built on a three-acre section, two of which had been given by an old friend, the late George Brown of the Upper Hutt. The debt on the church when completed was under £70, that on the church in Kaponga under £80. That I had come amongst a fine people is proved by the fact that within eight months of my arrival three substantial buildings were erected and practically paid for.

The people of Hawera were not idle during these months: Before I was three months in the parish, Miss Haughey, Mrs. Whittaker, and the late Mrs. Flynn had raised about £200 towards the parish debt by entertainments. This was not the only time the priest and the parishioners were indebted to these good ladies; for years they had been, and for years later continued to be amongst the best workers in the parish.

Now the burning question was: What will they do at Manaia? A convent school was a necessity there. Yes, they would all like to have one, but was there not a debt of £120 to be first removed? I suggested that this could be gradually wiped out by little monthly collections, which suggestion was

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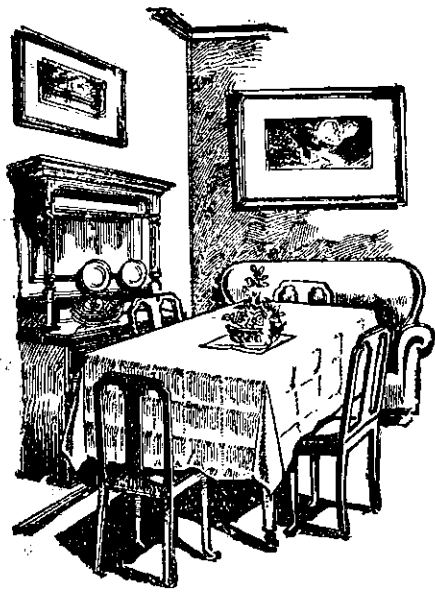
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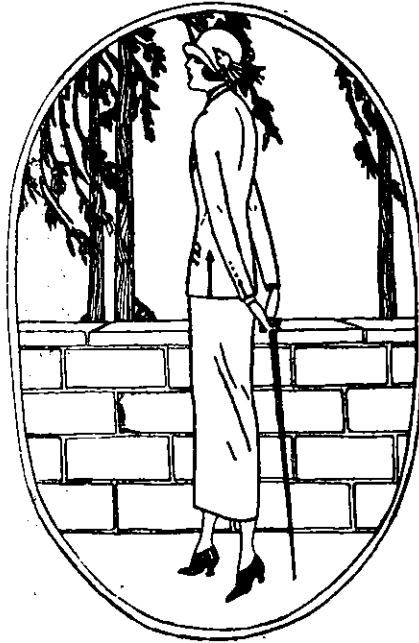
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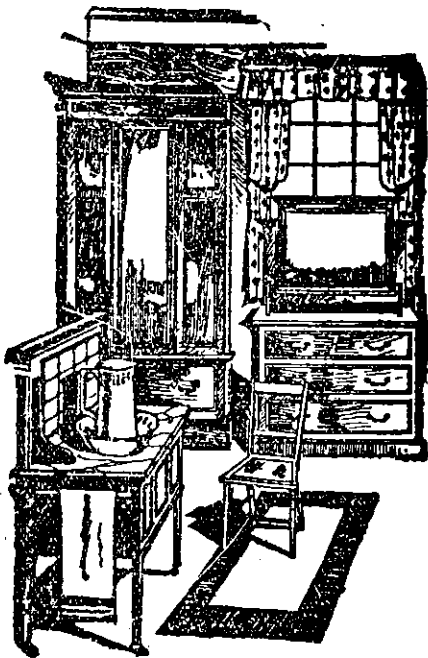


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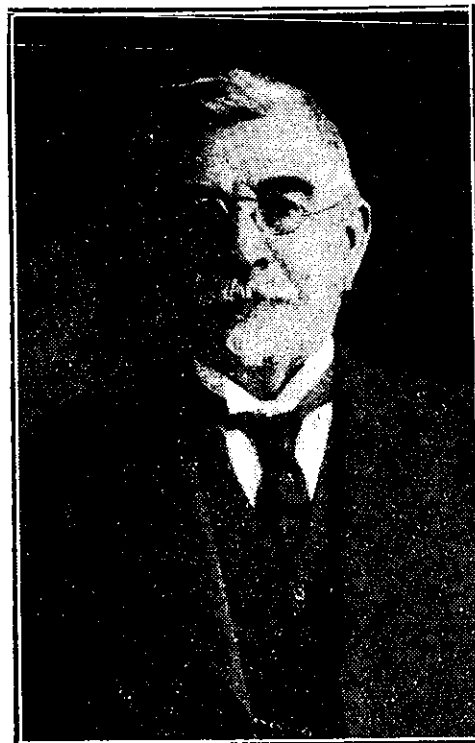
FATHER (afterwards Dean) GROGAN
Pastor of Hawera 1879-1884.

It was at this time I first thought of having branches of the Hibernian Society at Hawera and Manaia, and often since have I had reason to be thankful for their existence in the parish. A few days after I had mooted the matter I received a letter from representatives of the various Friendly Societies in one of these towns, suggesting that all the societies should be permitted to hold a parade in the Catholic church on any Sunday convenient to me. After a little thought, however, it occurred to me that to receive these officially would be to show that in my opinion one benefit society would be as good as another for Catholics. As this would injure my own project of establishing the Hibernians I declined the offer of the parade. I wish all these societies well, but I believe in always surrendering the mantle of religion over our young Catholic men. We established two fine branches that are still flourishing, each of which has given and continues to give good service to the Church. I must ever take a founder's delight in their success. I desire to see them grow in numbers and in influence, for I know how great a power they are for good wherever they flourish and keep loyal to the Church and her parish authorities. May their proud green banner ever wave; may its motto, Faith and Fatherland, thrill the hearts of those who march beneath it, and may their march lead them safely to the true Fatherland in the fair and fragrant fields, seen now by faith, but to be seen in vision hereafter. The two branches have been well served by their officers, to whom their success must be mainly attributed. The following are the successive presidents and secretaries of the Hawera branch:—

Presidents—Mr. Bernard McCarthy, the Rev. Father O'Dwyer, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Geo. H. Ryan, Mr. Gallagher, Mr. P. O'Connor, Mr. A. Cameron, Mr. M. J. Kyne, Mr. Ernest Thurston, Mr. J. Fennell, Mr. J. Lavery, Mr. G. Villars, Mr. Ben Scaver, Mr. John Cox.

Secretaries—Mr. L. O. Hooker, Mr. P. O'Connor, Mr. Ernest Thurston.

The people are not yet permitted to rest; perhaps they are not willing to rest, knowing that they will have rest enough in the grave, and in shrouds that will have no pockets. It is the year 1901 and Frank McGovern has changed his residence from Eltham to Hawera. After Mass one Sunday he marched some twenty men to the presbytery, ordered me into breakfast, and then in my absence, but not beyond my hearing, began to address the assembly. He could be scathing and sarcastic at times, and he was then. I wish I could give all his words, but these remain in my memory: "Is this shanty the best residence you can give your priest? What are you doing with your money? You spend too much of it in hotels, as I know; some of you can drop fifty pounds on a racecourse without a murmur. Get this ramshackle out of here and replace it by a decent house within six months." And they did. They were not so bad as he had thought, and only needed some straight talking. If we had Frank McGovern with us in this year of grace 1925, it is not a sanctuary but a complete new church we should be offering to God as our jubilee gift. Our parish is wealthier now,



MR. FRANK MCGOVERN, REMUERA.
A former prominent parishioner of Hawera.

but it needs a layman with the gift of direct and piercing speech. Should this meet Frank McGovern's eye, he might, in spite of his patriarchal age, be tempted to come back to us for a year or so.

I am writing *ferreute calamo*, so that it is possible, but not probable, that I may make a slight but unimportant error in dates. At the beginning of 1901 I suggested the building of a church at Okaiawa. This at once aroused a storm of opposition, not in Okaiawa, but in the district around Manaia. The Catholics there were excellent, but many of them thought that a pastor held a parish as a farmer holds a farm, to make money out of it; and they foresaw that to divide one congregation into two would mean a heavy financial loss to the priest. I was called upon to justify, and did justify my project before the Administrator of the diocese. The Archbishop had gone to Europe to be present at the golden jubilee of the definition of the Immaculate Conception. I found a guide, philosopher, and friend in Mr. Tom Walsh, now of Argyle Street, Hawera. We laid the foundation on the day of the jubilee, December the eighth, 1901, and the Archbishop, returned from Rome two days before, came up and blessed it on Palm Sunday, 1905. The only assistance the Okaiawa people got came from Hawera, but this was considerable.

(To be continued.)

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Current Topics

The Church and Science

The story of the development of scientific research makes it so clear that Catholic scholars have done more than their share of the pioneer work that one wonders how people can still manage to rant about the Church's hostility to true progress. Educated readers of all creeds are being made aware of the truth as time goes on, and as the light spreads the business of the bigot becomes more precarious. A fact not generally known, even to Catholics, is that the steam engine was the invention of an earnest member of our faith. The *Catholic Times* tells us that in all our histories of invention the Marquis of Worcester (Edward Somerset, 1601-1667) is named as the inventor of the steam engine, and the author of a remarkable book, the *Century of Inventions*, that went through edition after edition in his lifetime. But few who have heard his name know that he was not only a Catholic, but an earnest, devout Catholic, in times when the profession of the old faith of England meant danger and loss from the worldly point of view. He fought for King Charles I in the Civil War, was for a while an exile in France, and returned with Charles II to England. He was twice married, his first wife being Elizabeth Dermer, and his second an Irish lady, Margaret O'Brien. Amongst those his friendly influence won back to the Church was the controversialist, Thomas Bailey, Dean of Wells and son of the Protestant Bishop of Bangor. Mechanics and inventions were the recreation of Worcester's life, and his steam-driven pump was not a mere design, but was actually constructed and used for many years at Vauxhall. It prepared the way for the subsequent development of steam power, which was long applied only to water pumping. In fact the earlier applications of the new power to the driving of other machinery was effected by using the steam engine to raise water in order to turn with it the big wheel of a water-mill.

A Jesuit Scientist

No less interesting is the tracing of the evolution of the motor car to a famous Jesuit. This is done by a French engineer, M. Charles Nordman, in an able article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He names as one of the pioneers in this field of invention the famous Jesuit missionary of the seventeenth century, Father Ferdinand Verbiest. He was born in Belgium in 1623, and died at Peking in 1688, after having spent some thirty years in China. Verbiest was not only one of the ablest mathematicians of his day, and an expert astronomical observer, but he had also a practical command of mechanical and optical science. At the request of the Emperor Kang-hi, he organised the observatory of Peking, designed and constructed its famous astronomical instruments, prepared a series of astronomical tables, and wrote text books of mathematics and astronomy for Chinese students. Amongst his other undertakings were the construction of an aqueduct for the imperial city, and the erection

and equipment of a cannon foundry for the Chinese army. In a rare scientific work of Father Verbiest printed in 1687—the year before his death—M. Nordman tells us that there is a detailed design for a motor car, and, what is more, for a rudimentary form of the turbine engine. It was never constructed, probably because its inventor did not live to pursue his studies in "automobilism." The car was to be propelled by steam, the boiler being heated by a coal fire. There was a device for regulating the emission of jets of high pressure steam from nozzles which would bring the jets to bear on vanes attached to the circumference of a wheel, from which the power would be conveyed by gearing to one of the axles of the car.

Broadcasting the Bible

Itinerant tub-thumpers descend upon us occasionally to gather funds from the innocent in return for the glad tidings that the Bible societies are putting the Catholic Church out of business in countries away at the other end of the world. They seem to think that they can count their converts by the number of Bibles they distribute; and that the Church is wanting in respect for Holy Writ because she does not follow their example and scatter Bibles broadcast throughout the land. As a matter of fact the Church has too much respect for the Bible ever to expose it to the indignity and ill-usage to which it is constantly exposed by the Bible societies. They hand over the Divine Book to those who are utterly uneducated and wholly incapable of reading it to advantage. By allowing everyone, no matter what his state or condition, to interpret it for himself, they have so confused the sense of the simple words that no man when left to himself amid such a Babel of tongues can feel any security or certainty as to the message the Book really contains. Further, they have not only translated it into barbarous and unfamiliar languages, but this has been so atrociously done as to shock and horrify those whom they expect to convert. M. Dubois, writing of the *Cambaya* version, used in the neighborhood of Goa, says "there is hardly a single verse which is correctly rendered; and no Indian possessing the slightest instruction can preserve a serious countenance in reading such a composition." That the Hindostani version is, in places, almost as bad may be inferred from a single example: Thus the sentence, "Judge not that ye be not judged" is rendered, "Do no justice, that justice may not be done to you." Dr. Carey's *Kankun* translation was described by a native pundit as "bad letter, and no language at all." "On account of their monstrous errors and their barbarous style," say the missionaries, "our sacred writings are thought to be the work of a madman." Sir E. Tennent tells us that the version of the Scriptures translated by the Church of England missionaries of Cotta is described even by their nominal converts as "blasphemous."

How the Bible is Used

The ambition of the Bible societies is to scatter tons of Bibles among people who are as yet totally unacquainted with Christianity, and who can feel no reverence and scarcely any interest in the writings of prophet or evangelist. Thus, Mr. Tomlin, an Anglican clergyman, writes to his employers: "We are taking to Siam twenty-two good-sized chests, well filled with the bread of life." "Unfortunately," remarks a critic, "it is bread so badly kneaded and baked that scarcely anyone in Siam is to be found who can digest it." The Rev. Howard Malcolm, who was deputed to investigate and report on the fate of the seven versions of the Malay Scriptures, was candid enough to say: "Many thousands have been distributed, but, so far as I can learn, with scarcely any perceptible benefit. I did not hear of a single Malay convert on the whole Peninsula." Protestant sectaries often represent the poor heathen as being extremely desirous of obtaining copies of the Holy Book, and no one denies this. Only it must be remembered that the cause of this eagerness, as Archdeacon Grant says, "cannot be traced to a thirst for the Word of Life, but to the secular purposes and to the unhallowed uses to which it has been turned, and which are absolutely shocking to any Christian feeling." These Protestant "Bibles have been seen," says Dr. Wells Williams, a Protestant agent, "on the counters of shops in Macao cut in two for wrapping up medicines and also fruit, a purpose for which the shopman would not use the worst of his own books." Sometimes these Protestant Bibles were turned to more profitable, though equally profane, purposes. They were not infrequently unsewn and the pages used as wall paper. "At Singapore," writes Bishop Courvezy, "I saw the walls of two houses entirely covered with the leaves of the Bible; this profanation, however, is not greater than when they are employed to roll round bacon and tobacco." Eye-witnesses say that in the frontier towns of China whole cases of Bibles, for which simple people have disbursed their precious gold, were constantly sold by auction, and purchased at the price of old paper especially by shoemakers, grocers, and druggists. Marchini, speaking from actual observation, reports that the Bibles are sold by weight to shoemakers, who convert them into charming Chinese slippers. In Africa the same story is told. M. Bessieux, writing from Gaboon, says that he, in company with other European residents, had witnessed "a grand distribution of portions of the Old Testament among the negroes," and that "scarcely had the children got possession of the sacred volume when he saw the leaves of the Bible converted into pretty kites." Mr. M. Parkyns, speaking of Abyssinia in his time, says: "Among the many persons I have met with who received Bibles, one man in particular had two copies given him, which, as might have been expected, he sold the same evening for a jar of beer, and then got drunk on the strength of it." It has been well said that the English Bible societies are simply "a vast and successful organisation for supplying the heathen world gratuitously with waste paper."

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Humility and Some Scientists

The *Catholic Herald of India* is of opinion that though scientists as a class are endowed with notable qualities, humility is not one of them. It goes on to say on that account all the more remarkable was Dr. O. Forster's presidential address at the Twelfth Indian Science Congress recently held in Benares. As one of the themes of his allocution, the President chose Benjamin Franklin's words: "In reality there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride . . . for, even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility." Dr. Forster has very nearly reason to be proud of his. "All that we ask," he said, "and we ask it for the benefit of our fellows and our successors more than for our own advantage, is that a balanced view may be taken of knowledge in its various branches." The President unconsciously defined humility in all scientific knowledge: it is a balanced view; the expert's consciousness that he is expert in only one branch of knowledge. And he gave a practical test that his conviction was as good as his words by saying: "True religion has a really splendid ally in modern science: if required to define the minimum religious equipment for a boy or girl I should suggest, in all reverence, the Ten Commandments and a microscope." "Presidents in the past have not always been so humble," the *Herald* continues, "but it has happened that they were much more cocky on the presidential platform than in their own laboratory. We remember a good Indian scientist, who was President of the Scientific Congress and had uttered most abominable materialistic stuff on taboo, magic, and the origin of religion. Meeting him shortly after, the present writer told him: 'My dear Mr. So-and-So, what rubbish you have been talking at that scientific conclave. Surely, you don't believe a word of what you said.' His reply was quite candid: 'Of course you know I don't, but that's the sort of stuff they want; it's the fashion.'"

Trouble in Colorado

The *Denver Catholic Register* tells of an attempt on the part of the Ku Klux Klan Governor of Colorado to suppress the Mass by forcing the discontinuance of the use of sacramental wine. Let the *Register* tell the story in its own words:—

"Governor Charles Morley of Colorado, who was elected by the aid of the Ku Klux Klan, paid part of his debt to that organisation in his inaugural address by attacking the use of altar wine. He suggested that the State eliminate from the Prohibition Law the right to obtain, possess, or dispense intoxicating liquor for sacramental purposes. 'Experience shows that this exception is too often flagrantly abused.'

"There has never been abuse of this portion of the Prohibition Law from Catholic sources. There have been one or two Jewish cases, but they have been properly handled.

"Governor Morley or anybody else who thinks he is going to abolish the Catholic Mass has another guess coming. This has been tried time after time. In Great Britain there have been times when to celebrate Mass was a felony punishable by death. The

same has been true in other lands. In Ireland, under British rule, the people were forced at times to steal off into the wilds to surround a priest who said Mass while he lay on his back with the chalice on his breast. Every place where fanaticism has held sway the Mass has been under fire. But it is celebrated, and it will be celebrated until Judgment Day. Furthermore, it is going to be celebrated right here in Colorado, without intermission. The Catholic religion is not going to be banished, and the Mass is the centre of our worship. If every priest and Catholic layman in the State has to go to gaol we will celebrate the Mass. It is altogether outside the jurisdiction of the State of Colorado or any civil government to dictate to us on such a spiritual matter as the Mass. This is our stand, and let our enemies make the most of it. When they step inside the sanctuary itself they will find every one of us ready to go to death rather than submit.

"We are going to use fermented wine for the Mass because Christ used it. It does not matter how many laws they pass forbidding it, we will get it and use it. We pride ourselves on our loyalty to the nation, commonwealth, and community, but when they enact laws contrary to the law of God, we say with Peter and the Apostles: 'We ought to obey God rather than man!'

"So lay off, Governor Morley. You are dealing here with something that will bring the curse of Almighty God on you if you dare push forward your fanaticism."

Secret Diplomacy

Somebody said that the lessons of experience were vastly over-rated since so very few learned anything from them. When the Great War was drawing to a close, the men who knew the means by which the catastrophe had been brought about began to make disclosures which caused the world to sit up and take notice—at least for a while. Little by little the sordid story of intrigue which had been hidden in a mist of falsehood was pieced together until it became a complete figure called Secret Diplomacy. "Week after week, for the health of its soul," wrote the *New York Nation*, "the world is forced to hold its nose and inspect at close range the foetid and septic processes of diplomacy." But the world learned little from it all. When the politicians were brought face to face with their perfidy they acted in that brazen manner which they have made their own, denying in one breath what they admitted in the next. One moment they denied the intrigues indignantly, and in the next they produced the secret treaties as reasons why they could not adhere to President Wilson's Fourteen Points, to which they had previously agreed. Then, when the war ended they set to work conspiring again, with the result that they nearly brought about another war with Turkey. When Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister of Britain the atmosphere in diplomatic circles was rendered decidedly fresher than it had ever been within living memory. But now, according to an English exchange, the old methods are being employed once more and no one seems to trouble. Secret diplomacy must lead straight

to war. As long as it obtains no nation can feel safe because no nation can say precisely what plots are being hatched against it. Whilst Ministerial communications are couched in the friendliest of terms, it knows that underneath all there is the plot and counter-plot, the army of spies and diplomats burrowing through its very foundations. If a traveller were passing through a country inhabited by cannibals he would not run any risk of being taken off his guard: he would shoot at sight. In like manner, feeling that they cannot trust one another, nations often are driven into war by sheer panic. "Mr. Baldwin," says our contemporary, "is merely a figurehead on the Tory barque; his face points in any direction willed by the Talleyrands and Metternichs in duodecimo whose hands move the Tory wheel." What a tragedy it is!

The Craze for Laws


It is a bad sign when a government starts out on a campaign of indiscriminate law-making. The State is the guardian of rights, not the giver of them; and when it oversteps its functions in this respect, and begins to load its Statute Books with all kinds of unnecessary regulations at the behest of cranks, who are listened to only because they have votes to bestow, it becomes what Artemus Ward would term "an emfatik noosance." All the English-speaking countries suffer more or less from this form of intemperance, which springs from the erroneous idea that Parliamentarians are the blind servants of the people rather than properly constituted rulers chosen by the people in order that they might use their judgment in the direction of affairs in accordance with the dictates of their conscience. Senator Beveridge, speaking of America, said: "The Nation and every State are well nigh smothered with laws." He said that thirty State legislatures and Congress were in session, and all the mills were grinding furiously. At the end of the session they would have thousands of new laws, of which only a few were really necessary. "No human being knows," he said, "what these innumerable laws mean. No human being knows even how many statutes are hidden within the forbidding covers of the thousands of volumes that contain Acts of Congress and of Legislatures. No human being knows the sum of rules and regulations that unceasingly pour from our countless bureaus, boards, commissions, and departments of Government, every one of which bureaucratic edicts has the force and effect of enactments by legislative bodies. How can any one obey every law, when nobody knows or can know, how many laws there are or what they command or forbid." *America* says that one result of this debauch of excessive law-making is that one in every eleven American citizens is an official charged to make, interpret, or enforce the law. Or to put the case in other words, every ten American citizens must reach down into their pockets to pay the salary of the eleventh. If this goes on, America will soon be in the position of those amiable old ladies who supported their respective families by taking over one another's laundry and housework.

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NOTES OF TRAVEL

VI—ROBA DI ROMA.

(By J.K.)

The days pass all too quickly in Rome. Wherever one goes there is much to see, and in Rome almost everything has to be studied as well as seen. You may "see Rome" in a fortnight, but you will not know it in five years—*experto crede!* This time I will merely hint at a few of our walks. About what we saw in each of them one might read volumes of history and description.

door and asked one of the Fathers to unlock the door of the crypt for us. Without saying a word to my companions I led them down to those underground chapels where death is so vividly brought home to the visitor. The decorations of the altars, the candlesticks and the lamps are all made of the bones of dead monks. All round the walls bones are arranged in various patterns, and

centuries, and one hopes that the old spirit will be kept alive at the present time. We walked in the garden with young Franciscans, and from the walls of the halls the faces of Colgan and Wadding and Scotus looked down on us to remind us of the past. Then we walked along the Via Sistina, across the lovely Pincian Gardens and into the old Villa Borghese, now always open to the public. We visited the famous Borghese Art Galleries, and once again I looked on the glorious pictures and statues which only Italian genius could produce. Canova's David; his Daphne and Apollo; Raphael's Entombment; Carlo Dolci's beautiful Madonna; Titian's Sacred and Profane Love, and so many other peerless masterpieces are still sheltered in these princely halls, among the groves and fountains of that wonderful park.

* * *

To leave the city for a day in the delightful hills around Rome is an agreeable change of which but too few tourists avail themselves. I have already written something of our days at Tivoli—in the Sabine Hills—and at Albano and Nemi—among the Alban Hills. Another day was spent among the Hermian Hills, which are also connected with Rome by the electric trams. After a run of twelve miles across the Campagna, now thoroughly cultivated, the tram began to climb up from Colonna to Palestrina. Palestrina was the ancient Praeneste, an old republic which at length was subdued by imperial Rome. It is a most picturesque town, with many traces of medieval glory, but to-day it is best known as the birthplace of the great Pierluigi—called Palestrina after his native town. Farther in among the hills we came to Genazzano, where we visited the miraculous shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel, a favorite place of pilgrimage for the good Italian people of the surrounding districts. Seven miles farther in among the hills is picturesque Olevano, beloved of artists. And beyond Olevano is the wild and rugged country of Subiaco, where the foundations of Western Monasticism were laid by the young Roman noble who became St. Benedict. The brown hills and the grey olive groves and the mountain streams make a wonderful picture of which the eyes never tire. And the whole country is saturated with interest for the Catholic tourist. *Tablet* readers who intend coming to Rome ought to remember that they will miss a great deal if they omit these days in the hills from their itinerary.

* * *

Two other morning walks I hint at here. One was to the English cemetery, where under the shadow of the old walls of Rome you will find the graves of Keats and Shelley. Or rather Shelley's heart was buried there subsequent to the burning of his body on the



Chapel of the Shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel in Gennazzano.

A few mornings ago we walked over the Quirinal Hill and down the Street of the Four Fountains, turning to the right by the Barberini Palace to go to the church of the Cappuccini. Had it been a little later in the day we certainly must have visited the Palace, if only to see once again the sad, haunting, beautiful face of Guido Reni's Beatrice Cenci. But the private gallery was not yet open, and so we went on our way. The church has one great treasure. The altar-piece in the first chapel to the right is Reni's St. Michael. You have all seen copies of it and there is no need to describe it. Then I made my way to the sacristy

from every nook and corner cowed skeletons stare out at visitors. It is one of the sights of Rome and one not easily forgotten.

* * *

Emerging from the church, we crossed the piazza and made our way to St. Isidore's, which few Irishmen fail to visit. The monks—the Irish Franciscans—have among their treasures the sword of the great Hugh O'Neill, whose bones lie beyond in the Janiculum. Here in ages past good work was done for Ireland by men like Luke Wadding and Colgan. Irish scholars of great name were trained within these walls in the bygone

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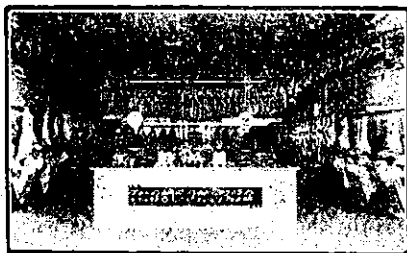
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Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in the Chapel of the Shrine in Gennazzano.

beach at Spezzia, in the calm waters of whose gulf a sudden tempest destroyed the young atheist who mocked at God. The cemetery is shaded with cypresses and yews, beneath which sleep the bodies of many famous foreigners who died in the Eternal City.

Another morning was spent walking through the Vatican Museums, now newly arranged and ordered for the benefit of the sightseer. What can I do but recall the names of some of the wonders seen in that walk—the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Antinous, the Stanze of Raphael, the vast Library, and the Sistine Chapel with its glowing walls, made immortal by the genius of Michelangelo! It all recalled the days of long ago, when as a student I learned to know and love these wonderful masterpieces which must be seen again and again to be appreciated.

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WANGANUI NOTFS

(From our own correspondent.)

March 17.

To-day is St. Patrick's Day, but excepting that the banks and some public offices are closed, there is no holiday making. Impossible to have the annual concert, owing to the universal restrictions, even the usual nine o'clock Mass was dispensed with as the children could not attend. The early Mass was availed of by a great many, and, beyond doing this, receiving Holy Communion, and wearing a bit of green, the day is much like any other. The infantile paralysis is worse than ever it was, in numbers and intensity, and some of our parishioners are among the afflicted. As there is no chance of starting school, we, like other people, are setting homework for the children and undertaking to correct it, in the hope of keeping the children interested, happy, and on nodding terms with schoolwork. In regard to this question of loss of time by the students, some of us cannot help thinking that the system of personal handling of papers in such a wholesale manner is a distinct mistake, from a sanitary point of view. The germs we're hearing so much about, for all we know, may be enjoying many a free trip at the cost of parents, pupils, postal officials and teachers. Is it

not possible to publish lessons in the newspapers, follow them up with answers and an instruction, and let the children play up to the spirit of "do your best, the situation is serious"? After all, what is the value of a few sums, an essay or two, or anything else, if served up with germs. Funny, how impatient we are, and how we detest waiting quietly, even when occasion demands resignation and precaution.

Congratulations to Mr. Tom Crotty, just returned from England where he has been studying Optics and has succeeded in gaining his degrees of F.S.M.C. and F.I.O. Mr. Crotty intends going into business somewhere—may or may not be Wanganui, but wherever it is we wish him plenty of customers for horn rims and every other style with which he proposes to embellish or comfort us.

Left this week for a glad two months' holiday in Sydney. Mrs. Sidford (Wellington). Mrs. J. Kennedy (Karioi), and the Misses M. and N. Kennedy (Moumahaki). Good wishes from their many friends for a joyous trip and a safe return.

Mr. Arthur Benefield ("Bunny"), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Benefield, of Wanganui East, has gone to Greenmeadows to join the lay Brothers there. A great favorite, he managed to slip away quietly, although he was farewelled by his companions at the Railway Workshops. Two of his cousins went last year, and he was gone before we knew it. Our prayers and good wishes are his just the same.

Aramoho seems to be setting the pace for vocations, among the young men anyway. Was surprised to see, the other night, how full the church is, even for evening devotions. This Lent, the folk up at St. Joseph's are having Stations of the Cross on Wednesdays and Sundays, and they do attend well. Of course, Aramoho is an important industrial centre—Railway Workshops just over the river; big Casein Factory; Woollen Mills; and the promise of Kempthorne's Fertiliser Works up the road a bit. Fortunately, there are big gardens too in that locality, and the scent of the roses is a great relief at times.

Heard casually that the boys' club is likely to be very much alive this winter, also that the Marist Football Club has made a brand new start for the season. However, I'm afraid both these clubs are "secret societies" maybe, even branches of the much-talked-of Ku Klux Klan, for it is impossible to get any sort of information out of them. Fortunately for all concerned, and the rest of us, Detectives Gourlay and Revell are both interested, so, as a community, we're fairly safe. More later—perhaps.

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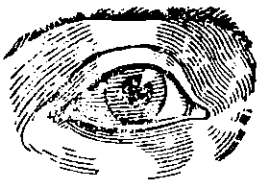
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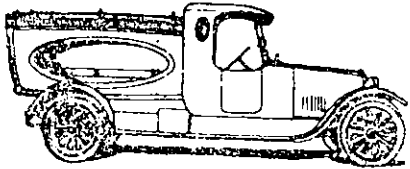
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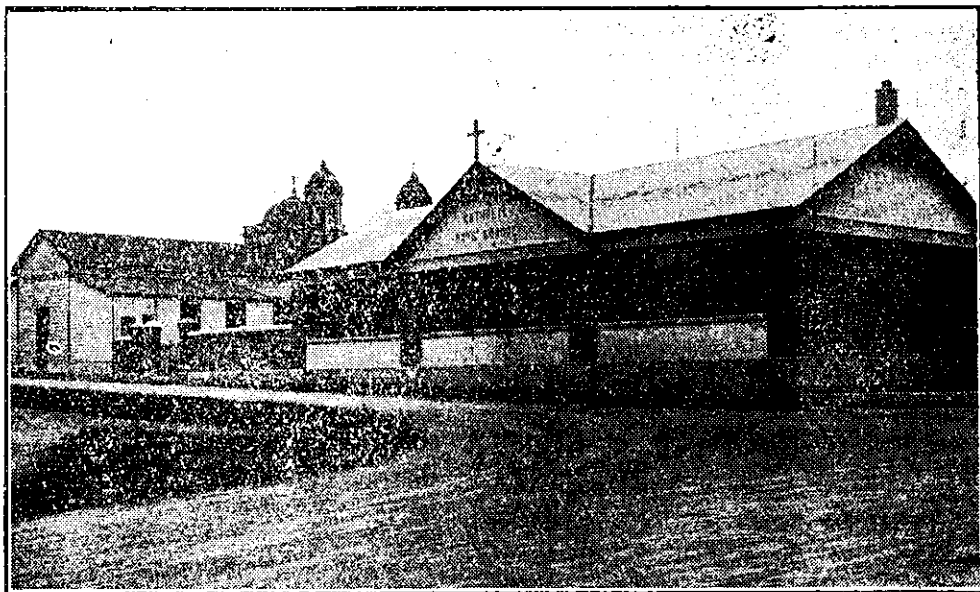
Front View, facing North.

Photo by Father Ginisty, S.M.

The loss by fire several months ago of the old building in which many local residents had passed their primary school days was naturally regarded as a calamity by parents and those concerned in its direction (says the *Timaru Herald*). Phoenix like, there has arisen from the ashes of the old school, a brick edifice that is in every respect a model school. In its well ventilated and sunny class rooms work will be carried out under the most favorable conditions, and little more incentive to "excel in good works"—the exhortation which stands out in bold lettering on the front of the building, should be desired or needed by the pupils.

Entering a spacious corridor running the entire length on the south side of the building the visitor's attention is immediately drawn to the ventilator windows, placed seven feet up the walls on either side and running to the height of the ceiling. Three class rooms open on to the corridor on the left-hand side, and an inspection reveals a unique system of ventilation obtained in connection with the ample overhead ventilation in the corridor.

With the building running east and west, each class room faces north, large double doors giving separate egress to a well-grassed two-acre playground. The windows with which each room is plentifully supplied are ingeniously arranged to open with a swinging action of the hand. They can be adjusted to any angle. Similar windows on the other side of the room carry off the impure air high above the heads of the pupils and thus through the corridor windows. Known as the cross-ventilation system this method, the last thing in schoolroom ventilation, is now being generally adopted, and with the wide doors opening directly into the playground, the advantages of an open-air school are obtained.



CATHOLIC BOYS' SCHOOL, TIMARU.

The dome of the church is shown in the background, and St. Patrick's Hall on left.

Photo by Father Ginisty, S.M.

Each of the three class rooms will accommodate 65 scholars, and with a present roll of 130, ample provision has been made for future years. In addition, the building has been constructed so that an extra storey can be added if required. A hot water heating system worked from a boiler in the basement will be employed in the winter months to keep the atmosphere at an even temperature, and with the overhead displacement of impure air, further assisted by high foundations and underneath ventilation, conditions distinctly favorable for alert and healthy mentality should prevail.

In the furnishings adopted health considerations have again been kept in view.

In the junior class rooms dual desks will give ample room to each pupil, while senior pupils will be provided with single desks. The seats have been specially constructed so as to ensure a correct sitting posture, while all noise attendant upon a class taking their seats will be obviated by silent tip-up seats. Blackboards three feet wide are built into the walls on three sides of the rooms, specially imported blackboard linoleum being used for this purpose. The teacher's desk is placed upon an elevated platform at the end of the room and an uninterrupted view of the class is obtained. A special supply of maps, charts, globes, and other school apparatus has also been ordered from England and will arrive before the school is opened.

The building has been erected in brick and plaster and no expense has been spared to provide hygienic conditions for the children, as can be observed by the porcelain wash basin and bubble drinking fountain provided for their use at the entrance porch. Another addition to the school since the fire, and one that will no doubt meet with the hearty approval of the public is a large five court. With a large playing area adjoining, in addition to the school playground, the school is indeed fortunately placed, and in happy contrast to the conditions prevailing in past years.

The school has been erected by Messrs. Hall Bros., building contractors, and the excellent work in it is a testimonial to their skill and thoroughness in building construction.

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Bigoted Attack on Puhoi

SLANDERED CATHOLICS DEFENDED BY PROTESTANTS

(By REV. D. V. SILK)

The great statesman and orator, Edmund Burke, had a straight-minded man's contempt for the baser kinds of slanderer. Yet he declared that there are occasions when "the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation."

It seems to me that such an occasion has now arisen. It is a case of an insignificant, though notorious, accuser who has launched an accusation of magnitude against the great-hearted Catholics of the Puhoi settlement. The record of their early hardships and of their gigantic labors made a glorious epic of colonisation in the public press of this Dominion on the occasion of the diamond jubilee of the settlement in 1923.

The Accuser.

The accuser's name is on the list of ministers of the Gospel of Truth and Brotherly Love. His name is the Reverend Howard Elliott. He acquired an unenviable notoriety at a time when the pick of Puhoi's splendid Catholic manhood was gallantly fighting and bravely dying on the sands of Egypt and the hills of Palestine and amid the horrors of the trenches of Picardy and Flanders. At that very time when Puhoi's men were fighting against men—the reverend accuser of Puhoi was—in the safety and comfort of New Zealand—waging a war of defamation against (among others) the flower of Catholic womanhood. Before a Parliamentary Commission he admitted (and sought to justify) his having concocted a series of abominable bogus letters—so abominable that they shocked the New Zealand Parliament into shouts of protest, and moved the disgusted Speaker to order the cessation of their perusal. That bright, particular adornment of the Christian ministry did not even spare dead women in their graves. He slandered a saintly dead nun, of proven innocence. A Court of Justice approved, and public sentiment from end to end of New Zealand applauded, when the dead nun's wounded soldier brother publicly horsewhipped her traducer in the streets of Auckland. It is difficult to imagine any methods more highly calculated to discredit religion in this Dominion, and to give to nollies a deeper degradation.

The Accusation.

The author of those atrocious bogus letters chose *The N.Z. Sentinel* as the medium of his attack on the Catholic manhood and womanhood of Puhoi. It was an entirely appropriate choice; for *The N.Z. Sentinel* is the extremest and most vitriolic type of sectarian journalism, and it has to its discredit the publication of numerous misquotations and spurious murder-oaths that have been, time and again, exposed in the public press. The core of the accusations against the Catholic men and Catholic women of Puhoi is represented by the following extract from *The N.Z. Sentinel* of February 2, 1925:—

"... We have an example ready to hand at Puhoi, in North Auckland; there is a population wholly alien and Romanist. A priest landing at Puhoi is reported to have said: 'Thank God! I am at last where the Church is supreme.' The Protestants have been bought out and driven out. The writer had from the lips of the settler himself the story of his eviction, since he was the last remaining Protestant in the district. His fences were cut, his cattle driven off, his best bull killed, his sheep mixed, until it became impossible to live there, and he had to sell out for what they chose to give him. If we are to keep New Zealand for the English-speaking race, and we ought, then every reader should bestir himself to create a powerful public opinion against allowing the dumping of these undesirables in this country. . ."

A Protestant Settler Replies.

The story of "the last remaining Protestant in the district" and his persecution as a Protestant can only be described as an outright fabrication. So far from the unnamed informant being "the last remaining Protestant in the district," there are at least fifteen or twenty Protestants—five Protestant families—in Puhoi, some of them residents for over half a century past. I give hereunder the testimony of two of them. The first is that of Mr. Ernest W. Barker, one of the most popular and most highly esteemed residents of Puhoi:—

"My father settled within two and a-half miles of the Puhoi township fifty-eight years ago. Practically every day of his life he was in the closest touch with these Bohemian settlers; they worked with him and for him; he mixed with them and shared in their sorrows and their joys; and his religious beliefs were never at any time questioned, nor did his religious beliefs prove an obstacle to him among these Bohemian settlers in even the slightest degree.

"I, myself, have lived here all my life. I went to school with these settlers; I have grown up with them to manhood; and neither had I nor any member of my family the slightest difference with these people in religious matters or in business. I have nothing but the highest of respect for these Bohemians—both as Catholics and as settlers in this Dominion. As Catholics they practise their religion and they feel proud of it, and for this I honor them. They never at any time interfere with the religious beliefs of others—neither with the Protestant residents in the district nor with Protestant strangers visiting the district. I could not possibly wish for better neighbors than I have always found in the men and women of Puhoi. I am here voicing not only my own sentiments, but those of every member of my family.

"In 1913, when the men and women of Puhoi were celebrating the Golden Jubilee of this settlement, I was unanimously chosen as their chairman; and at their Diamond Jubilee—held here on the 29th June, 1923—they again did me the honor. As settlers in the Dominion, I have nothing but the highest admiration. They came here and carved themselves homes of full and plenty out of New Zealand's bush and the ti-tree where countless others would have starved.

"In conclusion, I wish to state, and state emphatically, that Mr. Howard Elliott's attack on these Bohemian settlers at Puhoi is a base calumny, absolutely uncalled for, and is unworthy of one who presumes to go under the name of Christian.

(Signed "ERNEST W. BARKER.")

A Protestant Returned Soldier.

I give hereunder the testimony of a Protestant returned soldier, a gallant and greatly respected man, who was fighting men when the Reverend Howard Elliott was busy defaming saintly women. I omit some of the stronger expressions of manly indignation that appeared in the original statement of Mr. J. N. Johnstone:—

"I am a returned soldier. I settled at Puhoi, and within half-a-mile of the township, in 1919. I have lived with my family there since, and I have no intention of leaving. To say that the above statements re the persecution of a Protestant in this district, is 'an infamous fabrication,' is putting it very mildly. I should like to make use of some stronger language—war-language, if you like, but better suited to express my feelings when I read the above article in the *Sentinel*. How a man could publish such stuff—no matter who was his informant—and expect the New Zealand public to believe it, is beyond my comprehension.

"Mr. Howard Elliott, you have been fooled once at least, as far as the Puhoi Catholics and that 'last Protestant' are concerned. I am a Protestant, and I am still in Puhoi. You are not to worry or lose your sleep over the Catholics at Puhoi. They are not as bad as you would wish to paint them. I have lived with them now for practically six years, and I would ask for no better neighbors or better friends.

"Judging from my knowledge of this settlement, its people, and its history, and then reading those statements that appeared under your name, I would strongly recommend to you a vacation.

"We, returned soldiers, have the highest admiration for those who sacrificed both men and money in answer to our country's greatest and most urgent call. Three times in the history of this settlement that call came to the Bohemian Catholics here, and on all three occasions they bravely answered that call. First, on their arrival in this country in 1863, their founder, Captain Krippner, recruited all the single men and all the married men capable of bearing arms, and with them fought for this country against the Maoris in the Waikato.

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"I ask you: Who had a better right to settle in this country than the men who fought for it? Yet you state that we should 'create a powerful public opinion against allowing the dumping of these undesirables in this country.'

"At the Boer War the Bohemian Catholics at Puhoi again went forth to fight and even die to uphold New Zealand's honor and protect the interests of the British Empire. Were you fighting for New Zealand and the British Empire during the Boer War?

"Thirdly, during the late war, had New Zealand sent to the front in proportion to her manhood, as the Bohemian Catholics at Puhoi sent, she would have sent 166,000; and had she lost in proportion she would have lost over 40,000. Again, kindly remember that Catholic Belgium, Catholic France, and Catholic Italy were no small factors in the Great War.

"In conclusion, I kindly but firmly recommend that vacation that I have above suggested.

"J. N. JOHNSTONE."

In the *N.Z. Sentinel* of June 1, 1923, the following statement is credited to "the local priest" resident among the "Bohemians" (at, of course, Puhoi) "when he stepped from the train at the nearest point to his district": "Now I am in Catholic territory."

In the issue of the same paper for February 2, 1925, "a priest lauding at Puhoi is reported to have said: 'Thank God! I am at last where the Church is supreme.'"

The last-quoted story bears, on the face of it, the impress of being an "improved" version of the first. The present writer is probably the priest that is aimed at in both stories. So far as I am personally concerned, I can truthfully describe both stories as out-and-out fabrications.

In the course of a speech delivered in the New Zealand Parliament in 1917, the Right Hon. Mr. Massey said in part that "no more useful or industrious immigrants came to New Zealand than the men and women at Puhoi, and, as has been admitted, they had given proof of their loyalty to the British Sovereign on every possible occasion."

Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington

(From a correspondent.)

March 20.

St. Patrick's Day passed quietly. There was less green worn than in other years. Even the audience at the concert was quieter. This was partly due to the absence of the children whose salvos of clapping have on other occasions threatened the plaster on the walls. In the opinion of qualified critics it was the best programme ever presented here. Each item was announced by Mr. J. J. L. Burke and the Hibernians acted as ushers. Teresa McEnroe was given an ovation and had to appear three times in the first half. Martino's training had deepened her voice. Once it was like the voice of a lark, now it is like the voice of a thrush. Her items were: "She Is Far From the Land," "My Little Irish Cottage," and "The Three-

Colored Ribbon," a wonderful old ballad re-set for modern events; in the second half she sang that fine old ballad of the Wild Geese, "The Lover's Curse," and in the Gaelic, "Aileen Aroon." The best critic perhaps in the city declared that "Aileen Aroon" was a masterpiece, superbly sung. Mrs. Wilfrid Andrews sang "Killarney" and "The Hills of Donegal." She made almost a new thing of "Killarney." Smoothness, richness, and control were all there. Her enunciation and, of course, Teresa McEnroe's was a triumph of training. Mrs. Lawson-Broad sang "Green Isle of Erin" and a Gaelic melody. Thus Wellington was privileged to hear two Gaelic songs on the one night. An advance! Mrs. Broad's voice reminds one a little of Pauline Bindley's. There is a rumor that she is going to Rome to continue her studies. She was enthusiastically received. Miss Mary McKeowen and Mr. Charles Hickmott both suffered the same handicap. In one instance the folk were coming in during the performance, in the other they were going out. Both are favorites with Wellington audiences. Miss McKeowen, despite her indisposition, turned up to sing "The Lament for Kevin Barry," and that unforgettable melody, "Carrigdhoun" which appealed to all lovers of the beautiful. It was sweetly sung. Mr. Hickmott's fine enunciation triumphed over even the handicap. His interpretation of "The Ould Plaid Shawl" and "The Queen of Connemara" was very fine. Mr. Len Barnes and Mr. Austin Blackie are both well-known here. Mr. Barnes sang "The Irish Emigrant," "Molly Braunigan," and "Mona My Girl" with feeling and restraint, while Mr. Blackie's "Molly Bawn" and "Oft in the Stilly Night," though sung a little slowly, were rendered with delicacy and a certain gracefulness. Miss Kathleen Jansen and Miss Kitty Redmond were new-comers to St. Patrick's night concerts. Miss Jansen had a warm reception for her "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Fairy Tales of Ireland." She pleased the audience greatly. Miss Kitty Redmond sang plantively the appeal, "Come Back to Erin," and as an encore the lilting little "Cruiskeen Lawn" that suited her voice very well. Mr. Len Daniel sang a melody of Moore's and, in rollicking style, "Father O'Flynn." That's an end of the songs. Now for the other items! Mr. Leon de Maunay, that fine violinist, played as soli "Saltarella" (Gorman), "Serenade," and "The Londonderry Air." This lovely melody is set to "Danny Boy" and is expressive of the Irish nature. It was most tenderly and most sweetly played. It is needless to state that Miss Phyllis McMillan's Irish dances were appreciated as also Mr. Skedden's selections on the Grand Organ. Mr. Whittle's accompaniments are always a great assistance to the players. The secretary (Mr. Hoskins) is to be congratulated on the best concert yet heard here. Mr. J. J. L. Burke was treasurer, and is well content with the financial result. Mr. T. O'Brien was stage manager. Present in the audience were his Grace Archbishop Redwood and his Grace Archbishop O'Shea.

A mission commences at Buckle Street. It will be preached by the Redemptorist Fathers.

Letters received from Father John Kelly, of Newtown, by friends here show that he is enjoying his tour greatly. He mentions having seen the young Duke of Norfolk at the ceremony of the blessing of the candles. He is turning his face to Ireland, his motherland, very soon now, having seen all the beauties and glories of Rome.

A general meeting of the Lewisham committee was held at St. Francis's Hall on Monday night. It was addressed by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea. It means the opening of the great drive for the hospital.

Dr. Mackin and Mrs. Mackin were entertained by friends in Sydney prior to their departure for the East. Another well-known Catholic medico, Dr. Roche-Kelly, leaves this week on a trip home.

Football meetings all over the city—the Marists among them. New Zealand is essentially a football country. The All Blacks got a great welcome home. It was a case of "Hail the Conquering Heroes Come."

Wellington showed up well against the Victorians in cricket. The comments on the line were amusing: "Ah, choom, I've seen 'Obbs baattin'! You should a seen 'Obbs baattin'" said one spectator. Another was proclaiming loudly, "No ball, sir, no ball! I've played cricket for twenty years. No ball!" The attendance at the Tests is expected to be very large.

Diocese of Auckland

(From our own Correspondent.)

March 12.

The Rev. Father Gilbert arrived by the Marama from Sydney last Monday, and will spend a holiday in Auckland with his brother, the Rev. Brother Fergus, science master at the Sacred Heart College, Ponsonby.

The Rev. Father O'Byrne made a very stirring appeal last Sunday for a better attendance of the faithful at Sunday evening devotions. He also announced that the enlargement of the church would be proceeded with shortly and that practically all the windows in the new church had been dedicated.

It is proposed to hold a "Progressive Bridge and '500' evening" in St. Benedict's Hall on Saturday, the 28th inst. The ladies in charge are: Mrs. Coleman and Miss Knoek, and it is hoped that the function will be attended with success.

Mr. and Mrs. Kalaugher left last Monday evening for their new home in Wellington. Prior to their departure the Students' Guild tendered a lunch at the Royal Hotel to the departing citizens, whose loss will be keenly felt by the Catholic community of Auckland. His Lordship Bishop Liston presided over a fine gathering of members and had many pleasant things to say about the departing guests. The Director of the Sacred Heart College (Bro. Borgia, B.A.) ably supplemented the Bishop's remarks. A presentation was also made to Mr. and Mrs. Kalaugher as a memento of their association with the guild. Mr. Kalaugher feelingly responded on behalf of himself and family, and a memorable gathering concluded with cheers for the departing guests.

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CARGILL'S CORNER, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

Selected Poetry

TRUE AND FALSE LOVE OF FREEDOM.

They that for freedom feel not love but lust,
Irreverent, knowing not her spiritual
claim,
And they, the votaries blind of windy
fame,
And they who cry, "I will because I must";
They too that launch, screened by her shield
august,
A bandit's shaft, some private mark their
aim;
And they that make her sacred cause their
game,
From restlessness or spleen or sheer disgust
At duteous days—all these, the brood of
night,
Diverse, by one black note detected stand,
Their scorn of every barrier raised by right
To awe self-will. Howe'er by virtue
banned,
By reason spurned, that act the moment
needs
Licensed they deem; holy whate'er succeeds.

—AUBREY DE VERE

THE STORM.

Night spun a dusky web o'er moon and stars
And spread her sable cloak o'er mead and
moor;
I heard the haying storm break through its
bars,
Then forward rush and charge my fastened
door.
Like some grim, frenzied mob that bore me
spite..
Out in the night the angry tempest
howled;
Keen blades of lightning rent the robes of
night;
Like angry lions the gruff thunder
growled.

The wailing rain poured down from burden-
ed skies;
Around the house the cedars bent and
groaned:
Strange voices, that I only could surmise,
Across rain-sodden glens and valleys
moaned.
Safe from the trampling storm that raged
without,
I sat in the dim lamp-light, a mute form;
I heard the wild winds boisterously shout,
And a night bird crying out in the storm.
—PATRICK DOHERTY in the *Irish World*.

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY.

The grand road from the mountain goes shin-
ing to the sea,
And there is traffic in it, and many a
horse and cart;
But the litle roads of Cloonagh are dearer
far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go ramb-
ling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting
o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the
wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very
strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer
to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storm-
ing on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden
herring shoal;
But the Little Waves of Breffny have danc-
ed my heart in spray,
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumb-
ling through my soul.

—EVA GORE BOOTH, in *An Anthology of
Modern Verse*.

WHY I CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(By PATRICK SANSFIELD CASSIDY, in Reply
to an American Friend.)

[Reprinted by Request.]

I

Silly question 'tis you ask me—
Why I celebrate the day?
I, an exile from an island
Full three thousand miles away,
Finding here a home and welcome,
Swearing fealty and defence
To the starry flag of freedom
And for ever gone from thence.
Why should I, you wondering ask me,
Hold such love for isle so far,
Clear across the waste of waters,
Cold and distant as a star?

II.

Friend, that island is my mother,
From her fertile soil I sprang;
Generously my youth she nurtured,
And my lullaby she sang.
Mark me well, that man's a villain,
Mean and cold as clod of earth,
In whose heart there's no affection
For the land that gave him birth.
If of it no tender memories
Up before his vision swim,
Then the land that gives him shelter
Can expect no love from him.

III.

'Tis a light and thoughtless question,
Why I love the dear old sod,
Where my eyes first looked to heaven,
Where my lightsome feet first trod.
Must a man, because he marries,
Cease to love and venerate
In his heart the dear old mother
Sitting sad and desolate?
Trust me, friend, the better husband
Always is the better son;
Heaven protect the maiden from him
Who for mother love has none.

IV.

Well I love this broad and noble
Land with love as pure as gold;
None the less because my spirit
Visits now and then the old.
Freely would I grasp a sabre,
Rally round the flag of stars,
No less ready for the reason
That I'd shiver Ireland's bars.
Mingled in the manly bosom
Is the love for mother—wife,
So my love for both lands mingles
In the current of my life.

V.

Could you doubt our Irish fealty?
Call the muster of your dead;
Find a field in all your history
Where no Irish valor bled;
Where their deeds no rays of glory
Shed around the starry flag,
From the plains of Angostura
On to Lookouts' highest crag.
Ours a nature large and lavish,
Generous as our mother land;
No cold shallow stream that barely
Covers selfishness' sand.

VI.

And you ask the shallow question,
Why I celebrate the day?
Friend, I celebrate no triumph
Won in battle's bloody fray,
Triumph of one kingly despot
O'er another at the cost
Of a hecatomb of heroes,
And perhaps of freedom lost;
Nor a victory ignoble
Of one faction, class, or creed,
While a strife—distracted nation
Wept the fratricidal deed!

VII.

'Tis not these my memory hallows;
Friend, it is a sacred cause—
'Tis the bringing to a people
Christian light and love and laws.
Gentle Patrick, the Apostle,
Brought no flaming battle brand;
In his heart of peace the gospel,
And a shamrock in his hand.
These the weapons that he wielded,
Ireland bowed to Heaven's sway;
Who'd object but brutish bigot
If we celebrate his day.

VIII.

Far I've left my mother country,
Made this fair young land my bride;
Both I'll ever love and cherish,
And defend whate'er betide.
From her cliffs let Erin beckon,
And I hasten to her aid;
Let a caitiff strike Columbia—
From its scabbard leaps the blade.
Ha! I note your eyes approval!
With my motives you agree;
Come then, brave and free Columbian,
Come and celebrate with me.

New York, March 15, 1880.

Muir Bros.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader, p. 33. Notes, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 9. Captain McCullagh on Russia, p. 15. The Church in N.Z., p. 19. Notes of Travel (by J.K.), p. 25. New School at Timaru, p. 29. Bigoted Attack on Puhoi, p. 30. Sunday Afternoon Readings, p. 51. The Religion of Spiritism, p. 57.

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

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

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

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.

The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1925.

THE CREMATORIUM PROPOSAL

AS we intimated last week, a small coterie of cremationists are trying to persuade the Dunedin City Council to waste public money in erecting a crematorium in this city. The attempt should be opposed vigorously, not only by Catholics who are bound to submit to the ruling of the Church against cremation, but also by those non-Catholics who believe that public money should not be spent in frivolous or unwarranted enterprises. The deputation that waited upon the Council on behalf of the cremationists sought to scare away opposition by hinting that infantile paralysis came possibly from cemeteries; and then the speakers proceeded to build their case upon a number of bald assertions calculated to deceive those who heard or read them. During the week we took the opportunity of consulting medical authorities upon the question of cremation, and we find that the assertions of the cremationists are altogether lacking in evidence to bear them out.

We find that the deputation's evidence of the connection of cemeteries with the outbreak of disease is regarded as weak and unconvincing. No evil results from the conditions enforced in modern well-regulated cemeteries; and further, no epidemics have been traced to cemeteries. If cemeteries were the menace to public health, which the cremationists would have us believe they are, is it not strange that the local Government Boards and the Ministry of Public Health in Britain are silent on the question of cremation? There is no recorded well-authenticated case of outbreak of disease due to water contaminated by the drainage of a graveyard; and medical opinion testifies that there is no ground for supposing that the emanations from grave-

yard soil are dangerous to health. If they were, their effect would be most marked among grave-diggers, a class who, like the workers in sewers, are obstinately healthy in spite of all *a priori* reasoning to the contrary.

It is only fair to say that medical men have no doubt that our present system of deep burial is inconsistent with the rapid and efficient solution of the bodies we consign to earth; for, if corpses are covered by a foot of suitable earth, the perishable parts disappear inoffensively within a year. The earth is said to be the great natural solvent and disinfectant of all forms of dead organic matter deposited below the surface; but it is very much more active as a destructive and purifying agent in the upper layers not exceeding five feet from the surface than it is in greater depths. The method of earth burial, as it is practised at present with the use of lead shells and strong wood coffins, preserves the bodies for a very long period. Doctors say that nothing is gained by this lengthy preservation, and that the aim of earth burial should be to facilitate the ultimate reduction of the body into its component elements. To this end eminent authorities advocate that the body should be placed in an easily perishable coffin of wickerwork, light unprepared wood, or papier mache. The objects of the most suitable type of earth burial are said to be further frustrated by the "use of brick graves, vaults, and heavy oak or metallic coffins. All these are objectionable, illogical, and futile attempts to prevent decomposition." The top of the grave should be a mound of earth capable of supporting a fairly luxuriant growth of vegetation, which assists in draining the soil and makes use of the products of decay. The foregoing considerations, however, must not be read as reasons in support of cremation. They are merely improvements in the method of earth burial suggested by men who stand high in medical science. The important point to keep in mind always is that cemeteries have never been known to breed disease, and earth burial has been the custom long enough to have given the medical scientists ample opportunity of making up their minds about it.

While no reasonable objection can be raised against cemeteries, there is one very serious objection to cremation. The objection is "the impossibility of exhumation increases the facilities for concealing homicide." This point was dealt with very gingerly by a member of the deputation. He referred to the objection in passing, and then pushed it aside with the remark that one of our Supreme Court judges did not attach much importance to it. We have yet to learn that a Supreme Court judge, excellent legal authority though he may be, can claim to be accepted as an authority upon medical science in preference to men who have been highly trained in that science. The opinion of the Supreme Court judge in question is flatly contradicted by eminent medical authorities; and medical opinion on this important point is so ably expressed by Notter and Firth in *The Theory and Practice of Hygiene* that we quote their authoritative statement in full. After stating that there

has been little attempt to use burial grounds by cultivation, they proceed as follows:—

"The second objection is, however, more serious, and cannot be regarded as satisfactorily met by the proposal for minute and detailed autopsy in every case. In our opinion, such a procedure is quite impracticable; even if it were feasible, the discovery of organic disease would not exclude necessarily the possibility of foul play. The discovery of a few poisons, such as copper, might be detected in the ashes, but all organic and volatile mineral poisons would be dissipated by cremation. It is true, exhumation is rarely required, but the possibility of it undoubtedly checks crime."

That opinion ought to carry considerably more weight than the views of a man who is not a doctor.

* * *

From the point of view of non-Catholic ratepayers the crematorium is a foolish proposition. Although nothing has been proved against the present burial system, the ratepayers and rentpayers are asked to burden themselves with a large expenditure in order to establish a thing for which there is no need and no general demand. The cremationists assert that their method is more hygienic than the one in vogue. We have seen that they cannot prove this; and even if they could, as long as cremation rested on a voluntary basis the cemeteries would remain, and whatever of evil they hold would be continued even if the city were full of crematoria. At the very outset, therefore, the case for voluntary cremation falls to the ground. We are sure no one will object to the erection of a crematorium provided that the cremationists pay for it themselves or at least do not seek to make it a charge upon the city's finances. Catholics, of course, will oppose the movement strenuously. The Church forbids them to use the crematorium. The time is opportune for them to tell the Council that they have the very strongest of objections to paying for it.

DOES FAMINE MENACE IRELAND?

The Dublin correspondent of the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*, writing to his journal during February, says:—

For months past the question of destitution and distress in the West has presented a very serious problem for the Government and for the philanthropically-minded of our citizens. For months past the Local Government Department, the Department of Agriculture, and its sub-Department the Land Commission, have done herculean work in a quiet way to cope with the situation brought about by two wet seasons, the agricultural slump and the failure of the fishery industry. It is not too much to say that in the past three months more has been done under a native Government to avert what threatened to be a real famine than was done by the old English Government in a score of years. The Land Commission Inspectors are working in every part of the affected area. The land is being stripped and building operations have been started to provide houses for the new occupiers, most of whom will be in possession of their new

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holdings in time for this season's planting of the crops. Money is being spent to provide employment on the main roads and in the rebuilding of the destroyed bridges. Grants are being made for the supply of

Fuel for the Distressed Population and for the provision of meals for the children attending the schools. Arrangements are being made for a supply of potatoes and corn for the planting of this year's crops. Everything possible is being done by loans to provide fishing boats and tackle for the distressed fisherfolk. In addition the local councils have been enabled to call up only 25 per cent. of the rates, the balance being raised by loans. Every inducement has been offered by the Housing Facilities Act and by the Trades Loans Guarantee Act to private capitalists to carry out building operations in the towns and villages. The recent Act passed by the Dail has set available over

£250,000 for the purpose of continuing the dole to all those unemployed who had already exhausted all their contributions and who had drawn all that they were entitled to.

The Efforts of the Government are Being Well Seconded by the Charity of Private Citizens

and public institutions such as the National Bank, which has just given a contribution of £10,000 towards the sufferers from chiefly the rains of last summer. I spent a week in the West recently, and in sizing up the situation I should say that, no matter what external help is given in those areas, there will for many years to come be a very small margin between the people there and distress. Owing to the miserably small holdings of the majority of the peasantry, many of them have been chronically below the bread line.

G.K.C.'s Poetry

Most people think of Chesterton as a writer of paradoxes. Shallow people (who probably never read him) regard his profound and helpful philosophy as word-spinning. And comparatively few recognise him as a poet. But among those who do read his poetry, there are not a few who place him on a high pedestal among the moderns, and, as for the present scribe, he is ready to break a lance with anyone who will not give him almost the highest place in English poetry of the last quarter of a century. In one of his least-known books—*The Flying Inn*—there is, among many boisterous and rollicking rhymes, this spray of song which, as far as we know, has not been surpassed for beauty, poetry, romance, and melody in the present century:

Lady, the light is dying in the skies,
Lady, and let us die when honor dies;
Your dear, dropped glove was like a gan-
let flung

When you and I were young,
For something more than splendor stood;
and ease was not the only good,

About the woods of Ivywood, when you and
I were young.

Lady, the stars are falling pale and small,
Lady, we will not live if life be all,
Forgetting these good stars in heaven hung.

When all the world was young;
For more than gold was in a ring and love
was not a little thing.

Between the trees in Ivywood when all the
world was young.

In another poem in the same book, he puts in homely language the kernel of the whole difference between the Orangeman and his Southern countryman:

I come from Castlepatrick, and me heart is
on me sleeve,
And any sword or pistol boy can hit it with
me leave.

It shines there for an epaulette, as golden
as a flame,
As naked as me ancestors, as noble as me
name.

For I come from Castlepatrick, and me
heart is on me sleeve,
But a lady stole it from me on St. Gallo-
glass's Eve.

The folk that live in Liverpool, their heart
is in their boots:
They go to hell like lambs, they do, because
the hooter hoots.

Where men may not be dancin', though the
wheels may dance all day;
And men may not be smokin', but only chim-
neys may.

But I come from Castlepatrick, and me heart
is on me sleeve,
But a lady stole it from me on St. Pole-
ander's Eve.

The folk that live in black Belfast, their
heart is in their mouth,
They see us making murders in the meadows
in the South;
They think a plough's a rack, they do, and
cattle-calls are creeds,



NOTES



Aquinas

Turning over the pages of an old manual of our student years—*Summa Contra Gentes*—we came the other day on this wonderful compendium of the proof that Christ was true God and true Man. Only St. Thomas himself could say so much in so little space:

"This wonderful Incarnation of God, made known to us by divine authority, we confess. For (1) it is said: *And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us* (John, I, 14); and the Apostle says, speaking of the Son of God: *Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as man* (Phil. 2, 6-7). (2) This also manifestly do the words of Christ Himself show when He speaks human and humble things concerning Himself, such as: *The Father is greater than I* (John 14, 28), and: *My soul is sorrowful even unto death* (Matt. xxvi, 38), which things are said concerning His assumed human nature; sometimes, however, He speaks of divine and sublime things concerning Himself, as the words: *I and the Father are one* (John x, 30), and: *All things whatsoever the Father hath they are mine* (John xi, 15), which certainly are attributed to His Divine Nature. (c) Proofs also are the facts which we read concerning Our Lord. For that He was afraid, was sorrowful, thirsty, and that He died pertain to human nature; that by His own power He healed the sick, raised the dead to life and commanded the elements, expelled demons, forgave sins, arose from the dead when He willed, and finally ascended to Heaven, prove His divine power."

The contents of many books, the material for months of meditations, are condensed in those sentences by the master mind of Christendom. In a few words are expressed what not half as clearly writers of spiritual books and catechisms have tried to say in later times.

Another example of the marvellous lucidity,

order, and compactness of thought of the Angel of the Schools is his summing up of the proofs of the Resurrection:

"That the Resurrection was true He proved in one way with reference to the body; concerning which He shewed three things: (1) that it was a true, solid body, not a phantastic or tenuous body as of air; this He proved by allowing them to touch Him. . . (2) He convinced them that it was a human body, revealing Himself clearly so that they might see Him with their own eyes; (3) He proved by showing them the marks of the wounds that it was the same body which He had suffered in. In another way, and with regard to His human soul again united to His body He demonstrated the truth of the Resurrection. This He did through the triple vital operation of the human soul: by eating with the Apostles He manifested the nutritive vital function; in speaking with them and hearing them the sensitive functions were made clear; in His addresses, and in expositions of the Sacred Scripture the intellectual powers of the soul are shewn. And in order that nothing should be wanting in the fulness of His manifestation He proved also His divine nature by the miraculous taking of the fishes and further by ascending to Heaven in sight of them all."

The tendency to-day is to fill books with many words and with little thought. With the old writers—the men whose books made them lean, as *La Divina Comedia* made Dante—thought was first and words but its vehicle. Readers of our time have been divorced from thinking, and words that do not require an effort to understand because they convey so little, satisfy them. The old books, too, make people think. And, as we all know, the effect of modern education is to prevent people from doing anything so dangerous to the powers that be. However, there are still a few people who can be alone with thought without becoming insane. To such we commend the old writers.

And they think we're burning witches when
we're only burning weeds;
But I come from Castlepatrick, and me heart
is on me sleeve,
But a lady stole it from me on St. Barna-
bas's Eve.

To the superficial reader that looks like
a mere jingle, but there is a world of philo-
sophy beneath it all. That is the trouble
with Chesterton: the average reader is too
shallow to enjoy him.

Death of Mr. Patrick Hanrahan

We record our deep sympathy in their
bereavement with the Rev. Father James
Hanrahan (Papanni), Rev. Father Thomas
Hanrahan (Riccarton), Mr. E. Hanrahan
(one of the travelling representatives of the
N.Z. Tablet Company), and others of the
family of that fine old pioneer Catholic of
Canterbury, Mr. Patrick Hanrahan, who
passed away on Sunday, the 15th inst.: at
the residence of his son, Mr. Lawrence Han-
rahan Dromore, near Ashburton, at the
advanced age of 85 years.—R.I.P.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

In view of the prevailing sickness, and
acting on the advice of the Health Depart-
ment, the carnival in aid of the Dominican
Nuns' North-east Valley Convent building
fund, for which preparations have been car-
ried on during the greater portion of a
year, has been postponed indefinitely.

A special collection to assist the teaching
Orders whose main source of maintenance has
been cut off owing to the prolonged closing
of the schools, was made on Sunday at St.
Joseph's Cathedral and other churches of
the city and suburbs, the response being
generous.

Two members of the Newcastle Steel Works
Band, now on tour of the Dominion and
delighting crowded audiences with its magni-
ficent performances, are Messrs. Leonard
and Carey, who gained their musical train-
ing while members of the St. Augustine Or-
phanage Band, Geelong.

Speaking at the Communion breakfast at
South Dunedin, on Sunday week, Mr. J. J.
Marlow, District Deputy of the Hibernian
Society for Otago and Southland, intimated
that a branch of the society was to be opened
at Maitauro next month.

A meeting of the recently formed Seamen's
Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul So-
ciety, will be held in St. Joseph's Hall on
Sunday night after devotions. Members and
intending members are invited to attend.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

As customary on the Sunday prior to the
Feast of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland,
members of St. Joseph's, St. Patrick's, and
St. Dominic's (ladies) branches of the
H.A.C.B. Society, together with representa-
tives of the society from Oamaru, Port
Chalmers, and Mosgiel, to the number of
130 as a whole, assembled in regalia at St.
Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, for the
nine o'clock Mass on Sunday, the 15th inst.,
and approached the Holy Table. His Lord-
ship the Bishop, who was celebrant of the
Mass, preached an impressive discourse to a
very large congregation. At the conclusion

of Mass a Communion breakfast generously
prepared by the ladies of the St. Vincent de
Paul Society in the schoolroom, was par-
taken of, and those responsible for the dainty
repast so tastefully laid and efficiently served
well deserved, as they later received, the
sincere thanks of the large company. His
Lordship the Bishop, who was accompanied
by Father Delany, presided in the midst of
the chief office-bearers of the society.

A pleasing feature of the function was the
investiture of his Lordship the Bishop by
the District Deputy (Bro. J. J. Marlow)
with a beautifully worked Hibernian collar—
the insignia of office as grand chaplain of
the society for Otago and Southland. In
doing so Bro. Marlow said how pleasing it
was to every Hibernian to have in their be-
loved Bishop one who had the interests of
the society so deeply at heart. Always a
loving father and true friend to all his
spiritual children, those of the Hibernian
Society were proud to have his Lordship
more closely (if such were possible) associ-
ated with them, and their loyalty and devotion
towards their Bishop and his sacred office
would continue firm and consistent. Father
Delany, whose duties called him away at this
stage of the proceedings, said he was glad
to have the opportunity of being first to
congratulate the society in having their
Bishop more closely associated with it by
virtue of the office he had so graciously ac-
cepted. He also congratulated the members
on their particularly fine showing that morn-
ing, and in heartily welcoming those from a
distance to St. Patrick's, said the manifes-
tation of faith just witnessed was more elo-
quent than any sermon. After several other
office-bearers had spoken in congratulatory
terms, his Lordship the Bishop acknowledged
the compliment paid him. "I candidly
admit" (he said) "the little ceremony has
pleased me very much," continuing, his
Lordship said that being already a member
of the society the office with which he had
just been invested gave a finishing touch to
his association with Hibernianism. The
spectacle witnessed that morning, a signal
and striking example of faith, was one to
feel proud of. He congratulated the mem-
bers on the continued prosperity of the
society, and thanked the organisers (especi-
ally the ladies) of that morning's successful
gathering.

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS.

There was a large congregation at St. Pat-
rick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on the feast
day of the Apostle of Ireland, when Solemn
Pontifical Mass was celebrated by his Lord-
ship the Bishop, commencing at 9.30 o'clock.
Rev. Father Kaveny, Adm., St. Joseph's
Cathedral, was assistant priest; Rev. Dr. H.
O'Neill (Holy Cross College, Mosgiel), deacon;
Rev. Father Hally, subdeacon; and Rev.
Father Delany, master of ceremonies. The
music of the Mass was sung by the members
of St. Vincent's Orphanage choir in that
beautiful and effective manner so charming
to all who hear them: the little ones' perfect
pronunciation of the Latin being in itself a
striking feature of their renditions. A fine
discourse appropriate to the occasion was
preached by Rev. Father Andersen, of Holy
Cross College. The hymn "Hail Glorious
St. Patrick" was sung by the choir at the
conclusion of Mass.

NATIONAL CONCERTS.

Both at Burns Hall and the Town Hall,
South Dunedin, the National Concerts given
on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., were
attended by crowded and enthusiastic audi-
ences. With the exception of the opening
number at the former—a vocal quartet
("Erin My Country") by Messrs. Eagar,
Prowse, Oliver, and Napier, and at the
latter a pianoforte solo ("Irish Diamonds")
by Miss Kathleen Whelan—the programme,
contributed to by the undermentioned, was
identical at each entertainment; motor cars
being requisitioned to convey the performers
between the two halls:—Madame Newcombe-
Hall ("Come Back to Erin"), and as a re-
call number a pretty "Ave Maria" of her
own composing; Mrs. McCartney ("Eileen
Allanah"); Miss Lottie Scott ("Kate
O'Shane"); Miss Audrey Eagar ("Barney
O'Hea"); Miss Clare Dillon ("Killarney");
Mr. S. Taylor ("She is far from the Land");
Mr. A. Lungley ("The Irish Emigrant");
Mr. Walmsley, replacing Mr. E. Drake, who
was indisposed, sang a pretty Irish ballad;
Mr. Bert Rawlinson ("The West's Awake").
An Irish jig was given in finished style by
Miss Beulah King. Mr. D. Whelan gave
"The Meeting of the Waters" as a tenor
horn solo, and Mr. Allan Young delighted
the audiences with recitations mainly selected
from "John O'Brien's" *Round the Boree
Log*. Recalls were general and in response
others of the most favored songs of Ireland
were splendidly given and much appreciated.
Miss Clara Hughes was accompanist at Burns
Hall, and Miss Laura Hawke at the Town
Hall, South Dunedin, Mrs. E. Drake, Miss
K. Whelan, Miss Kane, and others as-
sisting. Mr. H. Poppelwell ably carried
out the secretarial duties in connection
with this popular annual fixture, and
the arrangements worked with perfect
smoothness throughout. His Lordship
the Bishop and several of the Cath-
edral clergy and Christian Brothers attended
the concert at Burns Hall.

CELEBRATION AT MOSGIEL.

The Catholics of Mosgiel and the Taieri
marked the feast day of Ireland's Patron
Saint by a social. Rev. Father Collins pre-
sided over an audience that crowded the
building, and in his genial and happy style
kept the company in a joyous mood all even-
ing. Gems of Irish music and song filled an
excellent programme, those contributing be-
ing:—Rev. Father Collins, Rev. Dr. O'Neill,
Mrs. Pringle, Misses O'Neill, Walls, and Mc-
Gittigan, Messrs. Crawford, M. Curran, A.
F. Quelch, and J. P. Walls. The musical
numbers were interspersed with dances, the
music for which was supplied by Misses
Walls, O'Neill, and McCann, and Messrs.
Paul Howard and J. P. Walls. The ladies
provided supper. In the course of the even-
ing the hymn, "Hail Glorious St. Patrick"
was sung by the choir. Members of the
local Hibernian Society were present in re-
galia.

HELD OVER.

[Owing to Monday (Anniversary Day of
Otago) being a close holiday, we were obliged
to have much of our printing advanced in
anticipation of publishing day; hence a
large amount of late matter is unavoidably
held over.]

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Miss B., Limerick, 23/9/26; Rev. P. T., St. Mary's Pres., Erskineville, 23/5/25; W. C., Empire Lane, Otahuhu, 30/3/25; Mrs. E. S., 52 MacDonald St., Napier, 23/11/25; M. L. B., Collins St., Port Ahuriri, 30/3/25; Rev. Fr. La C., Wairoa, 30/3/26; W. H., Claudelands, Wcher, 30/9/25; M. B., Marangai, Bay of Islands, 15/3/26; A. McV., Priv. Bag, Te Aroha, 30/9/25; M. H., Maharahara, 23/2/25; Mr. C., 118 Fenwick St., Hastings, 8/6/25; Rev. J. A. M., Villa S. Maria, Italy, 15/2/26; M. C., Box 15, Tauranga, 23/2/26; J. J. K., Harding Road, Port Ahuriri 30/3/26; Mrs. M. K., 205 Hastings St., Napier, 23/3/26; M. J. K., Moeta, via Te Kuiti, 15/2/26; Vincentian Fathers, Malvern, Melbourne, 30/11/25.

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B., White Swan, Cuba St., Wgton., 30/3/26; T. L., Mona Cres., Khandallah, 30/3/26; Mrs. F. J., Mills Rd., Vogeltown, 8/8/25; H. J. O'L., Dixon St., Masterton, 30/6/25; J. C., 36 Liverpool St., Wang., 30/9/25; St. V. de P. Society, Wang., 8/12/25; Rev. M. McK., Masterton, 30/3/26; P. Library, Masterton, 23/3/26.

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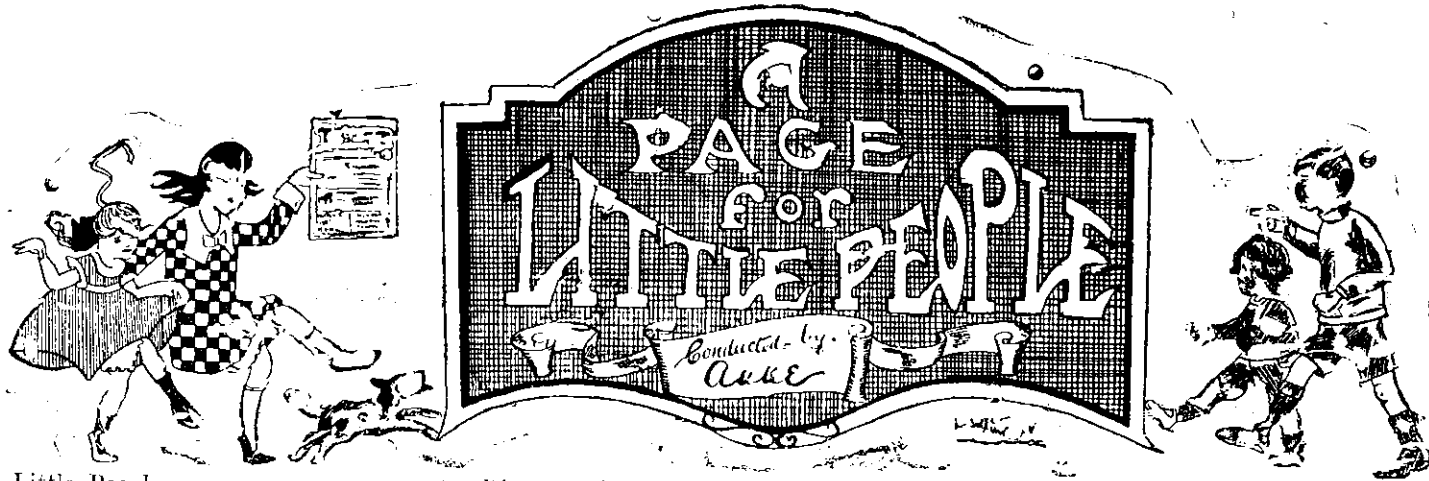
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My dear Little People,

Do you all know what a great feast today is—it is the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, the day on which we try to remember the wonderful visit of the Angel Gabriel to Our Blessed Mother. Today, my dear Little People, we must all pray fervently for our little friends who are suffering from infantile paralysis. It is up and down the whole length of the country, and indeed it may even be that some of our very own Little People are suffering from it. Pray then, dear children, that God may help the suffering and those who love them. Don't worry your dear grown-ups and ask to be let go here, there, and everywhere. Be good and thoughtful, and do your big best to take great care of yourselves, and be very obedient to those who are worried about you on account of this dreadful sickness that is with us.

I know you will be disappointed not to see the results of the Scrap Book Competition this week, but I cannot really help keeping you waiting, the books are still coming in. I cannot wait any longer now, the books will be judged this week, and you will see the results on the 1st April. So, to leave ourselves plenty of room that day, we will go through the April birthday list to-day. Here they are, our good wishes to them all:—

Mary Norling, Eileen Barnes and Mary Joyce Holden same day, Martin O'Leary, Nancy Rapley, Agnes Emerson, Marie Searle, Bernard Edward McVarry, Veronica Philpott, Nora Mary Rooney, Agnes Winnie (no surname), Esme Morgan, Eileen Byrne, Eileen McCarthy and James O'Neill same day, Terence Quinn. A Happy Birthday all.

By this time many of you have your L.P. L.C. badges, and like them I know. Mind you read all letters carefully, and be sure to write to new members asking for Letter Friends. Are you enjoying each other's letters? I'm sure it's very good to have so many Letter Friends scattered all about the country and even across waters.

ANNE.

Dear Anne,

This is my first letter to you and I think it is a very good idea to have badges. I am fifteen years of age and I go to the Technical College at Invercargill. I have six sisters and one brother. I enclose six penny stamps for a badge. The infantile paralysis is a terrible disease isn't it Anne? There is a case at Longwood not very far away from here. One of my sisters is going

to Riverton High School when it opens. I don't think any of the schools will open for a while yet. I got some lessons through the post the other day. Well Anne this is all I can write just now as it is bedtime. Yours truly, Mary Morris, Orepuki. P.S.—My birthday is on the 17th January.

(Welcome Mary dear, hope you like your badge. Yes, the infantile paralysis is very dreadful. We must pray hard.—Anne.) Dear Anne,

Seven long months have passed since I wrote to you, and joined the L.P.L.C., so I think I should write again, and tell you how splendidly the other members have treated me. I am now receiving very nice letters from ten girls in New Zealand. If any other club member has been more fortunate than I, that person should be congratulated. Your page has made a wonderful difference to the *Tablet*, Anne. We all look forward to its arrival with increased eagerness. During last week we had several violent thunderstorms, and more than enough rain. Several trees around here were struck by lightning, and the roads were not improved by the heavy rain. There is a road from Brookville which winds through the mountains' beautiful scenery, and leads into Bairnsdale. It is very seldom people use this road, as it is always in need of repair, but on Monday, two men drove a motor car through, and went back the same night by the Tambo Valley. The distance is about 130 miles. The car must have been wonderfully strong to be able to climb over stumps, logs, stones, etc., and the men fond of rough rides and hard work, to face that trip. This year the School Sports' Association intend holding the sports on April 3, instead of October, so the school children are all training. We have to travel about 15 miles to be present at this sports meeting, but we always have a good time. Do you like the country Anne, or would you rather live in town? We live on a farm, which is right in the heart of the mountains, so if you ever become ill, and need a really quiet rest, to recuperate, this is just the place, as it is so very quiet, one would recover hurriedly so that the civilised world could once more be called home. As I am writing I can hear a fox barking, and the mournful call of the Mo-poke. We often hear a dingo howling, as one has made its home in the next paddock to ours, and it takes great pleasure in coming as close to our house as the fences will allow, and practising his highest notes, which I can assure you are not the sweetest one could wish for.

As I'm sure you will be very busy with all your other letters Anne, I will close with best love from Lorna Carroll, Brookville, via Swift's Creek, E. Gippsland, Victoria.

(So glad to hear from you again Lorna, and am sure the Little People will enjoy your letter as much as I do. I prefer the country to the town, and always spend my short holidays in a quiet place if I can. How much I would like to visit you in your mountain home. Glad you like to get letters from club members, I'm sending you a badge with our love.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

May I join your letter page and also the L.P.L.C.? I go to the Convent School, North-east Valley. I am sending my sixpence in this letter for the badge. I will be nine on the 30th April. Best wishes and love from Paul Porter, Dunedin.

(Welcome Paul, I'm keeping your badge till you tell me your full address. Write quickly.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I would like to belong to the L.P.L.C. I will be 7 years of age on April 24th and I am in p. 4 at the Valley Convent School. My sixpence will be in this letter. Love from Jack Porter, Dunedin.

(Welcome you too, Jack, hurry up and send me your full address so that I can post your badge.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to ask you how you are getting on. I am in Std. 2 and I am 8 years old. We are all very sorry for this sickness; for it has kept us from school. My mother was in the hospital for nine weeks, but she is now well. I didn't go anywhere for my holidays. I stayed at home with my dad. I am sending you sixpence for a badge. My birthday is on the twelfth of September. I must close now for I have no more to say. Good-bye.—Tracey O'Gorman, Lawrence.

(So glad to hear from you Tracey, and hope you will like your badge. Hope mother is quite well now.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

May I join your happy band of little folks? I am 11 and in std. 4. I am sending sixpence in stamps to get a badge. This is my first letter. My birthday is on the 17th November. I wish we had our books for school, we're having a number of holidays. I saw in the little people's page that Maire Searle was the first to send the money for the badge. Maire is my playmate at

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DEATHS

DOUGHERTY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Francis Lawrence Dougherty, who died at his parents' residence, Teschemakers, on February 6, 1925; aged 8 years and 11 months.—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving parents, sister, and brother.

HICKEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine, relict of John Hickey, who died at Blenheim, on March 1, 1925; aged 63 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

O'NEILL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael O'Neill, who died at his residence, Weld Street, Blenheim, on March 1, 1925; aged 69 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

RODDEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Annie Rodden, beloved sister of Maria Tarleton, Patrick and Michael Rodden, who died at Dunedin, on March 5, 1925.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

IN MEMORIAM

DALY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Daly, who died at Mosgiel, on March 1, 1917.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FORD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Henry Ford, who died at Heddon Bush, on March 25, 1921.—R.I.P.

FLYNN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bryan, beloved husband of Sarah Flynn, who died at Christchurch, on March 31, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FAHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Stephen Fahy, who died at Invercargill, on March 27, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

GLEESON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Willie Gleeson, who died at Dunedin, on March 20, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

ROUGHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Cornelius Roughan, who died at Dunedin Hospital, on March 19, 1923.—Compassionate Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

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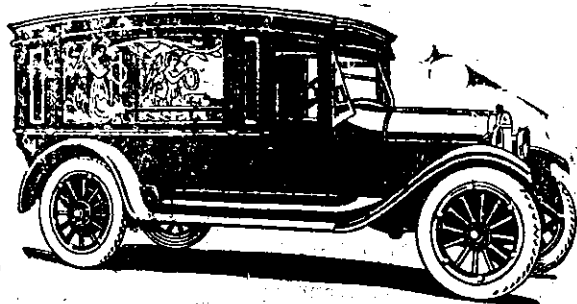
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school. Jimmy is the boy's name. We went to Queenstown for our holidays. I have no more news, so I think I will close with much love from your new friend, Molly Enright, Bush Siding.

(Thank you for stamps, Molly dear, but I won't send your badge till I'm sure of your address. Is "Bush Siding" quite a full address?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I was pleased to see my last letter in print. I received a letter from Moira O'Neill. I enclose sixpence in stamps for a badge. I received a prize at school and the name of it is *Stories from Tennyson*. Here is a riddle Anne, "what is it that has fingers yet no flesh nor bones?" We have no garden in this year but hope to get one in. Well dear Anne, as news is so scarce I will close. Yours faithfully, Eileen Keane, Clyde.

(Thank you for the riddle Eileen, and do you like your badge?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am sending you 1/1 worth of stamps for two badges and postage—one for Betty and myself. Betty forgot to enclose the money in her last letter. From Patty Phelan, Macraes.

(Hope you and Betty liked your badges, and that you are all quite well.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Enclosed you will find sixpence in stamps for my badge. Your loving friend, Jessie Fleming, Riversdale.

(Thank you for stamps, did you get your badge safely?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am enclosing 7d in stamps—6d for a badge, and 1d for postage. I was away in Queenstown for nearly two months and I had a good time. I had my birthday while there, and my aunt gave me a fine treat. We had lots of nice things to eat, and a big iced cake, round which Mona had put nine candles—one for each year, as I was nine that day. I have a little black and white calf. As it was born on my birthday we call it E.P. My uncle in England sent me a book of Limericks. I wish you could see it Anne, some of them are very funny. We have two dear little kittens—a grey one called "Tiger" (he is my pet) and a black-and-yellow one called "Spitfire," which is Tom's pet. Yours truly, Edmund P. Lynch, Woodside, West Taieri.

(You did have a beautiful birthday, Edmund P., fancy the little calf and all coming to greet you. Do you like your badge?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to ask you how you are getting on. I am sending you sixpence for a badge. I have only one sister. I hope to see my letter in the *Tablet*. I always read the Little People's page. I am twelve and I am in Std. IV. My sister is writing to you for a badge. We are all very sorry about this sickness because it is keeping us from school. We have two little kittens; would you please give me a name for them.

I was out at Greenfield for my holiday but I am at home now. I am learning to milk the cows now. I will close now dear Anne. From your old friend, Margaret O'Gorman, Lawrence.

I hope you like your badge Margaret. I think "Jack" and "Jill" would be nice names for your kittens.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is the first time I have written to you. My name is Joan Kyne. I live in the Albion Club Hotel, Gisborne. I will be in Std. 3 when I go back to school. I have a big brother. He is ten years old. I am eight years old. My birthday is 13th May. I am sick of the holidays now. I started music on the 27th of February. From your loving friend, Joan Kyne, Gisborne.

Dear Anne,

I would like to join the L.P.L.C. I am sending 6 penny stamps. It is a grand idea to have a badge. I got a celluloid doll for Christmas and mother bought me a pram. My brother got a book of Chums and a draught board. I have now no more news to tell you. From Joan Kyne, Gisborne.

(I got your letters in the same post bag Joan, and here they are. Hope you like your badge, we are pleased to have you with us.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

It is a long time since I last wrote to you. I am sending sixpence in stamps to you for a badge, and sixpence for postage. My address is, Master Jack Rodgers, 88 Clyde Street, Island Bay, Wellington. My birthday is on October the 9th. At Christmas I went down to stay with my auntie, in the Pelorus Sounds. It was great fun trying to milk the cows. My Uncle has forty cows in milking and about fifty-three young ones. He has a very fierce old bull. We do not go back to school till about the sixteenth of March on account of this sickness. Well, good-bye. From your little friend, Jack Rodgers.

(So glad to hear from you again Jack, what a nice holiday you had. Have you got your badge safely.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Please may I be a member of the L.P.L.C. I enclose the money for 1 badge. My birthday is on the 26th September, and I am thirteen years old. It is a long time since I wrote to you Anne, but I didn't forget you. I obtained my proficiency last year. We are not able to go back to school till after Easter on account of the infantile paralysis which is gradually increasing. Please would you ask some girl of my own age to write to me. From your friend, Mona Hannan, Winuie Street, Greymouth.

(Welcome Mona; I hope you like your badge. I'm sure some girl will write but I'm sorry dear that you have no birthday mate yet.—Anne.)

Dear "A.M.F.,"

Thank you so much for your gift. When the books are judged I will write telling you all about it, and will address the letter to the *Tablet* Office.—Anne.

OBITUARY

MR. MICHAEL O'NEILL, BLENHEIM.
(From our own correspondent.)

Death has removed an old Blenheim resident in the person of Mr. Michael O'Neill, who passed away at his residence in Weld Street on Sunday, March 1, after a lengthy illness. The late Mr. O'Neill, who was a very well-known figure, had not enjoyed the best of health for the last two years and had been totally invalided during the past three months. His parents left their home in the County of Cork, to seek their fortune in London in about the year 1855, and it was shortly after their arrival in the great city that Michael O'Neill first saw the light of day. He was but nine years old when he was left parentless. He joined the mercantile marine training ship Chichester, with a view to preparing for a sea-faring life, and having served his apprenticeship, he joined an ocean-going vessel. He voyaged twice to New Zealand and was struck with the appearance of the country. Then, in the year 1876, he made a third visit in the ship Fern-glen, upon which he held the position of quarter-master. The lure of the new land was too strong to resist, and Mr. O'Neill decided to throw in his lot with the immigrants his ship had brought, and finally made his way to Blenheim. One of the earliest occupations the deceased took up was the position of ferryman at the Opawa River. This ferry was then the only means of communication between the rail-head and Blenheim. Mr. O'Neill relinquished this position to join the painting trade, and he was with Mr. S. Clinch for some years. He later entered into business as a painter on his own account. The deceased was an enthusiastic member of the Fire Brigade in days gone by, while like most sailormen, he was an amateur boxer of no mean skill and as a clog dancer he had no equal. Through his death the local Hibernian Society loses one of its oldest members, for he joined the society over 40 years ago and for a long period was extremely active in promoting its progress and success. He took a leading part in the conduct of the sports gatherings and acted as handicapper for the meetings. With the Rev. Father Lane and others, the late Mr. O'Neill took a leading part in founding the Hibernian Band, an organisation which, in its hey-day was one of the town's chief musical institutions. He married in 1878 Johanna, second daughter of the late John and Bridget Hunter of Tua Marina. He leaves a widow and a family of twelve, all of whom are grown up. There are five sons—Messrs. Patrick O'Neill, of Wellington, and W. J., E. D., G. G., and R. P. O'Neill, all of Blenheim. The daughters, seven in number, are: Mrs. S. Forbes, Taumarunui; Mrs. T. Hynes, Wellington; Miss Evelyn O'Neill, Sydney; Mrs. Roy Thompson, Grovetown; Miss Mary O'Neill, Blenheim; and Misses Eileen and Patricia, both of Wellington. The late Mr. O'Neill was predeceased by two children—Mr. Jack O'Neill and Miss R. O'Neill.—R.I.P.

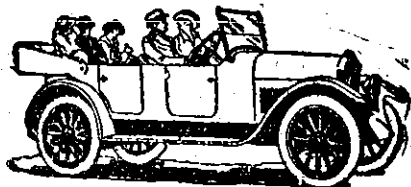
He who receives the mystery of unity, and does not hold the bond of peace, receives the mystery, not for himself, but against himself.—St. Augustine.

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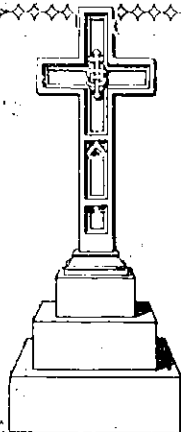
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Our Sports Summary

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' CRICKET CLUB.

The Christian Brothers' 2nd grade eleven played a close match last Saturday against Dunedin, whom they defeated by only 5 runs—Christian Brothers, 105; Dunedin, 100. Toomey (44), Bond (19), and Burrell (10) batted well for Christian Brothers, while McCarter (7 wickets), Brookes (2 wickets), and Burrell (1 wicket) bowled well for the winners.

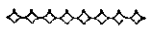
The 3rd grade added another victory to their long list by defeating Christchurch—Christian Brothers, 109; Christchurch, 63. McClintock batted splendidly for 52, while Roughan (14 not out) and Parsons (11) also batted well for Christian Brothers. Lynskey (3 wickets for 4 runs) and Mattingly (2 for 4) bowled well, as did Cusack (3 for 20) and O'Connor (2 for 29).

Christian Brothers' 4th grade (36 and 1 for 35) defeated Y.M.C.A. (41 and 67) by six wickets. McKewen (41 and 16) batted well for Christian Brothers, while Paul (13 wickets for 60), Skeehy (5 for 29) and McKewen (1 for 2) were the best bowlers.

The Brothers' 2nd and 3rd grade teams are both top in their respective grades, while the 4th grade team is second in its grade.

In the Boys' Association competition there are two grades, and the Brothers' teams are leading both.

It is only one year since the club was re-established, and its record is one to be proud of.



FAMOUS CATHOLIC CRICKETERS.

Two of the eleven cricketers who played for England against Australia in the Fifth Test match are Catholics; and, what is even more gratifying, they are practical Catholics, proud of the fact, and proud of the religion to which they belong (says the *Catholic Press*).

"Patsy" Hendren is one. If his soubriquet did not suggest it, his happy Hibernian disposition on and off the field might. If that failed, there is still one feature about the great international that would never fail him, and that is his face. "Patsy's" features are typically Celtic, and he would appear quite as much at home in a representative hurling team from Cork or Tipperary as he would among the crack cricketers of Middlesex or England.

The other Catholic, just as keen, as practical, and as courageous as the man from Middlesex, is Andrew Sandham, who would be cordially greeted at any Scotch kirk by the Presbyterian minister who relied upon names or a study of psychology for his information. "Andy," as his comrades affectionately term him, is a very different type to his co-religionist, yet no more harmonious relationship exists between any two members of the team than between these two great batsmen, who have headed English first-class cricket averages between them for three consecutive years.

When Sandham was "caught" by the pressman he was enjoying a little respite at his hotel—the "Wentworth."

Sandham is about the same height as Hendren—both are on the short side—but slimmer. When one sees him in street attire, one wonders where he gets the power behind that cannon-ball shot through the covers, or that terrific drive between the bowler and mid-on, that helps to brighten the game and keep the scoring-board attendant on the move. Unfortunately for Sandham and for England, he did not get among the runs early in the tour. He appeared to be wrestling with a "hoodoo" that caught him unawares early in each innings on wickets much faster than those to which he had been accustomed. Perhaps, also, he was not persevered with as much as he deserved. The man who topped England's averages just before leaving home, and who consistently opened with Hobbs for Surrey, might have been given more opportunities in the early important matches. His two centuries, 137 and 104, against New South Wales in the return match was declared by all to be class displays of the first degree.

Sandham is just as sterling a Catholic as he is batsman, and is said to be "sound in defence" at both. Like Hendren, he is 34 years old. He started cricket when he was no bigger than the bat he attempted to wield. He was captain of the school XI at ten, and in his early 'teens he played for the Mitcham C.C., where Strudwick and Tom Richardson learned much of their early cricket. At 21 years "Andy" joined the Oval staff. He played his first match for Surrey the same year, making his debut with the very respectable score of 60 against Lancashire. Then Tom Hayward dropped out of active play, and young Sandham was elevated to Hayward's position as opening batsman for Surrey, with J. B. Hobbs, a position he has retained till to-day. Hayward, Hobbs, and Sandham are indeed three opening batsmen of whom Surrey has every reason to be proud. In 1922-23 Sandham was picked to go with the English team to South Africa. He and Russell were the opening batsmen in the big matches of the tour, and Sandham finished with the highest aggregate number of runs—1300. Prior to this match he has played in only one Test match against Australia, namely, in the last match of the 1921 tour by Armstrong's team at the Oval. He played only one innings, and got 21 runs. Last year, in England, he scored 2084 runs altogether, knocking up seven centuries and two other scores of 90 odd. In addition to being such a fine bat, he is considered one of the best outfielders in the world. Hendren himself, and Johnny Taylor, being about his only rivals for the position.

Sandham was very keen on coaching the boys. He said he had noticed that the big Catholic schools in Australia were holding their own. He expressed the hope that Morrissey and Schneider would both do exceptionally well. He advised the utmost care in coaching school boys, as he contended much depended upon the groundwork of cricket laid for the player at school.



MASTER JAMES SPILLANE.
St. Joseph's School, Temuka.

In addition to qualifying for a Junior National Scholarship, James Spillane, of St. Joseph's School, Temuka, gained a St. Patrick's College Scholarship, as well as fifth place in the Sacred Heart (Auckland) and third place in the St. Bede's (Christchurch) Colleges scholarship examinations.

HOW YOU MAY HELP

The writer of historical notes relating to the Church in New Zealand, now appearing in the *Tablet*, tenders his thanks to a number of thoughtful friends who have forwarded photographs of some of the priests who labored with such zeal and devotion in the early days of colonisation and of others of later though no less strenuous date. A valuable service has thus been rendered—a service which will earn the lasting gratitude of future generations.

Others still may help in this direction, and photographs of priests and old-time church buildings, also newspaper cuttings, writings, etc., will be gratefully accepted. These will be used in the best possible way in compiling reliable records, and carefully returned to the senders. Please forward to *Tablet* Office, Dunedin, with full particulars as to names, places, etc., attached.

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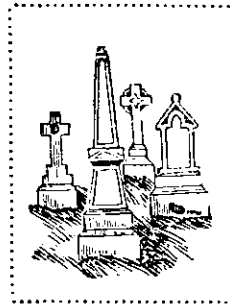
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Commonwealth Notes

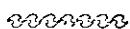
NEW SOUTH WALES.

Many were the deserved tributes paid on February 18 at Narandera to the Very Rev. P. Hartigan, P.P., whose pen-name, "John O'Bricu," is familiar as household words in the mouths of others besides Catholic readers. The occasion was a presentation of £600 to the poet-priest, who has endeared himself to all in the district and not a few beyond it. It was fitting that two of the finest eulogies to Father Hartigan should have come from Archdeacon Hawling (Anglican) and the Rev. W. Carlyle Moulton, who attended. Father Hartigan is taking a well-earned holiday.

Very Rev. Father Collender, P.P., left for Europe by the Ormonde the other week, after twenty years' labor in Surry Hills parish, where he has endeared himself to his people by his great zeal, kindly nature, and charitable and genial character. Some fine parochial works stand to Father Collender's credit. He is the travelling companion of his Lordship Dr. Carroll (Bishop of Lismore).

Among the priests who sailed by the *Manganui* was the Rev. Dr. P. J. Sheehy, sub-editor of the *Catholic Press*, who is taking a twelve months' holiday, after 23 years' service in the archdiocese, the major portion of the time being passed on the professorial staff of St. Patrick's College, Manly. Dr. Sheehy before his departure was farewelled by some of the Manly priests and presented with a valuable camera.

The Very Rev. John Hall, C.M., president of St. Stanislaus' College, Bathurst, was farewelled by the students on the eve of his departure to Europe on vacation. He was the first Australian native ordained to the Vincentian Order, and his brother, Rev. Mark Hall, C.M., was the second.



VICTORIA.

On Sunday morning, the 1st inst., there was a very large congregation at St. Mary's, West Melbourne, when his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Coppo, Vicar-Apostolic of Kimberley, spoke of the work of the evangelisation of the Australian aborigines, which recently had been undertaken by the Salesian Congregation. The collection in aid of the mission realised £100. In the evening there was again a very large congregation. His Lordship spoke of the industrial school soon to be established at Diamond Creek by members of his congregation. The collection for this purpose amounted to £33. His Lordship the Bishop presided over the first meeting of the branch of the Salesian Co-operators. "The Association of Salesian Co-operators is like one of the Third Orders of olden time," explained the Ven. Don Bosco on one occasion, "with this difference, that in the Third Orders the object was the attainment of Christian perfection by pious exercises; whilst among the Co-operators the chief end is the active life in the exercise of charity to our neighbor, and especially the young who are in danger." Dean Carey was appointed president of the West Melbourne branch of the Co-operators.

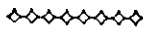
The other Sunday, his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix) was presented with £1200 from the Old Girls' Association, Convent of the Good Shepherd, to found a bursary at Corpus Christi College, Werribee, for the education of priests for the archdiocese of Melbourne.

Melbourne is taking a lead in two notable developments of Catholic education. The Salesian Fathers, who have done notable work in agricultural training, are about to establish an Agricultural College at Diamond Creek, a few miles outside the city. And on a recent Sunday his Grace Archbishop Mannix blessed and opened a Technical College at South Melbourne, which has been placed in charge of specially-trained Christian Brothers.

The Rev. Father Bertrand (Provincial of the Passionists in Australia) left recently for Rome to be present at the General Chapter of the Order, which takes place at the end of April. Father Bertrand will be absent from Australia for at least six months.

Recently, a number of the parishioners of St. Mary's, Star of the Sea, West Melbourne, waited on the Very Rev. Dean Carey, P.P., and expressed their desire to celebrate, in a befitting manner, his golden sacerdotal jubilee. The Dean, in declining the proffered honor, said he did not require further proof of their goodness, kindness, and generosity, which had been abundantly proved by the fact that £100,000 had been expended in the parish during the last 25 years. Dean Carey celebrated his golden sacerdotal jubilee on Sunday, the 22nd February, and it thus synchronised with the solemn consecration of his beautiful parish church by the Apostolic Delegate, that crowns West Melbourne as St. Patrick's Cathedral does East Melbourne. In compliance with the expressed wish of the Dean there will be no further celebration of the auspicious event.

The first Catholic technical school in Australia was opened in South Melbourne last Sunday afternoon by his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne in the presence of a large and enthusiastic gathering (says the *Advocate* for March 5). Among the speakers were his Grace the Archbishop, Very Rev. R. Collins, P.P., Very Rev. J. A. Kindelan, O.C.C., Rev. Brother Hickey, Mr. T. M. Burke, Mayor Jones, and Mr. R. Williams, M.L.C. A magnificent response was made to the appeal for funds, upwards of £2250 being subscribed. Specially trained Christian Brothers are to have charge of the school, and provision will be made for teaching 200 boys.



QUEENSLAND.

Mr. Justice Brennan, of Queensland, whose appointment has caused annoyance to certain people, including an Anglican Bishop (says the *Catholic Press*), is the second son of the late Mr. Martin Brennan, of Maryborough. Entering upon articles of clerkship at Warwick, he secured first place in the final solicitors' examinations in 1911. He

practised for two years in Warwick, and from 1913 to 1920 in Toowoomba. He has also practised as a solicitor for five years in Brisbane, and was admitted as a barrister in August last. Mr. Brennan has represented Toowoomba in the State Parliament since March, 1918, when he defeated the sitting Nationalist member, Mr. James Tolmie, and he was re-elected in 1920. He gained much notoriety on account of the prominent part he took in exposing the attempt to bribe a member of the Legislature. At the ensuing elections in May, 1923, the bribery case was made an issue, and Labor was successful at the polls. Mr. Brennan was re-elected for Toowoomba, and in July of the same year he was appointed an assistant Minister. For the next 12 months he occupied the newly-created position of Assistant Home Secretary, and was promoted to full Cabinet rank in July last.

Rev. Brother J. N. Moore has arrived in Brisbane to organise the celebrations in connection with the golden jubilee of the Christian Brothers' College, Gregory Terrace, which was opened in 1875. An appeal will be made to the ex-pupils, and to the public generally, for funds, to add an additional storey to the educational block of the college. A general meeting to open the campaign will be held in the near future.

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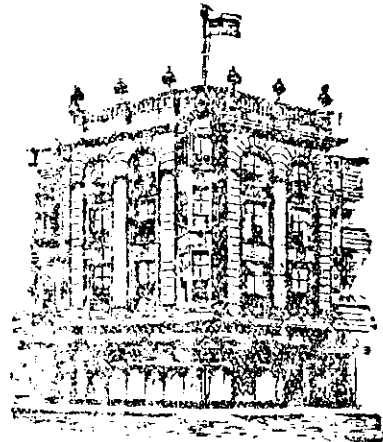
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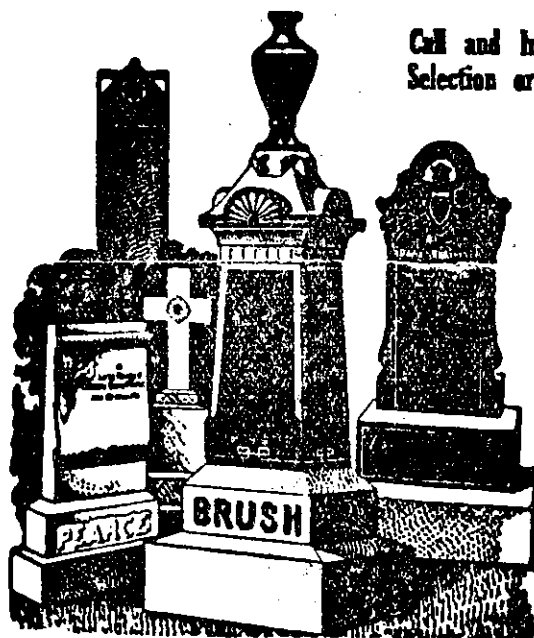
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Here and There

A French Witness and the Crucifix.—An unexpected incident occurred at the Chamber of Deputies, where a special investigating committee was examining the electoral expenditures of various political parties during the last elections. The committee had summoned a M. Gaillard, an industrial man of Paris and president of the Grocers' Syndicate, in order to find out whether the group which he represents had subsidised any candidates. When M. Gaillard appeared, the chairman of the committee, M. Renaudel, a Socialist deputy, asked him to swear to tell the whole truth. The witness looked about him. "Is there no crucifix here?" he asked. "If there is none I cannot swear. I am a Catholic. In my eyes there is but one oath that counts—the oath which is given before God. When you present to me an image of Christ I can swear to tell the whole truth." Rather surprised by this demand, which was hardly expected, the Socialist chairman questioned the other members of the committee to know what should be done. The majority expressed the opinion that the scruples of M. Gaillard should be respected, and so the reporter of the committee, who is an anti-clerical deputy in the Chamber, promised to bring a crucifix to the next session so that the testimony of M. Gaillard might be received.

* * *

A Distinguished Irish Scholar.—Father Clement O'Looney, of the Carmelite Order, who died a few weeks ago at the Carmelite Monastery of Loughrea Abbey, received priest's orders at the hands of the late Pope Pius X, when his late Holiness was Patriarch of Venice. Father O'Looney was one of the most distinguished Irish scholars, and an orator of great brilliance, particularly when he preached in Irish. He leaves behind a number of poems written in Irish, and he had to his name a number of books which he had translated into the Irish language.

* * *

The name "Denis".—A correspondent has asked the *American Ecclesiastical Review* why the name "Denis" is so commonly met with amongst the Irish people, considering that there is no Irish saint of that name. The question elicited the following reply:—Few names in Church history so decidedly represent leadership in one or other of the great movements of ecclesiastical reform in doctrinal and in disciplinary matters as that of Dionysius. Thus, beginning with the Areopagite, reputed to have been the first Bishop of Athens, and again of Paris, who was followed by Dionysius of Corinth and him of Alexandria, we have in the very first pages of the Church national apostles and defenders of orthodoxy, whose teaching—even if the writings attributed to them are not in all cases authentic—was accepted as the basis of missionary preaching. With Pope Dionysius in the following century we find the same name identified with the re-organisation of the Church of Rome, which became a model for the churches of Gaul and

the Celtic establishments that latter conformed to the Roman usage. In a like sense Dionysius Exiguus renders the name popular as a reformer of the ecclesiastical calendar and the Easter celebration adopted by the Irish monks who stood by Rome. In consequence, saints of the name multiply, so that the present martyrologies count some sixty canonised heroes of that name. Apart from this, the particular popularity of Dionysius among the Celtic people is probably due to the special favor in which the first saint of the name, Dionysius the Areopagite, was held among the Irish monks in their schools through the commentaries and translation of his supposed writings by Duns Scotus Erigena (de Provincia O.F.M., Hibernie), the advocate of neo-platonic philosophy and an ardent defender of the prerogatives of the Blessed Mother of Christ. Later in Irish history that popularity appears to have taken on a distinctly national character, when a Cistercian abbot, Dionysius de Buelio (of Boyle), had to defend the See of Tuam against the encroachments of English landlords upon Irish prerogatives in the territory of Enaghdué. The struggles of Irish Catholics after the fourteenth century against the attempts to destroy their sacred traditions, which were at once religious and national, probably contributed further to the hero-worship that renders the name Denis a distinctively Irish baptismal name.

* * *

Captain McCullagh Describes Scene at Archbishop's Trial.—The following extract is from *The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity* by Captain Francis McCullagh. The writer, who was present at the trial of Archbishop Cieplak, lectured recently in America.

Wednesday, March 21, 1923, was the opening day of the trial.

"The first thing Judge Galkin did after coming in was to take a long look at his prospective victims. I never saw hatred so intense and undisguised as was concentrated into that look; and for the first time in my life, I had a practical illustration of those phrases which are, as a rule, in the less primitive society of the contemporary West, nothing but phrases—left mostly to the poet and the historical novelist—phrases which speak of eyes that stab, of glances so charged with intense malignity that if looks could kill they would cause instant death. During the course of the trial I frequently caught the same terrible look on the faces of Krylenko and Krasikov, of the witnesses for the prosecution, and of the Red journalists who were supposed to be giving an impartial report of the case, and realised with a genuine shock that the world wherein for the moment I found myself was animated by that same passionate intolerance which led the Roman mob, the Roman officials, and even the Roman intellectuals of Trajan's time to loathe the Christians with a fury so immeasurable as to embarrass and alarm even Caesar himself."

A Golden Jubilee.—Numerous friends in literary and scholastic circles in Dublin, Cork and other parts of Ireland have extended hearty congratulations to Mr. Eneas J. Murray and Mrs. Murray, 4 Charleville Road, N.C.R., Dublin, on the celebration recently of the golden jubilee of their wedding. Mr. Murray had been for many years headmaster of the Marlborough Training College, from which he retired some 10 or 12 years ago, having previously filled the post of Headmaster of Cork Model School. He was President of the Model School Teachers' Association, a member of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language since its inception, of which his friend Mr. J. J. MacSweeney, of the Royal Irish Academy, was secretary. Mrs. Murray, who figured prominently as a most successful teacher, was head mistress of Model Schools in Cork and Dublin. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph O'Longan, whose work in connection with ancient Irish manuscripts is so well known to readers in the Royal Irish Academy, and a pioneer in the Irish Language movement. He was a native of Cork, the son of Michael Og O'Longan, a Gaelic writer and poet and organiser for the leaders of the United Irishmen in 1798. Since his retirement Mr. Murray has devoted his time mainly to urging forward a movement for the after-education of neglected boys and in assisting the members of the Irish Vigilance Association to prevent the exhibition of objectionable pictures and for which purpose the Dublin Corporate authorities issued special warrants to the members. [A relative of Mr. MacSweeney mentioned above, and also in this page of our issue for February 25, in the person of Mrs. A. R. Boake, resides at Waionio, Bay of Islands.—Ed. N.Z.T.]

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Irish News

IRISH FREE STATE: ELECTION SUCCESSES.—AN IRISH PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.—IRELAND'S EXPERIENCE.—THE FREE STATE AND DIVORCE.—THE LANGUAGE QUESTION.—IRELAND'S INDUSTRIAL SOLVENCY.—THE BOUNDARY.

Mr. Cosgrave (says a message under date March 14, to the daily press) commenting on the Irish Free State Government's success in holding and winning seven out of nine seats at the by-elections, said significance lay in the fact that two constituencies for which Republicans had been returned in November had now returned Government candidates with majorities of over 10,000. He regarded the by-elections as a complete test, obviating the necessity for a General Election.

The President stressed the fact that his Government had held office coincidently with a period of unexampled depression, for which it was blamed. Every act essential to the restoration of order was criticised, and every act of clemency was regarded as weakness, whereas it was the Government's consciousness of strength which enabled it to exercise generosity.

In October his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel will lead a National Pilgrimage to Rome. On the outward journey the pilgrims will spend a day at Genoa, where they will visit the death place of O'Connell. His Holiness the Pope has granted the Apostolic Benediction to all who co-operate in making the expedition a success.

Ireland is regarded as the country of greatest experience in reference to land problems and land law. The famous International Institute of Agriculture at Rome is constantly turning to Irish precedents for the solution of difficulties. The Reclamation Bureau of the United States Department of the Interior, in connection with the settlement of idle lands in the desert regions of western America, is at present inquiring into Irish land methods, as well as those of other European countries.

Re-marriage after divorce has been declared illegal in the Irish Free State by the action of the Dail Eireann to-day in adopting a resolution proposed by President Cosgrave. The resolution directs the Joint Committee on Standing Orders relative to Private Business to prepare a rule of procedure which will prevent the introduction of bills of divorce.

President Cosgrave asserted that the Irish courts have never had the right of granting a divorce with permission to re-marry. Prior to this action of the Dail Eireann, the only method of obtaining a divorce in the Free State was through passage of a private bill. This method has now been removed. Professors Thrift and Alton of Trinity College opposed the Cosgrave motion on the ground that it infringed upon the liberty of conscience. Both, however, upheld the sacred

nature of the marriage bond. The vote was overwhelmingly in favor of the Cosgrave resolution.

At a recent presentation of prizes at Rochelle Protestant School, Blackrock Road, Cork, the head mistress, Miss Christina M. Bewley, showed her spleen against the Irish language (says the *Dublin Leader*). After all, Cork is in Ireland, and if the youngsters in Rochelle School object to learn the national language—it is the national language according to the Constitution—let themselves and their parents go over to England. A certain number of people of that class have gone out of the country, and some, we believe, are rather sorry they did so, but this country can get on without them. If Ireland managed to live since 1848, notwithstanding the continuous yearly exodus of so much of her best native humanity, we have no fear for Ireland if all the West Britons in the country bought single tickets to Holyhead or anywhere else. We are not driving them out, but if they go there is no reason why the mere Irish should turn pale. The lady wants an organised protest. Such a protest would please us quite as much as did the demonstration on Poppy day. We regret to feel that our people so long accustomed to comparative slavery need a special stimulus to rouse them. An organised protest against the teaching of Irish would be, in our opinion, the very first thing that could happen for the benefit of the teaching of Irish. Let Miss Bewley say her own say:—"Heads of schools are protesting, and have protested, against what can only be called tyranny. References have been made to it in sermons and other public utterances, but what is needed most is an organised protest on the part of those who are, after all, most concerned, namely, the parents of the children, if this danger, which very seriously threatens to lower the standard of our general education, and to handicap our pupils in after life, is to be averted." We would welcome a protest by the "parents of the children" and we would be particularly interested in the names of the parents. We believe that there are many parents who would back up that protest secretly—and these not of any one creed or class either; we would be glad if they all signed their names to such a protest. Let the enemies of Irish show courage and come out in the open. Irish Ireland is rusty for a fight.

The National Loan, which was down to 92 about a month ago, reached 94 during the week-end (writes the *Dublin correspondent* of the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*). There could be no better index of the growing stability of the *Saorstát* and of the Government—which in this country are

practically the same thing. It is the very irony of things that such a state of confidence and such faith in the country should be the direct result of Mr. John Dillon's pessimistic and doleful *ullagone* of a month ago. In answer to the defeatist speech of this modern Cassandra, the Government exhibited to the world the National Balance Sheet. They put all their cards on the table. First of all, while Mr. John Dillon trumpeted to the world that the National Expenditure was £36,000,000, the Government showed that the actual payments to the end of the first week in January amounted to only about £19,000,000, and their estimate for the remaining three months until the 1st April comes to a total of about £23,000,000 for the expenditure of the entire year. Irish investments abroad represent invisible exports of close on £15,000,000. Considering that so large a proportion of the expenditure of the last three years is non-recurrent and with the exception of the ten million Loan that it has been met out of revenue; that we have had two bad seasons and that this country has suffered from the general agricultural and industrial slump, any man not inspired by jaundiced hatred of the State cannot but admit that, compared with the financial position in other countries, ours is a most enviable one. We have more cattle, sheep, and pigs in the country to-day than at any given time for seven centuries. These are our principal source of wealth after all.

A contributor to the *London Evening Standard* has been reviving the Boundary question recently (says the *Irish Weekly*). Is it still hoped in some quarters that the final decision of Mr. Justice Feetham and his colleagues (if any) can be influenced by a perpetual reiteration of the false statements and real facts, wild assertions and valid arguments which have been dimmed into the public ear day in, day out, since the beginning of the year 1922? It is unlikely that the opinions of even one individual in this part of Ireland can be altered by the most elaborate newspaper articles or the most eloquent speeches that can possibly be written or started. Compilers of one-sided and mostly misleading contributions like those published in the London newspaper hope to make some impression on English public feeling. The last article in the *Evening Standard* was avowedly a statement of the case from the Craigite viewpoint. Partition must be maintained because "two emotions struggle for expression" in "the heart of every Orangeman": one is "fear of the Church of Rome"; the other "even more powerful"—is the conviction that "the Orangeman is the custodian of the British Empire." These are ancient delusions.

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FEDERATED CATHOLIC CLUBS OF NEW ZEALAND

The 21st annual conference and shield competitions of the Federated Catholic Clubs and Societies of New Zealand will open at Wellington on Easter Saturday, April 11, at 10 a.m. The conference and competitions are open to all Catholic men's clubs in New Zealand. It is a matter of supreme importance that all such Catholic bodies should be organised and meet in conference annually to discuss questions of interest, and at the same time to take part in the competitions. Agenda.—Elocution (own choice) or oratory (any man of note in history). Time, 16 minutes. Impromptu debate—one speaker from each club. Time: First speaker allowed two speeches of 9 and 6 minutes' duration; second speaker two speeches of 6 minutes' duration each. First speaker allowed two minutes for preparation. Billiards—One player from each club. Tennis—One player from each club. Impromptu religious question competition—Why does the Catholic Church insist on religious schools? What is the Catholic attitude towards divorce? What is the Catholic Church's attitude towards Sunday observance? What do you mean by the infallibility of the Pope? Does the Catholic Church teach that all outside the Church are lost? Prepared debate—2 speakers per team. Time, 10 minutes for each. No reply. Subject—"That a system of Freehold is better than that of Leasehold." The club scoring aggregate number of points to be awarded the shield. Each individual winner will be awarded a handsome colored diploma. Points—7, 5, 3. Delegates are asked to wear a badge of light blue and dark ribbon, and to meet at M.B.O.B. Club rooms, Vivian Street, at 9.30 a.m. on Easter Saturday. Any Catholic society, club, or Hibernian Society may be admitted to membership on payment of 10/- per year, and thereby be eligible to compete for the shield, etc.

S. HOSKINS, President.
J. M. COLEMAN, Secretary.

Hibernian Society

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, PORT CHALMERS

There was a large attendance of the local Catholics in the Port Chalmers Convent Schoolroom on Sunday evening, March 8, after devotions, to hear an address given by Bro. J. J. Marlow (District Deputy) on the Hibernian Society. Bro. S. T. King, B.P., presided. Bro. Marlow in opening his address went back to the early days, and gave a detailed account of the formation of friendly societies; also the source from which the H.A.C.B. Society derived its name, and the advance it had made, to what it now is—one of the strongest of the friendly societies. Judging by the progress made of late the society was, in the opinion of the speaker, on the high road to success. In conclusion, Bro. Marlow extended his best wishes to the local ladies' branch, which is to be opened on Wednesday, March 25. At the conclusion of the address a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Bro. Marlow for his very interesting and instructive lecture.

SCHOLASTIC AND MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

SACRED HEART COLLEGE, LOWER HUTT.

Matriculation and two groups of Teacher's D Certificate: Isabella McRae. Matriculation: Mazie Gaynor. Partial pass: Jessie Lees, Mary Mazzola. Public Service Commercial: Agnes Sullivan, Margaret Wall, Maureen Abbott. Intermediate: Ita Lynch, Madge Astin. Junior Free Place: Noreen Redmond.

All the pupils presented for Proficiency Examination were successful.

Pitman's Shorthand Theory Certificate: Peggy Murphy, Katie McGrath, Rita Hendry, Annie Berry, Ola Limbrick, Mary O'Brien, Frances Connolly, Gwen Howard, Katie McPartland.

Music and Theory Examination Results.

Trinity College of Music, Practical—

Higher Local: Mollie Beckinsale, Mazie Gaynor, Freda Smith. Senior Division Honors: Dorothy La Roche, Phyllis Gormy, Joan Percy; pass: Myra Pitt, Ethel Collins, Kathleen Moynihan, Norah Knight (violin). Intermediate Division Honors: Dawn McGonagle, Millie Tobin; pass: Ena Kearsley, Katie McPartland, Maggie Wall, Vera Dyer. Junior Division Honors: Noreen Redmond; pass: Ngaire Cooper, Delvin Jameson (violin), Gwen Howard, Pat Jameson (violin), Kathleen Abbot, Ethel Collins (singing), Pearl Hannigan, Phyllis Gattrell, Eunice Menro (elocution), Maud Bamforth. Preparatory Division: Nedra McDonald, Connie McInnis, Raymond August (violin), Rita Robinson, Doris Smith, Sylvia Mitchell, Connie McInnis (elocution), Ena Kearsley (singing), Mary O'Brien, Agnes Gupwell, Frances Roache.

The following are the results of the Theory of December last, Trinity College, London:—

Advanced Intermediate: Hazie Gaynor 78

(honors). Intermediate: Vera Dyer 98 (honors), Eileen August 96 (honors), Myra Pitt 86, Mollie Beckinsale 71 (pass). Junior Division Honors: Margaret Wall 96, Dorothy La Roche 92, Kathleen Moynihan 83; pass: Millie Tobin 77, Ena Kearsley 76, Gwen Howard, 70, Joan Percy 60. Preparatory Division Honors: Connie McInnis 98, Kathleen Abbot 98, Jean Adams 97, Mary O'Brien, 96, Margaret O'Brien 96.

CONVENT OF MERCY, GREYMOUTH.

The following is a list of the successes gained at the Convent of Mercy, Greymouth, during the year just ended:—

B.A. Pass.—English, Language, Literature, and History—S. Clarke, V. M. Carmody.

Class B.—English, Language, and Literature—C. Cotter.

Higher Leaving Certificate—C. Cotter.

Class C.—D. Blackmore (full pass), M. Lilburn (5 subjects), V. Knell, C. Cotter, I. Mead (4 subjects), A. Wylie (2 subjects).

Class D.—D. Blackmore, V. Knell, I. Mead, B. McSherry.

Partial Pass, Class D (2 groups).—J. Greaney, R. Haisty.

Public Service Entrance.—V. Deere, V. Duncan, K. Fogarty, R. Haisty, K. Sampson, M. McSherry, P. Walsh.

Intermediate.—E. Cook, F. Cotter, J. Greaney, K. Newman, P. Smith.

Seddon Medal.—Cecily Hudd.

Bevilacqua Medal.—Doreen Heffernan.

At the examination for Standard Sixth, 21 pupils gained proficiency and 5 obtained competency.

COMMERCIAL EXAMINATIONS.

Advanced Shorthand.—Mary Hudd, Alma Ryan.

Junior Shorthand.—Jessie Cole, Teresa Newman, Maureen Rohloff, Kathleen Shanahan.

"Never was Ireland so great as in her missionary days; and, to-day in trying to recover her old mind and culture and nationality, she must recover, too, that ancient missionary spirit if she is to be really the Irish Ireland of her ancient glory."—A Chinese Missionary.

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Sunday Afternoon Readings

(By RIGHT REV. MGR. POWER for the N.Z. Tablet.)

XX—THE SACRAMENT OF UNION.

So great a thing is the human heart that nothing less than God can give it peace and happiness. Man labors for bread, but only to discover that there are greater miseries than hunger, and that he who hopes to remedy his heart aches in material food and drink, will have to say with the Psalmist that his tears have been his bread both day and night. Man seeks happiness in earthly pleasures, but bitterness and remorse are the only legacies which these leave their votaries; a merry evening makes a sad morning. Man seeks happiness in the higher fields of natural science; in its pursuit he is stayed by no obstacle, he shrinks from no danger; but all the natural knowledge he discovers here leaves his heart still hungry, for it can be satisfied with nothing that is not greater than itself. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear filled with hearing. St. Augustine, the ripest scholar of his age, went along every earthly avenue, seeking happiness without finding it; but when he reached the knowledge of God, his agony ceased, for the secret of happiness had unfolded itself to him: "O God, my God, to Thee do I watch at break of day. For Thee my soul hath thirsted."

It is natural for man to long after God, for, whether he knows it or no, it is in God he lives and moves and has his being; and so, in every age and amongst every race, civilised and uncivilised, we find man putting forth his utmost efforts to lay hold on God. The result has not always been according to wisdom, but the effort to reach God was always there and was the expression of a fundamental need. And now, God encourages this effort and satisfies it in His dealings with His creatures, especially in the great mysteries of the Incarnation and the Blessed Eucharist. Christianity is nothing else than God's great scheme of union with His creatures; it is His answer to the cry that had been going up to Him from the human heart: "Show us Thy face, O Lord, and we shall be saved!" Man had seen signs and symbols of Him—the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud—but he wanted an Emmanuel, a God living with him; he had been promised this; let God come then, and come quickly to fill his poor hungry heart! "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above; let the clouds rain down the Just One; let the earth open and bud forth a Saviour!" And the dew of Heaven at length came down to sweeten the earth that had been so bitter, and the Just One came to bring the grace of home to a land of exile, and the Orient Splendor of Eternal Light came gleaming from the rosy hills to dissipate the long night of darkness, and Jesus, the Saviour, was born to fill with rapture the lonely hearts of men.

But the more God gives, the more man asks. Word runs quickly round the earth that the gift of creation has been surpassed, that, not content with uniting humanity to His own likeness, God has now united His own self with human nature in the person of Christ His Son. The earth is made to witness a new transformation: the Holy

Name of Jesus is on all lips: childhood lisps it, the fiery affections of youth express it, manhood breathes upon it and adds fuel to the fire of youth, and old age grows young and fresh while it speaks the Holy Name. Voices from every quarter of the globe blend in harmonious concert and break upon the ears of the Saviour: "Jesus, Jesus, come to me! It is not enough to unite Thyself with human nature; I want more than this; come to me, to my own self and make with me Thy dwelling place." O! you poor hungry man, you know not what you are asking; but Jesus knows, and He will hear your cry, He will satisfy your longing, He will come to you and take up His home within your breast.

Come down by the sacred Lake of Galilee and hear the promise of the Supernatural Food by which Jesus would live in us. "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting, which the Son of Man will give you. . . . He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him." O happy Apostles, whose faith in the Divinity of Jesus took up these words and kept them like a treasure in their hearts. They cheered them as they left the beloved lake and trod the rough road to Jerusalem, and as they hid in the caves of the Cedron and in the temple arches from wicked men; they sweetened every sorrow and crowned every hope, until the Holy Thursday night when Jesus, to fulfil His promise, took bread and said to them: "Take and eat ye all of this, for this is My Body."

And now, because the Apostles were not the only ones to receive this holy gift, He made them priests that they might do what He had done, and communicate Him to His people unto the end of time: "Do ye this in commemoration of Me." Faithful to His command, the Apostles and their successors went through the whole world, and wherever they went they raised altars to the Most High, repeated in His name the greatest of all miracles, and brought Jesus into the midst of His people. Turning round upon the altar they would raise the Host and say: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him Who taketh away the sins of the world," and all would make a simultaneous movement to the altar-rails, and there would be realised the greatest of all mysteries, there the heart of Christ would meet and be united with the heart of the Christian. Let me sum it up: At the creation flesh and blood were united to the image of the Godhead; at the Incarnation God Himself was united to human nature; but in the Holy Communion God is united, not with human nature merely, but with every individual soul that comes to Him.

Thus the Holy Communion is a crowning gift to us from our merciful and gracious God, the realisation of the most intimate union that we can conceive between two

beings. It is a union through which we may secure that more abundant life which Christ came to impart. It is at once the Mystery of Faith and the Mystery of Life. Through it Christ abides in us and we abide in Him, forming between us a perfect union. On account of this union our intellects accept in simple faith all that He tells us, we know that He knows all, for He sees all the Divine secrets, and can impart them in what measure is best for us. In the Holy Communion we submit our will to Him, abiding in His love as in a safe enclosure, and keeping His commandments. Under the stimulus of His Eucharistic grace we become active in His service, His cause becomes our cause, and His good pleasure the mainspring of our inner activity. All this is not merely intermittent, but continuous, for the action of His Spirit is continuous since the abiding is mutual. The abiding is not merely on our part, He abides in us also. He is in the soul, and is not idle there, He becomes the principle Himself of our inner activity with such transforming power that we are daily carried on from perfection to perfection until we really live His life: "I live now, not any longer I, but Christ Jesus liveth in me." This is the sacramental grace of Holy Communion. If you keep this well in mind you will understand what will be said in the chapter "On Preparation for Communion."

THE VISION OF ST. AGNES.

(In Prison before Martyrdom.)

Hear, Spouse of souls redeemed; come from Thy home,

That I may in the light of Thy meek eyes Rejoice: Eyes fairer than the stainless snow, Upon whose heaving breast a radiance lies. What time the mountain streamlet fitful gleams

Beneath the silver of the pure moonbeams.

My prayer is heard!—full softly breaks the light!

How clear and restful to my soul its glow! Ha! 'tis my Lord! O Love all fair and bright,

In adoration meet I bow me low. And hail Thee Master, Saviour, Bridegroom dear,

For Thee nor sword nor blazing stake I fear.

Divine Redeemer, speak and deign to say When Thou wilt send to me Thine Angel, Death:

For Thy poor child is sick with long delay, And thirsts and pines—Lord, take, oh, take my breath!

"Fear not, My little one, nor weep nor sigh;

The Shepherd soon will bear His lamb on high."

Gone, gone!—my night falls black and chill once more.

How keenly thrilled my being when He spoke!

And is it true that soon for me Heaven's door

Will open stand? Oh, for the headsman's stroke,

That I may speed, outstripping lightning's pace,

To join my Love and see Him face to face!

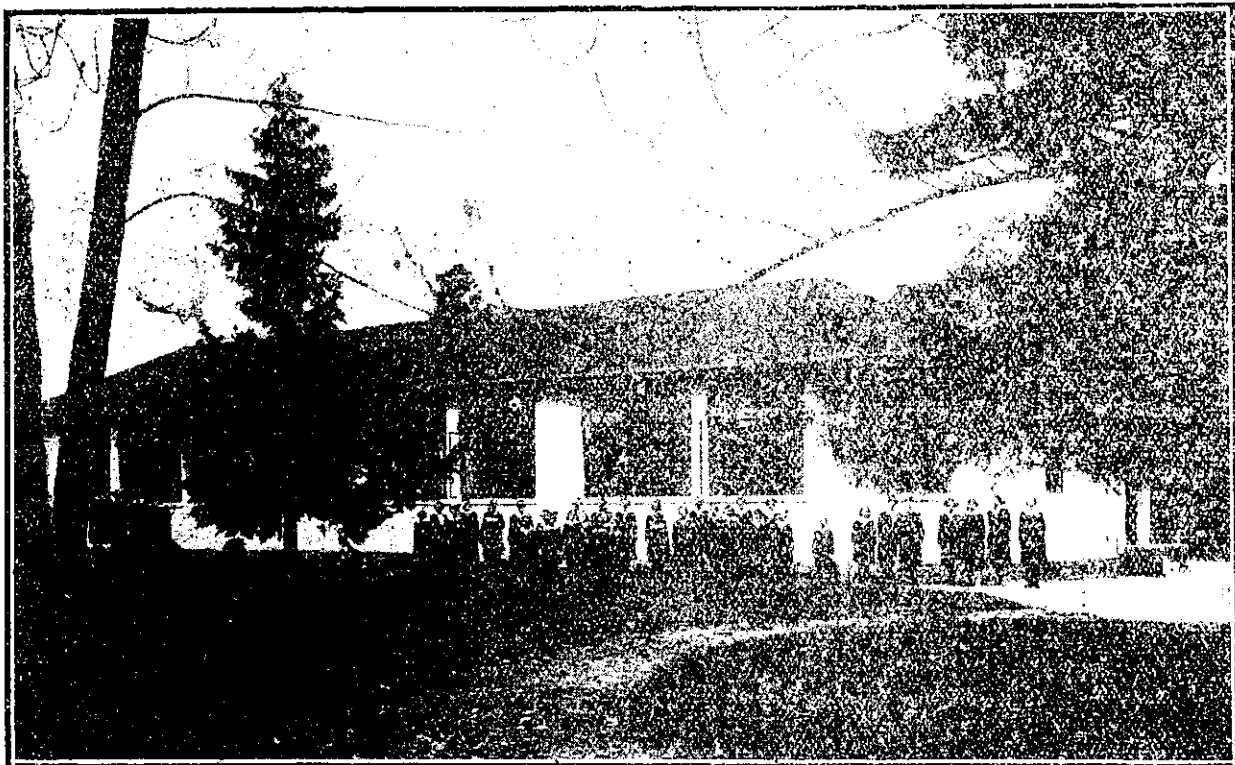
—M. J. WATSON, S.J., in *Pearls from Holy Scripture for Little Ones*.

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On the Land

MARKET REPORTS.

There was a large yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week, 358 being forward, consisting principally of heifer and cow beef. The demand for good-quality bullocks was fair, but cow and heifer beef was easier to the extent of 20s per head, and in some cases more. Extra prime bullocks made to £13 7s 6d, prime £12 10s to £13 10s, medium £9 to £10 10s, inferior £7 to £8 10s, extra prime cows and heifers to £10, good £6 15s to £7 10s, medium £5 15s to £6 5s, inferior £4 to £4 10s. Fat Sheep.—There was a good yarding, 2337 being yarded, consisting principally of ewes. Competition for all classes was not quite so good as on the previous week, but ewes showed the most decline, being down at the end of the sale about 3s per head. Extra prime wethers to 53s, prime 39s to 44s, medium 33s to 36s, inferior 29s to 31s, extra prime ewes to 48s 3d, prime 33s to 36s, medium 26s to 28s, inferior 18s to 22s. Fat Lambs.—There was a medium yarding, 972 being forward, including some extra prime lambs. For all lambs fit to freeze competition was good, and prices the same as on the preceding week. Lambs for graziers' purposes showed a slight decline. Extra prime lambs made to 47s, prime 37s to 39s 6d, medium weights 32s to 34s, graziers' lambs from 25s to 27s. Pigs.—A penning of 130 fats and 90 stores. For fat pigs there was a rise of 4s to 5s. Stores were cheap.

There were again heavy yardings in all classes of adult sheep and cattle at Addington last week. Fat Lambs.—There was a small entry and an improved market of 1s to 1s 6d per head. Prime to 36lb made 12½d. Other qualities sold according to schedule rates. Extra prime lambs made 44s, prime 38s to 42s, medium 35s to 37s 6d, light 32s 6d to 34s 9d, store 26s to 32s. Fat Sheep.—There was an average-sized yarding, and an improved market, particularly for ewes, of which exporters bought freely. Extra prime wethers made 48s 7d, prime 38s to 42s, medium wethers 35s to 37s 6d, light 31s to 34s 6d, extra prime ewes 43s 7d, prime 33s 6d to 37s 6d, medium 29s 6d to 33s 6d, light 26s to 28s 6d, aged 22s 6d to 25s. Fat Cattle.—There was another heavy yarding of over 500 head. Cows were in big over-supply. Good beef eased slightly and cow beef was down by about 20s per head. Best of beef made 33s to 36s, medium 31s to 32s 6d, light 25s to 30s, and rough down to 15s. Extra prime steers made £16 12s 6d, prime £13 10s to £15 5s, medium £10 15s to £13 5s, light £8 5s to £10 10s, rough £6 to £8, extra prime heifers £13 2s 6d, prime £8 10s to £10 10s, ordinary £4 to £8, extra prime cows £12 10s, prime £7 15s to £10, ordinary £4 15s to £7 10s, aged £3 to £4 10s. Vealers.—Runners to £5, good vealers £2 10s to £4 5s, good calves £1 5s to £2 5s. Fat Pigs.—There was a good sale. Choppers made to £6 13s 6d, baconers £3 15s to £5 6s. The average price per lb was 6½d to 7½d. Light porkers made £2 10s to £2 17s 6d, heavy porkers £3 to £3 7s. The average price per lb was 7½d to 8½d.

FARM BUILDINGS

(Contributed.)

CONCRETE FLOORS ON THE FARM.

(Concluded.)

Finishing the Surface.—Whenever a smooth finish is desired the placing or laying down of concrete floors should be done in the earlier part of the day, in order that a few hours should be available for finishing operations, which can only take place in the various stages of the setting and as the surface moisture is absorbed or "taken up."

If the finishing be deferred till the following morning, ordinarily it will be found to be very difficult, if not impracticable on account of the hardening of the concrete during the night.

The whole surface must be rubbed down with the float at least three or four times to get a smooth finish, and intervals are required between each successive floating to allow time for absorption of the moisture during the setting process. The waves or streaks caused by the manipulation of the float gradually disappear after each successive operation, till they finally vanish altogether.

The plank which supports the finisher should swing clear of the surface, resting on supports on each side.

To this end, cleats may be secured to the walls before commencing operations when the laying down of a floor in an existing building is in question.

In the present case it has been assumed that sufficient help was available to finish the whole job in a day. If, however, it were found impracticable to do this the better plan would be to attempt half the area only, and complete on the morrow. In the latter case the centre screed might be lifted before proceeding with the work the following morning.

The concrete which was previously laid down would then be found sufficiently hard to sustain the straight edge, so long as it is not subjected to unnecessarily heavy pressure and the trouble of filling up the inevitable rut after lifting the screed as previously described will also be eliminated. The risk of damaging the edges of the concrete on the one side of the screed will be obviated in this case, if care be taken to gently force the centre screed with the pegs to which it is attached outwards from the concrete before lifting it.

Beveling the Edges.—Around all marginal screeds, and indeed on both adjoining edges of all others which have not been lifted while the concrete was plastic, the surface edges of the finished work should be slightly bevelled.

Cracks will supervene in the course of time at the joining of the sections, and the beveling will preserve the edges from chipping.

The edges around all outside work should be bevelled in obedience to the same principle, and moreover, wherever the borders are liable to be called upon to sustain impact-like shock, or the burden of heavy vehicles, it is a commendable practice to dig

a narrow furrow or channel two or three inches deeper than the bed of the main excavation all around the margin of the prospective floor, so that the concrete when placed will have, as it were, a corrugated rim underneath and be strengthened in proportion.

After Care of the Work, Tools, etc.—All newly laid concrete should be covered with sacks, or similar material, kept wet for about seven days, in order to secure uniformity of setting and supply what may be needed in the way of absorption. Immediately after the work is completed all tools that have been used in mixing, placing, etc., should be thoroughly washed and cleaned before the concrete or cement sticks firmly to them.

Other Modes of Finishing.—The practice of finishing the surface of concrete work according to the foregoing description may be termed the cement-dusting method. Where, however, it is desired to impart to the surface an extra-fine finish, it is recommended to give it a second coat (while green) in the way of a light top-dressing of plaster made up of 2 parts fine sand to 1 of cement, which will combine well with the newly-laid concrete, and all the better if put on while the floor is still moist. The straight-edge should be run over it again to "level off," then finish with the float.

Plaster applied in this way is less likely to chip off afterwards than is the case with concrete which has been allowed to thoroughly set and dry.

For cow-yards or such places where a smooth surface finish is not desired a sweeping down with a soft-haired broom makes a good rough job.

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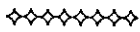
Dunedin

Catholic World

CZECH CATHOLICS AND THE HOLY YEAR.

Catholics throughout the Czecho-Slovak Republic expect to take a prominent part in the manifestation of the Holy Year in Rome. Under the direction of the entire episcopate there will be a national pilgrimage to Rome towards the latter part of the year.

The pilgrimage is expected to be a rather large affair, and it will be divided up into four sections: the Czechs of Bohemia, the Moravians, the Slovaks, and a section made up of the Germans all over the Republic. Besides this there will be several smaller pilgrimages; but the most imposing will be the national pilgrimage, which will be headed by Mgr. Kordac, the Archbishop of Prague.



CARDINAL BOURNE AND THE LABOR PARTY.

The difficulties of an Englishman who makes a statement in French that is translated into Dutch and comes out finally in English, were touched upon by Cardinal Bourne at Whitechapel, when his Eminence addressed one of the biggest meetings of Catholic men ever held in the East End.

Men from East London predominated at the assembly; but the Lords and Commons were represented, as well as the learned professions and the other ramifications of society wherein Catholics are now found. Catholic meetings are not frequent in the great hall, which is more often the scene of fistic encounters between Jewish boxers.

Cardinal Bourne was at Whitechapel to give a New Year's message to the Catholic working men. His Eminence declared that he was no politician; but, as before in his career, the statesmanship of his advice could have given many points to the professional politicians.

The Cardinal warned his hearers, in the first place, that it was with politics in their wider sense the whole future, not only of the nation, but of the whole British Commonwealth, was concerned. The Church, Cardinal Bourne went on, is quite outside all political parties; but it has very definite rules in regard to morals, which go down to the root principles of politics.

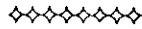
Cardinal Bourne then referred to the now famous interview with the representative of a Dutch newspaper, when he was represented as saying (in English) that on certain occasions the policy of the leaders of the Labor Party in England unconsciously had changed to something much nearer to Catholic principles than had formerly been the case.

This phrase, wandering through French and Dutch, and finally into English, made the Cardinal appear to say that the leaders of the Labor Party were unconsciously approximating towards Catholic views. Nor did it end there. For during the last election someone represented the Cardinal as saying that "the views of the Labor Party

in England approximated more nearly to Catholic principles than did those of any other party."

But, Cardinal Bourne continued, there were one or two things to make Catholics a bit anxious. The first was a point which he put more to some of the leaders of the Labor Party. It was a tremendous mistake from every point of view that the Labor Party called itself, or allowed itself to be called, the Socialist Party. Labor was one thing, Socialist was something entirely different, and many people talked about Socialism without knowing actually what Socialism meant. It might mean social reforms and schemes for social betterment; but there was also a technical Socialism, and that was a Socialism condemned by the Catholic Church.

And to show that what the Church condemned was not progress and works for social betterment, Cardinal Bourne quoted passages from the great Encyclical of Leo XIII, the *Rerum Novarum*, whose words of wisdom had been recently re-echoed by Pope Pius XI.



ENGLAND AND THE PALESTINE MANDATE.

Cardinal Bourne's recent outspoken article on the question of the Palestine Mandate, has aroused considerable interest on the Continent, where French influence has been very much exerted lately to represent Great Britain as the villain of the piece. The British Government is even accused of trying to get an English prelate appointed Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem for the purpose of furthering purely political interests.

Cardinal Bourne's article has demolished a great deal of this structure; and General Serrail's exhibition of anti-clericalism at Beirut has done the rest.

It is only a few weeks ago that a report was published in some of the Continental Catholic journals that the Anglicans in Jerusalem, with the secret connivance of the British authorities, had got up a religious service to which they invited Protestants, Orthodox, Jews, and Moslems, with the underlying purpose of driving the Latins out of Jerusalem.

The report was documented, and the case looked very bad, until an enquiry in official quarters brought to light the fact that all these religions, with the exception of the Latins, had met in the Anglican Cathedral in Jerusalem for the official celebration of King George's birthday. The Anglicans took the lead simply because Anglicanism is the official religion of the Administration. But this purely official function was misrepresented as a concerted movement to drive the Catholics out of Jerusalem.

Cardinal Bourne's insistence that all the Allied Powers, and not England alone, are responsible for the promise to the Jews of a national home in Palestine, has put the issue in its proper aspect, and it looks as if a good deal of the religious disquiet, which has been bolstered up for purely political purposes on the Continent, is about to die out.

NOTES FROM ROME.

On the evening of the Epiphany (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for January 19) the Pope received in audience some 300 persons, all connected in various ways with the organisation of the Missionary Exhibition. Cardinal Van Rossum made the presentations, begging the Holy Father that he would bless all those who had done so much towards the achievement of the Exhibition. His Holiness made an excellent speech, in which he praised not only those responsible for the success of the exhibition in Rome, but also the absent missionaries scattered all over the world, without whose help the exhibition could never have come into being. Cardinal Gasparri's special memento of the Epiphany was a gold medal from the Holy Father, specially struck to commemorate the 16th centenary of the Lateran. Accompanying the medal was a dedication: "To Cardinal Peter Gasparri, his Secretary of State, a pledge of special goodwill. Pius XI. Pope."

The collection of vestments and other material for use in the Catacombs during the Holy Year, gave occasion for an audience to the committee of ladies, organised by the Sisters of the Cenacle and the Servants of the Sacred Heart. A very large collection of Mass vestments has been got together, and these were inspected by the Pope, who seemed much pleased with what had been done.

The usual audience to the Roman patri-cians and nobility took place on the tenth. Prince Mark Antony Colonna, Prince Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, read an address of congratulation, in which he mentioned how the Roman nobles, both by tradition and by sentiment, were very closely linked with the life of the Pope.

There was an interesting meeting at Milan on the 11th, followed by one in Rome yesterday, when preliminary matters were discussed for the formation of an Association of Catholic Publicists. Later on a plenary meeting will be held, when the statutes of the association will be decided upon. One of the things aimed at is a course in journalism at the Catholic University of Milan. On the feast of St. Francis de Sales, the Patron of Catholic journalists, it is hoped that the new association will be formally constituted.

Among the new appointments is that of Cardinal Frühwirth, to be Grand Penitentiary, in succession to the late Cardinal Giorgi.

Mgr. Cajetan Cicognani, former Auditor of the Nunciature in Brussels, has been nominated as Internuncio to Bolivia. His Excellency will be promoted to the episcopate as titular Archbishop of Ancvra, and his consecration will take place shortly at the hands of Cardinal Gasparri.

Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, now in his 88th year, is the sole survivor of the Cardinals who took part in the Holy Year of 1900, when his Eminence opened the Holy Door at St. Mary Major as he did last Christmas Eve. It is interesting to know that when Cardinal Vannutelli opened the casket extracted from the recess in the Porta Santa at St. Mary Major, he drew out the medals of Leo XIII, which recorded his own opening and closing of the Holy Door in 1899 and 1900.

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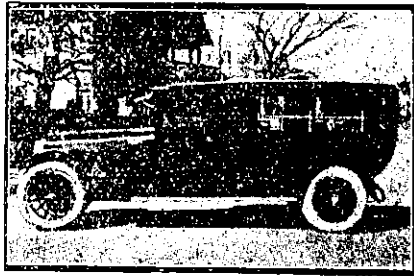
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The Religion of Spiritism

(By GERALD C. TREACY, S.J., in America.)

No matter what the nature of the phenomena adduced in proof of Spiritistic claims, the message always remains the same. The dead are near and speak to those still in this life, bidding them take heart and not be disturbed by a temporary parting. Life continues on another plane. It may be the strange séance-events, levitation or materialisation, it may be table-rappings or voices or automatic writing or clairvoyance, back of all these is the message that is to convince an unbelieving world that the dead still live and are in touch with the present life. "There can be no doubt that the study proclaims to mankind the existence of another world. To the Spiritist it is a literal truth that spirits walk this earth. . . Spiritism claims to be able to remove every doubt." This in brief is Horace Leaf's statement in his psychic primer. If Spiritism is not a religion it is merely a branch of science and its adherents refuse to admit that. So it was that Conan Doyle proclaimed it a new revelation. As regards its religious aspect Spiritism is in its infancy. It does not claim to reveal everything, yet it would set aside the tenets of other religions beliefs or at least make them square with the results of the séance, or go into the discard.

Eternal Punishment is Outlawed by All Scientific Spiritists.

In fact eternity does not enter into the question of punishment or reward. "We have been so habituated to the notion of eternal punishment of a uniform type, that unjust as this must be, it makes it hard to appreciate a more just view." This, of course, means the Spiritistic view which amounts to this: Life on the next plane is taken up where it ended on this plane, a soul is neither better nor worse in the moment after death than in the moment before death. There are progressive grades of purification. The life led on another plane where the spirit inhabitants dwell is very much like the life we lead on earth. There a perfectly rational life is led among scenes and people that are known and loved. Horace Leaf, after explaining this to the aspiring psychic, adds: "Even if this were not true it certainly seems quite natural that it should be true. For what could be more foolish than to imagine men and women passing from one state of existence to another entirely unlike it? All the trials and sufferings of life would be purposeless and meaningless. It is impossible to conceive nature breaking down in so unaccountable a way." It is, then, as a naturalist and not a "credulous supernaturalist" that the Spiritist points the way to the new religion. When compared with the teachings of other religions he maintains he can offer the only rational explanation of an after-life.

Death, Then, is Merely a Journey to a Land Afar.

While the very wicked suffer, at least for a time, and are forbidden intercourse with their friends in this world, the average soul is so happy that it would not consider com-

ing back to earth. In every form of communication with earth the spirits of the departed play the lead.

"It is the spirit people who manifest to the clairvoyant, speak to the clairaudient, control the automatist's hand and materialise. No greater error prevails than that Spiritists call the spirits up. Whoever undertakes to investigate will soon see the folly of this notion. The departed are far more anxious to communicate with us than we are with them."

And here we are driven back to the same position: the Spiritist ever insistent that spirit identity and spirit intelligence are really palpable facts. Certainly the latest published records in proof of spirit identity as found in the appeal to automatic writing and cross-correspondence disappoint the impartial critic. It is over the same line of argument. And the open mind is forced to the conclusion that back of the "revelation" may be subjective or subconscious imaginings or satan, but it surely is not the spirit claimed by the psychic devotee; at least identity is never established satisfactorily.

It Needs No Astute Reasoning

to see that a body of revealed truth committed to a teaching Church is an out-of-date religious theory to the Spiritist. He is opposed to present-day Christianity, while declaring his adherence to the teachings of Christ. He even goes to the extent of declaring the Divine Founder of the Church a medium. The truth that the Prophet of Galilee taught is now presented in a manner suitable to modern times. The medium wherever found and proved reliable is the modern apostle. Conan Doyle is fearless in proclaiming the religious element. He is quoted by Robert Mountsier in the *Bookman* for January, 1918, as saying:

"The situation may be summed up in a single alternative. The one supposition is that there has been an outbreak of lunacy extending over two generations of mankind on two continents, a lunacy that assails men and women of character and intellect who are otherwise eminently sane. The alternative supposition is that the world is now confronted with a new revelation from Divine sources which constitutes by far the greatest religious event since the death of Christ, a revelation which alters the whole aspect of life and death. Between these two suppositions I can see no solid position. Spiritism is absolute lunacy or it is a revolution in religious thought, giving us as by-products an utter fearlessness of death and an immense consolation when those who are dear to us pass behind the veil.

As a New Revelation It Destroys the Divinity of Christ

and makes religion consist in sentiment and the doctrine of the square deal. Its first apostles held to a personal God but side by side with the vagaries of modern philosophy we detect the tenets of Pantheism entering into the teachings of the more intellectual exponents of the cult. Myers, for example,

is a Pantheist and at once the great modern Spiritistic religious teacher. Individual salvation is a developing process tending ultimately toward absorption into the World Soul.

While quite impossible to correlate and fuse the religious tenets of Spiritism into a connected whole, enough can be gleaned from the mass of doctrines proposed in recent days to understand that Christianity's essential teachings must go down before this new cult. By Spiritistic revelation Christianity will be purified. Purification, according to Spiritistic progress, means destruction of belief in a Divine Saviour as well as in a personal God. Hence no Sacramental system and no Church Faith based on Divine revelation goes by the board. Science is the court of appeal. Yet there is a sad lack of scientific proof for this cult that prates so glibly of science. Fraud and deception have marked its path from the beginning of its history, and it bears a meaningless message to those who are groping for truth.

It would be idle to claim that there have been no well-authenticated cases of weird happenings in the séance or the private circle.

It is in the Interpretations of these Phenomena that we take Issue with Spiritism.

Genuine science cannot accept the hasty conclusions of modern Spiritistic writers for the subjective element is so strong that well-balanced proof is entirely lacking. Above all the sincere religious mind cannot believe that the culmination of the Sermon on the Mount is the incoherent muttering of the modern medium. If Revelation is God's message to man surely its content must be definite and authoritative, and the credentials of the messenger must be such that the open mind will be drawn to hearken and to heed. The history of modern Spiritism bears no brief for truth. Its court of appeal is the séance or the private testimony of the over-wrought mind. Margaret Cameron in her "Seven Purposes" has unwittingly struck a stinging blow at the cause of the cult she is championing: "By night my mind was in a turmoil, my nerves on edge." This sentence speaks volumes. It makes the alternative rejected by Conan Doyle loom up threateningly as a warning to those who would trifle with fire. Robert Hugh Benson made the same point in *The Necromancers*, as has E. F. Benson in his recent novel, *Across the Stream*. Sanity goes when Spiritism possesses the human mind. God is not in the séance or the medium or the automatist. For the Spiritist God is not Truth.

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Domestic

By Maureen

Parsnip Wine.

To every gallon of water add 3½lb of parsnips and 3½lb sugar. Boil the parsnips for two or three hours, then strain. Boil the sugar with the parsnip liquor till the sugar is dissolved, then to every gallon of liquor boil the rind of one lemon. Then set it in a vessel to cool. When lukewarm put in a tablespoonful of yeast; let it work 12 hours and then put it in a cask. Save a little and as it ferments fill up the cask.

Fruit Chutney.

Apples 4lb, pears 4lb, raisins ½lb preserved ginger ½lb, figs 1lb, onions 6, vinegar 3 pints, light brown sugar 3lb, ground ginger 3oz, mustard 2oz, salt ½lb, garlic 4oz. Peel the apples and pears, cut them into small pieces, chop the onions and garlic quite small, cut up figs and ginger. Put all ingredients into a saucepan, cover with the vinegar, cook till a nice thick consistency, about half an hour.

Ground Rice Cake.

Required: Four ounces each of ground rice and flour, five eggs, half a pound of butter, the same of sugar, and flavoring to taste; lemon, or orange, or vanilla is commonly used. The butter and sugar are to be beaten until creamy, and the eggs added one at a time with some of the flour and ground rice mixed together alternately until all is used up. The mixing must be thorough. Should baking powder be added, stir in a teaspoonful at the last, which will lighten it for present use, but the cake will keep more moist without it. Bake from an hour and a-half to two hours in a very moderate oven, according to depth of tin. The same recipe can be used for making rice buns.

Braised Beef.

Moderate fire, 25 minutes to a lb. and 25 minutes over. Ingredients: 1½ to 2lb of fillet of beef or boned and rolled ribs, 2 carrots, 2 onions, 4 allspice, 2 sticks of celery, some parsley stalks, thyme and marjoram and a bay leaf tied together; 1oz fat; salt. Melt fat in casserole. Put in meat and brown both sides. Cut vegetables into dice and arrange them at bottom of casserole with meat on top. Add little stock, or water, the bunch of herbs, seasoning, and allspice. Bring to boil, then lower heat, and simmer until meat is tender.

Home-made Yeast.

Boil for half an hour 2oz best hops in two quarts of water, strain, and let it cool down until at the heat of new milk. Then add a small handful of salt, ½lb of moist sugar. Beat up 1lb of fine flour with some of the liquor, and mix all together thoroughly. Let the mixture stand for two days, and then add 3lb of potatoes previously boiled and mashed. Let it stand again for 24 hours, when strain and bottle for use, taking care not to cork it until it has finished working. Whilst making it, stir frequently. Keep it near the fire. Shake before using. Will keep about two months if stored in a cool place. Bread made from this takes longer than usual to rise.

Why Bread is Slow to Rise in Pans.

Sometimes what is called the initial activity of the yeast is exhausted, and the last rising will be slow when the first was rapid. This is especially apt to be the case when either liquid or compressed yeast is used, which is full of life and vigor from the start, and loses this first vigor in the second rising; while the dried yeast, being in a dormant condition, is slow to wake up in the first rising, and comes to its full vigor only in the second. Sometimes it is a matter of temperature; for a higher temperature is called for in the second rising. It may be, also, that you are expecting too much of your bread—that its night-rising occupied eight to ten hours, and for the morning-rising three hours ought not to be thought a too large proportion.

Household Hints.

Pictures hung above eye-level should slope forward slightly.

Stored silver will not tarnish if a piece of camphor is put away with it.

Never leave a spoon in the saucepan if you wish its contents to boil quickly.

If cakes and pastry will not brown when cooking, sprinkle a little sugar on them.

If mustard is mixed with milk instead of water the spoon will not be blackened.

To get a gloss on saten or any cotton goods with a satin finish, add a little borax to the rinsing water.

When washing handkerchiefs add a spoonful of some disinfectant to the water in which they are soaked.

To clean a polishing mop, boil it in water to which a handful of soda and a little paraffin have been added.

Add a teaspoonful of turpentine to half a gallon of water when soaking very soiled clothes. It loosens the dirt and helps to make the clothes whiter.

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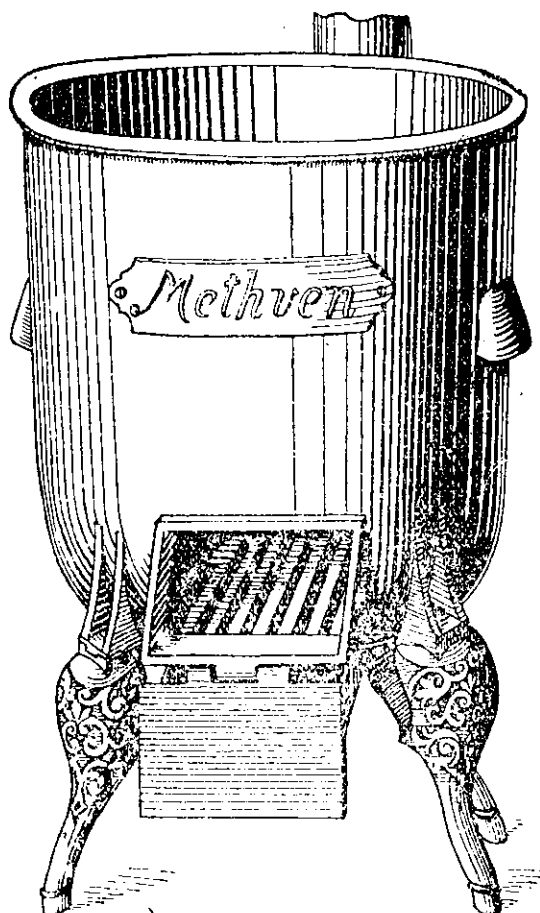


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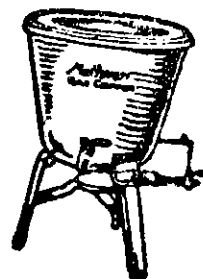
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The Family Circle

A SUPPLICATION.

Sad and forlorn before thy shrine
 I pause on my weary way,
 Lifting my pleading eyes to thine,
 Mother, I kneel to pray;
 Wretch'd and despised before thy shrine
 Mother, I dare to kneel,
 Raising my anguished heart to thine,
 Knowing that thou canst heal.

Lashed by the withering storm of life,
 Whose blast thy hand can stay,
 Defeated, my soul in its battling strife,
 Is borne on the tide away:
 On, with the whirling, surging flood,
 Fighting with dark despair;
 O Mother of all that's pure and good,
 Hear thee a sinner's prayer!

Ne'er did a heart bowed down with care,
 Ne'er did a soul in pain,
 Ne'er did a wandering child returned
 Fall at thy feet in vain.
 Hear me, O brightest Star of morn,
 As to thy feet I come,
 Knowing my prayer thou wilt not scorn—
 Guide me, a wanderer, home.

Back from the dark abyss of sin,
 Home to thy loving breast,
 Safe in thy tender arms of love,
 There may I calmly rest.
 Thou, on whose heart, so sorely torn,
 Sorrow of sorrows didst fall,
 Smile on the suffering souls that mourn,
 And hear thou my piteous call!

—P. J. DALY.

AIM OF EDUCATION.

The aim of education, looked at from the point of view of a community, is to impart mental cultivation with the purpose of bringing into being citizens who will rightly and worthily serve the community.

He will render efficient service to his fellows who avoids evil and does good. But what is evil? And what is good? The thought of to-day which aims at apotheosising the human spirit cannot answer those question with any authority.

Any appreciation of good and evil depends ultimately upon a knowledge of the difference between right and wrong. And only religion—the means by which we may know, love, and serve God—can properly impart this knowledge. Right and wrong are not as thinking makes them, and in the license of the present day we see how easily the much-vaunted human spirit can go astray when accepting no law other than its own vagaries.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU READ.

Everything we read makes us better or worse and, by a necessary consequence increases or lessens our happiness. Often ask yourself what influence your reading exercises upon your conduct. If, after having read a work that pleases you, you find yourself more slothful about discharging your duties, more dry and cross towards your equals, harder towards your inferiors, with more

disrelish for your state of life, and more greedy for pleasures, enjoyments, riches, do not hesitate about giving up such reading. To indulge in it would poison your life and endanger your eternal happiness.

The practice of keeping, especially before the young growing mind, beautiful and uplifting images, and bright, cheerful, healthy thoughts from books, is of inestimable value. Good books are not only our friends; they are our best teachers. Bad books are a curse, and do a world of harm. Nothing spreads falsehood and evil more surely than a bad book.

Great precautions are taken against poisons which can take away the life of the body. What a holy, happy world this would be if the same care was taken against that which can kill the life of the soul! St. Augustine says that "when we pray we speak to God, when we read a good book God speaks to us." Can it be denied that the devil is speaking to millions of souls in the world to-day through had newspapers and magazines, bad pictures and cinemas, bad and suggestive songs and plays? Let all in their own way do what they can to counteract these terrible evils which were never worse than at the present time.

St. Alphonsus Liguori says: "If we pray we will certainly be saved, if we do not pray we will certainly be lost." But do we pray as we should? There is one means which will make us more regular in our daily prayers and deepen our earnestness in that sacred duty. This is *spiritual reading*. It is not how much but how well we read. —St. Theresa.

A good book is a perpetual sermon. A true home should contain food and fuel for the mind as well as for the body. As a rule, people are no better than what they read. A vacant mind is a playground for the devil. Father Faber tells us, that if we find we are going to have some idle moments, to make it a practice to have a good book to take in our hands. The same great writer declares that a taste for reading is a gift of the Holy Ghost. "What effect this will have on eternity?" a great saint used to say. "Will this contribute to my eternal happiness or will it endanger it?" This is a rule of conduct that is very safe and very decisive and that can be applied to every circumstance of life. Let us apply it most earnestly to what we put into our minds through reading.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal:

Dust thou are, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul."

Seat of Wisdom, pray for us.

—BROTHER ANTHONY.

SHIP'S ANCHOR AS CHURCH RELIC.

A great sea anchor of the lustrous days when America's clipper ship merchant marine went to every corner of the globe has just been raised from its half embedded position in the graveyard of St. Ann's Catholic Church, Baltimore, U.S.A., and placed against the church walls.

The action is in tribute to the clipper ship skipper who founded the church in gratitude for the apparently miraculous survival of his vessel in a gale in the gallant early sea days. In the midst of the storm the captain, a devout Catholic, made a vow that should he and his crew survive he would build a church in gratitude. It was almost forty years later before he was able financially to fulfil the vow, but he remembered, and largely to his pious action St. Ann's owes its existence.

Captain William Kennedy, for many years a prominent business man of Baltimore, was the skipper. He commanded a ship cruising to the far corners of the world, when he was nineteen, in 1820. It was some years later that he made his vow to build the church. Then, his picturesque seafaring days over, he settled down in Baltimore. He brought ashore the anchor of the ship he loved, and set it up in the yard of his home. But Captain Kennedy had not become rich from his toil at sea, and he fared little better on land. It was not until the Civil War, when he was advanced in years, that some of his interests began to thrive, but when he acquired the money he remembered the vow to God in his days of peril. On April 15, 1873, the cornerstone of the new church was laid. Six months later, Captain Kennedy died. He was mourned by many, for he had gained a prominent place in the city's life.

ST. PATRICK.

St. Patrick died in the year 493. He has been dead fourteen hundred years, and year by year his feast has been kept sacred by the scattered people of his heart's love. The day was honored from the very beginning with national honors, in the church of Armagh, to which he had given the primacy over all the churches of Ireland, and such was the concourse of mourners and the number of Masses offering, for his eternal repose that from the day of his death till the close of the year night was said to have been banished, so brilliant and so continual was the glare of tapers and torches."

HUMILITY.

Make me humble, Lord so dear,
 Make me as a little child;
 Make me live while I am here
 Free from sin and undefiled.

Let me put my trust in Thee,
 Give me grace myself to know;
 Give me light that I may see
 Through this darkness here below.

Give me grace to know Thee, Lord,
 Give me grace to love Thee, too.
 Thou hast promised me reward
 If I only live for You.

Lord, I live for Thee alone,
 My soul to Thee is given.
 When from prison it has flown
 Reward it then in Heaven.

—Philip McMahon.

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The Magic Digestive Powder. Re-vitalises the digestive system, and cures Indigestion, Gastritis, Flatulency, etc. PRICE 3/- (postage paid) CHEMIST

**F. EDWARDS
 HAMILTON**

WHO'D BE A TEACHER?

"B—e—d spells bed," said the teacher for the twentieth time to her backward pupil. "Now do you understand, Tommy?"

"Yes," said Tommy, glibly.

"Well, c—a—t spells cat, d—o—g spells dog, and b—e—d spells—what did I tell you b—e—d spells?"

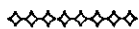
"I—I've forgot, miss," whispered Tommy, contritely.

"What, you don't know what b—e—d spells after all I've told you?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Well, once more, b—e—d spells what you sleep in. Now, what do you sleep in?"

"My shirt!"



A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

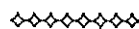
The young dramatist walked nervously into the manager's office.

"Might I ask if my three-act play has been read yet?" he asked. "And if it has been read may I inquire whether you have accepted it for production?"

"Three different people have read it," answered the manager, "and each thinks it will do with one act cut."

"I'm glad to hear that it is no worse," replied the other, with a sigh of relief.

"But," continued the manager, "each wants to cut out a different act."



SMILE RAISERS.

"Jack Newlyrich seems to have quite a lot of common sense."

"Don't let his mother hear you say that; she hates anything common."



Proud Old Lady (whose daughter has just sung a song): "You know, Mr. Smith, my daughter has had her voice trained."

Mr. Smith (somewhat deaf): "Yes, badly strained, I should imagine."



Two charwomen were discussing the distressing baldness of the son of the house.

"They say 'is farther went boid, too, just about 'is age," remarked one.

"Yes," said the other; "it's wot they call airy-ditty."



"My dear, the doctor says a brisk walk before going to bed will cure my insomnia."

"Well," returned his wife, "I'll clear the room so that you can walk, and you may as well take the baby with you."



He had been looking over the Christmas cards on the counter for some time when the saleswoman suggested: "Here's a lovely sentiment: 'To the Only Girl I Ever Loved.'"

"That's fine," he said, brightening. "I'll take five—no, six of those, please."



"The last speaker," said the chairman of the Health Congress, "is a striking example of the efficacy of the doctrines he so eloquently advocates. Hale and hearty at eighty years of age, he could tire out many a man younger than himself."

A voice from the audience: "He did."

Science Siftings

By "Volt"

World's Strongest Wire.

Twenty-five thousand miles of wire, the strongest of its kind ever made, will be used in the two cables supporting the world's longest suspension bridge now being erected across the Delaware River at Philadelphia.

The wire, long enough to girdle the earth, is shown by tests to have a stretching strength of 223,000lb per square inch. After assembly into the cables it will hold against a pull of 36,000,000lb. The total length of the Delaware River bridge, including plazas, is 9760 feet.

The First Tramway.

It is recorded that the ninth Duke of Norfolk laid a tramway with wooden rails in 1774, with a view to assisting and cheapening the transport of coal. The local people did not appreciate the innovation, and serious riots occurred, in the course of which the lines were damaged. They were afterwards replaced by iron rails, and it is contended that this was the first tramway in the country to be so constructed.

James Outram's cast-iron track plates laid on wooden cross sleepers, which were afterwards replaced by cast-iron boxes and then by stone blocks, were "Outram ways," but it seems probable that the similarity between this term and "tramways" is only a coincidence.

The One-man Tram.

A new type of tramcar is to be put into service in London. It is controlled entirely by one man, who combines the jobs of driver and conductor.

To make this one-man control possible, a number of ingenious mechanical devices are used. The car holds thirty passengers, who pay their fares as they enter, dropping the coins into a fare-box. The driver issues the tickets, which are cancelled by a foot-operated punch. A machine which gives change is another feature.

"Safety first" is the motto in a number of other interesting devices. For instance, the air-brake handle is fitted with a "dead man grip," and the doors cannot be opened while the car is in motion.

How Camphor is Made.

As a perfume, camphor has been known and valued by the people of China and Japan for centuries. Originally obtained from gum deposits occasionally found in old camphor trees, it is now extracted from the wood itself, which after being sawn through lengthwise, is reduced to chips and heated in a still.

The vapor given off in this way passes through bamboo pipes into a cooling chamber, where it condenses in crystal form, known as "flowers." These crystals are collected and exported to Europe, where they are further purified by being mixed with lime and charcoal and refined in special retorts. The oil thus obtained should not be confused with camphorated oil, which consists of camphor dissolved in olive oil.

Voice From a Fan.

The latest gramophone has no horn, no tonearm, and no sound-box. In place of these there is a plated upright diaphragm fourteen inches in diameter. At the bottom of this fan is a needle-holder, very like the ordinary one, into which the needle is fitted and set going on the record in the usual way.

This simple apparatus is said to reproduce a voice so well that if the gramophone is placed behind a screen it is impossible to say whether a human being is there or a machine.

The inventor is a Frenchman, M. Lumière, who was making investigations into acoustics when he was surprised to hear a strange noise coming from the centre of a fan of plated paper with which he was experimenting.

A River That Gets Rusty.

Can you imagine a river that gets rusty? There is one which is subject to this phenomenon—the River Ob, which falls into the Arctic Ocean and runs through the north of Siberia.

The Ob contains a great amount of iron. Every year when it freezes over the iron is cut off from the air. The result is that the metal precipitates, or in other words, instead of being dissolved in the water, becomes a solid.

The whole underside of the ice is covered thickly with rust, and even the fish and other creatures become rusty. In the lower reaches, where ice does not form, the water, ordinarily quite clear, becomes cloudy and discolored. The whole river, 2300 miles long, becomes poisonous.

People living near it have to quench their thirst with melted snow, and most of the fish leave the river and seek safety in the sea. They are told by instinct when the time arrives for their annual exodus.

In the spring the ice thaws and the air renders the river free from poison. The fish immediately return. They swim up the stream in such vast numbers that they are packed tightly together. Any boat that tries to navigate the river at this time loses thousands of fish on to the flat banks, where the natives kill them with sticks.

SKIN CONTAGION.

Rid yourself of eczema rashes, pimples, and all skin irritation by using "Exmacura" which soothes, protects, and heals. Price 2/6 and 4/6, post free from BAXTER'S It's hygienic.

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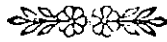
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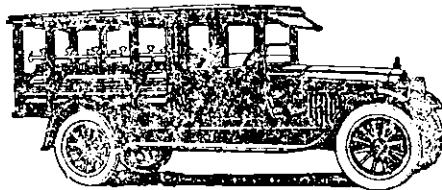
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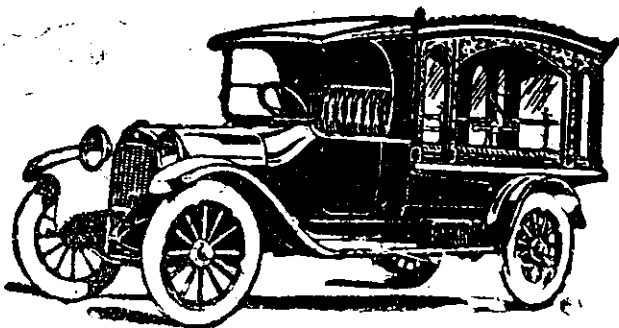
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