



### FRIENDS AT COURT GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

April 26, Sun. Second Sunday after Easter. Our Lady of Good

Counsel.

- , 27, Mon.—Of the Feria.
- ,, 28, Tues.-Blessed Peter Chauel.

tles.

- " 29, Wed.-Solemnity of St. Joseph.
- ,, 30, Thurs .-- St. Catherine of Siena,

Virgin. May 1, Frid.—SS. Philip and James, Apos-

## 2. Sat.—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

## St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.

Siena, in Italy, has the honor of having been the birthplace of this great saint. From her earliest years St. Catherine cultivated the spirit of perfect union with God, and even when engaged in the most distracting occupations succeeded in keeping herself no less sensible of His presence than if she had no exterior employment. She was indefatigable in her efforts to bring souls to God, and her words and example, and even the very sight of her emaciated but saintly countenance, were the cause of many conversions. She seemed to have a special grace for effects: ing the reconciliation of enemies. Her powerful influence in this direction was exercised, not only in the case of private individuals, but also in reconciling States that were at variance, and in obtaining the submission and pardon of rebellious cities which had incurred the censures of the Holy See. But the most important service she rendered. to the Cliurch was the restoration of the Sovereign Pontiff to his episcopal city after a residence of nearly 70 years at Avignon, in France, an end being thus put to the innumerable evils resulting to the Church from. the prolonged absence of the Vicar of Christ from Rome.

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### GRAINS OF GOLD OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL. (Feast, April 26)

- O thou who art by anxious fears perplexed, Draw near to her who vigil keeps for thee,
- And say with heart by doubting oft-time vexed,
- "Dear Lady of Good Counsel, pray for me."
- Then wilt thou find the guidance long desired;
- Then wilt thou know the joy that others share;
- Then wilt thou sing with fervor, love-inspired The praise of her who holds thee in her care.
- No stranger she to faults of sinful man, Since for them all her Son paid cruel price,
- And waits she not, as but a mother can, To bless each life with help and good advice?
- O guardian sweet! while words indeed are weak
- To voice the love my heart bears unto thee, Still, when thy name my lips no more can speak.

A. H. O'Leary

Dear Lady of Good Counsel, pray for me! --AMADEUS.

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# THE STORYTELLER

## NORA

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

CHAPTER XXIII. Whilst all this was taking place, a pale and sorrowing girl was sitting by her father's bedside—her father, who lay there senseless, having been struck down by a fit of apoplexy. Now and then she rose from her seat and went into the adjoining room, where a little boy knelt all alone on a chair and pressed his chubby face against the window-panes.

Will mamma never come back?" he asked of Nora, who then took the child on her knees, and, looking into the handsome face, which resembled her father's and her own, and stroking the curly bead, tried to comfort him as best she could. As soon as papa would be better, she would be able to play with him. Now, he must fry to be quiet and good; as for matter, she had gone on a journey. As she sold this, poor Nora's check and brow were suffused with a deep b'ush of shame.

shame. The fearful catastrophe had not fallen quite inexpectedly upon her, for she had seen how these two unworthy creatures had become intimate, of late. On her stepmother's side passion and a want of reflection had led her on to crime, whilst Landolfo had as usual based the whole infamous intrigue upon a mere mercenary calculation.

His plan to obtain Nora's hand, and thus become, at first the partner and then the successor of the director, had been shipwrecked upon the rock of resistance he had found so hard. Had she not even had one great love in her heart, she would never have encouraged Landolfo's advances, for he was inexpressibly antipathetic to her, feeling as she did that it was not he who had marred her life's destiny.

Menawhile, Landolfo's love-if his passion deserved that name-had turned to hatred of the bitterest kind, not only against Nora, but against her father, whom he suspected of being her secret ally. Nora had, indeed, threatened that she would retire if Landolfo were allowed to continue persecuting her with his addresses. Landolfo then tried to awaken her jealousy by paying his court to the director's wife. The latter, a silly and vain woman, was highly flattered at her conquest notwithstanding Nora's beauty, which generally placed her completely in the shade. Her life was a very monotonous one. The director, what with his business and the indifference of advancing years, took very little notice of her. Even home luxuries were no longer what they had been during the days at Bonn, for since his great failure the director was obliged to economise. There was some compensation for her in being able to return to her former habits, and Landolfo at once saw that she could serve his end in a new plan his fertile brain had formed. Mrs. Karsten was all the more flattered at his marks of devotion, that she

was at that disagreeable age for coquettish women, when charms are diminishing whilst the desire to please is still in full force; and she soon became a pliable instrument in Landolfo's hands.

The director, preoccupied by other matters, took no notice of all this. Landolfo had moreover, encouraged his inclination for drink to that extent, that he was often, during the whole day, ineapable of clear thought.

The pecuniary part of the enterprise was completely under Landolfo, and the director placed entire confidence in him. Not so Nora, who had already been warned against him.

The hints she had thrown out when in conversation with the chaplain alluded to this low drama, which filled her daily more and more with a deep disgust. But as all she said was only laughed at by her father, who attributed her hints and remarks to her dislike for Landolfe, there had been nothing left for her to do, but to shut her eyes and pray in silence and in wee.

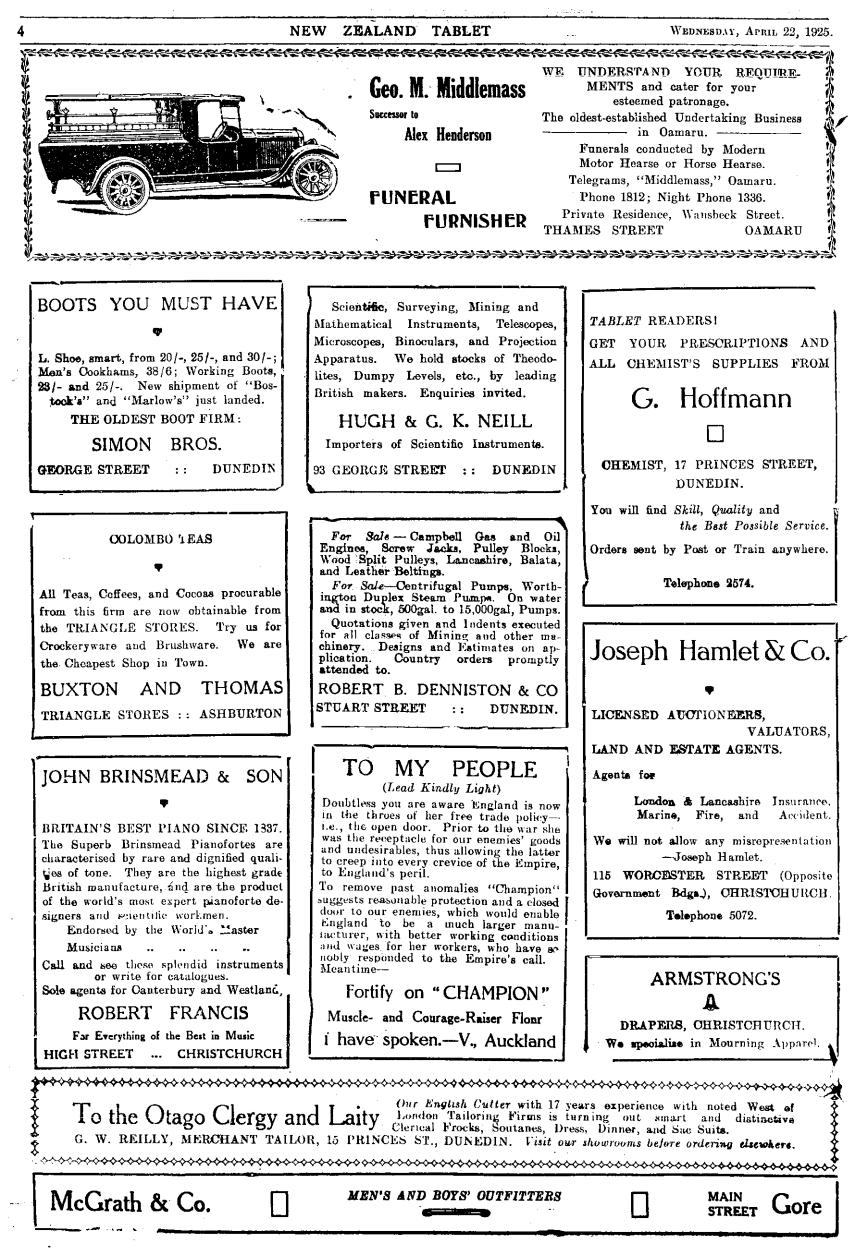
Curt's reappearance had brought Landolfo's plan to a crisis. He thought that some great turn would soon take place, and that all his hopes would be defeated. Now he would give full play to his hatred, and gain his advantage at every cost. His dishonesty in money matters could not be concealed much longer, so that he determined to make the director powerless by dealing his honor a deadly blow. He was too well acquainted with Karsten's pride, to doubt for a moment that he would not rather bear any pecuniary loss, than drag his honor into the mud of public degradation.

He had frightened weak Mrs. Karsten, threatening to reveal that she had been so long an accomplice in his thefts, by her silence, and on the other hand, he made all sorts of bright visions glitter before her eyes, which would turn to reality if she consented to go with him. He assured her, that Karsten's rival would be delighted to receive these runaways from the circus, and would prove his satisfaction by the large salaries he would pay. Passion, fear, and the prospeet of a brilliant and amusing life, triumphed even over her love for her child, and after a few more round sums taken from the director's eash-box, the pair had eloped in the manner related by the waiter.

Landolfo satisfied his revenge against Nora by causing false reports to be spread, so that, as we have seen, one person was mistaken for the other. He was sure that, in this way, all chance of union with Degenthal would be at an end. The paragraph which had thrown a doubt upon Nora's as well as upon Curt's good fame had emanated from his pen. Of course, the public might not believe all that this paragraph contained, and, later on, some explanation might come;

CLOTHIER; MERCER, HATTER, AND BOOTER. MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS A SPECIALTY.

Taumarunui



but Landolfo knew the world, and he knew that the false impressions would never be quite effaced—on the principle: mentez, mentez longouis, if on restera bien quelque chose.

The same day Nora had been exposed to a violent scene with her father, who had heard of Degenthal's visit through Landolfo. This had upset the poor girl so completely, that she was unable to appear as usual at the Circus, and her non-appearance added to the evidence against her.

She was alone in her room that evening, trying to rest her weary head, when a sound like that of a fall, in the next room, considerably alarmed her. Hurrying into the room, she found her father lying unconscious on the floor, and nervously clasping a crumpled note in his right hand. He had come to fetch his wife for the representation, when the porter met him with the news that one of the ladies had already driven away with Signor Landolfo. Surprised at so unusual an occurrence, he had rushed to his wife's apartment, and had found his boy sleeping as soundly as a child alone can sleep, but all the cupboards and drawers open and almost empty,

A letter was on the table, filled with such cold commonplaces as the following:—"My heart can no longer put up with your indifference, and has, therefore, given itself up to one who really loves and understands me. Moreover, my talent as an artist is completely forced into the shade by your tyrranny, and I feel compelled by it to seek an arena where it will be duly appreciated." Epistolary style was evidently not Mrs. Karsten's strong point! She added a few more phrases, in which she confided her child to him, and hoped that he would make up to the son for his ill-treatment of the mother.

It is questionable whether the director perused these lines, or understood their meaning. It was only later on, when by degrees consciousness returned to him, that he realised how infamously he had been taken in. Anger, indignation, nay, fury, then took possession of him, and he fell into an apoplectic fit, such as he had already had a slight touch of in former days.

Nora, poor girl, soon realised what had taken place, and her first thought was to destroy every sign and paper which might make her father's shame public. This was her foremost preoccupation, so that, later on, she only allowed the doctor and her old Hanuah to enter the room, in a sort of wild faney that, by preventing any great fuss being made, she could also prevent the fact being known. She had hoped that her father had only had an ordinary fainting fit, but the doctor's grave face soon convinced her of the contrary.

The first days went by in breathless, feverish anxiety, and in the most devoted watching and nursing on her part. Then other worries of a different kind fell upon the wretched girl in these hours of sorrow. By the illness of the director, and the disappearance of Landolfo, the troop had lost all sort of leadership.

Nora had presence of mind enough not to let anyone know that her father was totally unconscious, and, placing the direction into

the hands of an elderly member, she transmitted her orders to him, leaving the company under the impression that it was the director who issued these orders. This went on pretty well for a short time, but Landolfo's thefts became daily more evident, and as he had mostly stolen from the salaries due to the troop, the matter became so complicated, the discontent so manifold, that even to Nora with her energetic mind the task seemed above her strength. Her great preoccupation was to avoid bringing the law to bear upon this sad business, dreading, above all things, the shame of publicity.

How she longed and thirsted for advice! For some one to saud by her and hold her out a helping hand! It certainly crossed her mind that Curt had said he would return in "a few days," but these few days had long gone by. Perhaps he had called or sent her a word of sympathy, and that, in the general confusion, his name or his message had not reached her. She inquired after those who had called, and a few, very few, cards of indifferent people were brought to her. For a moment she had thought of writing to the chaplain, and of begging him to advise and help her; but a feeling of pride kept her back. She would not, in any way, appear to seek the Degenthal family. One day, however, her heart bounded within her as a visitor was announced; but a look thrown at the card caused a bitter disap-

pointment to betray itself on her features. "Baron Dahnow!" Ay! That was the good stout Mecklemburger, whom she had almost forgotten amidst the ups and downs of her life. She was on the point of sending him word that she was at home to no one, when these few words, written in pencil upon the cord, made her pause in her intent: "Should Miss Nora be in want of a friend or adviser, she will surely allow an old acquaintance the honor of offering her his services."

Notwithstanding her disappointment, these kind and friendly words fell as a balm upon her distracted heart, and she felt that God had sent her the friend and adviser she had so pined after. She felt it all the more when, sitting before him, she gazed upon the calm and resolute expression of the Mecklemburger's face, and recognised in those bright and twinkling little eyes of his all the clearsightedness, firmness, and intelligence necessary to help her through the labyrinth she was placed in. Full of her own thoughts, Nora did not notice the deep emotion which overpowered Dahnow as she arose to meet him.

Perhaps it was in order to conceal this emotion that he bent low, and respectfully pressed his lips upon the hand she held out.

It was a little thing, perhaps, this outward sign of respect, but it did Nora a world of good.

"Can I ever thank you sufficiently, Baron Dahnow?" she said, her voice trembling. "How could you guess that I was so sadly in want of help and of advice?"

Dahnow's explanation was a very simple one. He had casually passed through Vienna, and, having heard of her father's illness, had called upon her, in order to offer her his services as was the duty of an old friend. It would, perhaps, have been more difficult

for the good Mecklemburger to state the whole fact in all its crudeness. He was on the point of trying to find out what had happened to Nora Karsten, when the newspapers had brought him the false report we know of. He had heard nothing about her, and nothing about the breaking off of her engagement with Curt.

He even ignored that she now appeared in her father's circus, and was therefore astounded at all that the newspapers reported. The placid creature was completely upset. One thing alone he would have staked his head upon---Nora was innocent of all that had taken place, and she had been forced into taking up this line of life by some mysterious and sad cause.

As to Nora's elopement, Dahnow graphically described it as a "d—d lic"; but he then, and at once made up his mind to go to Vienna, and to ascertain how matters really stood. After a deal of trouble he succeeded not only in finding Nora's whereabouts, but also in getting at the truth of the whole story, for the which our Mecklemburger silently triumphed and thanked God.

He now sat opposite to Nora whilst she gave him a clear insight into all the intricacies of her present position; and then he promised her that he would see about finding a clever lawyer, and would after that be able to give her sound and useful advice in the matter.

But Nora started at this proposal, and said in hesitating tones, "Oh, please let us avoid bringing a man of law into it! We shall be the talk of the whole town!"

Something in Dahnow's face told her that the matter had already been made public. Strange enough that it should be so! But we are all, more or less, like the ostrich, who fancies he is not seen, so long as he keeps his head under his wings. Children, too, are blest with the same illusion, and putting their little hands before their faces, call out triumphantly, "Now, where am I<sup>2</sup>"

A new light thus broke suddenly upon her, and she asked hastily and sharply: "Has the matter already been spoken of publicly?"

Dahnow tried to soothe her by reminding her of her father's and her own celebrity; and he hinted at the reports having been various and mostly false.

"What do you mean?" asked Nora, opening her large eyes. "Is it possible that my father was accused in any way? He was surely innocent of all that happened."

"It was only . . . you see . . . there was, in fact," stammered poor Dahnow, "a mistake made between the actors in this tragedy. The presence of the son her made it so difficult for any one to believe that . . . that . . . the mother would have gone away without him, so that it was perhaps natural. . . ."

"A mistake!" repeated Nora. "No! no! It's impossible!" she cried, turning crimson from shame and auger, and hiding her facein her hands. "Oh, my God! Do you mean to say that I was supposed to"----

"You see," said Dahnow apologetically, "newspapers are always so inexact."

"Oh! this must be set to rights! This must be set to rights!" repeated Nora, wringing her hands in sheer despair.

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"It will handly be of any use now," the poor girl sighed. "Whatever scandal is written about us is of course believed." And for the first time, since the day of the catastrophe, burning tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I will try all I possibly can for justice to be done to you," promised Dahnow. "I will move heaven and earth that your name may once more be above all suspicion.'

And Dahnow kept his word. A few days later, and a clear and unanswerable refutation was in every paper; the paragraph laid particular stress upon the fact that Nora Karsten was, and had been all the time, at her father's bedside.

But Nora was right; the refutation produced no great effect. One read it as one reads such uninteresting paragraphs, hardly grasping, or caring even to grasp, at their real sense. It mattered little now whether it was the circus-director's wife or his daughter who had eloped. This dotting of the i's in such a matter was really superfluous.

The few people to whom the false report had been a turning-point in their lives, did not read the refutation. The family-circle at Göhlitz had but little taste now for the

"It was already been contradicted," said tittle-tattle of the public press; and through a tacit understanding the newspapers were fear either of finding some allusion to the painful story, or else of being reminded of what they had rather try to forget. Moreover, the household was full of the joyful and busy agitation which precedes a wedding, and a wedding which had been so long hoped for and looked forward to.

> Lily's face beamed with an intense happiness. The countess's dear wish had ben acccomplished at the moment when she had completely given it up. Curt's engagement to his cousin took place on the very day when he suddenly returned from his journey to town. All the evil tongues were forced into silence by the count; acquaintances forgot the reports which had hardly had time to get about; of course, friends smiled and shrugged their shoulders, and hemmed and hawed, as friends will do, but they all sent in their warm congratulations.

The chaplain was the only one who knew the truth and who might have cleared up the matter; but to have done so at such a moment would have been ill-advised, and he waited until a more favorable opportunity should offer itself.

(To be continued.)

# The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.) CHAPTER LXI.-(Continued.)

But the plot-story did its appointed work splendidly and completely, and all the sentimental horror of a thousand Macaulays could nought avail, once that work was done. A proper fury had been got up against the Catholics, arresting the idea of compassionating them, giving full impetus to a merciless persecution of Popish priests, and, above all (crowning merit!) effectually silencing all suggestions about restoring to Irish Catholic royalists their estates and possessions. Shaftesbury, one of the chief promoters of the plot story, was indeed dragged to the tower as an abominable and perjured miscreant, but not until the scaffold had drunk deep of Catholic blood, and Tyburn had been the seeno of that mournful tragedy-that foul and heartless murder-of which Oliver Plunkett, the sainted martyr-primate of Ireland, was the victim.

This venerable man was at Rome when the Pope selected him for the primacy. A bloody persecution was at the moment raging in Ireland; and Dr. Plunkett felt that the appointment was a summons to martyrdom. Nevertheless he hastened to Ireland, and assumed the duties of his position. Such was his gentleness and purity of character, his profound learning and piety, and indeed sanctity, of his life, that even the Protestant officials and gentry round about came to entertain for him the highest respect and personal regard. Prudent and circumspect, he rigidly abstained from interference in the troubled politics of the period, and devoted himself exclusively to rigorous reforms of such irregularities and abuses as had crept into parochial or diocesan affairs during the past

century of civil war and social chaos. For the support of the "intended massacre" story it was clearly necessary to extend the scene of the plot to Ireland (so much more Popish than England), and casting about for some one to put down as chief conspirator, the constructors of the story though the head of the Popish prelates ought to be the man, ex officio. The London government accordingly wrote to the Irish Lord Lieutenant to announce that the "Popish plot" existed in Ireland also. He complied. Next he was to resume energetically the statutory persecutions of the Papists. This also he obeyed. Next he was directed to arrest the Popish primate for complicity in the plot. Here he halted. From the correspondence it would appéar that he wrote back to the effect that this was rather too strong, inasmuch as even amongst the ultra-Protestants, the idea of Dr. Plunkett being concerned in any such business would be scouted. Besides, he pointed out there was no evidence. He was told that this made no matter, to obey his orders, and arrest the Primate. He complied reluctantly. An agent of the Oates and Shaftesbury gang in London, Hetherington by name, was now sent over to Dublin to get up evidence, and soon proclamations were circulated through all the gaols, offering pardon to any criminal-murderer, robber, tory, or traitor-who could (would) give the necessary evidence against the Primate; and accordingly crown witnesses by the dozen competed in willingness to swcar anything that was required The Primate was prought to trial at Drogheda, but the grand jury, though

ultra-Protestant to a man, threw out the Bill; the perjury of the crown witnesses was generally laid aside and never discussed, for too gross, the innocence of the meek and venerable man before them too apparent. When the news reached London, great was the indignation there: The Lord Lieutenant was at once directed to send the Primate thither, where no such squeamishness of jurors would mar the ends of injustice. The hapless prelate was shipped to London and brought to trial there. Macaulay himself has described for us from original authorities the manner in which those "trials" were conducted. Here is his description of the witnesses, the judges, the juries, and the audience in court :-

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"A wretch named Carstairs, who had carned a living in Scotland by going disguised to conventicles, and then informing against the preachers, led the way; Bedloe, a noted swindler, followed; and soon from all the brothels, gambling-houses, and sponginghouses of London, false witnesses poured forth to swear away the lives of Roman Cath-. Oates, that he might not be eclipsed olies. by his imitators, soon added a large supplement to his original narrative. The vulgar believed, and the highest magistrates pretended to believe, even such fictions as these. The chief judges of the kingdom were corrupt, cruel, and timid. . . The juries partook of the feelings then common throughout the nation, and were encouraged by the bench to indulge those feelings without restraint. The multitude applauded Oates and his confederates, hooted and pelted the witnesses who appeared on behalf of the accused, and shouted with joy when the verdict of guilty was pronounced."

Before such a tribunal, on the 8th of June, 1681, the aged and venerable Primate was arraigned, and of course convicted. The scene in court was ineffably brutal, In accordance with the law in that time, the accused was allowed no counsel, whereas the crown was represented by the Attorney-General and Sergeant Maynard; the judges being fully as ferocious as the official persecutors. Every attempt made by the venerable victim at the bar to defend himself only elicited a roar of anger or a malignant taunt from one side or the other. The scene has not inappropriately been likened, rather to the torturing of a victim at the stake by savage Indians, dancing and shouting wildly round him, than the trial of a prisoner in a coart of law. At length the verdict was delivered; to which, when he heard it, the Archbishop simply answered: "Deo gratias." Then he was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, there and then to be hanged, cut down while alive, his body quartered, and the entrails burned in fire. He heard this infamous decree with serene composure.

### "But looking upward full of grace,

God's glory smote him on the face." Even amongst the governing party there were many who felt greatly shocked by this conviction. The thing was too glaring. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin (who seems to have been a humane and honorable man) expressed aloud his horror, and fearlessly de-, clared the Catholic primate as innocent of the erimes alleged as an unborn child. But

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.

NEW ZEALAND TABLET

no one durst take on himself at the moment to stem the tide of English popular fury. The Earl of Essex, indeed, hurried to the king and vehemently besought him to save the Irish primate by a royal pardon. Charles, terribly excited, declared that he, as well as every one of them, knew the primate to be innocent, "but," cried he, with passionate earnestness, "ye could have saved him; I cannot--you know well I dare not."

Then, like Pontius Pilate, he desired "the blood of this innocent man" to be on their heads, not his. The law should take its course.

"The law" did "take its course." The sainted Plunkett was dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn amidst the yells of the London populace. There he was hanged, beheaded, quartered, and disembowelled, "according to law," July 1, 1681.

Soon after, as I have already intimated. the popular delirium cooled down, and everybody began to see that rivers of innocent Catholic blood had been made to flow without cause, crime, or offence. But what of that? A most salutary check had been administered to the apprehended design of restoring to Catholic royalists the lands they had lost through their devotion to the late king. The "Popish Plot" story of 1678, like the great massacre story of 1641, had accomplished its allotted work.

LXII.—How King James the Second, by Arbitrarily Asserting Liberty of Conscience, utterly Violated the Will of the English Nation. How the English Agreed, Confederated, Combined, and Conspired to Depose the King, and Beat Up for "Foreign Emissaries" to Come and Begin the Rebellion for Them.

On the 6th February, 1685, Charles the Second closed a life the chronicles of which may be searched in vain for a notable act of goodness, wisdom, valor, or virtue. On his death-bed he openly professed the faith which for years past, if not at all times, he had secretly believed in, but dared not publicly avow-Catholicity. The man, however, on whom now devolved the triple crown of England, Scotland, and Ireland-Charles's brother, James, Duke of York—was one who had neither dissembled nor concealed his religious convictions. He was a sincere Catholic, and had endured much of trouble and persecution in consequence of his profession of that faith. He was married to the young and heautiful princess Mary of Modena, an ardent Catholic like himself,\* and the ultra-Protestant party witnessed his accession to the throne with undisguised chagrin and sullen discontent.

All writers have agreed in attributing to James the Second a disregard of the plainest dictates of prudence, if not of the plainest limits of legality, in the measures he adopted for the accomplishingut of a pur-pose unquestionably equitable, laudable, and

\* She was his second wife, and had been married to him at the age of fifteen. By his first wife, Ann, daughter of Chancellor Hyde, he had two daughters, who were brought up Protestants by their mother. They were married, one, Mary, to Prince William of Orange; the other, Ann, to Prince George of Denmark.

beneficent-namely, the abolition of proscription and persecution for conscience sake, and the establishment of religious freedom and equality. It may be said, and with perfect truth, that though this was so, though James was rash and headlong, it mattered little after all, for the end he aimed at was so utterly opposed to the will of the English people, so inconsistent with "vested interests" throughout all three kingdoms, that it was out of all possibility he could have succeeded, whether he were politic and cantions, or straightforward, arbitrary, and rash. For the English nation was too strongly bent on thorough persecution, to be barred in its course, or diverted into tolerance or humanity by any power of king or queen; and already the English people had made it plain that no man should be ruler over them who would not be of their mind on this subject. But James's conduct rendered his overthrow simply inevitable. Before he was well seated on the throne, he had precipitated conflicts with the judges, the bishops, and parliament; the point of contention, to be sure, being mainly his resolution of granting freedom of conscience to all creeds. It was in Ireland, however, that this startling programme evoked the wildest sensation of alarm on the one hand, and rejoicing on the other: and it was there that, inevitably, owing to the vast preponderance of the Catholic population, relative equality appeared to the Protestant eye as absolute Catholic dominance. Two Catholic judges and one Protestant may have been even short of the Catholic proportion; yet the

Protestant colony would not look at the question in this way at all, and they called it intolerable Popish ascendancy. James had selected for the carrying out of his views in Ireland a man whose faults greatly resembled his own, Richard Talbot, subsequently Earl and Duke of Tyrconnel. He was devotedly attached to the king; a courtier, not a statesman; rash, vain, self-willed, a faithful and loyal friend, but a famous man to lose a kingdom with.

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If the Irish Catholics had indulged in hopes on the accession successively of James's grandfather, father, and brother, what must have been their feelings now? Here, assuredly, there was no room for mistake or doubt. A king resolved to befriend them was on the throne! The land burst forth into universal rejoicing. Out from hiding place in cellar and garret, cavern and fastness, came hunted prelate and priest, the surplice and the stole, the chalice and the patten; and once more, in the open day and in the public churches, the ancient rites were seen. The people, awakened as if from a long trance of sorrow, heaved with a new life, and with faces all beaming and radiant went about in crowds chanting songs of joy and gratitude. One after one, the barriers' of exclusion were laid low, and the bulk of the population admitted to equal rights with the colonist-Protestants. In fine, all men were declared equal in the eve of the law, irrespective of creed or race; an utter reversion of the previous system, which constituted the "colony" the gaolers of the fettered nation.

(To be continued.)

# A Complete Story

## SOME ONE TO TALK TO

(By HELEN MOREARTY, in the Irish Catholic.)

Mrs. Gorey came out of Mrs. Deppen's days, was measurably happy this pleasant room with a baffled look on her broad, good-

"Mrs. Deppen's a wee hit peevish to-day," she remarked to Sister Gregory, who happened to be passing at the moment.

natured face.

"Perhaps she doesn't feel well," was Sister's comment, offered with a quiet smile. For this was Mrs. Gorey's own excuse for any of the old ladies whose numerous infirmities were so apt to include a defective temper.

"That's so," and Mrs. Gorey brightened. "Are you going to the East Hall?" Sister inquired casually, "If you are, would you hand this book to Mrs. Wilson?

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Gorey seized the book eagerly. "I will, Sister." And as she hurried along, haltingly enough (for Mrs. Gorey was getting old) she congratulated herself on the chance of a chat with Mrs. Wilson. She was a very interesting person, Mrs. Wilson; and it was not every day one ventured into her room. Her husband had been in the Civil War-an officer-and Mrs. Gorey loved stirring tales. They always reminded her of so many thrilling things in her own life that she liked to tell about.

Mrs. Wilson, busily engaged putting a large brown patch on her second best black petticoat, and revelling in thoughts of other Spring afternoon until the door opened, after a slight tap, and Mrs. Gorey came in.

"Dear me, what a bore!" she thought crossly.

"Sister Gregory asked me to bring you this book, Mrs. Wilson," said Mrs. Gorey, with her beaming smile. "How are you feeling to-day?"

"Not so very well. Thank you" (accepting the book). "I've been trying to sew a little" (with a languid air), "but I believe I'll have to lie down a while."

"Do so," Mrs. Gorey told her kindly, trying not to look disappointed. "Don't let me bo stopping you."

"No, I won't," her hostess replied promptly; rising as she spoke. "I'm obliged to you for bringing the book. Look in again some time." And she smiled politely.

Vaguely dissatisfied Mrs. Gorey found herself again outside a closed door. Mrs. Wilson was not very—not very—"But she said she didn't feel very well," she reminded herself charitably,

It was the same way in both Halls; everybody was busy or tired or just going out when Mrs. Gorey tapped at the door, and it was curious how many felt the need of an immediate nap. "Their age is telling on them," she remarked to herself. For it was her pleasant conceit that every old

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## NEW ZEALAND TABLET



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woman in the two Living Halls, as they were called, was quite aged and docrepit, except herself. With her advent to St. Hilda's Algepital, ten years before, had been inaggurated the plan of giving the comforts of a home to old ladies who were without relatives to care for them in their last days, and her priority had remained a source of constant pride. It gave her the advantage (she considered) of standing to them in the light of a hostess, and she was always doing her best to discharge the duties of her selfconceived office. If success did not crown her efforts at every point it was not because she did not try hard enough.

Mrs. Gorey was a social being, with an infinite capacity for conversational amenities. One of a large family, her childhood and young womanhood, and later, her married life, had been crowded full of people, and she still yearned after her kind with the pitiful yearning of a generous nature from which life has drained all but the desire to serve. She could always be depended upon to sit a while with the lonely, to read aloud to the ailing, or to wheel an infirm one into the chapel for Mass or Benediction; to write letters, to send messages, to mend even. Nothing was too small for Mrs. Gorey to do, nor too great for her to attempt: and she was so happy in her service that it was disappointing at times when she found the old people a little selfish, so to speak, as far as she was concerned. She could, and did, listen to them by the hour; but when she began to relate something of great and throbbing interest their attention wandered, irritation seized them, or they started to ween.

\* That was another source of surprise to Mrs. Gorey- the frequency with which the old ladies shed tears. And about such foolish things! It was never about their lonely condition, their sorrows, or their losses, whatever they might have been; no, it was because their coffee was too sweet or not sweet enough: because their feet were cold, or a pestering draught had found them in the chapel: because Father Haurahan had visited the old lady next door, who was in hed, to be sure. "But how much worse off is she than me, who ought to be there this minute?" Mrs. Gorey herself seldom shed a tear, except at rare times in the chapel, when a thought of the "old days" would come over her; but, looking at the tabernacle where some One else was lonely too, she would be comforted. He knew that they were gone from her-sisters and brothers, husband, children-all. And who but He in His mercy had sent her these helpless charges to fill up the measure of her empty life?

So to-day, after sundry rebuffs, polite and otherwise, she betook herself to the chapel for her "hour." whence she issued with her accustomed serenity. It was a heavy load that she could not drop at His feet; and it she turned into the West Hall she hethought herself of Mrs. Shea, who was not 2.2 her room when Mrs. Gorey had looked in early in the afternoon. Perhaps she would be there now.

Little Mrs. Shea, the autocrat of the two Halls, imperions, sharp-tongned, but goodhearted, was knitting industriously as Mrs. Gorey came in. She greeted the guest pleasantly ,though she was not glad to see her. Far from it. She had just come from the sewing room, where her temper had been aroused by some unkind remarks made about Mrs. Gorey and her fondness for talk.

"So long-winded!" they had gossiped cheerfully. "I never saw the beat of her. Talk, talk, talk, all the time!"

"And if it was anything worth listening to?" another put in quickly. "But who wants to hear about her fine home?"

"We've all had fine homes in our day," - with a tightening of thin lips.

Then Mrs. Shea had "fired up" and told them a few things in her own straightforward manner, leaving the room immediately after in high dudgeon, because one or two had the impudence to defend themselves. It was not, she told herself angrily, that she did not recognise a bit of truth in what they said; but if was a shame for them to talk about the good old soul, nevertheless. They all talked--didn't they ?--tiresome old women that they were! So, cross with her companions, and doubly cross with herself for the cutting flings she had given them, she was in no mood to listen patiently to the unfortunate cause of it all, whose amiable chatter rasped her already taut nerves to the point of exasperation. Most unhappily, at this moment, Mrs. Gorey fell on to the recital of an old story of her girlhood days, familiar to everyone in the house by reason of her fondness for telling it.

"Stop!" Mrs. Shea's sharp voice struck into the midst of the narrative with the force of an explosive. "Sure, you've told that story a thousand times! I'm fair tired of it, that's what I am!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Gorey's jaw fell open and a dull flush crept into her wrinkled cheeks. "I--I ask your pardon, Mrs. Shea! I didn't mean to weary you."

The sweetness of the soft-voiced apology irritated Mrs. Shea all the more.

"Sure you have us all bothered to death." she exclaimed tartly, "with your talk, talk, talk, about old times! As though we didn't all have old times to talk about as well as yourself! It's no wonder they all get tired listening to you!"--in her increasing soreness repeating the very things for which she had reproved the others.

Mrs. Gorey sat still a full minute under the blow, quite unable to move or to think of a word to say, while a pain, as keen as it was unexpected, struck into her kind old heart. With all her might she was wishing herself out of the room, but the awkwardness of the departure - that was what was troubling her. It never occurred to her to say a word in reprisal. You couldn't, to a person in your own house, you know.

"Well, I must be going," was what she said at last, and she even managed a faint smile," "I only stepped in a minute. I have some"—— And her voice trailed off into the closed door, leaving Mrs. Shea to wipe her eyes viciously and blow her nose with a wrathful twist.

"It's a contrary world, that's what it is!" she muttered discontentedly.

Mrs. Gorey walked down the hall, the hurt

look deepening in her round, faded eyes. "She isn't feeling well," she murmured from force of habit. But the old palliative failed of its usual effect; for somehow the truth in the sharp words had come home to her. They were sick and tired of her; that was why they had been avoiding her, ignoring her tap at their doors, passing her by in the hall even with only a chilly nod. Bothering them all to death!

For the first time since she came to St. Hilda's she locked her door. Then she sauk on her stiff old knees at the side of her little bed and buried her face in the quilt.

"Oh," she sobbed brokenly, "I'm an old nuisance—that's what I am! A botheration to everyone, and no good to myself! It's dead I ought to be!"

The sharp March wind blew in unheeded on the bowed grey head, the sun pointed golden fingers at the crucifix above her, but still the old woman wept and knelt uncomforted. She did not stir until she heard the rattle of the supper trays and a tap at her door.

"Supper, Mrs. Gorey !"

"Yes, Sister."

She heard the tray being deposited on the chair outside her door, but she made no move to get it; and, sunk in her misery, she soon forgot it was there. As dusk came on she undressed and got into bed, chilled from her long vigil on the floor, numb and tired. It dawned upon her that she was very old, very much alone; no relatives and no friends —no one at all in the whole world who cared for her. Not only that —they didn't even like her. She was a lonesome, good-for-nothing, miserable old woman!

She tossed and moaned in her sleep all night, and morning found her feverish, hoarse, and unable to rise.

"Just a cold." the doctor told Sister Gregory. "But these sore throats are travelling about, so perhaps you'd best keep her quiet."

He prescribed a simple medicine; and, following his orders, no one except Sister Gregory knocked at the door of the little end room where poor Mrs. Gorey continued to wrestle with the ghosts of lineliness and despair. Then one day, hearing she was sick, the chaplain came in.

Father Hanrahan was young, but he had a great gift—that of understanding the old; and it did not take him long to discover that Mrs. Gorey's ailment was mental as well as physical. Not that she felt inclined to tell him anything; she would never bother anyone again, she had resolved grimly. But, though her lips were closed, her wistful old eyes spoke for her; and something in their depths went to his heart. How to get at her—that was the question, he mused as he discoursed on this and that subject. Then he had an inspiration. He never spece of personal matters, but—

"Do you know what took me away. Mrs. Gorey?" he asked gently. "I went to bury my dear old mother—to lay her away by the side of my father."

She looked at him mutely for an instant. "I'm sorry. Eather-indeed I am," she murmured. She turned her head and funbled under her pillow for her handkerenief. "But, oh," she broke out passionately, "at's

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#### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.



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better for her to be gnne- to be laid away comfortable and at rest beside her own--than to outlive everyone and be a bother to Morn about her! It's thankful you ought Whe this day!" And she burst into bitter weeping.

· It all came out under the priest's sympathy--the pitiful little tragedy.

"And sure I only wanted some one to talk to," she wound up pitcously, the poor old lips quivering on the words. "I do get a little lonesome sometimes, Father! Only someone to talk to!"

Whatever the priest said to her, it served to bring her comfort; for she soon fell into a restful sleep. And what was her surprise on awakening to find little Mrs. Shea sitting in her rocker knifting away screnely!

"Aha! you're better!"—with a sagacious nod, seeing the patient's eyes on her. "I knew if they'd let your friends come in it would rest you like."

"I believe I do feel better." was Mrs. Gorey's answer. She experienced some surprise at the thought, and she kept her eyes on Mrs. Shea with a certain wistful, puzzled look.

"It was Father Hanraban told me you were better." Mrs. Shen related. "I met him in the East Hall an' me coming from the chapel; an', after passing the time of day, I says to him : "Au" how's Mrs. Gorey, Father? 'She's much latter, he says, "An' can't anyone see her yet?" I says to him. And he looked around to make sure that no one was by, an he says to me: 'Well, if anyone else asked me that hur you, Mrs. Shea, I would say no; but for a careful, quiet person like you to go in, 1 think it would do Mrs. Gorey good, especially as yourself and herself are such great friends." he says. So" (with a gratified smile) "I stole away and came in here like a little mouse, an' you sleeping away for the last hour like a child in its cradle."

"It was kind of you, Mrs. Shea," the sick woman said trenulously,

Mrs. Shea was casting mysterious glances at a package on the floor beside her.

"Would you find yourself bungry at all?" she inquired eagerly. "My niece does be sonding me some beautiful jelly. I have a glass of it, an' a spoon. Wouldn't you feel like a bit of it now?" insimultingly. "There's strength in that," she remarked encouragingly, as Mrs. Gorey gratefully swallowed a couple of spoonsful. "It's good jelly, if I do say it myself; better nor what Mrs. Wilson has that I heard her say she was saving for you."

"Mrs. Wilson? I didn't think she'd take the trouble ----?

"Trouble?"—in an offended tone. "She's not the woman I take her to be if she'd think it a trouble to do anything for you you that's never been sick before, an' that's waited on us all hand and foot time and time (again! I hope, Mrs. Gorey, ma'am (with great dignity), "that you think better of the Halls than that!"

> "Oh, I do, Mrs. Shea!" Mrs. Gorey hastened to say fervently. "I know they are all kind----"

"Kind, is it? Ha!"-her own sharp

laugh. "Sure, if we know anything about kindness we've learned it, ma'am, from you! Yes, indeed. See, now, I'm ready to turn my heel!" holding up the sock for the admiring contemplation of the woman in the bed.

"It's a beautiful sock!" Mrs. Gorey spoke out of a full heart, back to which a warmth that had been absent for many days had begun to steal. "Do you know, Mrs. Shea" (a new life in her voice), "I believe I'll be getting up to-morrow!"

## OBITUARY

### MR. TIMOTHY HICKEY, NELSON.

Mr. Timothy Hickey, who died recently, was for many years a member of the Police Force, retiring a few years ago, being at the time gaoler at Nelson (says the Nelson Evening Muil). Deceased was a native of Cullen, Millstreet, Co. Cork, Ireland, and came to New Zealand thirty-eight years ago. He had been stationed at various places in New Zealand, for a period being in charge at Collingwood. The late Mr. Hickey could relate many exciting incidents in which he was closely connected as a constable. He was of a most kindly disposition, and his death will be greatly regretted by a host of friends who will extend to Mrs. Hickey sincere sympathy in her bereavement. Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at St. Mary's Church on March 30, by Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., who also officiated at the graveside. Members of the local Police Force acted as pall-bearers at the funeral.--R.I.P.

### MRS. CATHERINE HALL, NORTH OTAGO.

In the death of Mrs. Catherine Hall at Christehurch on March 28, a very early resident of the North Olago district is added to the large number of pioneers who have recently gone to rest. Mrs. Hall, who reared a fair-sized family, will be best known in the Windsor district, where she spent a lengthy period, and also at Pukeuri and in Oamaru. Mrs. Hall was a practical Catholic and gave two daughters to the service of religion---one is a Dominican Nun in West Australia, while another belongs to the Little Sisters of the Another Poor, and is now in France. daughter (Mrs. Gorman) resides at Ashburton. Of her sons, Thomas and William live in the North Island, while John is in Australia. The sympathy of those who knew deceased when she resided in the district will go out to the relatives in the loss they have sustained, for Mrs. Hall's devotion to her religion and her solicitude for her children wou for her a large measure of respect .--R.LP.

### MR. J. F. McCORMICK, CHRIST-CHURCH.

On Friday, April 8 (Feast of the Seven Dolors), there passed to his eternal reward Mr. James Frederick McCormick, at the age

of 26 years. Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral on Saturday by Rev. Father Lordon. The Mass was served by Mr. Stan Barnett and Mr. John O'Loughlin, members of the M.B.O.B. Association. Miss K. O'Connor presided at the organ and played the "Dead March." Rev. Father O'Meeghan, an old college friend, officiated at the graveside, others of the clergy present being Rev. Fathers Joyce, Roche, Bonetto, Seymour, Hanrahan, Bartley; also Marist Brothers. Among those in attendance were members of the Licensed Victuallers' Association; and Messrs, G. P. Payne and B. McCleary (Canterbury Rugby Union). Messrs. L. Peterson, F. Smyth, D. McCormick, J. C. Mullins, H. Mullins, and W. Minighan (old football friends) acted as pall-pearers. The late Mr. McCormick, who was blessed by having good Catholic parents, received his early education from the Sisters of the Missions at Leeston, afterwards from the Marist Brothers, and then had the special privilege of spending five years at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. "Big Jim" was every inch a true Christian gentleman, and his unassuming manner made him a general favorite : beneath a natural reserve lay hidden the deeprooted nobility of his character. He leaves a wife and young child to mourp their loss. The bereaved members of his family include his father, Mr. J. McCormick (Bealey Avenue, Christehurch), a brother (Mr. R. L. McCormick), and three sisters-Mrs. B. Mc-Evedy (Southbridge), Mrs. O. Craignead (Waimate), and Miss McCormtek,-R.I.P.

### MR. BERNARD MACKLE, KAIKOURA.

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Residents of Kaikoura learned with regret of the death of Mr. Bernard Mackle, which occurred on Tuesday morning, March 31, at his residence, at the age of 70. The deceased belonged to that fine old band of pioneers who have done so much to make the Dominion what it is at the present day. Born in Castle Dawson, Co. Derry, Ircland, he came to New Zealand in 1876, where he engaged in contracting, first in North Canterbury, and later in Kaikoura, being responsible for the construction of many of the roads and bridges in the latter place, chief of which were the Greenburn Bridge and Greenhills Road, In 1887 he made a trip to the Old Country, and on returning, married a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James O'Donnell, two of the carliest pioneers of Kaikoura. He then engaged in farming pursuits in that district, which he carried out most successfully. Mr. Mackle was highly respected by all sections of the community, he being a steadfast friend, a devoted husband, and a kind father. He served as a County Councillor for three terms, rendering good service to the district, and was also a director of the Kaikoura Cooperative Dairy Company for several years, and also took a keen interest in matters pertaining to sport, especially trotting. The deecased, who was a staunch Catholic, died fortified by the rites of his Holy Church. He was predeceased by one son-Patrick Mackle-who died as a result of a motor accident one year and nine months ago. The

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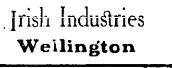
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late Mr. Mackle is survived by a widow and family of eleven. There are six sons—Messrs. John, James, Bernard, Frank, Hugh, and Gerard-and five daughters—Mrs. R. G. Miles, Mrs. P. Keehan, E., M., and T. Mackles-all of Kaikoura. The deepest sympathy will be extended to Mrs. Mackle and family in their sad bereavement. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, the 1st inst., and as evidence of the high respect in which the deceased was held, the cortege was one of the largest ever seen in Kaikoura. The Rev. Father Saunderson officiated at the church and at the graveside, where there was a large assemblage of residents.- R.I.P.

## NEW ZEALAND TABLET

## MR. J. J. PARKER, WAIROA.

A well-known resident of the Wairoa district in the person of Mr. John Joseph Parker, passed away at his residence, Colenso Avenne, Napier, on the 9th inst., after a comparatively short illness. Deceased was the second eldest son of the late Christopher Parker, of Gisborne, and was for some years engaged in farming in Hawke's Bay, where he was popularly known among all sections of the community as a good and generous neighbor. He was always prominent in Catholic undertakings in the Wairoa parish, which he helped with his ever generous purse. He leaves a widow and a family of nine to mourn their loss.—R.1.P.

# Town and Country News

## WANGANUI NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

April 15. Welcome home to Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., who looks very much better for his trip to Australia. Father Hickson had a most enjoyable trip, combining complete rest with a delightful change, and he has benefited much by if.

Rev. Father Segrief, S.M., has been relieving here for some weeks during Father Hickson's absence, but has gone on to Wellington for Easter. Immediately after the holidays Father Segrief will return to Australia to take up anew his work of collecting in the Lismore diocese, N.S.W. His many friends, glad to see him so fit and so well, wish him a continuance of the great success which has marked his arduous, but withal interesting and satisfactory work of raising funds for the establishment of a new college among the good folk who have proved to generous.

It was quite interesting to hear particulars recently of a large convent having had electrie light installed all through it, and other electric conveniences too, at the expense of a loving and wealthy benefactress. While the workmen were on the spot, someone thought of an extra treat for the Sisters. An aerial was fixed up, other incidentals avranged, and the full strength of the community "listened in" while some great concert or other went on. If just happens that most of our convents in New Zealand have electric light and everything (?) else they need. But during the school-less and fee less weeks, a few loving benefactresses and benefactors mightn't go amiss.

The many old friends of Mr. G. McCulloch, Kai-Iwi, are sorry to know of his serious and painful illness which he is hearing with such fortitude and patience. We proy that God will help and sustain him in his great suffering and restore him to good health.

Miss C. Mannings, of Hastings, England, who is on a visit to New Zealand just now, spent some days in Wanganui with her kinsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Shanly, Miss Maunings relifed some little time ago from the Civil Service at Home, having been for many years an official in the Exeter Post Office.

## ADDINGTON NOTES

### (From our own Correspondent.)

April 11. The monthly meeting of the local sodality of the Children of Mary was held last Sunday, when there was a fair attendance of members. After the usual business of the meeting had been transacted the opportunity was taken to make a presentation to Miss G. O'Sullivan, one of the most popular members, who is to be married in the near future. Rev. Father O'Connor (spiritual director), in making the presentation of a icentiful statue of Our Lady, referred to the many sterling qualities of the recipient, who by her good example had proved herself a true Child of Mary. Although she has only been a short while amongst us she has made many friends. Miss O'Sullivan, in a particularly neat little speech, thanked Father o'Connor, the Sisters, and all the girls for their little gift.

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## OAMARU NOTES (From our own Correspondent.)

April 9.

The big event at Easter time in Oamaru is the bowling tournament. Bowlers to the north of us, likewise to the south of us, and ditto to the west of us converge on Oamaru, where they are assured of a most enjoyable holiday, good weather, and keen sport. The hotels and accommodations were booked far ahead.

Father Fenelon, our popular curate, was a passenger by the Ulimaroa which sailed from Wellington for Sydney on April 2. We hope to see the results of his holiday in a complete restoration to his old form.

Mr. J. H. Rowe and his family, who, since their arrival in Oamaru have been promiuent members of the congregation at the Basilica, contemplate leaving Oamaru at the end of the month. They will be greatly missed by parishioners as well as in the social life of the community generally. Mr. Rowe has been manager of the local branch of the Bank of New South Wales for a lengthy period, and is now retiring from the service. He is still very active, and as his capacity for social enjoyment is unimpaired his years of retirement should be long and pleasant—that is the wish of his friends.

The Catholic Young Men's Club is now an established fact. Cards of membership are being taken up freely, and the club should fill a long-felt want among the men of the congregation.

Municipal politics are beginning to stir the community. There will be a contest for the mayoralty, Councillor Frith having decided to enter the lists against the present holder of the office, Mr. McDiarmid. Another question causing considerable controversy is the Saturday or Thursday half-holiday, the Saturday half-holiday being in operation now. Then there is the question of raising a small loan for the purchase of Ferris' orchard on the North Road for the purpose of converting it into a public park. The pros and cons of the matter are being debated with quite an amount of heat.

### INVERCARGILL NOTES (From our own Correspondent.)

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April 42.

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Will anyone who visited the church on Holy Thursday ever forget the beautiful sight which met their eves !---the Altar of Repose. The altar was decorated in a profusion of most beautiful autumn tiuts of every shade arranged as a background in tall burnished copper vases; the foreground being a study in crimson. The decorations were in the capable hands of Misses Hannan and M. N. Baird, who had motored miles into the country to get the very best obtainable. Easter Sunday decorations were in charge of the same E. de M's, and every credit is due to them for their untiring efforts in adorning the sanctuary with every best gift for our Rison Lord.

On Good Friday a very impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Father Hunt, of Winton.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Michael Mannix, who met with a very serious accident about a week ago. For some days very little hope was entertained for his recovery, but now, thank God, he is making good progress.

## HOW YOU MAY HELP

The writer of historical notes relating to the Church in New Zealaud, 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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### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.



## Preaching Through the Press

 $I \mathbf{A}$  priest complained a short while ago of the strong language used during a lecture at Barnet on Wyclif, the hero of Low Church Protestantism (says the London Catholic Times). The Vicar of Christ Church, Barnet, riposts in the Barnet Press with a Tu guoque. For did not Pope Pius IX issue "one of his most shocking excommunications" against Victor Emmanuel 11, the first King of United Italy? It read as follows: "By the authority of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and of the holy Canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, Mother and Nurse of Our Saviour, and of the celestial virgins (sic!), angels, archangels, thrones, dominions (sic!), powers, cherubin and seraphim, holy patriarchs, holy prophets, apostles, and evangelists, and of the holy innocents, martyrs, and holy confessors, virgins and saints, the elect of God, we excommunicate and we anothematise him, and from the threshold of the Holy Church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented in eternal and exeruciating sufferings. May Father, Son, and Holy Ghost curse him. May he be damned wherever he be, in the field, in the highway, and by the way, in wood or water or in church. May he be cursed living or dying, eating or drinking, fasting or thirsting, slumbering or sleeping, standing or sitting, in the brain, in faculties, from the brow of his head to the sole of his foot. In his breast, in his heart, in his body may he by the Son of the living God with all the glory of His Majesty be cursed and dammed. Amen, so let it be." This is bad enough, but Mr. Roberts, Vicar of Christ Church, Barnet, tells us he has left out the worst parts

### How People Trip.

Notice that Mr. Roberts definitely and categorically states that Pius IX used the above form of excommunication and asks us to take his unsupported word for it. Why is no reference given to an authority for the statement? Only the careless, the uncultivated or the disingenuous act thus. Mr. Roberts is further guilty of the serious fault of stating categorically as true what he does not know to be true. He definitely and clearly says that Pius IX used the formula of excommunication quoted above. He does not know that he did. Plain men have a harsh name for such a way of acting. If Pius IX had used a formula of excommunication against Victor Emmanuel II he would, of course, have used the official formula to be found in the official book, the Pontificale Romanum. As a matter of fact Victor Emmanuel II was included, though not by name, in the excommunication declared against all those who took part in the tiking of Rome. This declaration of excommunication was made in an Encyclical Jetter of the date Noverber 1, 1870, which Twits sent to all the bishops of the Church. What has happened in Mr. Roberts' case is probably this. He has come across this quaint form of excommunication which re-

minds one of the Ingoldsby Legends. There are a number of such concoctions. Then he has argued thus: Pius IX excommunicated Victor Emmanuel II: here is a form of excommunication: therefore it was this form of excommunication which Pius IX used. The logic of this is appalling. Unfortunately it is fairly typical. No formula was necessary: if one were used it would have been the Roman official formiula and not such a fantastic thing as that quoted by Mr. Roberts.

# LAYBURN- KELLY

A pretty wedding was recently colemnised in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, when Margaret, younger daughter of Mr. Patrick Kelly, Jackson Street, Timaru, was united in the bonds of holy matrimumy to Ernest Thomas, younger son of Mir. and Mrs. John Layburn, Harper Street, Timaru. The Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., officiated and celebrated the Nuptial Mass, during which beautiful choral music was played by Miss Eileen Dennchy. Gounod's "Ave Maria" was devotionally sung by Mrs. T. W. Lynch. The bride, who was led to the altar hy her father, looked very charming in a beautifully draped gown of cream satin charmante finished with an accordeon-pleated panel of georgetic and touches of silver. A long train of silver tissue lined with pale pink georgette fell from the shoulders. A daintily embroidered talle veil, touched with orange blossom, was worn, and she carried a shower bouquet of choice white flowers. The only bridesmaid (Miss Ailis Molloy) wore a dainty frock of lavender georgette with accordeonpanels and a tulle voil with silver leaves. She carried a bouquet of pale lavender flowers. Mr. Thomas Banks, of Winton, attended as hest man. The reception was held at the Westworth, when there were present relatives of the bride and bridegroom, and the Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., who presided. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Layburn left by car for the north, the latter wearing a smart fawn gaberdine costume and a becoming hat to match.

### McKINSTRY-COTTER.

A very pretty wedding was solomnised in St. Benedict's Church, Auckland, on Wednesday, February 18, when Miss Kathleen Cotter, eldest daughter of Mr. James Cotter, Rocklands Avenue, Mt. Eden, was married to Mr. James McKinstry, eldest son of Mr. J. J. McKinstry and the late Mrs. McKinstry, Belfast, Ireland. The Very Rev. Dean Murphy officiated. The "O Salutaris" was sung by Miss McCarthy (a friend of the bride), and the "Wedding March was played by Mr. Harry Hiscocks. The bride looked charming in a dainty gown of ivory silk marocain with ostrich feather trimming and a beautiful tulle veil with a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet. The chief bridesmaid, Miss Winnie Cotter (sister of the bride), was daintily attired in an almond green crepc-de-Chine frock with othre colored lace trimming, a smart black hat with floral trimming, and carried a beautiful bouquet of pink and white flow-

ers. The second bridesmaid (Miss Jean Mc-Kinstry) wore a maize crepe-de-Chine dress and a stylish black crinoline straw hat with roses and autumn leaves; she also carried a pretty bouquet of flowers. Mr. C. Shore was best man, and Mr. T. Cotter groomsman. After the worlding coremony the bridal party and guests, numbering about 50, motored to the Domain, the wedding breakfast being partaken of in the Domain Tea Kiosk, and the customary toasts honored. Miss Keary (aunt of the bride), who acted as hostess. received her guests. The bridal couple left Auckland by the Limited Express en route to the Waitomo Caves and then on to Wellington. The bride's travelling dress was a smart cinnamon brown gaberdine dress with a biscuit colored panel and brown buttons and a small brown satin hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. McKinstry were the recipients of many cheques and beautiful presents. The bridegroom's presents to the bride were a handsome pair of pearl earrings and a beautiful handbag, and the bride's present to the bridegroom was a silver inkstand. The chief bridesmaid (Miss Winnie Cotter) received a present of a vanity bag, and Miss Jean McKinstry a gold armlet. In the evening a number of friends were entertained at Mr. J. Cotter's residence, where a pleasant evening was spent.

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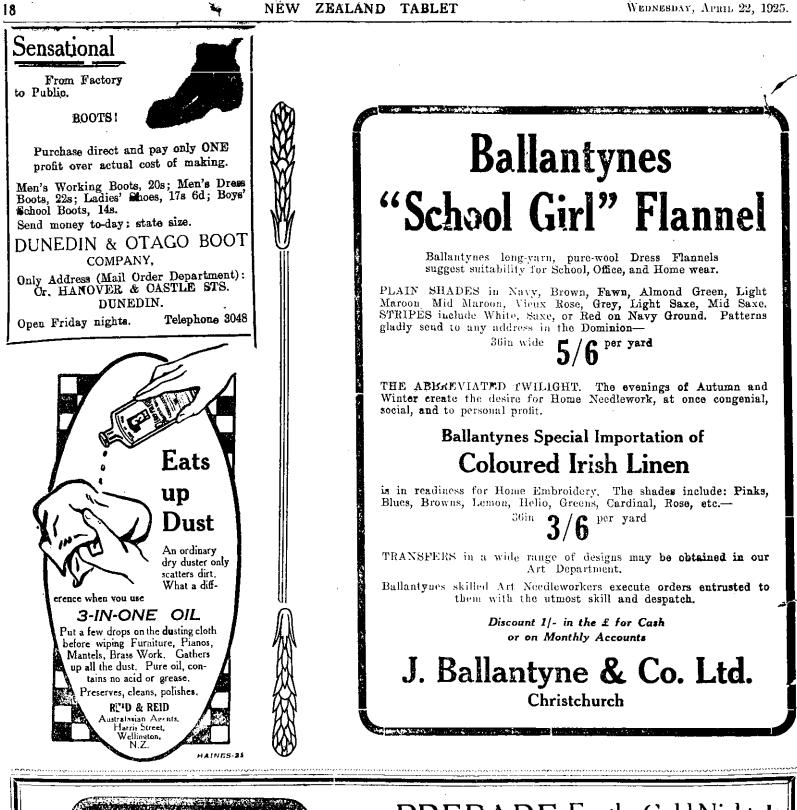
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# The Church in New Zealand

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

The first parish priest of Patea was the the parish, and in every part of it, by money lato Dean Thomas McKenna, who was appointed in 1901. A young and energetic man, he had the parish well organised before many months. He added two fine rooms to Father Grogan's old presbytery, and with the help of several working-bees had the saudhills cut away from it and replaced with fresh green turf. He was a true spiritual father to the children of the young parish. and he visited, once a week without fail, Catechism classes he had formed at Moumohaki, Waverley, Whenuakura, Manutahi, and Hurleyville. During his time the archdiocese had not better instructed children than those of the parish of Patea. When he was sent to organise another new parish, he was succeeded in March, 1898, by the present pastor of Hawera, who after fifteen months was himself transferred to Waipawa. The late Monsignor Golden came in July, 1895. It was he who made the fine additions to the Waverley church. He was succeeded in 1899 by the late Father McGrath, the most amiable character amongst the Wellington diocesan priesthood for a quarter century. He established the Sisters of St. Joseph at Patea, building for them a fine school and convent. He largely increased and maintained the numbers at Sunday Mass and Holy Communion. He died suddenly on Lower Willis Street in Wellington in 1906. The Archbishop and a large number of priests brought his remains to Patea for burial, where his funeral took place in presence of a large number of mourners of every religions denomination

His curate, the late Father Duffy, succeeded him. He was a man very like his predecessor, kind and gentle, and in his own quiet way doing a vast amount of good. He enlarged the school at Patea, and established the Sisters of St. Joseph at Waverley, building a convent and a beautiful school for them. He also built the presbytery at Patea, but owing to a complete breakdown in health, was not able to collect anything towards its payment. He died in November, 1920. His death was felt as a personal loss by the priests of the archdiocese, many of whom came with his Grace Archbishop O'Shea to his funeral. Father Cahill, who came next, and who will be mentioned in connection with Eltham, remained only one year, when he was succeeded in 1922 by Father Phelan.

This young priest, filled with zeal, proceeded to show the senior elergy what was in him. He rallied the people with such success that in a few months the whole cost price of the new presbytery, £1500, was paid off, with a balance over to carry on with. He was not long in organising a congregation at Kai Iwi, where he proposes to build a church in the near future. Mass is now said every Sunday at Patea, Waverley, Waitotara, and Kai Iwi. The people are proud of their pastor, and he is proud of them.

The history of this parish could not be told without some mention of the Hearns and Kennedys of Moumohaki and of the late Mrs. Ellis of Waverley. Mrs. Ellis was devoted to the Church and to the priests; she was a woman of rare judgment, upon whose counsel they could always rely; her generosity to

and ornaments, has not been surpassed. The hospitality and generosity of the Hearns and Kennedys are proverbial throughout Taranaki; and their children, without a solitary exception, are following in their parents' footsteps. Their homes were the homes of the priests in the early days, and are still their homes when their duties bring them to Moumohaki, Mungamahu, or the Wanganui River. Fathers Pertuis, Ryan, Grogan, Mulvihill, the two McKennas, Me-Grath, and Duffy are now intercoding for them; and the priests who still remain, the writer of these lines included, remember them in their prayers. Their hospitality, their generosity, their kind and studious solicitude make a very precious memory. The Bradley's of Derry Farm also made their homes the resting places of the priests in the early days, and the late Dean Grogan was accustomed to tell of their generosity. In Hurleyville Mr. Dan Hurley, who is now enjoying the quiet of a ripe old age, was for forty years the life of religion in the district that is called after him, and whose lands are now largely held by his children and grand children. The late Edward Clarke, of the same place, bequeathed a sum of £500 for education in the parish. A grant of 430 acres of rich land in the Kohi was made by the late Mr. Keating. From the rent of this the convent and school at Waverley were built. This land is now vested in the Archbishop of Wellington in perpetuity for the benefit of church and schools in the Waverley district. In Waitotara Mr. and Mrs. Ian Johnston are building at their own cost a pretty little church in memory of their son who died recently. The parish of Patea can certainly boast of generous benefactors.

This district was crected into an independeut parish in 1899, and at once it began to make rapid progress spiritually and materially, a progress that was impossible while it continued to be worked from Hawera, 30 miles away. Father Cognet, its first pastor, introduced the Sisters of the Missions in 1901. The convent, the highest and largest building in the town, is a landmark, being visible over a radius of six or seven miles.

Father Menard, who succeeded in 1909, built a fine church at Pungarehu, and organised a nice congregation there. In 1914 he was succeeded by Father Hartnett, who made some necessary improvements to the presbytery, making it comfortable for two priests. He drew up a fine plan of campaign, but his health failed and he was compelled to take a long rest in Europe.

In 1915 Doctor James Kelly took charge and remained two years. He at once started a fund for a new church and raised close upon £600. During his two years as pastor the presbytery was an Academia to which the priests would resort for learned discussions and hospitable entertainment. His fifteenminute sermons from the pulpit were gems of oratory and mines of theology. Conditions were too good to last, and to the sorrow of the people, their pastor was called away to become editor of the New Zealand Tablet, through which he has since been rendering such signal service to the faith.

In February, 1917, came the record-break-

ing Father Doolaghty, whose name will be ever associated with the history of the Church in Opunake. "The doctor was a great man in the pulpit," said a dear old lady to me, "but our new priest shines in our homes; he walks in, asks what he likes, and gets what he asks." True, and scores of homes outside the parish had the same experience, with the result that he kept adding to the Church property at the rate of £1000 a year during his six years. He began by purchasing a splendid five-acre section of land with two frontages for £700, had it grubbed and levelled into a fine playing ground, and left on it a debt of only  $\pounds 170$ . At a cost of £3300 he built a school which is the envy of all the Taranaki parishes, and left on it a debt of only £130. He added to the convent at a cost of nearly £700; he increased the new church fund by £1100 and he spent £150 on the little churches at Okato and Pungarehu. If we add to this what he spent in current expenses throughout his extensive parish we shall be well beyond the thousand a year mark. This is certainly a fine record for six years. But greater than all this is the influence of his enthusiasm: he has made every parish in Taranaki his debtor, for if the priests in every parish are now engaged in an active campaign for churches and schools, it is in some measure at least to emulate his giant work. May he live long to labor in the grand cause and stir us all to emulation!

Father Kennedy came in 1923, and has already added to the building fund no less a sum than £130. He bids fair to keep on the blazed track. He is now superintending the building of the new church, and when this is completed the parish will be one of the best equipped in the archdiocese.

### ELTHAM--KAPONGA.

I have already mentioned that the churches in these places were erected in 1889. Congregations soon rallied round these centres, and so generous did they become in a short time, that in 1902 his Grace was able to form them into a new parish. At this time the district was in funds to the amount of about £800, which came from the estate of the late Charles Brennan. It would help religion very materially if more of our people followed the example of this pious Catholic: parishes could be multiplied, churches and schools built, and many obstacles to the propagation of the faith removed.

The first priest was Father Johnson, who did not remain many months. The district reverted to Hawera for a while, until the late Father Daniel O'Shea came in 1903. After a little while he secured a five-acre section in Kaponga, which he made the headquarters of the new parish. He was a charming character, and found a secure place in the hearts of the people. His health, which had never been good, very soon gave way entirely. He returned to his native land, and is buried with his parents in Limerick, having thus realised a life-long prayer.

He was succeeded by the late Father Haire. A capital horseman, and the possessor of two fine animals, he was continually rounding up his parishioners, amongst whom there were very few Mass-missers in his time. He built a very fine presbytery in Kaponga, the present convent, at a cost of about £800, for which he drew largely from the Brennan estate, he also shifted the already fine church on to the new site. At Eltham he secured



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an extra half acre of land, and the Sisters of the Missions secured another half acre, making the Church property four acres in all. He had a new church crected at Eltham, turning the first school-church into a school proper, to attend which he brought the Sisters of the Missions daily from Stratford. The Hon. George Fowlds, then Minister for Education, recognising the good work these good ladies were doing for the country, gave them without their asking it, a free pass on the train to Eltham. Our present legislators are not so enlightened. Father Haire died in 1811, and the Archbishop and many priests attended his funeral. His Grace preached a fine panegyric at Eltham and again at Kapouga where the interment took place.

He was replaced by Father Ainsworth, of the Society of Mary, who soon displayed his fine artistic taste on the sanctuary at Eltham. He made a spirited attack on the parish debt, collecting in two years over £1000.

Father Cahill took charge in 1913, when we all looked forward to a wonderful development, for we knew the great work he had been doing in other parts of the archdiocese. He first made a serious study of the Church property in Eltham. He found a fine section of four acres on which the church, school, and two small cottages for the priest and Sisters had been built. This property was desirable from some points of view; it was bounded by two streets, the river, and the town park. But it had as least one fatal drawback. To get to if the children, coming along Bridge Street, had to cross the railway line, and just at the hours for opening and closing school trains were invariably shunting, and frequently standing right across the street. Proper business methods on the part of the Department, the making of a subway for pedestrians, or the lengthening of the yards on the other side of the station, would have removed all danger. But the Railway Department, being distinct from the Health Department, was heedless of human life, and would do nothing. So Father Cahill determined to shift his plant to a place where the children would be safe. He purchased a site of two and a half acres on a beautiful eminence in the centre of the town, at a cost of £1400 and at the cost of another £1000 moved the buildings here, adding to the Church by twenty feet, and creeting a beautiful porch. He realised on the old property £1200 and in a very short time had coffected the balance, thus leaving not a penny of debt on his great work. All this was done just before the war broke out and prices began to soar. The people of Eltham will easily recognise that if the work were not done then, it would probably be never done. With present prices it would be hopeless to face it. When Father Cahill left for Waipawa in 1819, the general parish debt was only £490, that is just £7 above what it was when he took over the parish. He is now engaged in building a fine church at Feilding which will cost about £8000.

Ho was succeeded by the late Father Arkwright, who secured the presbytery at Eltham. This has a mortgage, and the arrangement was that an annual amount should be

paid, including interest and sinking fund. Father Arkwright was transferred to Kaikoura after a few years and was succeeded by Father Nicholas Moore, the present pastor. Ho is a very energetic priest, is not afraid of big schemes, and has enriched the parish with two handsome schools, on which there is hardly any debt. The original church-school built by Monsiguor Power in 1898 now serves as a useful parish hall.

### MANAIA-OKAIAWA-AUROA.

Manaia was made the centre of an independant parish in January, 1910. When this was suggested a deputation of Okaiawa Catholics came repeatedly to Hawera, petitioning that Okaiawa should be retained within the Hawera parish, but this was impossible since it would mean that the Inaha Road within a couple of miles of Manaia should in that case be made the boundary line, whereas the Waingongoro River was a division made by nature almost midway between the two centres. They saw the force of this objection to their wishes, but they had a great affection for Hawera and its priests, and did not wish to be cut off from them. However, like good Catholics, they howed to the inevitable. Father Bergin was the first priest in charge of the new parish. He soon got into the hearts of his people, and these moved by this affection and also by the rivalry between themselves and their Hawera brethren, built him a presbytery larger and more expensive than that of Hawera, and furnished it gorgeously. This was paid for by generous subscriptions as well as by the most successful bazaar ever held on the plains. Father Bergin, who had only the rank of Administrator was sent as parish priest to Waipawa, and Father Saunderson came to Manaia as pastor, and remained some seven years when he was succeeded by Father John Kelly from Kaikoura. Hitherto known as a meek, gentle, patient man, he had a stormy meeting with his people within a week of his arrival, when he poured out a stream of choice and strong Anglo-Saxon language at them. The result was that all the buildings were painted within a month, debts were reduced, the convent was soon enlarged at a cost of over £800, and a start was made at a fund for a new school. All this activity did not escape the eye of authority, and Father Kelly was called away to the important parish of Wellington South in January, 1923. The people of Manaia felt his loss very keenly, but they were cousoled on learning that he was to be succeeded by their old friend, Father O'Dwyer.

Father O'Dwyer was curate in Hawera from 1906 till 1910, during which years Manaia formed part of the Hawera parish, so that he was well known and appreciated by those who would be his new parishioners. He very soon took up the scheme for a new school, and set up his organisations, and if the work now being done by Messrs. William Duggan, Cosgrave, Long, Hickey, and their committees may be taken as an indication, Manaia will have in the near future the finest convent school building in South Taranaki.

During the progress in weekly numbers

of this little sketch I have been told that it is not usual to chronicle the deeds of those who are still amongst us. It is a pity that this should be so. The living need a work of encouragement, more especially when their work is arduous, and the work of the priest will continue to be arduous for many generations more in this new land. In older countries, where the Church is long established, permanent churches and schools abound, but in New Zealand priests will still be pioneers at the end of the twentieth century.

Looking back over these hurriedly-written pages, I find that, with one notable exception, all the priests in charge of parishes in the province were Europeans. Their story, when it comes to be written by a more skilful pen than mine, will be found both edifying and romantic, but even this mere sketch of it should arouse sparks of heroism in the hearts of many more of our boys and girls, and lead them to hear and obey the call of Christ to labor in His vineyard. These sons of gentle France, of faithful Erin, and of that land which is the Dowry of Mary left father and mother, brothers, and sisters, friends and relatives, all the comforts of civilised life, all the delights of social and family converse to sow the Gospel seed in this most distant waste place of the Kingdom of Heaven. In place of the graces of a happy fatherland many of them found suspicion and hostility, the pressure of a lonely and solitary life: they endured toil and sweat, long journeys on foot, watchings, and fastings, and the cheerlessness of a wretched hut when they did not sleep beneath the trees of the forest. All of them experienced much coldness, and want of considerate cooperation on the part of many who could, but who would not, help them by their generosity to build up the Church of God in this young and commercially prosperous land. But they labored and still continue to labor under the eye of a kindly Master, Who takes notice of all and will reward in due season.

This little sketch does not pretend to be a history. I have merely tried to tell a story that would interest children, particularly the children of my own parish school, whom I had always in mind while writing. This also is why I have presented priests, and laymen, and devoted women, as wise and great and good. My appeal is to the heroic, and the young are heroes, so also are all who in maturity and age retain a heart of youth. "There are two quite distinct purposes of history," writes Mr. Chesterton, "the superior purpose, which is its use for children, and the secondary or inferior purpose, which is its use for historians." I have had in mind only the superior purpose. Historians would, no doubt, discover some inconsistencies, some weaknesses, and a little folly in some of those whose names I have mentioned, and would feel called upon to analyse, justify, explain away, or condemn. That was not my business at all. My appeal was to the heroic in youthful hearts; and if this little sketch should be read sometimes by many of our children in Taranaki, and should touch the hearts of some of them, the labor I have gone through in gleaning information will be well repaid.

# **Current** Topics

## The Love Letters of Henry VIII

From an exchange we learn that the love letters of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, which have been discovered in the Vatican Library, of all places, have just been published. The editor is naturally exercised by the fundamental paradox of the Reformation: a profligate King who in order to reform the Church kills Sir Thomas More who wears a hair-shirt, and this is how he explains it:--

"If the religious Henry pursued pleasure, and Luther came out of his monastery and took a wife, it was because God in the sixteenth century was in a jovial mood."

On this a reviewer writes in the New Statesman: ---

"Out of idle curiosity I should like to know from the writer of this preface in what sort of mood the Almighty found Himself when Luther began to slaughter thousands of peasants who refused to look to him as the fountain of authority. Was it, I wonder, still jovial? Why should not the writer save us all trouble by writing a book called *The Moods of God*, dealing with the whole history."

## A "Burning" Question

The crematorium question was brought before the Dunedin City Council last week by the report of its Finance Committee. The estimated cost of construction was given as £2460. The Committee was unwilling to include this expenditure in the proposed outlay for the current year, but it was suggested that if those directly concerned in the yenture cared to provide £500, the Finance Committee would undertake to furnish the further £1600 necessary to make the total. At the same meeting at which this report was read the Town Clerk read a financial statement, and in the course of it he pointed out that expenditure was increasing, and that if new demands of a pressing nature were to be met, they could be met only by the sacrifice of some items for which provision already had been made. In the face of that statement the Council propose to waste £1600 upon the passing whim of a small group of well-to-do people who ought to be able and willing to pay for their fads themselves. When the deputation from the Cremation Society waited upon the City Council to present a petition, upon which the names of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, professors figured as star attractions, it made more noise than a street-ful of brass bands; yet that gay and glittering pageant cannot drown the squeak of a newly-born kitten when the music is written to the tune of Mard Cash. If each person included in the galaxy of talent that signed the petition for a crematorium would only tear himself away from a modest five-bound note the total cost of the gruesome contrivance would be met without strapping any part of it upon the backs of the ratepavers and rent-payers. Evidently the passion for a crematorium which burns in the breasts of the cremationists is only fierce enough to urge them to puttheir names to a document praying that

shout for a thing when the painful operation of separating oneself from money does not come into the picture. There is no need for a crematorium; there is no general demand for it; it would serve no useful purpose that is not served at present by existing facilities; it cannot be justified upon moral, hygienic, economic, or legal grounds. The Municipal Elections will take place in the course of a few days, and ratepayers and rent-payers-especially Catholic ratepayers and rent-payers-ought to put a plain question to candidates regarding this thing and insist upon receiving a plain answer. People who are prepared to waste £1600 of public money because a few influential people urge them to do so are not likely to administer the City's finances wisely and well.

### Socialist Sunday Schools

Christehurch has a Socialist Sunday School. The teachers in this establishment are amused at the outrageous ideas commonly held regarding these seats of theology, and in order to show how innocent and lamblike are the lessons taught, a teacher writes to an exchange giving an illuminating sample of the studies engaged in. "For many Sundays now," he writes, "we have been reading together a book called The Origin of the World, by McMillan, a book specially written for boys and girls. What it teaches I have put down in the words that follow." He then goes on, under the bending of "Cosmic Evolution" to trace the history of the earth, and to show how man appeared. After telling the children with scrupulous exactitude that "the sea was still vapor some four thousand publics years ago, ' he goes on to say :-

"The earth cooled more and more then the water "scame condensed; it fell as a boiling rain on the hot crust of the earth At last a boiling ocean formed. Time went on, the waters cooled, and living things ampeared in the sea. They evolved from lifeless matter when the right conditions were found. . ."

There is much more of the same kind of rubbish, which shows that the erudite gentlemen in charge of the Socialist Sunday School speud their time in stuffing the heads of innocent children with refuse from the pit of dead and gone theories which Science has dug at its own back door. The Socialist teacher, therefore, in trying to fit his establishment with a character for respectability, unwittingly has won for it a character for invincible stupidity.

### Science and Scientists

a crematorium would only tear himself away from a modest five-pound note the total cost of the gruesome contrivance would be met without strapping any part of it upon the backs of the ratepayers and rent-payers. Evidently the passion for a crematorium which hurns in the breasts of the cremationists is only fierce enough to urge them to put their names to a document praying that others be forced to pay for it. It is easy to

and readers will notice that the modesty of their claims is in marked contrast to the dogmatic certainty of those who do not and cannot know anything of importance about the the subject of evolution.

Herr Du Bois Reymond, of Berlin University, an avowed evolutionist and materialist, declares that the universe confronts us with seven problems or enigmas for which science can offer no solution. These are: (1) the nature of matter and of force, (2) the origin of motion, (3) the origin of life, (4) the apparently designed order of the universe, (5) the origin of sensation and consciousness, (6) the origin of rational thought and speech, (7) free-will. The first, second, and fifth of these enigmas he regards as transcendental and beyond the possibility of solution. The others, in his judgment, may perhaps be solved some day.

"Of the causes which have led to the origination of living matter," writes Professor Huxley, "it may be said that we know absolutely nothing. . . Science has no means to form an opinion on the commencement of life - we can only make conjectures without scientific value."

And Darwin :- -

"No evidence worth anything has yet, in my opinion, been advanced in favor of a living being being developed from inorganic matter."

Professor Virchow, the eminent evolutionist, tells us that

"Wheever recalls to mind the lamentable failure of all the attempts to discover a decided support for the generatio acquivoca in the lower forms of transition from the inorganic to the organic world will feel it doubly serious to demand that this theory, so unterly discredited, should be in any way accepted as the basis of all our views of life."

"The more closely," writes G. V. Bunge, "aad the more deeply we examine the phenomenon of life, the more we come to see that processes which we had thought to exolain as results of chemical or physical laws ... simply deride every attempt at mechanical explanation."

And Dr. Hertwig (1906) writes:-

"The development of the eye and ear ... cannot be regarded as a mechanical process. And the same can be said of every process of development, for everywhere we meet with a factor which is absolutely distinct from any form of mechanism—a factor, too, which has the principal part to play in the cell organism."

We may go on to quote many more authorities who write in the same strain, but enough has been said to make our cock-sure friends in Christchurch feel extremely foolish.

### Faith aud Reason

Outsiders allege that Catholic belief is an impediment to freedom of research. It is worth while investigating the matter that we may see how foolish is the attack made on the Church from this augle. First of all, it is well to be clear as to what is the motive and object of research and inquiry. The human mind exists for the sake of truth: truth is its natural object, just as sound is



the object of the hearing and color the object of vision. Plato wrote long ago, "L know nothing that is more worthy of the 'man mind than truth"; and Pindar sang: ₩ueen Truth, the mother of sublime Virtue." Therefore by freedom of research, rightly understood is meant freedom for the truth, the right not to be hampered in the search for truth, not to be forced to hold as true what has not been guaranteed to the intellect as true. On the other hand, freedom against the truth, freedom to ignore truth, to emancipate the mind from truth should never be claimed by any honest searcher. For it is not freedom in itself, but truth in itself that is the aim of inquiry. Now Christianity requires us to assuro ourselves of the certain credibility of its truths, and after such assurance to assent them and accept them on God's testimony. Revelation is accepted therefore because we know it comes to us on the testimony of an infallible God. In this there is no bondage, no constraint, no opposition to the laws of reason. Such truths are then like beacons on the way through life. Because we know they are true they serve as a warning that whatever is not in accordance with them cannot be true, just as when we know that an axiom in geometry is true, we reject at once whatever conclusion is contradictory to such an axiom. And there is no more boudage for truth in the one case than in the other. Truth can never contradict truth; if we arrive at a result in our investigations and find it in opposition to what we have already proved to be true, we at once conclude that the result is erroneous and we abandon it. Similarly, the truth which we receive because we know they come from God are a help rather than an impediment in the progress on knowledge. We cannot

separate faith and reason as Protestants do. We cannot assent to contradictory propositions and reconcile them by saying that faith is a subjective thing and that it has nothing to do with the intellect. Truth cannot contradict truth. Philosophy is the true handmaid of religion. The sincere Christian knows that faith allows him full freedom for inquiry in every field. The Catholic knows that his Church is the infallible custodian of revelation. The Protestant knows that his Church is no sure guide at all. Hence it is that Protestants can never understand a Catholic's attitude towards the teachings of the Church, and hence the misunderstandings from which attacks spring. In a word, God is Truth; He made the intellect; all created truth is but a reflex of Hinself: and there can be no real contradiction between revelation and truth. Unless we are prepared to make a god of man and to claim for him infallibility we have no grounds for supposing that the opinions of scientists can be right and the revelation made by God wrong. There is the essential difference between the Catholic and the atheistical attitude to-day. Multi errant quia superbi sunt (many people fall into error because they are proud"), said St. Augustine. Only want of humility and want of religion can make people reject God's word because it does not square with their ideas. Believers, logical people, humble people, reject their own opinions at once as soon as they find that they do not square with the teaching to the Church through which God's revelation comes to us.

### When Bess Was Queen

Anti-Catholic lecturers are fond of accusing the Church of being the enemy of human

liberty wherever and whenever she is powerful enough to force her will upon the people. According to Father Husslein, S.J. the first oppressive Labor statutes against women were enacted by a woman. They are contained in the Labor Code of Queen Elizabeth, known as " 5 Eliz., cap. 41," and illustrate admirably the summary way in which labor difficulties were settled in the post-Reformation day. A servant problem had evidently arisen with the increase of wealth and luxury on the part of the rich and the deep and hopeless depression of the laboring classes which followed upon the Reformation. To supply the desired number of domestic servants it was enacted by Queen Elizabeth that animarried women between the ages of twelve and forty years could be assigned by magistrates to service at such wages as these magisrates should determine. If a woman refused she was committed to ward until she consented. The delicate prison attention bestowed upon such recalcitrants in the days of good Queen Bess did not encourage any hunger strikes. In practice women might flux be furned over as bondslaves to any employer, against both their own wish and the will of their parents or guardians, to labor for any wages the magistrate might assign. There was no merciful limit set to the hours of labor, or the nature of the work that might be imposed upon them.

This proves that, far from re-establishing the human liberty of which the Church is alleged to have robbed the people, the Reformers took an early opportunity of striking a savage blow at that freadom of which the old Church had always been the stout and consistent champion.



In my last letter I tried to give my readers a brief impression of the city of Naples, and in the present one I cannot do better than tell them a little about the wonderful Bay which is the scene of so much beauty. And once more I am confronted with an impossible task, for even the genius of a great artist cannot put on canvass an adequate picture of all this lavisliness of color and loveliness. The little I have already told you about the view from Posilipo must be taken in conjunction with what follows here. We have got a general idea of the coast and of the city with Vesusius in the background. Now we shall try to describe the headlands of the Bay and say a word about Capri lying out there in the front of the picture.

You renember that 1 referred to Avernus, the site of which is on the west shore of the gulf of Pozzuoli. Now we go a little way farther west and come to the old Greek colony of Cuma, founded as far back as seven hundred years before the Christian era. In

Roman times it was a sacred city, for hence Rome received the Sibylline Books, and here the famous Sibyl was supposed to dwell. Of all former greatness little now remains, and so we leave it to go on to Baia, with its beautiful bay under its mighty castle, just within the headland of Misenum. Horace loved Baia, and Martial speaks of it as "the golden shore of Venus." The Romans built their villas here, and it is associated with the names of many emperors, especially Nero, Caligula, and Hadrian. Later it was the pleasure resort of the Angevin kings, and here too Boccaccio wooed and lost Fiametta. on this lovely shore and by this same azure sea.

At last we come to the promontory of Miseium, which is supposed to get its name from one of the companions of Ulysses, while the valley between its double hills was the site of the Elysian Fields, whose smiling lawns were said to be the "homes of the blessed." Here in Roman days there was a great naval port, built by Augustus; here THE BAY OF NAPLES. (By J.K.)

the Elder Pliny was in command when he lost his life during the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A.D. Ruins still mark the site of the old town, which was destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century, but one will turn from the ruins to gaze with delight on the view of mountain, seas, and islands, beneath this tableland. Here in quietness, far from the noise of Naples, one may rest and look across this classic sea and towards the islands whose names are associated with the names of the heroes of our youthful classical studies. Hitner came Ulysses on his adventures, and into this same sea sailed Acneas, and here around us are the Elysian Fields where the shades of the immortal dead were supposed to walk in blessedness.

And now for the other side of the Picture. Taking the train along the shore through Torre del Grece and Torre Annunziata, we come to Castellamare, whence the eastern headland begins to rise until it ascends to the lefty heights above Sorrento. From Castellamare a tram takes you quickly

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#### ZEALAND TABLET NEW



certainly not inferior to the routes corniches to pick up passengers. About eight miles between Nice and Genoa and between Genoa from the town, and only three from the Cape, and Spezzia. Indeed, as far as color and lies Capri, rising sheer out of the blue sea historical interest go, most people will claim to a height of several thousand feet; shaped that the Sorrento road surpasses the others. like a saddle, with the village between its We pass Cape Orlando, under huge cliffs, high peaks. First the steamer takes you to with the blue sea beneath us, and we come to the famous Blue Grotto, where about fifty

on to the famous Sorrento road, which is little steamer which calls here every morning



A VIEW OF SORRENTO

Vico, which is set picturesquely amid olive groves and gardens of oranges. Then the road winds down to Meta through luxuriant verdure, passing gardens and groves and rocks and vineyards until we find ourselves in the town of Sorrento, famous for its fruit and wine and justly renowned as a winter resort. The city stands on sheer cliffs above the Bay of Naples, and three or four hundred feet below it are little white beaches. where the fishermen may be seen busy at their nets all day long. The Saracen influence of the past is evident in the Oriental aspect of the town, with its white houses and eupolas and flat roofs. The whole place is a succession of lovely gardens, and under miles of foliage of orange trees one sees through the gloom of their shadows the golden gleam of millions upon millions of oranges.

In pagan times Sorrento had on its headland a great temple, dedicated to Minerva; and in the glorious Middle Ages here was born the poet Torquato Tasso. But at present Sorrento owes its charm to its position. and to its beautiful surroundings, so delightful that one might well spend a summer holiday here without tiring of the place. From the Cape the view of the Bay with Vesuvius in the background is magnificent; Caprisesms only a stone-throw away; and if you climb the hill behind the town you will see towards the east the islands of the Sirens and the Bay of Salerno.

But the most interesting trip from Sorrento is to Capri; to which one goes on a

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JOHN MURRAY.

little boats are waiting to take you into this cave of enchantment. Climbing into one of these dittle cockleshells, you are rowed a short distance along the side of the island, under towering rocks, until you see a very

the boats converge. If the sea is at all in motion, every wave fills up the entrance, and you begin to wonder how you are going to get in. The boatman instructs you to lie flat on the bottom of his craft and to keep your hands off the sides. Then watching his chance ho shoots into the cave, like a rabbit into its burrow, and you are safe in the Grotto, but wondering how you are to get out again. At first it seems dark, but gradually your eyes become accustomed to the light and a wonderful sight rewards your courage. The water is like liquid sapphire and the recesses of the cavern are filled with a wonderful shimmering pale blue light., It is indeed a fairy cave, and it would be a thou and pities to miss seeing it.

The steamer then proceeds to the liftle port, called the Marina; and thence a funicular railway takes you up to the town on the top of the great rock. Here again the views of the bay are glorious and indescribable. There is light and color everywhere. You look down from the heights on clear blue water- creaming on little golden beaches, and on every side are hotels and private villas nestling among the oranges and vines. And, of course, far away, you see looming over the sea, Vesuvius, with its can of eternal smoke, like a shadow of death in all this exquisite country. No wonder the ancient Romans loved Capri, and no wonder that to-day, as you walk among its gardens, you hear people from distant bands mingling their speech with the beautiful Italian language of the natives.

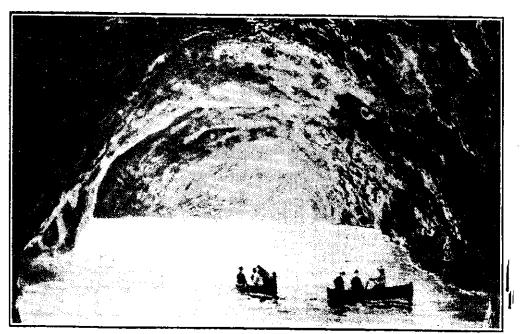
At last, and very reluctantly, you are borne away by the steamer from this charming island, and as you sail towards Naples in the glow of the sunset new views of untold loveliness open upon your eyes.

There are men who to-day appear to us to small opening in the cliffs towards which all be members of the devil, who one day shall be members of Christ .- St. Francis of Assisi.

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# The Christian Priesthood

(By C. J. M., for the N.Z. Tablet.)

[Written for the Silver Jubilee of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.]

The Eternal God, putting off His glory, came from heaven to earth to seek and to save fallen man, to raise earth to heaven. When the "Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," the great God of heaven "emptied Himself," in the words of St. Paul, "taking the form of a slave, being made in the likeness of man and in habit found as a man." "Though Ho was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich." In vain we strive to understand the mystery of divine condescension contained in the Incarnation, to grasp the meaning of His voluntary self-abasement. Yet how satisfying is the Incarnation to the needs of the human heart ! Without it, how dim and remote must God seem ! How, we feel, could God unless Incarnate care for each of us personally? True, He is our God, our Creator, the infinite Perfection, and as such we most love Him. But we should remain cold; no spark of hope would enkindlo our hearts; no gratitude melt us; no thrill of emotion, no fervent enthusiasm move our will. Our hearts cry aloud for a heart like unto ours, for one that can feel as we feel, suffer with us, and rejoice with us. How, then, shall we bridge the abyss between God and man? God Himself, in His infinite power and mercy, found a way in the inaffable mystery of the Incarnation. Thus does He answer our complainings, still our troublings, and fill every void of our hearts. God became man: "Ife loved us and delivered Himself for us." He that made us must love us, and the Incarnation is the first great manifestation of Ilis love. Iufinitely above us, God bows Himself to the finite. He is Goodness itself, and in His Goodness all His perfections coalesce, all blend in harmony. And this Goodness "became flesh and dwelt among us." Becoming man, God made it easier for man to approach to Grace, to the very source of Grace -Himself. This visible presence of the God made man must capture man's thought and fancy, and bring God nearer to men's hearts and souls.

### The Creator and the Creature,

But in bridging the abyss between Himself and man, how does God come to us? In His glory, thus confounding us? We recall that Moses cried out, "Show me Thy face !" and that the Almighty replied, "Thou canst not see My face; for man shall not see Me and live." How, then, does the Creator coudescend to the weakness of His creature? The weak ery of a helpless Infant, lying on a little straw in Bethlehem is our answer. And here is the second great manifestation of His Le humbles Himself to the dust, that Ho may raise our dust unto Himself. He that is higher than the highest takes our nature to Himself and in it manifests Himself to men and angels. "He raised the needy from the earth and lifted the poor out of

the mire," bidding Heaven itself how in adoration before the Babe of Bethlehem.

Yet this grand act of love is but the stepping-stone to further and deeper mysteries of divine love. "The brilliancy of the eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the Image of His goodness" is made man; but His is no body fashioned in the heavens, no frame of light and glory.

He comes, not in the majesty of a God. but in the weakness of a Chikd; wealth He despises, He comes poor and is born in a stable. He chooses not happiness, but pain; not honor, but reproach. Man has always belonged to God: now we can say that God belongs to man. He is now perfectly accessible to man: no longer must He be sought in the unfathomable abyss.

### Our Lord's Life on Earth.

His earthly life is of thirty-three years. From Bethlehem He passes to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Calvary, ever stooping to yet deeper mysteries of Love, till with the stripes and the thorns, the nails and the cross, infinite Pity and Love would seem to know no more. Yet every Catholic Church and every tabernacle tell us there is still more: we have a third great manifestation of His love in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Here His infinite pity is content. His infinite love finds rest. His infinite condescension is supreme in self-abasement. In the Blessed Sacrament He triumphs over every difficulty of space and time and He hides His divinity, even His humanity, in the tiny compass of the Host. Kneeling before the Sacred Host, how can we seek to comprehend such a mystery of Love, such a supreme humiliation of our God! Yet that He is present, really, truly, and substantially, is the very effect of another—a fourth great manifestation of His love for man. He is with us, yesterday, to-day, and till the end of time, in the Blessed Sacrament : and still his love has decreed another visible presence, another abiding with us. He remains, and will ever remain, with us in His Sacred Ministry, His royal Priesthood, with all the fulness of His divine powers and prerogatives.

"He will not leave us orphans, He will abide with us till the end," for "His delight is to be with the children of men." He is with us yet, to carry out for all time the sublime principles of the Incarnation, to prolong and to perpetuate the Incarnation by means of the Christian priesthood. He was the "Lamb of God, Who came to take away the sins of the world"; He was the Ambassador of God the Father; the High Priest according to the order of Melchisedech; the Mediator between God and man;—and He wished always so to remain. Ascending, then, into Heaven, He bequeaths His sacred office, His divine ministry, to the Apostles and their successors,

the bishops and priests of the Church. The voice of His Sacred Humanity is now silent, yet He speaks in the mouths of His Apostles --His priests; His tired feet find rest at last from the weary quest of souls, yet He ever walks with us in His chosen Apostles; His pierced hands that knew only to bless and console are no longer raised above us, yet He remains to bless and console, to bind and to heal, at the hands of His anointed ministers. He ascends, but His priesthood remains, as a consequence, a development of the Incarnation.

### His Public Ministry.

During the years of His ministry, we hehold Christ personally, visibly, conveying spiritual gifts to man. Thus, for example, in a personal, visible manner He forgave sins, He gave the Holy Spirit, He commissioned His Apostles. Above all, by the very fact of His Incarnation, He stood before men as their Mediator and Advocate with God, and by His Sacred Passion and Death He was both High Priest of the grandest sacrifice that could be and Victim of that same great sacrifice.

True, there is no absolute need of any ministry between God and man; but God has willed that there should be a visible ministry. an outward dispensation, even as IIo willed the Incarnate Word to draw men nearer to His invisible majesty. "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you," He said, giving the same mission to the Apostles as He had received from the Eternal Father. "Do this for a commemoration of Me"; "whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them": thus He invests His Apostles and their successors with His own divine powers and prerogatives. "I will not," He said again, "I will not call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth; but I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father, I have made known to you. You have not chosen Me; but I have chosen you; and I have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." Thus, too, is His promise fulfilled, "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."

Not content; then, with the Incarnation in itself, Christ resolved to do a wonderful thing,—to bring about on earth a prodigy surpassed only by the Incarnation itself. He resolved to be known and felt by every generation and in every region. He therefore took the human race itself, and setting men apart, He "ordained" them to perform for Him a certain office,—His own office and mission. These men He left in all the weakness and temptation of human nature; but He gave them, and still gives them, wondrous gifts and powers.

### The Power to Teach.

True, He withholds from them His own sinlessness, His own supreme dominion over nature; but He freely gives them the powers best adapted to win men to know, love, and serve Him. So He gives His ordained the power to teach; for without this gift of certain teaching there could be no divine ministry. He gives them also His own gift

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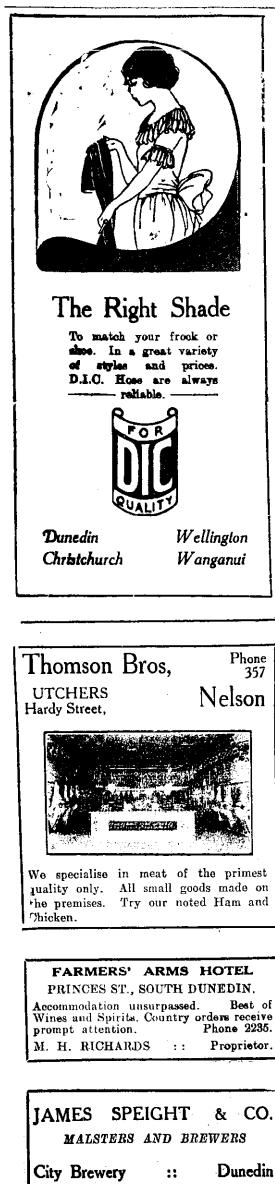
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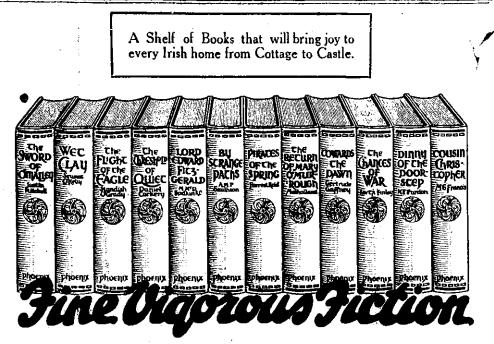
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fluence, are works

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Thomas Davis.

-W. B. Yeats

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this book."

of Fiction."

of exhortation-a gift to move the heartthe very word of God. Again, He gives them the power of bringing His sacred personality in contact with those whom He redeemed,--the gift of personating Him, if we may so speak, till the end of time. To the care of His Apostles and their successors, Christ commits His revealed truth; to them He entrusts the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; to them, as dispensers. He makes over the infinite merits of His Passion and Death; to them, indeed. He resigns even Himself in the Sacrament of love, to be always with them as their Eternal High Priest "always living to make intercession for us." Our glorious Christian heritage, then, into which we are born, is the effect, the continuance, of the Incarnation; it is a merciful dispensation of Christ which makes, or might make, redemption secure to every soul. It is, again, the continuance of the Sacramental touch of Christ's own hands, whereby a visible ministry, with a whole system of rites and observances, not only admonishes and edifies men, but effects supernatural results in their souls. In every Catholic church, then, Christ still speaks in His priests. His hand still falls upon the sinner and the innocent, healing and giving life and hope as only His hands can do, in the Sacraments administered by His priests. In every Church, too. there is the altar and the tabernacle, because Christ is there in His real Presence, through the instrumentality of His priests. How truly, then, could St. Paul say, "God hath made us fit ministers of the New Testament." Without this human agency of the priesthood, constantly renewed, there could be no system of visible and external means and opportunities of grace.

### The Divinely Appointed Priesthood.

The priest, then, is one that is appointed and endowed to carry on the ministry of Christ: he is the continuation of Christ on earth, not indeed in Christ's personal, human presence, but in Christ's mission and office. The office of the priest is that of Christ,--to bring home to men the spiritual and the supernatural. The mission of the priest, too, is that of Christ,-to teach, to heal, to absolve, "to seek and to save." The powers of the priest are those of Christ,-"As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." In a word, Jesus lives in the priest, acting on man, working in man, through a weak instrument-the priest, a man himself. Yet Christ's ambassador can utter words that are nothing less than the word of God; he can claim to be obeyed as Christ; He can lift his hand and forgive sin; he can bow down over the bread and wine on the altar and convert it into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Every rightly ordained priest, proclaims the Church, possesses certain stupendous supernotural powers. Even as Christ, so the priest, another Christ, working through outward words and signs, bestows invisible spiritual graces upon the souls of men.

- In His priests, therefore, Christ still walks the earth. We still feel His gentle healing touch, hear His saving words of mercy and love. The priest acts, the priest speaks; yet it is the touch of Christ, the word of Christ.

Things are done by sacramental power that none but Christ could do; for none but He can pierce through the flesh of man and reach with the finger of grace to the immortal soul. Everywhere now, sinful man, humble and sorrowing, can cry out, "Lord, be mereiful to me a sinner," "Jesus, Master, have mercy on me." And at once the hand of the pitying Jesus rests on the sinner's bowed head and the word of comfort and forgiveness is whispered in his ear. At the word of the priest, the demons of hell are routed; through his ministry the child of man becomes the child of God; to him is entrusted man's spiritual birth and regeneration by Baptism. At the hands of the priest sin-laden souls are washed pure as snow with the precious blood of Jesus; at his hands, again, souls hungering for God and His justice are fed with the bread of life: at his hands two souls are knit as one in the unity and indissolubility of Christian marriage; and by his hands at last we shall be girt with strength and grace to pass through the gates of death to the enjoyment of eternal happiness.

### An Eternal Mediator.

Standing thus between God and man, the priest is then an eternal mediator, even as Christ is our Chief Minister of reconciliation '

"God," says St. Paul, "hath recoveiled us to Himself by Christ, and hath given us the ministry of reconciliation."

Such, now, are some of the nobler powers of the priest; but his most august act is the consecration of the Sacrament of the altar; for the priest possesses a divine jurisdiction over the natural body of Christ. In virtue of this wonderful jurisdiction, Jesus Christ is daily brought down on our altars in the Sacrifice of the Mass. Christ is then lifted up, is carried to and fro, through our streets, to our homes, and to our deathbeds. This power, too, constitutes the priest the faithful guardian of the Blessed Sacrament and of the tabernacle, the steward of the Bread of life, "the Minister of Christ and the dispenser of the Mysteries of God." Further, this jurisdiction involves an exercise of divine power, for the words of the priest are not his own, but Christ's words, the priest saying not "This is the body of Christ," But "This is my body." The voice is the voice of man, but the words and the effects are of God. Again, this jurisdiction implies a continual daily fellowship, a close intimate companionship of the disciple with his Master. And, lastly, this divine power of the priest entails a true, living contact of the priest with Jesus Christ. Holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, the priest is in as real personal contact with Christ as was St. John when reclining on the bosom of his Master.

### Divine Power of the Priesthood.

Having reviewed these divine powers of the priest and having identified his mission with that of Christ, can we marvel at the seeming extravagant titles with which the priest is honored in Holy Scripture? He is "the light Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, of the world," reflecting upon earth the

glorious light of Him who is the Sun of Justice. He is the "servant of God"; but, more, he is the "Friend of Christ." Still more, the priest is "the Brother of Jesus." He is, again, "the ambassador of Christ." "For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors, God, as it were, exhorting by us," says St. Paul. In fine, the priest is not only Ohrist's fellowlaborer, Christ's coadjutor, in a sense he personates Christ, is "another Christ."

Once, in wonder, the Psalmist exclaimed, "What is man that Thou are mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou dost visit him? Thou bast made him a little less than the angels: Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor and hast set him over the works of Thy hands." What, then, is the dignity and power of the priest! Surely, as St. Ambrose says, "there is nothing more excellent in the world than the power of the priest": for, as St. Bernard says, "it transcends all the dignities of kings and emperors and even of the angels themselves." "O glorious miracle," cries St. Ephrem, "O ineffable \*\*O glorious power! O, tremendous mystery of the holy and sublime priesthood, most venerable and without blemish, with which Christ, coming into this world, has vouchsafed to clothe His unworthy creatures !''

### -00 The Marist Fathers CHANGES IN ORGANISATION.

A change (says the Catholic Press) has lately taken place here in the organisation of the Society of Mary. The Australian houses of the Marist Fathers, which up to this day were attached to the Province of the Missions, are now united to the New Zealand Province. Therefore, the St. Patrick's and Villa Maria parishes in Sydney, the Blessed Chanel Seminary in Mittagong, and the Gladstone parish in Queensland now come under the authority of the Very Rev. Father C. O'Reilly, S.M., formerly Provincial of New Zealand, and now Provincial for the whole of New Zealand and Australia. A home missionary house and the new Lismore college will soon be added to the present activities of the Marist Fathers in Australia, and will be, it is hoped, only the beginning of further Marist activities in this, theAustralian field of the Lord's vineyard. Although the Villa Maria parish is thus passing on to the re-organised Province of New Zealand and Australia, the old house, with the land attached to it, remains property of the Marist Missions. The Marist Missionaries, working in the South Sea Islands, will still find there a peaceful resting home, whenever they need a change from their tropical and malaria-infested isles; and they will continue going there also for their second novitiate. The Very Rev. Father E. Courtais, S.M., who had been away to France on a rest trip, and has just returned to Sydney, has been appointed Visitor of the Marist Missions, and will have his residence at Villa Maria, of which house he will at the same time be local superior.

For Coughs and Colds, never fails.

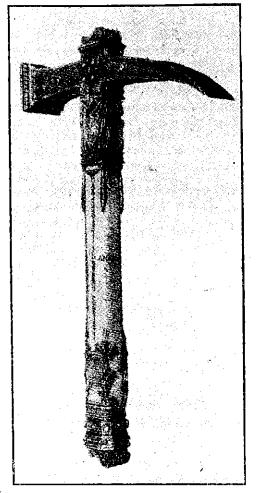
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29

Hardy's Boot Emporium SCHOOL BOOTS & SHOES A SPECIALTY. The Hammer for Opening the Holy Door at St. Peter's



The hammer used by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius XI in opening the Holy Door at St. Peter's. It is made of ivory and solid gold, beautifully chased and set with rubics, lapis lazuli, emeralds, and other precious stones. The work is carried out in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The hammer is 34 centimetres long and 22 centimetres across

### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

the head. On top is the coat-of-arms of Pins XJ, and on the end of the handle is the seal of the Central Committee of the Holy Year. Across the head are inscribed the words: Aperite mihi portas justitiae; and on the handle: Pax Christi in regno Christi in regno Christi. Anno Jubil. MCMXXV.

The hammer and trowel are enclosed in a magnificent casket of leather, beautifully gilt and ornamented with chased silver and pre-

cious stones. On the cover is a large cross surrounded with rays, and in its middle the coat-of-arms of Pius X1. The hinges, the clasp, and the coat-of-arms are in chased silver. The instruments and their case work designed by Professor Biagetti, Director of the Vatican Picture Galleries, and the work was executed by Pio Cellini, Federico Antonucci and Federico Pinci, renowned artisans of Rome.

## Diocesan News Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own correspondent.)

April 10.

LADIES' and GENTS' TAILOB

Buckle Street is regretting the conclusion of its mission. It has been a pleasure to the parishioners from its beginning to its end. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea was present on its closing night. The final sermon was preached by Rev. Father Gilmartin, C.SS.R. The sermons have been of the consoing type, and have therefore been much appreciated. It is the way of mortals to respond more to love than to fear. The church has been thronged every night for the fortnight that the exercises lasted.

To-night at Buckle Street the Passion sermon is to be preached by Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., M.A., of St. Patrick's Colelge. Tomorrow night it will be preached by Rev. Father Gilmartin, C.SS.R.

R. H. Todd

The funeral of the late Mr. Hoskins, sen., was largely attended, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea and several members of the local clergy being present. The staff of the G.P.O., of which Mr. P. D. Hoskins is a member, was strongly represented.

This morning's ceremonies at the Basilica were very impressive. His Grace Archbishop Redwood was the celebrant, and representative priests from the various parishes and from St. Patrick's College assisted. Also present were Rev. Father O'Reilly, S.M., Provincial, and Very Rev. Dean Regnault.

Letters received here by friends of Rev. Dr. Kelly, Editor of the *Tablet*, tell that he has left the Eternal City and is turning his face towards his well beloved Wexford.

A very pretty worlding recently was that of Miss Marjory Paino to Mr. Barnao. Mr. Paino, the bride's father, is a well-known fruit merchant of this city. For twentyfive years he has been in business on the Quay. Miss Paino is an only child, and was the recipient of a shower of good wishes. Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., officialed at the ceremony. The bride looked charming in a gown of ivory satin, the train being lined with heliotrope. Mr. Barnao's homo is in Italy, and thither they have gone for their honeymoon by way of England and France. A reception was held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's parents, Karori, where many friends assembled to felicitate the bridegroom and the young bride.

The collectors are going their rounds for the Lewisham Fund. Collecting is one of the most thankless tasks in existence. Even if the collector possesses a talent for it, it is wearisome work, if the talent is absent, it is heroism. All honor then to those who brave frigid receptions, the long walks from door to door, and even abuse in a good cause. That of course is the gloomy side of the picture. The majority, according to the collectors, give gladly in proportion to their means. Still, even with these compensations it is hard work, and it is time a special word of praise was given those who, for the

Dunedin

145 RATTRAY STREET

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various church efforts that have been or are to be, are willing to undertake it.

On Sunday week a lecture on Literature will be delivered at St. Patrick's College to the Students' Guild by G. Von Zeidlitz, one of the greatest stylists in the Dominion. His lectures on style at Victoria College have become legend there.

April 17.

Easter is over. The weather changed its mind by Sunday, and was fine, though cold. Solemn High Mass was held all over the city, and Easter sermons were preached. On Good Friday night at Buckle Street an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Gilmartin, C.SS.R., on the Passion.

There has been the usual number of Easter weddings. Among them was that of Miss Eileen O'Brien to Mr. Devine, of Palmerston North; and that of Miss Smith to Mr. Jennings.

A special effort was made by the Kilbirnie Choir on Easter Sunday. The music of the Mass was a composition of Van Bree's, and its rendition showed painstaking and careful rehearsal. The offertory was an arrangement by Gordigiani of the "Regina Coeli."

## HASTINGS

### (From our own correspondent.) April 17.

The ceremonies of Holy Week in the Sacred Heart Church drew large congregations. The Very Rev. Dr. Casey, S.M., of Mt. St. Mary's, sang the Mass of Holy Thursday and preached a very interesting sermon on the Holy Eucharist, while his Passion sermon on Good Friday afternoon was most touching and devotional.

Easter Sunday witnessed a general Communion of the congregation. The Church was filled on Easter Sunday night when the Rev. Father J. Higgins preached a sermon on the Resurrection.

April 15 was a glorious day of Easter sunshine and ensured a perfect night for the annual St. Patrick's social. The Assembly Hall looked bright and festive and held a large number of people who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the evening. The supper arrangements were in the capable hands of Mesdames Horton and Barrett. The financial result should be of considerable assistance to the parish funds.

## Diocese of Auckland (From our own correspondent.)

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April 9. The Centenary celebrations in connection with St. Mary's Convent have been zealously occupying the minds of the energetic committee of ex-pupils. The function has been set down for Tuesday, April 14. There will be a High Mass in the morning, followed by a garden party and presentation in the afternoon. In discussing the function with Miss M. Ormond, the popular secretary, there is every reason to believe that the gathering will be the largest yet held at the convent grounds.

1

In passing through the Thames district last week I was more than surprised to find there one of the most up-to-date Catholic schools in the province. The building is of a very attractive design, built in concrete, and will fulfil the needs of the district for many years to come. Both the Catholics of

the town and their genial pastor, the Rev. Father Dignan, deserve great credit for providing such a fine educational institution for the present and future generations of Catholics at the Thames.

The sermons at St. Patrick's Cathedral during Holy Week were preached by Rev. Father McCarthy.

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### Diocese of Christchurch (From our own Correspondent.) April 11.

The Auckland M.B.O.B. League Football team, will try conclusions with representatives of the Christchurch Marist Club on Saturday, the 18th inst., which will be the first function to be held in the new League grounds, Ferry Road, Woolston, known as Monica Park.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were begun on Wednesday evening by the solemn office of Tevebrae. On Thursday morning there was Pontifical High Mass at nine o'clock, celebrated by his Lordship Bishop Brodie, with the following priests assisting: Very Rev. Father O'Connor, Rev. Dr. Geaney, S.M., Rev. Fathers Roche, S.M., Monaghan, S.M., Buckley, S.M., Healey, Quinn, Me-Keon, Lordan, Joyce, Bonetto, Timoney, and Browne. The morning ceremony concluded with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the Altar of Repose, which was choicely decorated. Throughout the day there was a continuous stream of people to keep watch before the Altar of Repose, and throughout the night uninterrupted adoration was kept up by members of the various confraternities of the parish. The ceremonies of Good Friday morning were carried out most impressively. In the afternoon there was a crowded congregation at the devotion of the Stations of the Cross, at which the choir sang the incidental music. In the evening there was the third recital of the office of Tenebrae. The sermons of Holy Week were delivered by Rev. Father Leen (Rangiora) and his Lordship the Bishop. The music of the ceremonies was rendered with devotional effect by the Cathedral Choir under the conductorship of Miss M. O'Connor: Miss K. O'Connor being organist. The responses and the rendering of the "Benedictus" and the "Miserere" were very impressive. Notwithstanding the absence of children owing to the Health Department restrictions, the various ceremonies were attended by very large congregations. i jan an an

April 18.

His Lordship Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, passed through Christehurch on Friday on his way to Dunedin to attend the jubilee celebrations at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.

The Wembley Dancing Club will commence its season on May 4. The hall is being specially decorated for the occasion by a committee of ladies.

The Auckland Marist Brothers' League football team played the local club at the opening of Monica Park on Saturday. In the evening they were entertained at a dance in the Memorial Hall. Quite a large number attended the function.

The new school-church at Riccarton will be blessed and opened on Sunday, April 26, by his Lordship Bishop Brodie. Holy Mass will be celebrated at 19.15, which will enable visitors from the city to go out by tran. The ladies of the parish are very pleased with the result of the sale of work held last Saturday, the proceeds netting a very satisfactory amount.

Rev. Father J. O'Connell, S.M., parish priest of St. Mary's, Manchester Street, has left on a health trip to Australia. He expects to be away for three or four months, and before leaving the parishioners presented him with a cheque and wished him a speedy return to health.

The Masses on Easter Sunday were attended by large congregations. At eleven o'clock there was Pontifical High Mass celebrated by his Lordship Bishop Brodie, assisted by the following priests: Rev. Fathers Lordan, Healey, Joyce, Timoney, Bonetto, O'Meeghan, and Andersen. The choir sang Weber's Mass in G with great devotional effect. In the evening a sermon on the subject of the day's Feast was preached by his Lordship the Bishop. The music at the evening devotions, including Lambillotte's "Tantum Ergo," was given in a manner reflecting great credit on the members of the choir; Miss M. O'Connor conducted and Miss K. O'Connor was organist. The decorations of the Cathedral for Easter were very effective, the Migh Altar when illuminated presenting a magnificent spectacle. There was Solemn High Mass at St. Mary's, Manchester Street, on Easter Sunday. The music was Mozart's Twelfth Mass, rendered by a full choir and or destra under the conductorship of Miss Mina Ward. Rev. Father O'Connell, parish priest, preached on the subject of the Resurrection.

### DEATH OF FATHER RIORDAN

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We regret to announce the sudden death of Father John Riordan, pastor of Ross, Westland, who passed away at the presbytery, Ross, on Saturday last after a paralytic seizure during the previous night. He was found by his housekeeper in the morning in an unconscious state on the floor of his room. Dr. Baird was at once summoned from Hokitika; the Rev. Dr. Kennedy was with his fellow-priest until the end. His Lordship Bishop Brodie left Christehurch for Ross by Saturday's West Coast express. The lafe Father Riordan was born in Kirwee, Canterbury, in 1883. The family later removing to Leeston parish, he received his early education at the Leeston Catholic School. He entered Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, in 1906, and in 1914, together with the late Father Fakoner (a fellow student at Holy Cross College) and Father Seward (now of Darfield) was ordained to the priesthood by the late Bishop Grimes, in the Cathedral at Christehurch. After ordination he was for a short time assistant priest at Ahaura, and was then appointed parish priest at Ross, where he remained till his death. The late Father Riordan was a most zealous priest and greatly endeared himself to the people of his farreaching parochial district, and enjoyed a popularity extending the whole length of the coast .-- R.I.P.

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#### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

# Selected Poetry

### YESTERDAY,

Sweet was my childish life to me Like the first spring dream of a hawthorn

tree...

Every night an ancient crone

Crooked, silver-flowered as a thorn,

Came as quietly as the moon

Through the frosty night, with her old lanthora,

And put my childish self to bed

With all the dreams that nest in my head. And the moon's shadows were silvery seen As hawthorn blossoms, perfumed flowers The glamor of beauty that never has been-With petals falling through the night hours; And as the old crone spoke to me Night seemed a flowering Chinese wave

That bore me to each cloudy cave

Where there are mysteries none may see,

In far Thibet and Persia; words Grew into lands unknown, where birds

Were singing in an unknown tonguo

Of loveliness for ever young.

Then in the morning an aged sage

Tall and thin as a cloudy cage

Came, and we looked below at the eaves Where cool airs float like lotus leaves And the crystal grass-blades of the rain

Trendling grow to music again.

He said, "We are wingless, can only infer

What even the smallest birds can see, Outside in their nests they begin to he,-

A spark of fire, and grass-like frondage In crystal eggs as hard as the air.

They break, as instinct from earth-bondage When man was sightless, before thoughts were.

And the music that birds know, to be is unheard

Though my head seems the egg of an extinct hird

And my hair seems the crystal grass-blacks of the rain

Upon the forlorn blue cliffs of the Day

Trembling and growing to music again. But my heart still dreams that the warmth of spring

Will stip in its thickets, begin to sing In the lonely crystal egg of my head-Though it seems all the lovely wings are dead And only pity and love are left

In my wintery heart, of its wings bereft."

. . . Though I am lovely now and old,

Those rare birds with their strange songs bless

My heart with spring's warm loveliness,---It never withered grows nor cold.

For the unfledged thoghts within my brain Sing in their sad and wintery nest, Singing their loveliest, singing their best Of a world that is yet undreamt, unborn, Where never a shade is of cruelty or scorn--Those will birds sing in an unknown tongue Of blassoming worlds for ever young!

-EDITY SITWELL, in the Nation and the Athenneum.

J. E. Hounsell & Co.,

SOLILOQUY FOR A THIRD ACT. .

What is this sullen eurious interval Between the happy Thought, the languid Act?

What is this dull paralysis of Will

That lets the fatal days drift by like dreams? Of the mind's dozing splendors what re-

mains

What is this Now I utter to you here?

This Now, for great men dead, is golden Future;

For happier souls to come, conjectured Past. Men love and praise the Past-the only thing In all the great commodity of life

That grows and grows, shining and heaping υp

And endlessly compounds beneath their Junds:

Richer we are in Time with every hour.

But in nought else. The Past! I love the Past ...

Stand off, O Future, keep away from me!

Yet some there are, great thoughtless active souls.

Can use the volvant circle of the year

Like a child's hoop, and flog it gleefully Along the downward slope of busy days; But some, less lucky,

What wretch invented Time and calendars To forture his weak wits, to probe himself

As a man tongues a tender concave tooth?

See, all men bear this secret cicatrix,

This navel mark where we were ligatured

To great elernity; and so they have

This knot of Time-sense in their an ever dearts.

So must I die, and pass to Timeless nothing : It will not, shall not, cannot, must not lel I'll print such absolute identity

Upon these troubled words, that finding them

In some oid broken book (long, long away), The startled reader cries, Here was a Voice That had a meaning, and outrode the years! -CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, in Use Atlantic Monthly.

### 82

### MY RICHES.

I have no eiches but my dreams; All crystailine their lustre gleams; Far from the boundless world of sleep I bring rare treasures of the deep, When thought explores the lucky /treams,

Oh? star-loved rim of unknown seas, Fresh halos harnessing cach breeze, Aurora's fabrics ofer them fling; Insphosphorescent glamor swing By winding, amber-curtain'd leas,

Away, away; by lotus shores, Gay Fancy plies the shimm'ring oars; Soon floating gossamers unbind, And tinsell'd tissues of the mind, To wrap the pearls and priceless stores

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, & NEWS AGENTS.

Large stock of Fancy & Leather Goods, Sporting Requisites.

What joys the human heart holds dear Have not an easy ransom here. No more I feel the pinch of care; I dread no spectre of despair; My riches fuse my soul with cheer. -BERNARD TANSEY, in the Irish World.

### 82

DREAMS.

Bo gentle, O hands of a child;

Be true: like a shadowy sea

In the starry darkness of night Are your eyes to me.

But words are shallow, and soon

Dreams fade that the heart once knew;

And youth fades out in the mind,

In the dark eyes too.

What can a tired heart say,

- Which the wise of the world have made dumb!
- Save to the lonely dreams of a child, "Return again, come!"
- -WALTER DE LA MARE, in An Anthology of Modern Perse.

### - 2

### WET LILACS.

- I could cry with the sweetness of this April hour.
- My heart could break with this poignant pain,

I close my eyes and I breathe again Lilacs-wet with rain.

The air is burdened with a moist perfume, I am faint in my soul with remembering Wet purple plumes in the fragrant dusk Of another far-off spring.

Love, your footsteps come over the grass Near as the sound of the dripping caves. Love, your breath on my hair is sweet As the tender lilac leaves,

I am blind with your lips locked close to mine

In the twilight-wet with the rain's own tears.

O. Love, can it he-you have come back

Out of the silent years?

"GRACE NOLL CROWELL, in the New Magacine.

### 22

## IN A NEW PLACE.

All that is here my heart has known before, In other countries, by another name;

Here still the autumn woodsmoke, more and more.

Will cloud these afternoons of golden flame. And here a music that is grave and lonely, Dies on the air like bells without a wind;

And thought itself suspends, remarking only How delicate the trees, how finely thinned.

And here the dusk that gathers on the lake,

And brings a spell of quiet to the land;

Unchanged in mood and moons that I have

known

And at that moment I myself shall stand

In other countries that I called my own.

TRAFALGAR

STREET.

-DAVID MORTON, in the Forum.

Nelson

Again will lead the young moon in its wake-

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.

### FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader, p. 33. Notes, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 9. The Church in N.Z., p. 19. Notes of Travel, by J.K., p. 23. The Christian Priesthood, p. 27. Sunday Afternoon Readings, p. 51. Some Irish Poets, p. 57.

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

fergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitice causam promovere 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.

LEO XIII., Pope. April 4, 1900.

# The New Zealand Tablet WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.

### THE FOUNDATIONS OF CIVILISATION

-ROM the time of the Reformation politics and philosophy became one-sided and narrow in view and scope. The old broad vision of the Church was obscured in the countries which adopted the errors of the Reformers. There was a good reason for this. The Reformation succeeded because it had the support of princes and nobles who had become rich on the plunder of the Church. The religion of the Reformers quickly vanished in all but name; for the defenders of the movement were men to whom religion mattered nothing so long as the permanence of the name of Protestantism gave them an opportunity for holding fast to what they had stolen. Owing to the wealth thus acquired and to the tyranny quickly established in a society wherein a Martin Luther was willing to justify German and English princes in oppressing and murdering the masses; it was soon verified that Protestantism meant the aggrandisement of the rich and the defence of what has since come to be called Capitalism. Hence, although the Catholic Church had successfully abolished slavery in Europe, and taught that all men are equal through the Brotherhood of Christ and the Fatherhood of God, it was not long until post-Reformation Capitalism reduced to a state of misery and squalor the masses of workers who had been taught by the preaching of Luther to expect no mercy from the powerful and the wealthy.

a natural result of all this. For centuries we want progress which does not mean sim-

beneath those of American plantation slaves, and no effort was made by legislation to improve their lot. Protestantism was for the rich and Protestant England was in the hands of the capitalists who saw to it that the laws should be framed to favor themselves. Hence, the first foundation of civilisation was undermined, and it was hopeless to dream of uplifting society as long as masses of men were left by law on the level of animals. Christian principles had nothing to do with law-making, and material progress confined to a governing class became synonymous with progress. It would have been awkward and disturbing for the workers to know that they were men as much as their masters and that they had rights from God which no State could alienate. Hence it was the aim of the masters to keep such unprofitable principles as far as possible from the minds and hearts of the people. Hence what came to be called education was in reality only a further snare for the slaves. Post-Reformation education sedulously shuts its eyes to the truths concerning the dignity of human souls, their destiny, and their subjection in all things to the law of God. The system called secularism was wisely devised for the perpetuaton of serfdom and for rivetting the chains on the oppressed and downtrodden poor. Upon it was built the superstition that the State is supreme, and that even the Natural Law and the Divine Law must yield to it: a superstition which has made it possible to exploit the poor and to gamble with human lives in a manner which otherwise would never have been tolerated. Secularism not only established the tyranmy of the capitalists who pulled the string that made their puppet politicians dance, but it also deluded men and women into a sort of fatalistic contentment with their lot; it taught them that religion was a matter of indifference, that the body and its comforts and pleasures were more important than the soul and its eternal destiny; it perpetuated the lie invented by the supporters of the Reformation who feared that a Catholic revival would compel them to disgorge their booty, and thus taught the masses to be blind and prejudiced to all the appeals of the Church. The history books, and the men who teach them are saturated with falsehoods concerning the Church and in one way and another the system works out beautifully for the ends for which it was intended. It is then no wonder that what men call progress is such a humbug; that while a few people accumulate wealth there is no advance made in the things that matter. Not only religion and morality and justice, but even true learning, true art, and true literature have become decadent and carry on them the foetid odor of corruption. Civilisation has become a weak, sickly, broken thing; and owing to the absence of Christian principles everywhere it is almost an indecent thing, with the brand of the beast on it.

Christian principles civilised Europe, and the post-Reformation destruction of the same The development of class legislation was principles has almost ruined civilisation. If the workers of England lived lives that were ply "having a good time," or having money

to burn, or having material comforts in plenty, we must go back to the old principles. And legislation will not help unless it begins with fundamentals. The individual is the unit of the family, as the family is the unit of society, and the only way to reform the world is to begin with the individual. In other words the lost sense of dignity must be restored; the personal consciousness of Christian Brotherhood must be fostered; boys and girls must be educated to understand and to be convinced that their bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and that they have immortal souls to save which is more important than anything else in the world. On the foundations of individual purity and justice and truth the real welfare of society depends; on these and on no other can the ideal edifice of civilisation be reared. Hence, as long as we have schools which are positive bindrances to attaining the individual virtues which are essential there can be no real progress. Hence, until a beginning is made in the schools the decadence of the nation is certain. When individuals are once more inspired by Christian and not by pagan principles, the families will be certain to provide the State with good, pure, honest citizeus; corruption must disappear from individual life before it can be banished from domestic and political society, but once the individual is free from it the cleausing and uplifting of the family and the State will logically and naturally follow. Hence, when to-day, in France, in America, in England, and in New Zealand, men lament over the loss of virtue among girls and over the loss of common honesty among men, they are confessing the failure of the system of education which sprang from the Reformation, and all their lamentations are in vain unless they take effective means to restore the old system which never lost sight of the fact that to keep the Ten Commandments is far more important than being a prosperous hygienic animal.

## THE N.S.W. MARRIAGE AMENDMENT

Sydney papers to hand discuss at length the Marriage Amendment Bill which lately passed through the N.S.W. Legislature. His Grace Archbishop Kelly is said to have thrown down the gage to those who wish to interfere with the Church in administering her sacraments. <sup>34</sup>Let the priests go to prison rather than go contrary to the marriage laws of the Catholic Church," he said, "I would welcome Long Bay prison to-night, and I would sleep as soundly as I would in Lewisham Hospital. No baptised Catholic can validly contract a marriage unless he does so in the presence of the priest and two witnesses representing the people. 1 declare to you that this is the only marriage recognised by the Church. It is supported by the Vicar of Christ. No Catholic can go through any other form of marriage. If he does, he or the woman cannot truly be man or wife before God. If a Catholic contracts any other form of marriage it is done under pain of invalidity. This law will stand against public opinion, Government, or anything else. It is as solid as the South Head. There is

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CAMBRIDGE TERRACE and KARORI

### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

stands and will stand. Marriage was abused from the beginning by the Jews. Our Lord reformed it and made it a sacrament. The Catholic Church is wedded to that sacrament. If people marry rashly they may repent; but there is no divorce to the order of Christ. Martin Luther, we know, gave permission to a Prince in Germany to have two wives; and what are we doing to-day?" Dr. Kelly went on to say that there were men in Australia eager to find out what they called the atrocities of the Catholic Church. "From the time of Henry Parkes," he said, "there has been an organisation that would cat priests alive. It would not let them breathe if it could prevent it. And yet there is no more glorious democracy than the demoeracy of the Catholic Church. The Church should govern because it is the highest society on earth. Divorce, as was mentioned in the Legislative Assembly, is legalised prostitution. Remember, you Catho-

### lics, if you marry a non-Catholic, that non-Catholic always has it in his mind that you can be divorced. Then where is your happiness? . . . I say to you that this piece of legislation- this so-called Marriage Amendment Bill--was given by this Government to gratify a certain organisation. It is all over now. Let us go ahead building our schools, and with the mariage laws of our Church."

Dr. O'Reilly was in a fighting mood. "Ley claims the Bill a victory for the Goverument," he said. "May the Government have many more such victories. I think more of my Protestant friends than ever 4 did. Those five Anglican Bishops, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, the great voice of Protestant opinion -all have given the Government their answer. I thank them. To uphold our laws, I, like the Archbishop, will go to gaol, and I hope his Grace will have me as his chaplain."



### Alsace

34

Through the courtesy of a well-known French priest in this country one has received the speech of Bishop Ruch, of Strasbourg, in answer to the President of the French Chamber of Deputies, who, according to the cables, is at this moment, enduring a crisis in his own Government. One notes that the new Finance Minister, M. Demonzie, a harrister of 45, is the principal initiator of the resumption of trade relations with Russia, and opposer of the abolition of the Embassy at the Vatican, and it is here that the announcement touches the interests of French Catholics. It is said that his acceptance of office is "conditional on the Government adopting a compromise by which the thurge d'Affaires representing Alsace-Lorraine at the Vatican will care for the interests of the rest of France." Anyone who has read Bazin's Children of Alsace can never forget the atmosphere that surrounds it. There is pictured a people, suffering, steadfast, with the power of serene silence in the face of insolence, enduring all for France, slipping by night over the borders to join the army of France, faithful unto death, and beyond death. Now when one country is become by prey of conquest the property of another, three things happen within itone section, often its noblest section, remains faithful to the parent land from which it has been filehed -another section goes over to the conquerors, because it has a weakness for success even against itself,---the third section evolves into a new entity. cleaving to neither, and desiring autonomy. Even in conservative Alsace these three processes are evident. A shrewd Frenchman told me once after the Treaty of Versailles: "You are congratulating us on regaining Alsace, but I think Alsace has now her own notions. She wants neither us, nor Germany. She has the same aspirations as Ireland now. I think, as far as I can judge who am so far away, that it is autonomy

Alsace is seeking." If he was right, the hand of the party for autonomy has been greatly strengthened by recent events in Alsace. The President of the Chamber of Deputies attacked publicly the Pastoral of the Bishop of Strasbourg. Despite the protests of M. Meyer and other deputies, he persisted in his interpretation of that Pastoral.

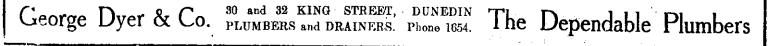
### The Reply of Bishop Ruch

It is possible in these to quote only a passage from the Bishop's letter, though it is worthy of quotation in full. This is the warning that he issues to the President: "We are at the frontier, and the Germans have not all renounced this lost Paradiso that is called Alsace. Do not forget besides. that there are still thousands of them on this side of the Rhine! Do you wish that they should say every day to the Catholics of this diocese, "Your conscience was more free, your religion better treated, under German rule? Imagine their joy if they ever see here what occurred before 1914 in all the dioceses of France, the gendarmes and French officials snatching the crucifix from the schools, putting up to auction the properties form from the Church, expelling from their own country the religious Orders, condemning to fines and prisons citizens. honorable citizens, whose sole crime was a refusal to submit to the secular laws. Ah, on this day I do not know what the Freemasons of Paris or of Alsace would do, but of this I am certain- the Lodges at Berlin would be strung with lights." This does not need much comment. The President, to whom it is addressed, would not listen to logic, a logic that warned him of the consequences of such secular action as appeared to threaten Alsace. Religious grounds, if quoted, would merely move him to a Gallie shrug; France is a different matter. lf France will not listen on moral grounds, this clear word of warning on political grounds may make her more cautious in dealing with

lies, if you marry a non-Catholic, that non-Catholic always has it in his mind that you can be divorced. Then where is your happiness? . . . I say to you that this piece of legislation- this so-called Marriage Am-Alsace will choose God.

### Michael Williams in the "Forum"

Some Tablet readers will remember Michael Williams, whose novel, The High Romance, the story of his conversion, excited general comment. It was in a sense a mystical novel, An atmosphere was in it of things supernatural, of things unseen, but deemed indubitable. Everyone remembers the promise of "The Little Flower," one of the world's greatest mystics: "After my death I shall let fall a shower of roses." Michael Williams claims in his novel that he was one of those on whom her mystic roses fell. His eyes did not see them, that is of course the eyes of his body, but his spirit felt their fall, a dewy scented fall. The utter conviction, the naked faith of this book gave it a place among the books of its year. It was such a strange thing to see again a man uplified by a creed, lifted according to the prophecy, which decreed that One Man on a cross could draw men up to Him. As high as the cross! There is no higher beight. Williams told his story simply and it went home. In strange contrast to the mystical experience is his account of his association with radicals like Upton Sinclair, a man also the exponent of a creed, though not the same creed. Now Williams is out again to defend his faith. In the Forum he issues a challenge to the opponents of the American Church. It is only when one reads a clear, temperate, triumphant statement of the justice of a cause that one can realise the power of words. Williams sets the level for the contrversy at the outset by the dignity of his challenge. Not a word of vituperation, though these are the days of the Ku Klux Klan! A calm statement of the work of the Church in fields spiritual, intellectual, and socialogical. And a demand that any account of the religious revival that is acknowledged to be sweeping the continent should contain an estimate and an appreciation of the work of the Catholic Church and its societies and sodalities. He denies the prophecy of Hilaire Belloe that eventually the Catholic Church in America would find itself in conflict with the State. He says the conditions at present between Church and State are quite satisfactory. He explains the work of the sodalities and the ideal of Catholic economists of a return to the Medieval Guild system. With that, of course, Belloe would be in agreement since he and Chesterton were the first swallows of that summer. One catches a glimpse of the Williams of the High Romance when he sets forth the glories of the Church in America. He links with one rich thong the past and the present, and speaks of Rose of Lima and Takawitha and of Father Jogues and the Holy Man of Santa Clara. He could have dwelt long on the Jesuit missionaries that Elizabeth Robins describes so glowingly in The Magnetic North, but a magazine limits the space of its articles and he did well to cover as much as he did. The challenge is to be answered by John Fay Chapman. It will be interesting to see the result.



## DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

After Vespers at St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday evening, his Lordship the Bishop delivered an interesting and instructive discourse explanatory of Jubilees, with special reference to the present Holy Year.

Commencing at 9.15 o'clock on next Saturday (Anzae Day) there will be a Pontifical Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral for the repose of the souls of the Catholic soldiers who lost their lives in the Great War.

The Seamen's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in conjunction with the members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club will entertain the Catholics from H.M.S. Dunedin at a social on Friday evening at St. Joseph's Hall.

The secondary departments of St. Dominic's College, and of the Christian Brothers' School resumed studies on Monday,

The many friends of Mrs. M. A. Jackson will be pleased to know that she is again a candidate in the forthcoming election to the Otago Hospital Board. Mrs. Jackson, whose work over a lengthy period in the social interests of the community is well known, deserves well of her fellow-citizens, and these will doubtless show their appreciation by returning her to a seat on the Board where her efforts in the past have been so successful

St. Philomena's College, South Dunedin, opened for secondary students on Monday. The work of the primary classes will commence as soon as the existing restrictions are removed.

The Sisters in charge of St. Vincent's acknowledge with thanks a donation of 10/from a "Client of St. Anthony."

On Sunday afternoon his Lordship the Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, gave a beautiful instructive address on Faith to the members of St. Patrick's Sodality of the Children of Mary, South Dunedin.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE JUBILEE.

Priests desirous of attending the Jubilee of Holy Cross College (Mosgiel) may obtain railway concession forms on application to Rev. Father Morkane, Mosgiel.

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### The Hibernian Society NEW BRANCH OPENED AT MATAURA.

The District Deputy of the Hibernian Society for Otago and Southland (Bro. J. J. Marlow) had the honor of opening yet another branch of the society that at Mataura on Sunday last, at the conclusion of the 11 o'clock Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Graham, of Gore. Addressing the congregation after the first Gospel Father Graham congratulated the Catholic men of the district on their decision to form a branch of the Hibernian Society at Mataura. He spoke of the spiritual benefits to be derived from membership and referred to the society's motto of "Faith, Hope, and Charity." He quoted the words in the day's Epistle: "This is the victory which overcometh the world-our Faith," and said the Catholic sodalitics and societies strengthened our Faith which was our greatest assetthe only thing that mattered. He thanked

the visiting Hibernians from Dunedin, Invereargill, and Gore for their attendance and encouragement, and finally exhorted all the Catholic men of the district to join the new branch.

After Mass the District Deputy addressed the congregation, and in an eloquent and characteristic speech he pointed out the necessity in these days of benevolent societies. He gave a brief, lucid, and interesting resume of the rise and development of Friendly Societies, and of the Hibernian Society in particular, and adduced very cogent reasons why Catholic men should join Catholic societies.

Bro. Marlow then proceeded to formally open the new branch, the first act being the reading of the dispensation from the District Executive at Auckland. Fourteen full benefit members and a large number of honorary members were then elected and impressively initiated by the District Deputy, assisted by Bro. A. Gillick (president of St. Joseph's branch, Dunedin), Bro. M. J. Sheehan (president of St. Mary's branch, Invercargill), and Bro. J. F. Mallin (president of SS. Peter and Paul's branch, Gore). The election of office-bearers for the new branch was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows :- President, Bro. P. Curtin; vice-president, Bro. Jno. Haslin, jun.; warden, Bro. W. Geary; guardian, Bro. J. Curtin; sick visitors, Bros. Kay, Butel, and Cowan; secretary, Bro. W. Hassell; treasurer, Bro. T. Murphy; trustees, Bros. Juo. Haslin, T. Savage ,and J. Cowan. TheDistrict Deputy installed the newly elected office-bearers and congratulated each in turn. He offered his personal thanks to the Rev. Father Graham for the help he had given the Hibernians in the formation of the new branch, and reminded the members that they should be true to the tradition of Hibernianism by helping in every way in all matters relating to the Church.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the visiting brothers, and the whole of the members of the Mataura branch were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daly, of the Bridge Hotel, who had prepared an excellent dinner. After partaking of the good things provided Bro. Marlow, in a happy speech, referred to the excellent help that had been given by Bro. Daly in connection with the formation of the branch. The speaker referred in appreciative terms to the hospitality of the hosts, and in doing this he truly voiced the opinions of that fine gathering of filty Hibernians who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daly at dinner. The health of the host and hostess was honored in an enthusiastic manuer.

Bro. T. Pound, of the Invercargill branch, proposed success to the new branch and this was supported by Bros. Mallin, Columb, and Smith of the Gore branch, Bro. Gillick (Dunedin), and Bros. M. J. Sheehan and A. H. Fitzgerald (Invercargill). Bro. Daly, in a modest reply thanked the company, and Bro. Curtin replied on behalf of the new branch

Bro. Marlow concluded the proceedings by thanking the visiting Hibernians for their The Dunedinites had shown attendance,

down that morning, having left Dunedin at 5.30 a.m. He thanked one and all, on bchalf of himself and also on behalf of the society.

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### Otago University Catholic Students' Club

### WELCOME TO OXFORD DEBATERS.

On Sanday evening, the 5th inst., the members of the Catholic Students' Club entertained Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Hollis, members of the Oxford University Debating Team which recently toured New Zealand. Both these distinguished Catholics are expresidents of the illustrious Oxford Union. The function was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Callan, Cargill Street, to whom the club is indebted for this further instance of generosity and kindly interest in its affairs. Those present included his Lordship Dr. Whyte, Rev. Father Morkane, Dr. and Mrs. O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Todd, and about thirty students. During the evening musical items were given by Mr. F. Sligo, and songs by Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. J. Rankin. The University Anthem was sungand the "Haka" given by all the students; Suppor was served by Mrs. Callan and the lady students, and cheers for the visitors and Mr. and Mrs. Callan brought a unique and successful function to a close.

## \*\*\*\* Greymouth

## (From our own correspondent.)

April 15.

A large congregation attended the different Holy Week coremonies, including the office of Tenebrae. Solemn High Mass was sung on Holy Thursday, Father O'Regan being celebrant: Father McMonagle, deacon; and Father Madden, subdeacon. Father Houlahau was master of ceremonies. On Good Friday morning the Passion was sung by Fathers McMonagle, Madden, and Finnerty (Kumara. At the 10 o'clock Mass on Easter Sunday the choir rendered Battman's Mass, and in the evening Father Mc-Monagle preached on the Resurrection,

The wedding took place on Easter Monday morning of Miss Mary Ahearn and Mr. James Corcoran, Nuptial Mass being celebrated by Father McMonagle. The bride wore a frock of tan marocain with fur trimming, and a bet to neatch. . Miss Eileen Costello, wearing electric blue velvet and a fawn hat, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Thomas Corcoran (brother of the bridegroom) was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party was entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Hogg. Mr. and Mrs. Coreoran left later for Canterbury, where the honeymeon is being spent.

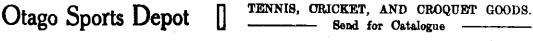
On Easter Monday night the Marist Brothers' Oid Boys held their annual ball in the St. Columba Hell. As usual all the arrangements necessary for a good dance had been carried out, and the large gathering present evidently appreciated the evening's enjoyment.

Under the direction of the contractor, Mr. J. Hart, the new convent is steadily nearing completion. The walls are so far advanced now as to allow for the structure for the their enthusiasm for the cause by motoring roofing being creeted, and a start has already been made on this,

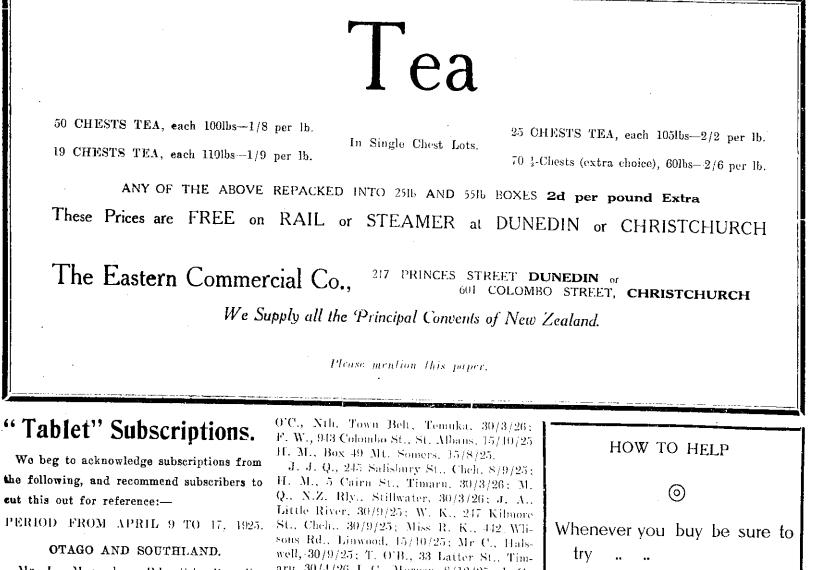
PRINCES

STREET

Dunedin



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.



Mr. L., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dunedin, 30/9/25; Mrs O'C., Union St., Dun., 30/9/25 T. K., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 15/3/26: Mr M., Ellis St., Dun., 30/9/25; Miss H., Melbourne Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/9/25; Mrs C., 111 Cargill Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/9/25; J. W., Greenock St., Kaikorai, 23/10/25; D. J R., 92 Cannongate St., Dun., 30/9/25; Mrs M. G., Rosefield, Waipiata, 30/9/25; D.V., Naseby, 30/9/25; J. McR. G., 39 Queens Drive, Musselburgh, 30/3/26; Mrs B., Princes St., Dun., 30/9/25; Mrs F., Elm Row, Dun., 30/9/25; Rev. Fr. S.C.M., Ettrick St., Ingill., 15/3/26: Mrs H., Waikaia, 23/2/26; J. O'B., Slope Point, Southland, 15/3/26; J. B., 3 Bishops Rd., Dun., 30/9/25; Mrs C., 13 Market St., Musselburgh, 30/3/26: Mrs M., 113 Eye St., Jugill, 30/9/25; Mrs M., Chapman St., Dunedin, 20/9/25; F. A. C., Mosgiet, 30/3/26; W.J. McM., 95 McMaster St., Ingill., 30/9/25.

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### CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

M. B. P., Priv. Bag, Methven, 15/4/26; S. L., Sunnybrae, Otaio, 23/7/26; Miss M. M., 293 Barbadoes St., Cheb., 15/10/25; Mrs McQ., Geraldine, 30/9/25; D. McG., Heathcote Valley, 30/9/25; J. F. D., Waiuta, 23/3/26; N. J. McC., 198 Bealey Av., Cheh, 15/1/26; J.T.F., Morven, 30/7/25; J. McC., 116 Peterborough St., Cheh., 30/10/25 C. O'B., G.P.O., Cheb., 8/6/26; Mrs E. D., Private Hotel, Ashburton, 30/4/26; Mrs R. O'B., 224 Lichfield St., Cheh., 30/3/26; P.

aru, 30/4/26 J. C., Morven, 8/12/25; J. C., 466 Madras St., St. Albans, 8/10/25; P. E. L., Orari Bridge Rd., Geraldine, 23/10/25 M. McG., 7 Rhodes St., Timaru, 15/10/25; W. K., Buller Rd., Reefton, 15/4/26,

## WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI

Mrs. B. D., Pihama, -30/10/25 ; Miss M. M., I Owen Street, Wel-lington, 8/9/25; Mrs. M. C., 105a Hill St., Wgton., 15/10/25; J. P., Waikanae, 23/10/25; W. S. A., 4 Elizabeth St., Petone, ---; P. C., 36 Polloway Rd., Mitchellstown, 8/4/26; J. D., Makuri, 15/4/26; P. J. B., Rly Hotel, Marton June., 15/10/25; T. O'C., 11 Miller St., Palm. Nth., 30/9/25; Rev. Fr. H., Presbytery, Taihape, 23/4/26; M. H., Eglantine Villa, Koro Koro, ----; C. O. H., Box 133, Masterton, 23/12/25; O.M., Govt. Bldgs., Wgton., 15/10/25; Mrs C., 5 Roberts Av., Aramoho, 30/9/25: Mrs W. B., 323 Vic. Av., Wang., 15/10/25; Mrs E. L., Horopito Rd., Ohakune Junc., 15/8/25 F. A. S., Wharehuia, 23/5/26; J. T. M., Devon St., W. New Plym., 30/9/25; Rev. Fr. G., Johnsonville, 23/3/26.

## AUCKLAND, HAWKE'S BAY, AND FOREIGN.

T. S., Smith St., Waihi, 15/4/25; Mrs J. W., Store, Hospital Hill, Napier, 30/9/25 P. McC., Tomoana Rd., Hastings, 30/9/25; Mrs S., Wainukurau, 30/9/25; Mrs M. G., Co. Kerry, reland, 30/3/26; J. A. W., Glengariff, Kaipaki, 30/12/25; S. McC., Taumarunui, 30/9/25.

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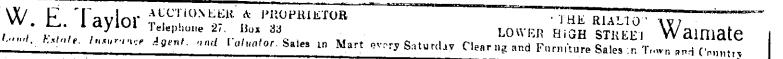
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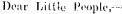
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NEW ZEALAND TABLET

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.





It really is wonderfully encouraging to know that so many of you want badges, and I hope you've all received them safe. Do you wear them, and do you always make friends with the unknown wearer of an L.P.L.C. badge, when you chance to meet? I hope so, and I'm sure you will in future anyway.

I've got an idea and think it should be interesting to us all, will you agree with me, I wonder? Suppose we call the month of May Our Lady's Month-"GROWN-UP'S MONTH," and lef our dear Grownups write to "Anne" instead of her Little People? Wouldn't it be real good to get letters from the Grown-ups, telling us what they think about us and our page? Now then, all my Little People, see what you can do, and for one month the month of May -you do the after tea washing up so that the Grown-ups can write to "Anne," instead of writing to me yourselves. Tell the Grownups our rules -you know, "write only on one side of the paper," "write with pen and ink," and "write one page only."

And the Little Person whose Grown-up writes the letter we like best will get a prize. Indeed, we may give a prize each, to a boy and a girl, for the best Man Grown-up's letter and the best Woman Grown-up's lefter.

You yourselves will write and tell me which letter you liked best-that is called VOTING. and from that Vote the prizes will be given.

Therefore dear Little People, do not write to me at all during May, but start off bright and early in June, and tell me which letter you liked best.

ANNE.

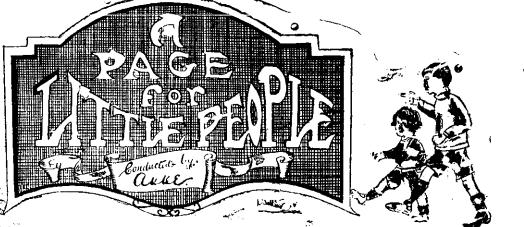
P.S. for the Grown-ups .- We want real good, business-like letters full of useful suggestions and good advice. We're in downright, honest-to-goodness carnest, we are .--Anne.

Dear Anne.

"Kruskits"

This is my first letter to you. We are away from school at present on account of the infantile paralysis. And we are not allowed to go to church. I have a sister who has joined the L.P.L.C. and her name is Patty. Will you curol me too? I am 13 years of ago and am in Std. 5. My birthday is on the 4th of August, and please will you find me a birthday mate to write to. Anne will you send a badge? This is the end of my short letter. With best love from your new friend, Mick O'Rourke, Napier.

(Registered)



(Welcome Mick, wish I had a birthday dear Anne, I must close now. Wishing every mate for you, but haven't one yet. I'll ask the boys to find a mate for you.-Anne.)

P.S.-Please boy members will someone write to Mick? Anne. Dear Anne.

I am writing to let you know that I should like a badge and will enclose 6d in my next letter. I put my arm through a glass window and cut it just below my elbow. My birthday is on the 5th March. Have I a birthday mate? If so I should like to write to her. We are not allowed to go to Mass in Napier now as there is a policeman at the door and he will not let us in. Well, Anne, I will close. With love for yourself and all best wishes for the L.P.L.C. From your old friend, Kathleen O'Rourke, Napier.

(Sorry you hurt your arm Kathleen dear and hope it is well again now. Sorry, too, you have no birthday mato yet, but one will come along safely sometime. Anne. P.S. -Will someone write to Kathleen.--A.) Dear Anne,

This is my second letter to you; my brother is writing a letter to you for the first time. Last time I wrote I was in Dannevirke staying with my cousins. I am in standard six this year. We are away from school at present, on account of the infantile paralysis and we cannot go to church. I am 14 years of age. If Eileen Walsh would like me to write to her I will not hesitate to do so. I also want a badge and as soon as I get sixpence instead of spending it I will send it to you for a badge. I hope Eileen will answer quickly as 1 like receiving them but not too keen on writing. Mv birthday is on 16th October. This is the end of my brief letter .-- Patricia O'Rourke, Napier.

(Glad to hear from you again Patricia dear, hope you and Eileen are writing to each other happily.—Anne.) Dear Anne,

As I read the L.P.L.C. every week and am very interested in it, I thought I would write to you. I have been going to write for a long time but put it off and off. I am twelve years old, and I will be in Std. 6 when school re-opens. My birthday is on the 17th September. I wonder if I have a birthday mate. I have two sisters and one brother. My sister Alma said that she would write soon. We went to Rangiora for our holidays and spent many pleasant afternoons bathing in the Ashley River. Well,

success to your page. Yours truly, Mona Goggin, Christehurch. P.S.-Will you get a girl about my age to write to me, pleaso Anne.

37

(Welcome Mona and I've got a birthday mate for you-Mavis Filmer, Onehunga. Hope you'll be good mates too. Perhaps someone else will write too, but mind you write to Mona .-- Anne.)

Dear Anne.

I am writing to know if I can join the Little People's page. I have a little bunny and I want to know if you could tell mo a name for it. Well, I must close.-Eileen Watson, Kumara.

(Welcome Eilcen, come along with us and bring Bunny, too. Suppose you call him "Tip."-Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is my first letter to you. I wish to join the Little People's page. I have a pet kitten. Could you tell me a name for it. I go to the convent school. It is a mile from here. Well, I must say good-bye. From your new friend, Mona McGrath, Kumara.

(Welcome Mona dear. Call your kitten "Trilby." Write again and tell me your birthday.---Anne.) Dear Anne.

This is the first letter I have written to you, and I want to know if I can join the Little People's page. We have six cows (I milk two night and morning, and sometimes three), two nice little calves which are very quiet, and also a number of fowls and two cats. I would like a name for the cats. We get the Tablet every week and like reading it. Good-bye from your loving friend, Eileen Geddes, Mangare. Dear Anne,

I am writing to you to ask you if you received my letter that I sent three weeks ago. I have been watching to see it in the Tablet every week .--- Eileen Geddes, Mangare.

(Yes Eileen dear, I received both your letters, but couldn't get them answered sooner. Call your cats "Pixie" and "Sprite," -Anne.)

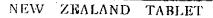
### Dear Anne,

This is my first letter to you. My birthday is on August 29. I am fifteen years of age. I would like a girl of my own age to write to me. I have one sister and five brothers. My sister has a pure white cat and would like a name for it. I have enclosed sixpence in stamps for one of your badges.

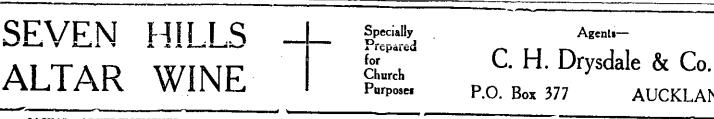
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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.



### CASUAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanteds, etc., up to 20 words: 3/- minimum; up to 30 words: 4/-; up to 40 words: 5/-. Strictly Cash with order, and copy must reach the Office not later than noon of each Monday for the issue of that week.

### MARRIAGES

- COONEY-ATHY. On November 19, 1924, at St. Mary's Church, Milton, by the Rev. Father Spillane, Francis David, fourth sonof Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cooney, Brydone, to Margaret, third daughter of Mr. Edward and the late Mrs. Athy, Tokotti, Wilton
- LAYBURN--KELLY.-On February 19, 1925, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, by Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. Patrick Kelly, Jackson Street, Timaru, to Ernest Thomas, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Layburn, Harper Street, Timaru.
- McKINSTRY-COTTER. On February 18, 1925, at St. Benedict's Church, Auckland, by Rev. Dean Murphy, James, eldest son of Mr. J. McKinstry, Belfast, Ireland, to Kathleen, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Cotter, Rocklands Avenue, Mt. Eden.

### DEATHS

- COLLINS.-Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, heloyed husband of Elizabeth Collins, who died at his residence, 465 Cashel Street, Christelnurch, on April 13, 1925. On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.
- HANNON .- Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael, beloved husband of the late Bridget Hannon (father of Michael Hannou, of Oamaru, and Cathcrine Hannon, of Dunedin), who died at his residence, 45a Broughton Street, Dunedin South, on April 43, 1925; in his eightieth year .-- R.I.P.
- HICKEY. Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Timothy Hickey, dearly beloved husband of Mary Hickey, who died at his residence. Alton Street, Nelson, on March 27, 1925; aged 62 years. - - Most Sacred Heari of Jesus, have merey

- McCORMACK .- Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Frederick McCormack, dearly beloved husband of Marie McCormack, who died at his residence, 18 Westura Terrace, Cashmere Hills, on April 3, 1925.-R.I.P.
- MACKLE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bernard, dearly beloved husband of Mary Anne Mackle, who died at his residence. Kaikoura, on March 31, 1925; in his 70th year.-R.I.P.
- PARKER.- Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Joseph Parker, who died at his residence, 15 Colenso Avenue, Napier, on April 9, 1925 .- On his soul, Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy.

### IN MEMORIAM

O'CONNOR .- Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael O'Connor (Rifle Brigade), who was killed in action in France, on April 20, 1918.-R.I.P.--Inserted by his mother, sisters, and brothers

### WANTED

- WANTED .- Applications are invited for the position of CHOIR MASTER, St. Joseph's Church, New Plymonth. Apply, Box 32, New Plymouth.
- WANTED.-(By 1st May) MARRIED COUPLE; man capable of working stock and bush farm until September 1, and then milk on shares for season: twentylive cows. For further particulars apply, "Farm," c/o Tablet Office.

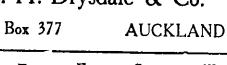
### ST. PHILOMENA'S COLLEGE. SOUTH DUNEDIN

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The Primary Department will be re-opened as soon as the existing restrictions are removed.

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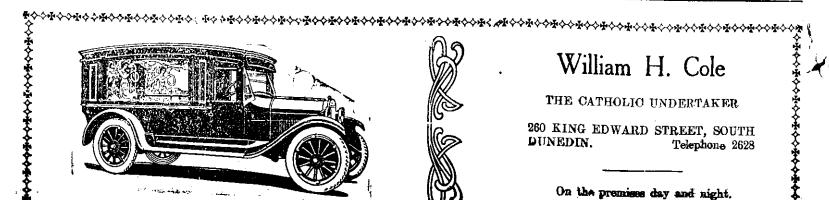
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		·····			201 <b>, 110</b> use,	



Well, good-bye Anne, Patricia Roughan, Lawrence Post Office.

(Welcome Patricia, but I'm sorry that there is no other Little Person's name down on your birthday. But you'll get a letter from someone surely, perhaps you may even write off to someone yourself. Call your beautiful puss "Crystal."—Anne.)

### Dear Anne,

This is my first letter to you. I am ten years of age, and I board at the Wrey's Bush Convent; I have been there over 12 months. My sister Eliza has been there over 7 years. I am learning music and I like it very much. There were four boys and four girls in our family, but two girls died—one 6 years and one 1 year. Our neighbor has a little baby and I am looking after him. He is a darling wee boy and his name is Raymond Kirk. He is nearly 7 mouths old. I am sending six stamps for a badge. Love from all to Anne.—Annie MacRae Matheson, Otautau.

(Welcome Annie, you'll get your badge just as soon as the new ones arrive. When is your birthday, you may have a birthday mate.--Anne.)

#### Dear Anne,

I was very pleased to see my letter in the *Tablet*. Please find enclosed stamps for a badge. I have no pets but I am very fond of them. I saw a rabbit in our garden last night: I tried to catch it but it ran too fast. I have a little cousin and his name is Dick and he runs to see me; he is very funny. Your loving friend, Leta Robertson, Invertagill.

(Hope you will like your badge Leta. What a pity dear that you didn't eatch the rabbit, but then, after all he is happier free, although he may be a great nuisance. Have you any letter mafes yet, - Anne.)

#### My dear Anne,

Just a line or two, hoping it finds you and also all the other Little Folk of our page in the very best of health. I did not notice my letter in last week's Tablet, but I must not be impatient as I suppose you have rather a busy time reading and auswering so many letters. I am sure if I had to do that kind of work I would be putting wrong answers to the letters half the time. Dear Anne, will you ask some girl about 15 or 16 to write to me. I wrote to Eileen Walsh but as I had no other means of knowing her address I had to depend on you doing me a favor; 1 hope you will forgive me Anne if I am taking too big a liberty. Are there any other members belonging to our page whose birthday is on December 1? If so will you tell them to write, or else give me their address and I will write to them. I have five brothers and three sisters; my eldest sister is married and she has three lovely little children. Wasn't that a beautiful page about Father O'Neill's lecture? I enjoyed reading it very much. Well, dear Anne, as I have no more news at present I will close with heaps of love and many good wishes for the success of our page. Your loving member, Chrissie Ken-

Joseph Howard

nedy. P.S.--Dear Auue my address is C. Kennedy, 914 Colombo Street, Christehurch --for any member who will be kind enough to write.

(Has your first letter appeared on our page yet? I hope it has. Sorry Chrissie dear that I've no birthday mate for you yet, but someone will write to you I'm sure. Did Eileen get her letter safely?—Anne.)

### Dear Anne,

This is the first time 1 have written to you. May I join your club, please? As I would like a badge I am enclosing six stamps for it and one for the postage. I am 11 years old and in Std. 4. My birthday is on the 25th of January. I go to the convent school, and Sister Mary Paul taught me last year. Sister Mary Claud will teach mo this year. At the "break-up" last year I got a prize for first in class, and one for Christian doctrine. Our school is closed on account of the epidemic. We all think it will not open till after Easter. I have three sisters who are all younger than me; their names are Agnes, Aileen, and Marion. I have also two brothers. Jim is the eldest of the family and Felix the youngest. Have you a birthday mate for me? Will you give me a name for our cat, please. Wishing you every success with your page and love to all the Little People. Your new friend, Frances Paul, Reefton.

(Welcome Frances dear, hope you'll like your badge. Sorry I have no birthday mate for you yet, but you will soon make some letter friends.—Anne. P.S.—Who will write to Frances after reading her nice letter.A.)

Dear Anne,

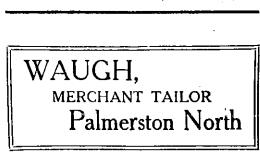
Just a line to let you know I would like to join the L.P.L.C. I think it is a grand idea about the badges and scrap book competitions. Anne you must be a wonderful person to think of all this. Last year I got first prize for sewing and it was a nice table ornament. I have got a sewing prize every year. I must close with love. From your new friend, Vera Lang, Upper Fendalton.

(Welcome Vera dear, but I'm not a bit wonderful really. Good girl for winning prizes like that.- Anne.)

### Dear Anne,

COUNTRY

As I forgot to send the stamps I will send them now. With love from Irene, Owhango. (Received the stamps Irene, they nearly filled the box in which I keep my own till there are enough to send away.—Anne.)



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### To Our Subscribers

As the Company has been under heavy expense recently in crecting new premises and machinery, we would deem it a favor if subscribers would forward subscriptions as promptly as possible after receiving accounts.

### A REMINDER FROM PETONE

All those holding books of tickets for the Petone Convent Art Union are requested to return blocks and remittance to Rev. Mother as soon as possible, as the drawing of prizes will take place at the end of this month (April).

The winning numbers will be published in the Tablet, N.Z. Times, Dominion, and Evening Post.

The object for which the Art Union is being held is a most worthy one, and all are earnestly exhorted to be as generous as possible to enable the Sisters to carry on their good works for the benefit of their fellowcreatures.

Tell us when and where you propose to remove your furniture and competent men with roomy vans will shift it with no inconvenience.—The New Zealand Express Co.

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	NEW ZEALAND TABLE	WEDNESDAY, AFRIL 15, 1925
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## Our Sports Summary

**C.B.O.B. RUGBY LEAGUE FOOTBALL CLUB** A team representing the above football club journeyed to Kaitangata on Easter Saturday to meet the local League team. The game, despite adverse weather conditions, proved to be open and spectacular, and some very fine movements by both sides were witnessed. The Brothers' team proved victorious, after a close, hard game, by 8 to 6—two tries and a goal to two tries. C. Walsh scored both tries for the Brothers, J. O'Malley converting one. C. Oliver scored for Kaitangata.

### INTER-CLUB CRICKET MATCH

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' (DUNEDIN) V. MARIST BROTHERS' (INVERCARGILL

The Marist Old Boys' cricket team of Iuvercargill visited Dunedin during the Easter holidays to play a match against the local Christian Brothers' team. Play was commenced on the Caledonian Ground on Saturday in variable weather. His Lordship Dr. Whyte was present on Monday, together with the Christian Brothers and a large number of other interested spectators. Marists batted first, and held the wickets most of the day. Play was resumed on Easter Monday, the contest terminating with a win for Dunedin by 38 runs. It is due, however, to state, that two of the Invercargill players had to return home on Monday morning, and thus the team had the disadvantage of playing with that number short. The members of the visiting team were billeted with friends during their stay, and on Sunday were taken for a motor run to Brighton and entertained by the home team. On Easter Monday night at the "Wentworth," the visitors were entertained to supper on the lavish scale for which this popular restaurant is noted. Mr. O. Todd presided, and among the guests were his Lordship Dr. Whyte, Rev. Father Kaveney, Adm., Messrs. P. Gilfedder (In-vercargill), T. Batt, and others. The The chairman, in welcoming the visitors, said he felt honored in being asked to preside. It was always a pleasure to help outdoor sport along-cricket best of all. He congratulated the Christian Brothers' cricketers on the fine display they gave during the season just closed, and on the fine results they had achieved in all grades. The club possessed all the elements requisite for an Otago representative team, and if their present form were maintained their lead in the game was assured. He also complimented the Invercargill team on its fine performance: Playing, as they did in their final innings with two men short, their defeat by only 38 runs might easily, with their full complement, have been turned into a victory. The chairman called upon his Lordship Dr. Whyte to make a presentation of a silver cup, suitably inscribed, to Mr. J. Bond for scoring the first 100 runs of the season; and to Joe Parsons a trophy presented by Messrs. D. and A. Fogarty for best bowling and batting averages for the Christian Brothers' School. Mr. Batt also presented a bat to Jack Parsons

for best all-round average for the club. Among the toasts honored were "The Christian Brothers' Cricket Club," proposed by Mr. P. Gilfedder, who characterised the members as "a fine crowd of enthusiastic, wellbehaved, athletic young fellows who well uphold the traditions of the school." In Mr. Bond the club possess the type of man wanted to bring the team along.

In proposing at a later stage "The Toast of Erin," Mr. P. Gilfedder delivered an eloquent speech which greatly appealed to his hearers, and for which he was roundly applauded. "Umpires and Scorers," "The Visitors," and other toasts received due attention.

His Lordship the Bishop expressed the great pleasure he had experienced in listening to the speeches. He was glad to know that the Marist Brothers' and Christian Brothers' ex-pupils were not strangers. It was very pleasing to see them in friendly rivalry on the sports' field, and also fraternising in a spirit of comradeshin. There was every evidence of a close friendship which he hoped would endure. There existed a fine spirit of sportsmanship which was a delight to witness, a spirit if introduced into the serious things of life would make them good Catholic boys of whom we shall all be proud. Speaking directly of Invercargill, his Lordship said it was a town for which he had a great admiration, and more especially so because of the vast amount of good work done there in the interests of our holy Faith.

Musical and vocal items were given by several of those present, and a very enjoyable gathering was terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Father Kaveney.

### M.B.O.B. FOOTBALL CLUB, NAPIER (From our own Correspondent.)

The annual general meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Football Club was held on Thursday evening, 2nd inst., Mr. W. J. McGrath presiding over a large attendance of club members and supporters.

The annual report, which was adopted, stated that the season commenced with 50 members, and a senior, junior, and third grade team participated in the competitions. The senior team, after many set-backs in the way of accidents to players, won the Lane Cup at the end of the season. The junior team played sportingly throughout, despite adverse conditions, while the third grade team won the Napier section, but was defeated by Hastings in the final of the grade championship. J. Mill was the club's representative in the "All Blacks," while M. Mahony, S. Gemmell, N. McCarthy, and A. Swainson were provincial representatives. Thanks were extended to the numerous donors to the club for the past season.

Office-bearers were elected as under:-Patron, Mr. B. J. Dolan; president, Mr. M. Treston; chairman, Mr. W. J. McGrath; vice-presidents--Messrs. A. Yeo, R. Cassidy, F. Kyle, L. Kyle, J. Kenny, F. Mahony, J. Mahony, P. Mahony, T. Tracy, W. A.

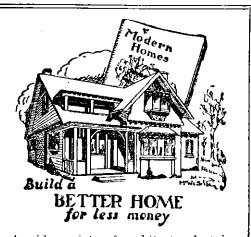
Harris, G. Beer, P. Annan, jun., G. Robertson, T. Barry, R. Jeffers, J. Redwood, F. O'Shannassy, T. Gurr, P. Barry, J. Golding, E. Raudail, J. W. Callaghan, L. Mc-Ilvride, M.P., H. T. Hanlon, P. Scullin, J. B. Andrew, B. O'Rourke, J. P. Sheehan, Williamson, J. V. Brown, G. Graham, R. A. Bain, T. Biggens, J. Brandon, P. Verschaffelt, R. McCarthy, Rev. Father Seymour, and J. P. Murphy; management committee-Messrs. W. A. Harris, F. Tyne, L. Kyle, J. W. Callaghan, R. Le Quesne, G. O'Connor, J. and M. Mahouy; delegates to H.B.R.U., Messrs. J. W. Callaghan and M. Mahouy; coaches (seniors), S. Gemmell and M. Mahony; (juniors), M. Wynn; (thirds), club captain-Mr. L. Kyle; secretary, Mr. H. Storkey; assistant secretary, Mr. W. P. Harris; treasurer, Mr. M. Wynn. Mr. J. Robertson was elected a life member. The nomination of teams was left to the

management committee. In the course of his remarks during the evening, Mr. J. W. Callaghan touched on a most important point in connection with clubs of any description-that of club feeling and the attempts of the members to create an atmosphere of general good-fellowship and esprit-de-corps. This, he added, was most essential for the welfare of any club. His remarks were heartily endorsed by Mr. W. J. McGrath, and if these small though important points are taken notice of, the club will never look back; and the club itself is to be thankful that it has such an enthusiastic and "live-wire" representative on the governing body for this province.

The dewdrop clings to the resebloom fair That fills with fragrance the noontide air; The dewdrop melts and the petals fall, For such, alas! is the fate of all.

The summer wanes and the chill gray days Submerge the warmth of the sun's bright rays,

Winter once more brings colds to cudure-Forget not Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



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### NEW ZEALAND TABLET



<u>.</u>....

## Commonwealth Notes

### NEW SOUTH WALES.

We are already on the eve of the departure of the pilgrims from Australia and New Zealand, who are to visit Lourdes and Rome during this Holy Year of Jubilee (says the Catholic Press). Some of the pilgrims have already left our shores, 14 having sailed by the Barrabool, at the beginning of March, and 16 by the Khyber a week ago. As we write, a body of over 30 are preparing to depart on the new Orient liner, Oronsay, which left Circular Quay lately. Rev. Father T. Nolan, of Dalby, Queensland, has kindly consented to act as their chaplain. Those who left at the beginning of March will make a short stay in England, Scotland and Ireland before they join the main body at Lourdes on May 16. A few of the passengers by the Oronsay will see the Holy Land, but the majority will await the leader's party in the south of France, either at Lourdes itself, or in the neighborhood of Marseilles. The pilgrims' ship par excellence is, of course, the Mongolia, on which his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, leader of the Pilgrimage, travels. Out of the total number of 243 pilgrims, 172 are booked by the Mongolia. These include the Right Rev. Dr. Dwyer, Bishon of Wagga, and the Right Rev. Dr. O'Farrell, Bishop of Bathurst. Rev. Father P. J. Vaughan, St. Andrew's, Werribee, is chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne. Rev. Father P. Moloney, M.S.C., will act as chaplain to the pilgrims. The following is a list of the clergy booked on the Mongolia: Rev. Father W. J. Byrne (Kangaroo Point, Brishane), Rev. Father D. M. O'Keefe (Nundah, Brisbane), Rev. Father J. F. Norton (Adm., Bathurst), Rev. Father P. Kavanagh (Nagambie, Sandhurst), Rev. Father M. J. Rohan (Dookie, Sandhurst), Rev. Father H. F. Bakker (Ascot Vale, Melbourne), Rev. Father J. A. Gleeson (Flemington, Melbourne), Rev. Father J. Gavan (Bruthen, Sale), Rev. Father J. Aylward (Maitland. Adelaide), Rev. Father J. Barry (Stanley, Hobart), Rev. Father J. McManus (Palmerston North, Wellington). As the Pilgrimage will officially leave from Melbourne, no arrangements have been made for a gathering of the pilgrims in Sydney, nor for a special valedictory ceremony in St. Mary's Cathedral. It is hoped, however, that not only the friends of the pilgrims, but as many Catholics as can conveniently be present, will gather on the wharf to wish the pilgrims a prosperous journey.

### **~~**~~~~~

### VICTORIA.

Speaking at North Essendon on Tuesday night, Dr. Mannix said that he had just come back from a long tour in New South Wales (says the Melbourne Advocate for April 2). Wherever he went he found that the Catholic people were generous and fervent in their Faith. In a parish in the diocese of Goulburn that he visited a hall had been erected at a cost of from £10,000 to £12,000. On the occasion of the opening the debt upon

the building did not exceed £1500. There were more Catholic people there than at North Essendon, but, nevertheless, it was a remarkable achievement, and the parish was also well provided with a number of other splendid Catholic institutions, which were entirely free of debt. That work had been carried out in the town of Young. - (Applause.) He afterwards visited Queanbeyan, where a young Australian priest was in charge. He believed the priest was a classfellow of Father O'Brien at Manly College. In that parish, which contained about 3000 souls, a half had been erected at a cost of £14,000. Queanbeyan was close to the Federal capital, and it might appear that there was some danger of its being extinguished, but the parish priest and his people were not crying a halt. In every locality in Australia the same generous spirit was being shown by the people. Applause.) "I have also had the opportunity," said his Grace, of seeing the Federal capital and the buildings already creeted. I do not know if we have proceeded with the establishment of the capital too soon or whether the expenditure upon it is likely to be reproductive in the near future, but I am certain of this, that those who selected the site made no mistake. Certainly one of the most beautiful places in Australia has been selected for the capital. I have no doubt that in the course of the next fifty years it will be a very great city." (Applause.)

### **\*\*\*\***

### QUEENSLAND.

Speaking at the Communion breakfast of the Maryborough Hibernians on Sunday, 29th ult., his Grace Archbishop Duhig replied to the criticism of his recent reference to gambling. His Grace said : "I may say at once that none of my critics has answered my arguments. They have all knowingly, or without conceiving it, misread the most mportant point of the address which I then made. I still say that taking part in simple games of chance, such as those carried on at bazaars or fairs, or any simple game of chance in which a man never goes beyond his means, never injures himself, his family, or his reputation, is just as innocent a way of spending his time and a little money, especially when it is for charity or a good purpose, as going for a 'joy' ride or an excursion, or treating one's friends to a drink. I would have said nothing on this question had not those fetes and fairs, bazaars and art unions that we hold from time to time for charitable and religious purposes been the centre of the attack, nor had those who criticised such things confined themselves to the higher and pernicious forms of gambling. There may be fairs, fetes, and bazaars that are abused, but speaking of those functions organised for charitable and educational purposes, I say that people never go to them with the intention of gambling. People go there with the main object of helping charity, or a cause for which the bazaar is being held.

People who attend our Catholic fairs and bazaars are the very people you never see on a racecourse. They pass the time pleasantly, and spend their few shillings in buying little things, or taking a ticket in a simple game of chance or in a raffle. I don't see any moral wrong in that at all. It would be much better if my critics turned their attention to the night card parties and big gambling in the world. There is an imputation in these criticisms that we build our Catholic institutions merely by raffles and fairs, bazaars, and art unions. That is not at all true. There is no section of the community that does more in direct giving than the Catholic section. I previously said that we had a Golden Casket with us. I did not say anything for or against it, but I spoke of the cause of the Golden Casket being with us, because people who can afford to do so failed to support such institutions as the Brisbane General Hospital. I think I am quite right there. I believe men of wealth of any denomination should liberally support religion, education, and charities, but wealthy people of any denomination in Queensland have nothing to boast about in this regard. If this support were forthcoming as it should be, there would be very little need for holding fetes, bazaars, and the like."

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In Our Lady's Library (J. F. Smith)--4/6.

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man)—9/6.

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### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.



CGUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

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## Here and There

Secret Societies .- The London Tablet comments thus in a review of A Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies, by Arthur Prouss :- Secret Societies, like Port and Good Manners and Cheshire Cheese and many other things, are not what they were. Our own first secret society-not a boy in it clearly knew what it was all about-used to meet in a cellar where every initiate had to sign the Scroll of the Seven Scals with a quill pen dipped in his own blood. To-day, secret societies nearly all have brass-plates on their front doors and their telephone numbers in the Directory; and when you write to them (as did Dr. Preuss) for an account of their aspirations and activitics, nearly all of them send you courteous and copious replies. The Dictionary which lies before us deals with hundreds of societies established in the United States, a country which has had bitter experience of secret organisations. That the danger from such bodies is not imaginary is proved by the fact that a strongly Protestant "National Christian Association" exists to deal with the evil, so that Catholics are not alone in opposing it. It is important to note that American Freemasonry is of the Continental type, and is "a religious sect diametrically opposed to Christianity." In forty-nine States there are nearly 3,000,000 Freemasons. Dr. Preuss does not say much about them in his Dictionary, because he has already dealt with them fully in his well-known book A Study in Aemrican Freemasonry. As well as the secret societies properly so called, Dr. Preuss treats alphabetically many open organisations. For example, he tells us about the Y.M.C.A., and the reasons why the Holy Office in 1920 warned the American bishops against it. Catholics have duly praised much of this association's purely philanthropic work; but we cannot overlook the fact that, after the War, the Y.M.C.A. started a campaign of religious "reform" in the "henighted" Catholic countries of Europe, to show "young minds" how to escape from "the darkness in which the old Catholic faith had enveloped them." We are sorry to tell Dr. Preuss that the Y.M.C.A. on this side of the Atlantic, despite many excellent social activities, gives too much scope for the proselytising efforts of rather muffish young men who are always talking about "my Bible" and are prepared to teach "the Gospel" infallibly, any time of day, in an anti-Catholic spirit. Dr. Preuss, while never failing to pillory any secret society which is a danger to faith and morals, is no mere censor or prude. He has a sense of humor, and is never ill-natured in his comments.

John Richard Green's Historical Library. -Mrs. Stopford Green, widow of the great English historian, has generously presented to University College, Dublin, her library, itcluding her late husband's fine historical collection. In her letter to the Governing Body, she says: "The library represents the enthusiasm of a young scholar, lonely, poor, and accustomed to ill-health. -Many volumes of the Acta Sanctorum were only bought by sacrificing dinners. Nearly every book in the whole collection must have implied genuino hardship. . . I formed hope that they might be the foundation of a worthy historical research library in your University, among my own people."

\* \* \*

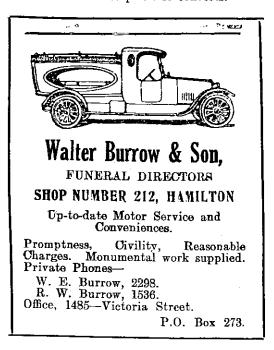
Priests in the War -- During the Great War no less than 32,699 French priests (23,418 seculars and 9,281 regulars) answered the summons of mobilisation. As most of them served as ordinary soldiers the casualties were heavy. There were 4953 priests killed (3101 seculars and 1517 regulars) and 14,000 were honorably mentioned in dispatches. Even affer the Germans had violated Belgium, expelled monks and friars flocked to France by every land-route and sea-route still open to them. Benedictines, Carthusiaus, Dominicaus, Franciscans, Jesuits were all there. The splendid record of what French priests did and suffered is being prepared under the auspices of that excellent and accurate periodical La Documentation Catholique, with M. Jean Guiraud, editor of La Croix, giving invaluable help. It is to be in two volumes, each containing 1250 pages, and there are to be 2000 photographs. The first volume of this "Golden Book" has just appeared. Apart from its intrinsic merits, the work is timely. No honest reader who lingers over its pages can have a moment's further patience with the old slander that Catholics, are not good Frenchmen. Some of the gallant acts recounted are as thrilling and splendid as anything in the annals of the Crusades.

#### \*

Oldest English Jesuit Dies.-England's oldest Jesuit, Father John Moore, has just died in his 90th year at the Jesuit house at Rochampton (says Catholic News Service, London, for March 9). Father Moore was Irish by birth, and brought up as a Protestant. He became a Catholic in his youth, and at the age of 22 joined the Jesuits. Forty-four years ago he visited Canada and the United States to recuperate his health, but almost the whole 57 years of his priestly career were spent on the English missions. Father Moore was a religious of considerable versatility. His speciality was physics and mathematics, and for some time he was director of the famous Stonyhurst Observatory. But he was also a musician of parts, and there are several settings to liturgical offices composed by him,

#### \* \* \*

Westminster Conversion Statistics.—The Jesuit church at Farm Street heads the list for the number of conversions in the Westminster dioceso for the last statistical year, with 133 adult conversions. The last recorded year shows a falling off in conversions for the metropolitan diocese, the number being 1675 which is 371 fewer than in the preceding year. The church of the Oratorians, the Brompton Oratory, follows Farm Street, with an annual total of 76 conversions. But Westminster Cathedral, which records only 58 conversions during the year, stands fourth in the list. Taken by themselves, the Westminster figures are no standard by which to estimate the conversion movement in London. Greater London spreads itself out through three great Catholic dioceses, those of Westminster, Southwark, and Brentwood; and the total for these three dioceses, which is the real total for London, shows an increase in numbers rather than a decrease. As Cardinal Bourne said recently, as regards his own diocese, there is sufficient scope for a body of priests to devote their whole priestly career to the instruction and reception of converts.



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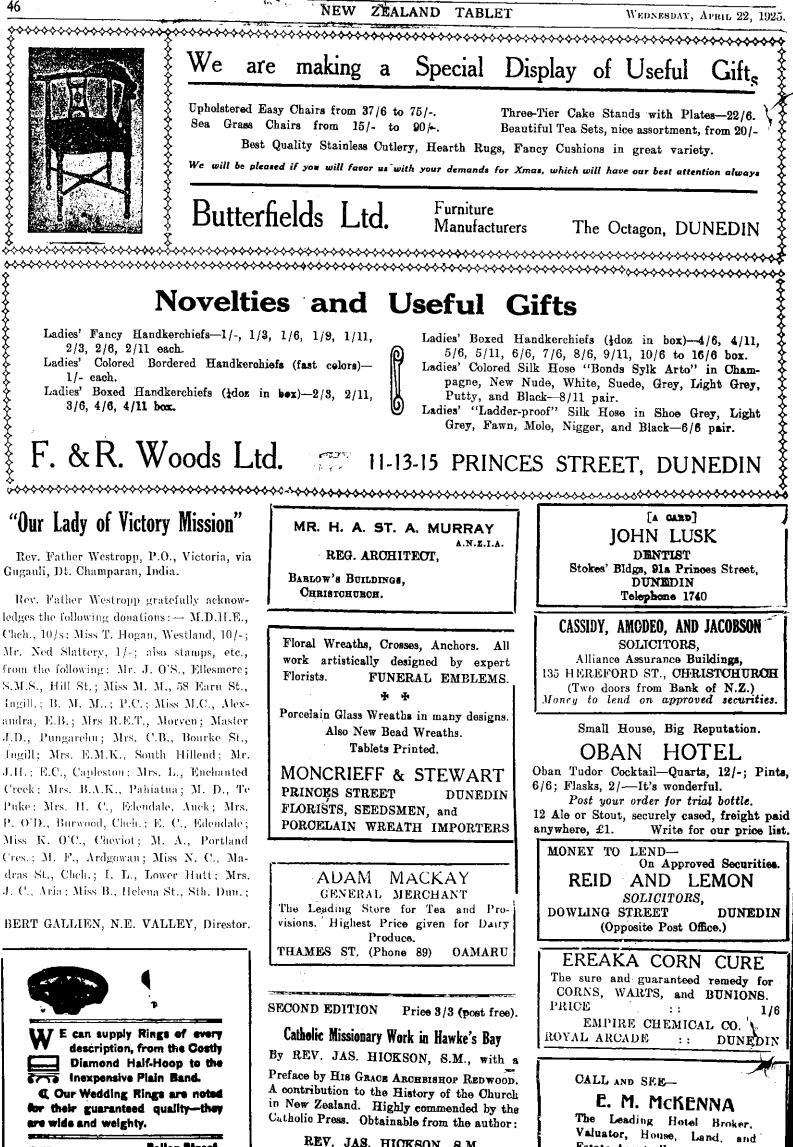
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## Irish News

THE BELFAST GOVERNMENT AND ITS INTERNEES - A TRIBUTE TO THE CHARITY OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS-AN ANGLICAN TRIBUTE TO DAIL EIR-EANN-FREE STATE DEFENCES-THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION - GOVERN-MEN RELIEF MEASURES.

The Belfast Government has published a report on its "internees" or persons imprisoned without trial. It asserts that throughout the past year their health was very good. "Their conduct was very good also, save on the occasion of the organised hunger strike." The hunger-strike began on the prison ship Argenta in October, 1923, and soon spread to the prisoners in Larne workhouse and in Derry gaol, nearly 300 men in all refusing food till certain grievances were remedied. The strike lasted three weeks. The Belfast Ministry mentions that a Catholic Society has been formed to aid discharged prisoners. No exact information is given as to the number still detained. In April, after many liberations, there remained about 300 men undergoing imprisonment without trial. Since then there have been further releases and arrests.

An admirable leader in the Church Times the other day offers heartiest congratulations to President Cosgrave and the Dail Eireann "on their restoration to Southern Ireland of the marriage law of Christian civilisation" (says the Catholic Herald, Edinburgh). Ireland never suffered the disgrace of Britain's abominable divorce legislation, but (as in England since Charles II) the old Irish Parliament, destroyed at the Union, prefended to provide divorce by private Act of Parliament. The Dail would not listen to a proposal to introduce a Bill for the restoration of such "privilege." The Labor Party were as emphatic as the rest of the House in this sense; and the only protagonist of divorce appears to have been Mr. Thrift, a member for Trinity College, Dublin, who prated about liberty of conscience, and was backed up in the columns of the Irish Times. The Auglican weekly trusts that when the question comes before the Senate, so-called "Church of Ireland" people in that assembly "will not dishonor" their Church in the eyes of their Catholic fellow-citizens." It is also pointed out "how completely Mr. Cosgrave's action on this question has refuted the silly calumny that Irish Nationalism is in any sense Bolshevist in spirit. A comparison of the action of the Soviets and of the Irish Free State on the marriage question must for ever dissipate this libel." And the leader ends: "If, as we are told, Ulster will find in this righteous act another bar to Irish unity, the eyes of English Churchmen will at last be opened to the true character of Northern Protestantism. Southern Ireland has many weaknesses, but she has, on this occasion, stood bravely for the eivilisation of Christian Europe, and is an example to the nationalities who have betrayed both civilisation and the Faith," It is most encouraging. (though quite what we should have expected) to find the most influential Anglican newspaper thus standing shoulder to shoulder with ourselves in the defence of the great tradition of Christian morality. Whatever the

disloyalty to their own standards on the part of, we fear, a considerable number of Anglicans, those standards are simply the Christian Moral Law on this point. We should like to think that there are millions throughout the non-Catholic bodies who are one with the Catholic Church in the battle for the supremacy of that Law.

In the course of discussion on the report stage of the Free State Defence Forces (Temporary Provisions) Bill in the Dail the other day.

Mr. Thomas Johnson said it was quite clear with the modern development of armaments that the Free State could not pretend to defend itself in every possible manner that could be conceived, and they wanted to know the mind of the Government. Was the army of the future intended to meet an external foe, or was it to be more in the nature of a national guard to meet internal trouble? They were more likely to be attacked by a naval force than by any other.

Mr. Figgis supported Mr. Johnson in asking for some indication as to exactly what purpose the army was to serve, as they could not afford to have it for decorative purnoses.

Mr. Peter Hughes (Minister of Defence) said he was satisfied that at the present time they wanted an army, but he was not going to say to the House that that army should cost an abnormal amount of money. It was not possible to set up a navy. They had the nucleus of an air force at present, and it was intended to keep that nucleus there.

Mr. Johnson-A nucleus of what? An air force to repel an invasion from the air!

Mr. Hughes-My intention anyway as Minister is to have this country, within the limits of the country, able to defend itself against any attack. He added that in twelve months the cost of the army would be brought down to what the country could afford to pay.

The report stage of the Bill was passed.

The Boundary Commission, it is officially announced, proposes to pay another visit to the North (writes the correspondent of the Catholic Times). The Commissioners, who will hear evidence in private, have arranged to deal, in the first instance, with questions affecting the Eastern section of the border. Later, they will consider representations from persons living in Fermanagh and Tyrone and other areas in Central Ulster. Despite the admitted, possibly exaggerated, difficulty of the frontier problem, there is a growing feeling that it may be solved, through the medium of the Commission, in an amicable manner. Though this may be an optimistic view, it seems justified to some extent by the decline of party passion in the disputed territory. We have travelled so far along the road to peace, in fact, that nobody is able to envisage the possibility of a return

to friction and disorder. Even Sir James Craig, though lamentably susceptible to pressure from extremists, has become a verbal pacifist of late. The sagacity of investors in excluded Ulster, rather than the sharpness of the northern sword, is now his oratorical obsession. That, as far as it goes, is a satisfactory change, since, whatever one may think of Orange military prowess, one must admire Belfast's capacity for petty thrift.

President Cosgrave, in a cabled message to the Guelic American, says:-

"The districts chiefly affected by adverse climatic conditions of past years are those in congested area, extending Western Coast from Donegal to Kerry. The Land Act, 1923, will remedy this in big way once for all, but this will take time, and relief measures required, this as other years-these being taken by Government, and several voluntary societies are assisting.

"No famine in ordinary sense exists, and the comparison with black forty-seven made by certain newspapers is absurd. Fact is average yield of potato crop in great majority of affected districts higher than that of last year, but weather conditions affected general harvest. Fuel shortage is serious, due impossibility of saving turf owing to bad weather and floods. This is the chief cause of distress. Shortage of fuel is being met by distribution of thousands of tons of coal by Government, and various relief schemes in hand. Daily meal for 18,000 children arranged. Local Boards of Health also active.

"Several charitable associations, including Irish Savo the Children Fund, giving great local assistance in mitigating results of poverty, which has always existed in congested districts of Connemara and West generally. Will be glad, personally, to forward to those associations any funds friends abroad desire to devote to purpose. The solution of the problem will take time, money, perseverance, with occasional disappointments. There are Government proposals in operation and contemplated which must largely contribute towards making these areas less congested and economic."

Mr. W. Cotter (Cotter and Co.), Dublin Corporation Market, in a letter to the Minister for Agriculture, says the Irish potato crop Gis far better than what people think or will admit, and some of the finest polatoes coming to this market are from the extreme West of Ireland, and are of splendid quality. While this is so, it is a well-known fact that on the heavy clay land and water-logged peaty soils the crop never reached maturity. Poor growers in regions of this kind will need help and sympathetic treatment."

Continuing, Mr. Cotter impresses on the Minister and the Department the fitness of this immature seed. If carefully and well handled, being free from disease, will make the finest seed, and may be planted with every confidence. He urges the importance of having this fact brought to the notice of all growers in the Free State.

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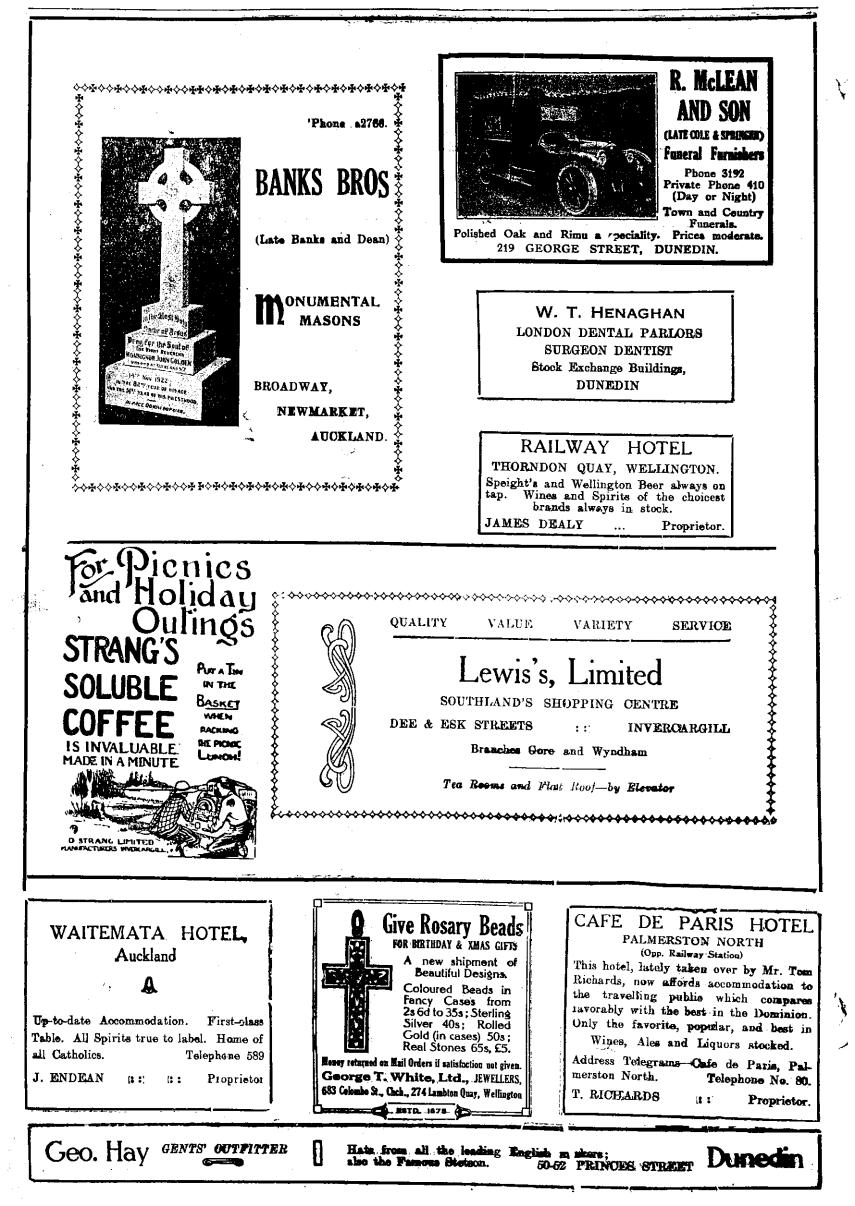
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### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.



### WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.

### **WEW ZEALAND TABLET**

### The Solemnity of Saint Joseph

Under title of this feast we honor St. Joseph as Patron of the Church Universal. Each parish, each city, each diocese, each country may place itself under the tutelage of some particular saint, but it is the special privilege and distinction of St. Joseph that he is Patron of the entire Catholic Church throughout the whole world.

And rightly so. In the earthly days of our Divine Lord, he was the chosen protector and guardian of the Holy Family. That Holy Family still continues to exist, and we who belong to the Church of God are its members. For by sanctifying grace we are made the adopted children of God and brothers of Jesus Christ. "Behold what manner of charity the Father bath bestowed upon us," says the Beloved Disciple, "that we should be called and should be the sons of God." Therefore we are by this divine gift of grace members of Christ's own hausehold, the adopted children of the Holy Family. And St. Joseph is also our foster-father and special protector.

Other saints may appeal to particular classes of people- St. Francis Xavier to the zealous missionary, St. Vincent de Paul and St. Camillus to the Christian Social workers, St. Aloysius to innocent boyhood, St. Mary Magdalen to the converted sinner, St. John Chrysostom to the golden-tongued orator, St. Thomas of Aquin to the seeker after knowledge—but St. Joseph makes a direct appeal to every class of people.

He was the guardian of Jesus Christ. Who is the great missionary, Who is charity itself, Who is the lover of childhood, the friend of sinners, the light of the world, the source and soul of cloquence.

He was also the guardian of her who is the Virgin most Powerful, the Seat of Wisdom, the Comforter of the Afflicted, the Mother most Chaste, the Queen of Heaven and Earth.

And therefore St. Joseph is by every right and title the guardian and patron of the children of God in every walk and condition of life. This is the important truth that the Church wishes us to learn from this solemn festival, in order that learning it, we may be led to invoke the protection of our fosterfather and profit by his being guidance.

Little is known of the personal history of St. Joseph. From the first chapters of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, we learn that St. Joseph was a descendant of the royal family of David. His native city was Bethlehem, but at the time when the Gospel narrative opens, he was living at Nazareth, where perhaps he had taken up his residence in search of a better opportunity to ply his trade of carpenter. Here he met and was espoused to the Blessed Firgin Mary, and later married to her, though he remained a virgin his whole life. The written history of St. Joseph is a history on the one hand of constant difficulty and trial, and on the other of humble and child-like obedience to the will of God. There was the difficulty of the conception of the Infant Child, the miraculous nature of which

was at first unknown to Joseph; there was the difficulty of the journey to Bethlehem for enrolment at a most trying period in the life of the Blessed Virgin; there was the difficulty of the flight to the unknown hand of Egypt to escape the murderous designs of Herod; there was the difficulty of the lost child in the Temple and the painful three days' search for Him.

But in all the trials not a word of complaint ever escaped his lips. On each occasion we find immediate and unquestioning submission to the will of God. Obedience indeed may be called the keystone of St. Joseph's sanctity and greatness.

"If we ask," says one author in speaking of St. Joseph, "the one reason why he was called ' the just man,' if we seek to know why he above all others was chosen to be the guardian of the Holy Family, the answer is: Because, more than any other saint, St. Joseph was the saint of obedience. And if it be asked what one great thing St. Joseph did in this world, the answer we give is: He obeyed, he obeyed, and again he obeyed."

Unbanpily the self-willod, self-indulgent, pleasure-seeking world has apparently become oblivious of the importance and beauty of this homely virtue of obedience. But we who are the adopted children of the Holy Family should certainly strive to follow in the foctsteps of our Patron and Guide, and to enhole and sanctify our lives by the practice of this virtue.

By his humble obedience, St. Joseph merited the grace of living in close union with Jesus ou earth, and of breathing out his soul peacefully on the bosom of Jesus in death. This is the great grace that St. Joseph will obtain for those who are faithful to invoke his protection and to imitate his example of generous obedience to God's holy will.

#### PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH.

God Who in Thine ineffable Providence didst vonchsafe to choose blessed Joseph to be the husband of thy most holy Mother, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be made worthy to have him for our intercessor in heaven, whom on earth we venerate as our holy protector. Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.—An indulgence of 300 days, once a day, Pius X. March 18, 1909.

### THE CONVENT PUKEKOHE RESULTS OF RECENT EXAMINATIONS

-00

The Convent, Pukekohe, has again been very successful in the various examinations hold near the end of the year 1924.

One member of the teaching staff obtained a Final B.A., and one a Teacher's B Certificate. The following pupils were also successful:--Intermediate examination-Bessie Ryan, Rose Malone, and Jean Beunerman. Intermediate Shorthand--Alma Armstrong, Marjorie Parris. Theory, Intermediate

grade (honors)-- Muriel Thomas 100, Lila Rae 97, Kathleen Neil 86; pass: Ethel Cronin 76, Mary McGuire 60. Junior Grade (honors)--Nellie Jordan 98, Dorothy Sprowl 96, Lorna Courtney 92, Dolly Ihaka 83, Mollie Michie 80.

49

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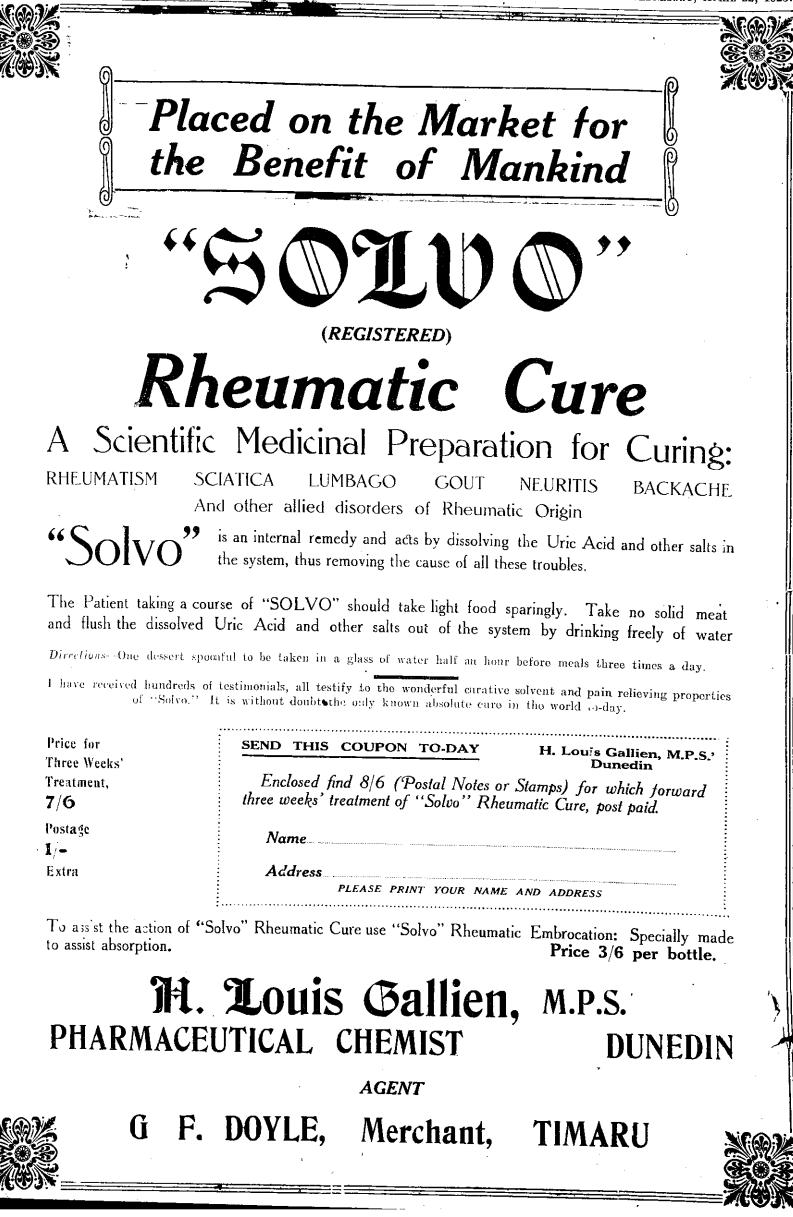
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### Sunday Afternoon Readings (By Right Rev. Mgr. Power for the N.Z. Tablet.) XXIV.—OBSTACLES TO FREQUENT COMMUNION. THE GREAT SUPPER.

All things in this world are subject 'to flaming Cherubim were set to bar his return, change: all things that move on the earth, he swore immortal hate and eternal venor fly in the air, or swim in the sen. Our geance against his Creator. Since then he own inner thoughts are interwoven with a thousand subtle changes, and our conduct far from being disheartened, he grows only changes with our thought. Indeed, it is a more crafty after each defeat, and his growcentral fact of human nature that finds expression in the phrase-"Times change, and we change with them." And yet in some respects the centuries as they succeed one another, find little change in the minds and habits of men. Take for instance the story of the Great Supper: It is nincteen hundred years since it was first spoken, and under an Eastern sky, yet it needs no amending to suit the circumstances of this twentieth century and of this newest land.

The certain man who makes the support is Christ our Lord. In His infinite wisdom He knows that no man cau live on material bread alone, so being a merciful and gracious Lord, He crowns His wonderful gifts by spreading a holy table on which He gives His own most precious Body as a Food that will repair, sustain, preserve, increase, and delight the spiritual life of His people. And now as of old He sends His servants out to invite the guests. The servants are the priests on whose altars the Holy Communion is spread, and the invited are the children of the Church, honored beyond all others by their sublime vocation. The priests go out into the highways and byways, along the country roads and through the streets of the populous city, inviting all to the Holy Table, exhorting, urging, warning; but, as fruit of their labors, bringing back very often the same old, sad answers to the Lord of the feast. The farm, the merchandise, the profession, the marrying-all these engross the attention of men who beg to be excused for the present, or reject the invitation al-And the Lord of the feast is together. grieved, and He utters His malediction against those who prefer earthly goods to Him. See then how little the world has changed in its method of outraging God!

The devil rejoices at this, for he knows the usual process and what the final result will be: neglect of the Holy Communion first, then spiritual weakness, then disease, then discouragement, then surrender, and then the devil holds his own, holds his own with such a grasp that they have no longer either energy or will to struggle against him. We often wonder how men apparently so harmless so effectually fall away from God. They were neither drunkards, nor murderers, nor blasphemers, nor impure men; yet their fall was inevitable, because they allowed the devil to cut off the source of their strength and reduce them to submission by a process of spiritual starvation. Satan is a skilful strategist in the spiritual warfare; he has a thorough understanding of the blockade. It is not for nothing that he had been fighting against the cause of God since the day of his first fall. When

Michael and his host cast him out and the

has, no doubt, suffered many a defeat, but ing craftiness is reserved for those who recognise in his great for their God. There is a steep, searped mountain that stands naked and frowning above the desolate plain that stretches from Jericho to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. After Jesus had fasted there for forty days, Satan came to tempt Him: he wished to discover if Christ were God, for this he did not yet know. If Jesus were to do his bidding-change stones into bread, and throw Himself without being killed from the pinnacle of the temple, then He was surely God. But Jesus would not enlighten Satan, and Satan had to retire discomfited from the contest. Discomfited, but not disheartened, for his malice gave him heart, for he knew the day would come that would bring him this knowledge. Three years after, he saw Jesus arise from the grave and then he knew that He was God, for only God could arise by His own power. From this day forth he watched every move, taid his plaus accordingly, and bided his time. After forty days he saw Jesus ascend into the glory of His Father where he himself had been a light-bearer before his fall; then he rejoiced, because he thought he had the souls of men once more to himself, that he could now do his will upon them and through them strike at his Creator.

But looking round him, he saw to his horror something still on earth that was divine, an organic visible body, held together by an unbreakable bond, living with divino life, and having within it the very spirit of Christ. It is the Church of Christ, built upon a rock, against which Satan's fury would dash itself in vain. Not so thought Satan: he will wreck this Church, and break its indivisible bond. Again he bides his time, lies in wait while he searches out the secret of the Church's strength, and his search is soon rewarded. Ho, ho, my brave followers of the Crucified, now I have your secret: You are strong because you have a Bread from Heaven to give you strength, the Holy Communion it is that makes you strong, for it transforms you into Christ Through the Holy Communion is brought about the streaming in upon you of the spirit and life of Christ. Christ liveth m you; I thought I had done with Him. Your thoughts, your senses, your impulses, your will auth activity become divine, as Urban the Fourth says, because they assume a resemblance to the hidden life of your Saviour. I have now the secret of the individual strength of each one of you; but I have the secret of your corporal strength also, the strength of the one united Church, for it springs from the same source. This communion of each one of you with Christ is not only the symbol of another union amongst

jourselves but is the means of maintaining it. If each communicant lives by the spirit of Christ, that one and the same spirit must be in all who communicate, and must keep all united in that Mystical Body of Christ which you call the Church. This then is your secret; I have it in two words, one the wori of Christ, the other the word of St. Paul: "Whospever eateth My flesh abideth in Me and 1 in him. . . (As) there is one Bread, so we (though) many, are one body; for we all participate in one Bread." Now I know what made you so strong against the synagogue of Galilee and the might of the temple leaders, and strengthens you against the power of a mighty spirit like myself. But what if I cut off this Bread and thus undermine your strength, and break up this spiritual union which you claim to be unbreakable, and drag you from the Heaven to which you aspire down to the deep dungeous of my abode. I know your strength my Christian heroes, I know it now: it is the Mass that matters, for it is the Mass that makes the Heavenly Bread. And he proceeds to war upon the Mass, in what manner will be shown in the next chapter.

### www

### HOLY COMMUNION.

- My soul is stilled beyond all understanding, The King of Peace has come and entered theory;
- His presence calms my fired, flotteeing spirit
  - And soothes away my sorow and my care.
- His love, bemingled with His grace and Holds fast my thankful heart is peaceful rest,
- And with my clinging thoughts T strive to keep Him,
  - As, with a sigh, I clasp Him in my breast.
- My soul sighs forth its joyful love and hoa:age,
  - With deepest thanks unto the Saviour King;
- That He should deign to visit one so singlet And to my soul His gracious Presence bring.
- O, Jesus! interpenetrate my being
- With heavenly sparks of love, to burn in me
- Enkindling flames which spread the fire onward

To light the world with ardent love for Thee.

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#### . . . . .

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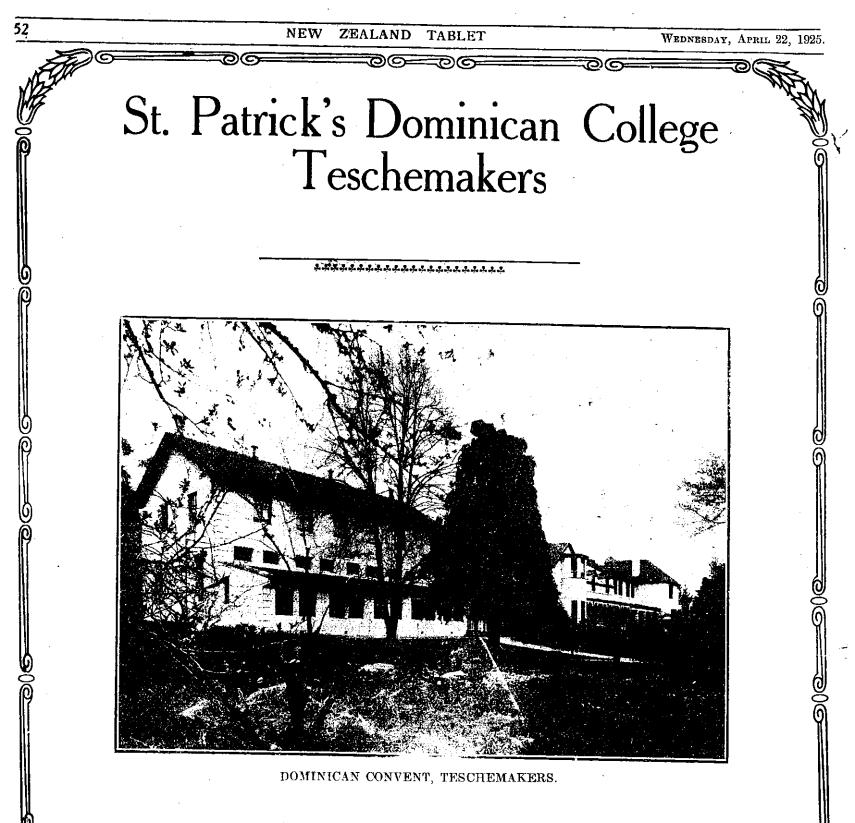
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## On the Land

### MARKET REPORTS.

Fat Cattle .- There was a medium yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week, 245 being penned. The quality generally was better than for some weeks past, prime ox beef heing more in evidence and not so many old cows being forward. The sale opened very strongly with ox beef on a par with the previous week's advanced values, but often the first race prices receded considerably, and values dropped 20s to 30s per head. At the concluding stages of the market the easing in values was even more and passings were frequent. Values were :- Extra prime bullocks to £19 12s 6d, prime £11 15s to  $\pounds 14$ , medium  $\pounds 8$  to  $\pounds 11$ , extra prime heifers to £13 5s, prime £7 to £9 10s, medium cows £4 10s to £6 10s. Fat Sheep.-There was a small yarding, 1654 being peuned. The bulk consisted chiefly of medium quality ewes, the supply of prime wether mutton being short. From the outset there was a keen sale, prime wethers hardening in values from 2s to 3s per head, while ewes sold firmly at the preceding week's rates. Values were: Extra prime wethers to 58s 6d, prime 43s 6d to 50s, medium 36s to 42s, light and unfinished 32s to 35s, extra prime ewes to 50s, prime 35s to 42s, medium 30s to 34s. light 21s to 28s. Fat Lambs.—The entry was a mixed one of 559 head. There were several consignments of well-grown and well-finished lambs, but others lacked quality. Exporters operated fairly freely, and values acre on a par with the previous week. Values were :- Extra heavy lambs up to 55s, prime lambs 42s to 44s, medium 37s to 41s, lighter 30s to 36s. Pigs.-There were 137 fats and 53 slips. Not many baconers were forward. Early in the sale a rise of fully 4s or 5s was noticeable, though it was doubtful if these prices would be maintained to the end. The quality was good.

On account of the Easter attractions the entries were smaller last week in all classes of stock at Addington. Store sheep and fat lambs sold at about the previous week's rates. Fat sheep were better, and fat cattle practically up to former rates. Fat Lambs, The penning was under 1000. There was a slightly better sale for heavy lambs, with lighter sorts at late rates. Average values were from 111d to 121d per lb. Fat Sheep .--There was slightly less than a normal yarding, with an improved sale by 1s to 2s per head. Heavy wethers were in brisk demand. Extra prime wethers 47s 4d, prime 41s to 44s, medium 37s to 40s, light 33s to 36s 6d. extra prime ewes 40s 4d, prime 33s 6d to 37s 6d, medium 30s to 33s, light 26s to 295 6d. aged 20s to 25s 6d. Fat Cattle .--- Au entry of 391 head. The sale was irregular, but on the average was practically up to that of the proceeding wask. Primest ax in a few eases made to 37s per 100%, prime 34s to 36s, secondary 31s to 33s 6d, good cow beef 31s to 34s, light and nafinished 25s to 28s 6d, though prices in some instances were down to 18s. Extra prime steers £18 10s, prime £14 to £16, medium £11 10s to £13 10s, light £8 15s to £11 5s, rough £5 5s to £8, extra prime heifers £13 12s 6d, prime £8 5s

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to £10 5s, ordinary £4 10s to £8, extra prime cows £13 7s 6d, prime £7 15s to £9 lös, medium £5 ös to £7 10s, light £3 15s to £5, aged £2 10s to £3 10s. Vealers and store and dairy cattle were forward in too few numbers to give an idea of values. Fat Pigs .-- Both porkers and baconers were easier. Choppers £3 10s to £7 10s, light porkers 52s to 60s, heavy 68s to 70s. The price per lb averaged from 71d to 8d. Light baconers £3 15s to £4 5s, heavy £4 10s to 5s, extra heavy up to £5 10s (average price per lb 63d to 71d).

### \*\*\*\*\* SOIL BACTERIA: IMPORTANCE IN FARMING.

Every farmer recognises the necessity for the cultivation of soil, and it is also known that good cultivation pays. But there are few who attempt to go below the surface and discover exactly why it is that soil reduced to a good tilth produces most abundantly. It is a matter that is assuredly worth closer investigation. The successful farmer is invariably the intelligent one, and no appreciable progress can be made unless the reasons for each separate work are thoroughly understood. But even now new points of view are constantly advanced as the result of closer scientific study. Thus, while it is generally understood that by rotation of crops a farmer can keep his soil in better tilth, the reason is not always grasped. It is generally understood that a rotation system keeps up yields better than single cropping, through the fact that different kinds of plants remove plant food elements from the soils in different proportions. and that by changing from one crop to another the soil supply of plaut food is kept more evenly balanced. But rotation goes further. It feeds soil bacteria.

How many farmers appreciate the fact that the soil teems with life, and if it were not for soil bacteria tilth would be useless and plant life impossible. "These midget chemists of the land, the bacteria," a contributor to the Country Gentleman says, "play the major role in promoting tilth. In teeming hordes they are present. They often number more than three billion to the ounce of soil. and under many conditions algae, moulds, and protoza are equally abundant. The total microscopic life in an acre of land has been calculated as weighing from 500 to 700 pounds, or approximately the equivalent weight of live stock that a good pasture acre will carry. And while the role that this soil life plays is so complex that it will probably take more generations of close study before the full activities going on under the surface of the land are clearly understood, a few broadly fundamental facts have already been brought to light."

Soil bacteria for the most part subsist on organic matter or vegetable matter in the land. Not only does the teeming life break down added vegetable matter, setting free mineral salts on which crops directly feed, but one large group of soil bacteria functions in the nitrogen-gathering role probably with as great benefit to soil fertility and tilth, as the better known nitrogen-fixing germs

which grow on the roots of the legume are inoculated. One crop will contain from 100 to 200 pounds of nitrogen. Probably half this comes from nitrogen compounds already in the land, and the remainder is gathered in from the air by the aid of nitrogen-fixing germs with which the roots of the legume are inoculated. We hear much of the importance of having a legume crop in the rotation. We hear, however, but little of the other and greater source of nitrogen supply in our soils. This other great source is through the action of bacteria feeding on the dead vegetable matter.

When soil bacteria in the main feed on vegetable matter, and the only way to keep the soil in good tilth and a high state of fermentation is to supply this favorite bacterial food, mineral fertilisers enter into the problem in a more or less important degree. In this respect reference to the remarks of the writer mentioned above is again resorted to: "The nitrifying group of germs of the so-called azotabactor group is considered now to be the real backbone of our farming. But for these micro-organisms working night and day, our nitrogen balance would be struck so far in the wrong direction that farming would be a more or less hopeless task. This group of bacteria shows a strong liking for phosphatic fertilisers, growing and multiplying at a rapidly increased rate when this element is fully supplied. Possibly this fact explains fully as much as does the direct plant food theory, good returns from far and wide through using phosphatic fertilisers. The bacterial reaction of potash is noticeable, but not so striking. Mineral nitrogen fertilisers show a pronounced effect in this wise: Applications of nitrate of soda tend to make the soil reaction alkaline, while the action of ammonium sulphate is to make the soil acid. Barteria thrive best in an alkaline soil. Alkalinity, however, can be carried too far, causing too great activity of bacteria, too rapid breaking down of the soil vegetable matter and a waste of plant food, as well as destruction of bacterial food, and a consequent period of famine, unless heroic measures are taken to keep up the vegetable matter supply.

"There is something in the old saying about lime enriching the father but impoverishing the son. Farmers who use lime liberally should make equally liberal provisions for keeping the soil provided with vegetable matter. Excess lime builds up terrine basterial appetite, which makes sometimes for a wasteful burning out of vegetable matter that must be replaced or else soil tilth will suffer."

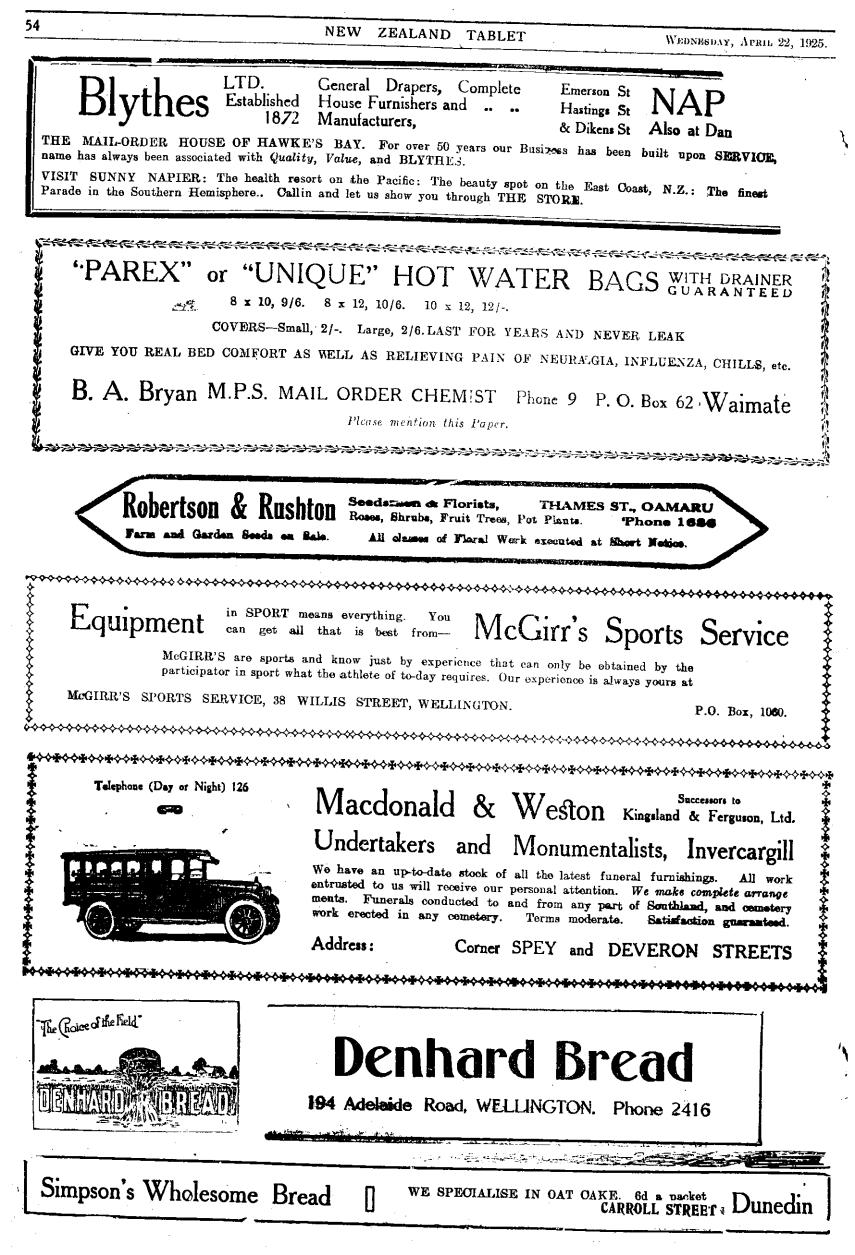
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### LEGATION.

The decision of the French Government to break with the Vatican is (says Catholic News Service, London) not without its repercussion in the Czecho-Slovak Republic, where the anti-clerical and anti-Catholic press can hardly contain its outbursts of joy. The Social Democratic, the National Socialist parties, the sectarian Protestants and the so-called Czech National Church, have all joined hands with a number of anti-Catholic federations to send a letter of congratulation to M. Herriot on his anti-Papal speech in the French Chamber.

The anti-clerical press of this republic, too, has lost no time in calling on our national Government to follow in the footsteps of France; to bring the diplomatic relations between the republic and the Holy See to an end, and to pack off the Nuncio.

Now all this is not an expression of national feeling, as it seems to be represented abroad. Some of these organisations, whose heads have taken upon themselves to congratulate the French Premier, contain a considerable Catholic membership which resents this flattery of French anti-clericalism.

As for the Catholic journals, they have put M. Herriot's parliamentary triumph in its proper perspective. The Lidove Listy says that M. Herriot's victory is a pyrrhic one, since the majority vote which he secured has been obtained at the expense of the interior peace of his country.

The extremists in this country will, no doubt, use the example of France to push the Government in an anti-clerical and anti-Rome direction. But the present Government is a coalition, and of the five political parties co-operating in the Government the Popular or Catholic Party is neither the weakest nor the most insignificant. It increased its electoral power and influence very considerably at the last election, and the Government is not in a position to alienate and incur the hostility of the Popular Party. merely to please a set of factionists whose loyalty, to say the least, is sometimes in doubt.

So far from the anti-devical victory in France giving renewed courage to the same sort of thing in this republic, it is much morelikely to result in a tightening up and strengthening of the Catholic resources, which see clearly the vital need of unity and a firm resolve not to allow their rights to be filched from them.

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DECLARATION OF CZECH BISHOPS. The Czech bishops met in Prague a few days ago, to consider the situation brought about by the publication of the joint pastoral of the Slovak bishops, which was read at Christmas.

Anti-Catholic and anti-clerical circles have tried to make of this pastoral a political issue. The Slovak bishops have been acwised of trying to stir up trouble in the State; some papers declare that the pastoral is really the work of an expelled Slovak priest, the Abbe Jehliczka; some accuse the Archbishop of Prague of having written it; others lay it to the Bishop of Litomerice;

executed

H. Glover

MONUMENTAL SOULPTOR

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA AND THE VATICAN others say it was sent out without the knowledge of the Slovak episcopate.

> The aim of all this is plainly to insert a wedge between the people and Government and the Catholic bishops of Slovakia; and the latter are accused of exploiting the people for purely political ends.

It was to put an end to this scandal and propaganda that the Czech bishops held their meeting, under the presidency of Archbishop Kordac. The Czech bishops have now published their declaration, in which they state in the clearest terms that the Slovak bishops acted from no other motive than to warn their people against the errors of modern rationalism and atheism, particularly against the Socialists, Communists, and Nihilists, who are using the economic situation to push their propaganda.

As to the Slovak bishops trying to coerce people into the Church this, says the Prague manifesto, is the merest nonsense. The Slovak bishops did no more than point out that if their people wish to enjoy the spiritual benefits of the Church, then they must conform with the ruling and directions of the Church. And, as the Czech bishops aptly point out, their Slovak colleagues are quite within their rights. For if lav and secular associations may, with propriety, define the conditions under which membership may be retained, how much more are the bishops right when defining conditions for membership of the spiritual society of the Church.

If the opposition newspapers had heped to provoke a break between the Czech bishops and those of Slovakia, they have been disappointed. Archbishop Kordae and the other Czech bishops have made quite plain their solidarity with the bishops of Slovakia; and, moreover, they are in the fullest agreement with the Christmas pastoral. The real. though unavowed, purpose of all this agitation has a politico-racial basis, and that is, to make the Slovak bishops appear in the light of unpatriotic citizens of the Republic, who entertain secret leanings towards the old Austro-Hungarian régime.

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### FRENCH CHAMBER VOTES ON VATICAN EMBASSY.

M. Briand's eloquent speech in the Chamber, in favor of retaining the French Embassy to the Holy See, was heard with close attention, and attracted a great deal of favorable notice. But it availed little. M. Herriot's fiery denunciation of the pro-Germanism of the Holy See during the war seems to have fallen on willing ears, and to have warmed the hearts of the Radicals and Socialists, who have responded with a majority vote. Not a thumping majority; but a majority for all that. So the Chamber has voted for suppressing the Embassy.

But the end is not yet, however. The matter goes to the Senate, and here anticipation is all at sea. For there are many members of the Senate, who from purely political and not necessarily religious motives, have no wish to see France sever herself diplomatically from the Holy See. That is all to the good.

But the Senate harbors also an old guard of anti-clericalism, whose vote will most cer-

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tainly be cast against the retention of the It was this same brotherhood Embassy. which by its obstructive tactics tried to prevent the resumption of relations with the Vatican; and it was in the very teeth of this opposition that M. Jonnart was sent to the Vatican as French Ambassador.

It is, therefore, fruitless speculation to try to anticipate which way the vote of the Senate will go.

But since all this happened the Government has found that it cannot play fast and loose with the Concordat, so far as it concerns Alsace and Lorraine. During the last day or so the application of the secularist laws to the schools and universities in the restored Provinces has come up.

Being in a doubt, M. Herriot decided that the best thing to do would be to take the opinion of the Council of State, whose function is the interpretation of constitutional law.

The Council lost no time in coming to a decision, and it has declared that the Concordat of Napoleon still holds good in Alsace The Concordat, therefore, and Lorraine. prevails, for the moment. It can be set aside by Parliament. But Parliament has not so far been asked to set it aside, and until it does so the Government's plans for secularising the schools in the Provinces will have to remain in abeyance.

M. Briand's Speech .- Opposing M. Herriot in the Chamber, M. Briand made a remarkable speech. "A party called to power," he said, 'is no more a party ; it has the charge of France whole and entire." He made a deep impression by his criticism of the project for employing in Rome a French "technical adviser in religious matters." who might cost almost as much as the Embassy but would be able to discuss "only with intermediaries or by backstairs methods unworthy of a great Power" such big questions as the Holy Places, the French schools in Turkey, the Protectorate in the Orient, the Missionary Congregations, the religious affairs of the Saar, and so on. Later on M. Briand pointed out that, while the Ambassador of France was leaving the Vasican, Ambassadors from other nations, hitherto unrepresented there, will be arriving. He did not hesitate to point out that M. Herriot's policy, if adopted, will detach from France the sympathy of 30,000,000 Catholics in the United States, and 10,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. Answering the Herriotist argument that one must choose between "France, the eldest daughter of the Church, and the France of the Revolution,' the orator reminded his hearers that even the statesmen of the Terror sent an Embassy to Rome, and that Napoleon, as First Consul, told his envoy to "treat the Holy Father as if he had an army of 100,000 men." M. Briand's conclusion was fine. Duly recognising the fact that large numbers of Frenchmen are not practising Catholics, and that some of them are even opposed to religion, he paid these fellow-countrymen the compliment of saying that they are sufficiently educated and reasonable to "understand political necessities." and that there is no man in France better able to explain the need for a Vatican Embassy than M. Herriot himself.



50 KENT TERRACE

### NEW ZBALAND TABLET

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.



### (By F. J. BYRNE, for the N.Z. Tablet.)

There are two outstanding characteristics of the real Irish poet-spirituality and freedom from the fetish of sex. Apply these two and you obtain national traits. What I mean to say is, that if you find either of these qualities or both in a poem, the author will almost surely be found to be an Irishman. The younger poets have learned their verse patterns from old Irish songs, and these are frequently in such unusual metre, that the rhythm is hard to capture. It is Thomas MacDonagh, I think, who advises one to read the lines, giving each syllable equal accentuation. In this way the true heat of the metre may be found. But after reading in such a way

"I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree And a small cabin build there of elay and wattles made."

And in my extreme care about accents losing much of the sense, I have come to the conclusion, that it is better to read all such poetry as one would read any *vers libre* of the day, and in time, the singular rhythm like an unusual theme in music is expected and rejected in.

Mysticism, unrestrained by the wise guidance of the Church, might prove a stumbling block to these lovers of Dark Rosaleen. In some of his carlier poetry W. B. Yeats wanders in a "land, east of the sun and west of the moon," with, unfortunately, very little light from either. Though that kind of poetry affords one a certain satisfaction, it has very little spiritual significance.

"I see the blessedest soul in the world

And he nods a drunken head.

Oh, blessedness goes where the wind goes And when it is gone we are dead."

I think it is Katherine Tynan (in Years of the Shadow) who bemoans James Stephens' increasing irreverence. It is a pity, as he has a peculiarly Irish touch, especially in the verse where the vain sizzled on old Nick's pack, and in Seumas Beg:

"He was a real nice man. He liked me, too." There is just a hint in this of the delightful Manchausian effect an Irishman sets in a story concocted to please the children.

Spiritual vision tinged with mysticism is the heart of the truest and best of this poetry. It is like a clean sweet wind from the sea. Unexpected for say "rose" to an English poet and one would probably inspire a sonnet in which it will repose on his dear one's check, or it will be compared to her lovely blushes, but Joseph Plunkett secs

"His blood upon the rose, And in the stars the glory of His eyes."

\_\_\_\_\_

While W. M. Letts writes exquisitely of an old nun with creaking joints-

"Old Sister Mary Gregory."

And in "Tim" he writes of that wonderful Irish terrior:

"So I laugh when I hear thim make it plain That dogs and men nover meet again; For all their talk who'd listen to thim, With the soul in the shining eyes of him? Would God be wasting a dog like Tim?

It is religion applied to little homely things, and that, believe me, is the secret of poetry. I think of two cradle songs:

"Slumber, slumber, dearest sweetest treasure."

And that exquisite gem of Seumas O'Sullivan's--

> "O men from the fields, Soft, softly come through, Mary puts round him Her mantle of blue."

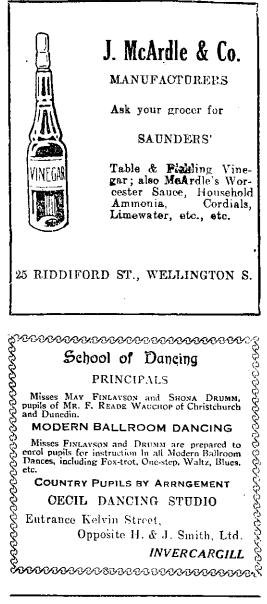
In one is an earthly mother. In the other the child is confided to the tender care of Our Blessed Lady, who will protect the babe from

"Peerings of things across the half door."

### Catholic Club, Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

The annual meeting of the Catholic Club was held at St. Patrick's Hall on the 31st ult. The president (Rev. Father Hurley, S.M.) presided over a good attendance of members. The report and balance sheet disclosed a very satisfactory state of affairs. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, referred to the hearty co-operation of the executive and members of the club, to the increased intcrest manifested in its welfare by the general body of parishioners, and to the necessary improvements lately made to the hall; and then earnestly wished the club every success in its operations for the general good of the men of the parish. Messrs. J. B. Crowley, Venning, Stirling, and Collins endorsed the chairman's remarks, and heartily congratulated the president and the executive on the successful year's work. The election of officebearers for the ensuing year resulted as follows :- President, Rev. Father Barra, S.M.; vice-presidents, Messrs. J. Collins and P. Cronin; secretary, Mr. O. Clarke; treasurer, Mr. J. Crowley, jun. ; assistant secretary, Mr. V. Collins; auditor, Mr. G. Flett; executive, Messrs. P. Collins, T. Cotter, G. and J. Fitzgerald, J. Murphy, C. Durning, J. Brophy, M. Crowley, and W. Flett. The various affiliated athletic clubs will each elect a delegate to join the executive in the government of the club. A commodious stage has been crected, also a special box for the picture machine. A new rifle range has been provided with extra targets for the members of St. Patrick's Miniature Rifle Club. A large kitchen and spacious verandah have been added to the building and when the necessary furnishings are installed St. Patrick's Hall will be completely equipped.



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## Domestic

### By Maureen

### Sponge Cake.

Take half a pound of castor sugar, and break 5 eggs upon it, and beat together for half an hour. Previously take the weight of 2 eggs and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  in their shell of flour; after having beaten the eggs and sugar the time specified, grate in the rind of a lemon, the juice of which may be added at pleasure; then sprinkle in the flour, beating awhile, and immediately pour the mixture into a tin lined with buttered paper, and as quickly as possible put into rather a cool oven.

#### Coconut Cakes.

Take 1 cupful coconut (desiccated), 1 cupful sugar, 2 eggs, 4 cupful milk, 2 cupsful flour, 2 teaspoonsful cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful carbonate soda, 4 cupful butter, 4 teaspoonful vanilla. Mix the butter and sugar, stir in eggs, the milk, and, lastly, the flour; soda to be dissolved in a little boiling water, and cream of tartar to be mixed with the flour. Divide the mixture into small cakes, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Make an icing as follows:—The whites of 2 eggs, 1 cup icing sugar, vanilla to taste. Lay the cakes on a flat dish; put on layer of icing, over which sprinkle a little grated coconut.

### Pancakes.

One pint of milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 cupful of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 cupful of cream, a pinch of salt. Sieve flour, salt, and baking powder together, add to it the eggs beaten with sugar, and dilute with milk and cream. Mix into thin batter. Have small round frying pan, a little lard in it, and pour in about 4 cupful of batter. Turn pan round, and keep the pancake moving so that it will not burn. When done sprinkle with sugar. Roll, and serve with a lemon cut in half.

#### Shortbread.

Flour, 4oz; rice flour, 2oz; butter, 4oz; castor sugar, 20z; a few drops of flavoring. Sieve all the dry ingredients into a basin, and rub in the butter. Add the flavoring, and then knead all into one lump without Turn out on a board using any liquid. sprinkled with rice flour and form into a smooth round. If a shortbread mould is obtainable, shape the cake in that; if not, pinch it round the edges with the fingers, or mark it with a knife. Then place the shortbread on a greased baking tin, and prick it all over with a fork. A strip of candied peel may be put on the top, if wished. Bake in a moderate oven until the shortbread is of a uniform light brown color. Allow it to cool before removing from the tin.

#### Pastry Recipes.

1

Short Paste.—One pound flour, alb lard, water as required. Rub the lard lightly into the flour, and mix it to a smooth paste with the water; roll it out two or three times, and it will be ready for use. This paste is an excellent short crust for sweet tarts; 2 table-

Phoenix Thick Peel

spoonsful of fine-sifted sugar may be added if liked.

Puff Paste (a French recipe).—Take 11b of dry, sifted flour, and the same quantity of butter; divide the flour into two, and put one-half on the paste-hoard. Make a hollow in the centre of it, and pour in 3 eggs, well beaten. Make it up into a lump, and lay it aside; take the butter, and roll it out in the other half of the flour; then take the hump, roll it out thin, and lay in the butter in five portions; always roll the paste one way, and from you; let the paste lie all night in a cool place, and it will be fit to use in the morning.

### Care of the Teeth.

' Sir Harry Baldwin, Surgeon Deutist to the King, in a lecture delivered at London on "Teeth" in connection with the People's League of Health, stated that a large proportion of disease was due directly to bad teeth, and the bad teeth were caused in a great number of cases by the eating of food made with white flour.

It was generally thought, he said, that sugar was the chief agent in degeneration of the teeth, but, in his opinion, a much greater factor was the cating of white bread, which contained hardly anything except starch. People should eat wholemeal bread, which contained all the nutritive elements, and those which counteracted the effect of starch on the teeth. The masticating of hard foodstuffs not only caused the mouth to be well formed but also cleaned the teeth. Fruit should be eaten at the end of a meal. The acid in the fruit was beneficial to the whole state of the mouth.

Referring to the very prevalent disease of pyorrhoea, Sir Henry Baldwin stated that, though it was incurable in its later stages, if it was detected within a short time of its inception it could be very simply cured. The chief remedy was the rubbing of the gums. Ordinary salt could be added to the water, but the most important item in the treatment was the friction set up by an instrument such as a tooth brush. Pyorrhoea had nothing in common with dental decay, except that it was set up by germs, which attacked the most vulnerable part, the free edge of the gum. If not attended to in its early stages the germs penetrated to the socket of the tooth, which became loose, and in such a case the only thing that could be done was the entire extraction of the teeth.

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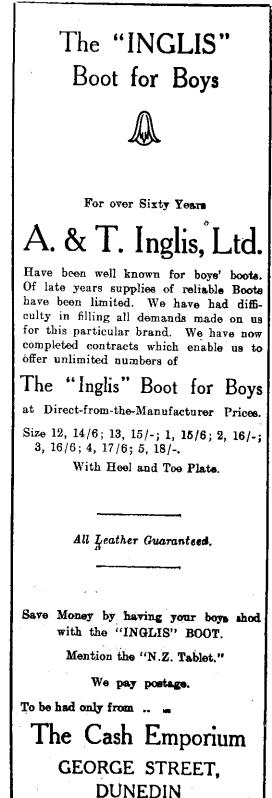
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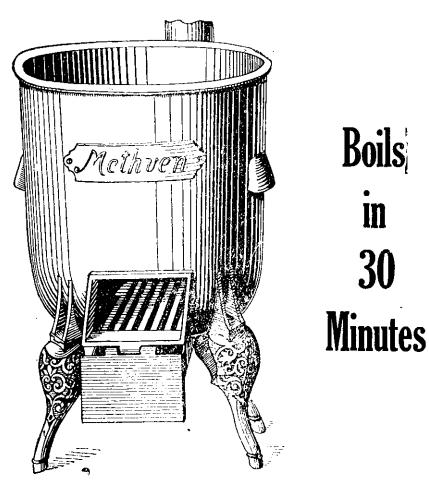
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### NEW ZEALAND TABLET

## The Family Circle

"MARY."

wondrous Mother! Since the dawn of time

Was ever joy, was ever grief like thine? Oh, highly favored in thy joy's deep flow And favored e'en in this, thy bitterest woe!

Poor was that home in simple Nazareth,

- Where thou, fair-growing like some silent flower,
- Last of a kingly line—unknown and lowly, O dear hily !-- passed thy childhood's hour.
- The world knew not the tender, serious maiden.
- Who through deep, loving years so silent grew,
- Filled with high thoughts and holy aspirations,
- Which, save thy fathers' God, no eye might view.
- And then it came, that message from the Highest,

Such as to woman ne'er before descended;

- The Almighty's shadowing wings thy soul o'er spread,
- And with thy life the Life of worlds was blended.

Well did thy dark eye kindle, thy deep soul Riso into billows and thy heart rejoice;

Then woke the poet's fire, the prophet's song Tuned with strange, burning words thy timid voice.

Then in dark contrast came the lowly manger, The outcast shed, the tread of brutal feet; Again, behold earth's learned and her lowly— Sages and shepherds—prostrate at thy feet!

Then to the temple bearing, hark again, What strange, conflicting words of prophecy

Breathe o'er the Child, forshadowing words of joy,

High triumph, and yet bitter agony.

Oh, highly favored thou, in many an hour Spent in lone musing with thy wondrous Son, When thou didst gaze into that glorious eye, And hold that mighty hand within thine own.

Blessed in those thirty years, when in thy dwelling

He lived, a God, disguised with unknown power,

And thou, His sole adorer—His best love— Trusting, revering, waitedst for His hour!

### rorror

### THE SUCCESSFUL BOY.

"I want a job!"

The head of the electric lighting concern looked up from his desk and saw a gangling hoy of 17 facing him with a look of respectful determination that carried conviction.

"But I haven't any position that you could possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven that--"

Y." "I want a job," interrupted the boy with Since the dawn of grief like thine? "And I'm willing to work six months without a cent of pay."

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed the owner of the lighting plant.

''But—''

The boy was looking for that "but," and caught it on the fly.

"You see it's this way, sir," he interrupted. "I've just finished at the manual training school, and I've made up my mind that electric lighting's the thing for me and that I'm going to be started in it. It has a future, and 1 want to understand it and make it my line."

His eyes were kindling with enthusiasm when the man at the desk opened with another "But-"

He didn't get an inch beyond the depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with:

"I'll work for nothing and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on your payroll. You've got a good plant, sir, and I can see that it's bound to grow a lot in the next three years. Electric lighting has just started. It's the best business to get into in the world and I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months."

"But I don't see how I can possibly use you," responded the man of the plant." "Although I'm bound to say that I like your grit, and I think you are on the right track and"

"Just give me the job," cut in the boy, "and I'll find something to do that will help you. There's always work around a plant like yours that a boy who's had a little technical training can find to do-here are some references from my instructor and two or three business men who know me-"

"Look, here," suddenly interrupted the man at the desk, "you certainly do want a job. And you are going to get it. I can see that right now. I know you reminded me of somebody, but I couldn't think who. Now I know. When I was a little boy we had a dog that used to go into the woods and hunt coons, all day by himself. If he treed the coon, he'd stay at it till someone hunted him up and chopped the tree down. You've got a family resemblance to that dog. I'll give you a letter to the superintendent."

When, a fortnight later, he called at the plant, the foreman remarked: "Say, that boy you sent up here's the oddest old duck you ever saw. He takes his job just as hard as if he was drawing profits or my salary instead of working for nothing a week and paying his own carfare!

"Why his aunt died the other day and he did not come for two days, but he sent a substitute and paid him out of his own pocket. He's the first man on the job in the morning and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till he leaves he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly fond of his job." A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him a job.

"A little testing department would save you money," said the boy, "and it would not cost you much, either. You and I've found out that some of it isn't up to the standard. They're working considerable off on you!" "How much would it cost?" asked the owner of the plant.

Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of the testing laboratory.

He had it all ready waiting for the question.

"Get it and go ahead," said the man, after he had glanced over the list.

The laboratory was installed and saved the business a neat sum of money.

The day the boy's gratuitions service was up, he appeared again at the proprietor's desk and said, "My time is up, sir."

"But you stay," was the quick answer, "and the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in which you were serving me."

And it did. That wasn't so very long ago. The electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be absorbed. It has been absorbed several times since, but the boy who struck for a job stuck through every change. Each set of absorbing capitalists saw that he was the one man who could not be spared. They saw that he knew his old shoes. They played him for a favorite, and to-day he could buy out the man who gave him his first job -buy him out several times over! He is head of a big electric lighting corporation and gets a salary of \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year, besides a profit in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who has the stuff in him to play the game to-day as that boy played it will win out.

You couldn't keep him down if you buried him under the weight of a skyseraper. There are plenty of boys who are waiting to accept a position—and always will be! But when it comes to boys who go and beat bushes for a job—just a plain job, in which they have a chance to make good without regard to pay, they're in danger of being captured for exhibition purposes in a museum.—Chicago Tribune.

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### A HOUSEKEEPER'S EPITAPH.

### (Author Unknown.)

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired; She lived in a world where the work wasn't hired.

Her last words on earth were : "Dear friends, I am going

- Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
- But everybody there is exact to my wishes, For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes;
- I go where loud anthems will always be ringing,
- But, having no voice, I'll get clear of the singing.
- Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
- I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

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

### TACTFUL.

"You seem strong enough," remarked the housewife coldly, when the bedraggled specimen of humanity presented itself at the door in quest of a meal. "You should be at work."

"Appearance are deceitful, madam," replied the gentlemanly tramp, bowing gallantly. "Might I add that you seem beautiful and charming enough to be acting for the films, yet, evidently you prefer the simple life?"

He dined heartily.

### **\*\*\*\***

NO WONDER!

The editor of an unnamed paper, published "Out West," tells of a man who was mortally afraid of thunder storms, and once crawled into a hollow log for shelter and safety. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, the rain poured down in torrents, and the log swelled up until the poor fellow was wedged in so tight that he could not move. While all the sins of his life were passing before him, he remembered that he had not paid his newspaper subscription. This made him feel so small that, as soon as the storm was over, he crawled out of the log through a knot hole without the least difficulty.

### ↔ ↔ ↔ ↔ ↔ A CATASTROPHE.

A farmer had built a big barn, and had given his two sons the task of making a small hole in the side in order to allow the cat to get in or out at will.

The boys cut the hole just beside the door, and made a thoroughly good job of it. Nevertheless, the farmer, on seeing it, became very annoyed.

"You boys," he growled, "can't do a thing right. Don't you see that the hole's in the wrong place?"

"Why, what do you mean?" chorused the unhappy youngsters.

The farmer seized the door and flung it wide open, and, of course, covered the aperture.

"Now, where is your hole?" he shouted." "How can that cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

### ↔ SMILE RAISERS.

Griggs: "The idea of your letting your wife go around saying she made a man of you! You don't hear my wife saying that!"

Briggs: "No, but I heard her telling my wife that she did her best."

#### 28

"Good morning, parson," exclaimed the retired sea captain. "I haven't seen you lately."

"No, captain, I've been very busy. Only this morning I married three couples in fifteen minutes."

"Smart going, parson ! That's twelve knots an hour !"

#### 23

A few days after a farmer had put his two children to school a book agent called on him and said:

"Now that your children go to school, you ought to buy them an encyclopedia."

"Buy them an encyclopedia? Hanged if I do!" was his retort. "Let 'em walk, like I did."

## Science Siftings

Electric Warning for Motorists.

Automatic warning signals to prevent collisions between motor cars at dangerous crossroads have been tested recently near Bordeaux, France.

These signals are operated electrically. Across each roadway near the intersection is placed a metal plate even with the road level. Whenever a motor car approaching the crossing passes over the plate, it makes an electric contact that releases a danger signal at the crossing and on the intersecting road. At night the signals are illuminated for several seconds after contact is made with the road plate.

Thus a driver is warned instantly that another car is approaching the intersection. The signal is at a sufficient distance from the crossing to give him time to apply his brakes. Installation of the system is said not to be costly.

### America's Latest Marvel:

The "Telephotograph."

Writing from San Francisco, under date March 3, the correspondent of the Christchurch Press says :---

Another chapter in the story of the annihilation of distance by electricity, brains and steel had been made by officials of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in an announcement that they plan soon to establish a trans-Continental service for the transmission of pictures. Users of the new service will be able to send photographs from city to city just as they now step up to a counter and send telegrams. The only difference will be the cost, as it is estimated that the rate for sending a picture from New York to San Francisco will be approximately 100 dollars. This rate, however, is expected to be materially reduced as the service becomes developed. When delivered, the pictures will be practically indistinguishable from the original photographs.

A new invention, or group of inventions, called by some the "Telephotograph" machine and developed by engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated, transmits the pictures. A photograph on a film placed in the sending machine at New York is copied in seven minutes in the receiving station in San Francisco.

A demonstration was conducted on Sunday, March 1, between Washington, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, and one of the photographs sent was of President and Mrs. Coolidge leaving the White House on the Sunday morning for church. The photographs were received in San Francisco with perfect clearness, quite equal to the highest class of photography and were published in the San Francisco daily newspapers. By the same system it was arranged to send photographs of the opening of the Presidential inauguration ceremonies so that the pictures might be in the hands of all newspapers in the leading American cities long before the President had completed delivery of his inauguration speech.

Commercial use of the machines can be made, officials of the company stated, for not only newspaper photographs, but also for signatures, bank and legal documents, fingerprints, and pictures of anything else that should be sent. Line drawings can be sent the same as photographs.

### THE MOST OBSTINATE

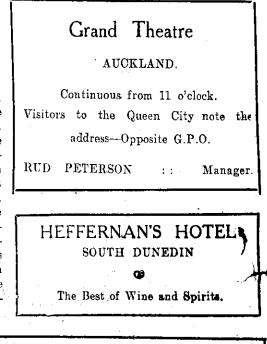
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### SKIN CONTAGION.

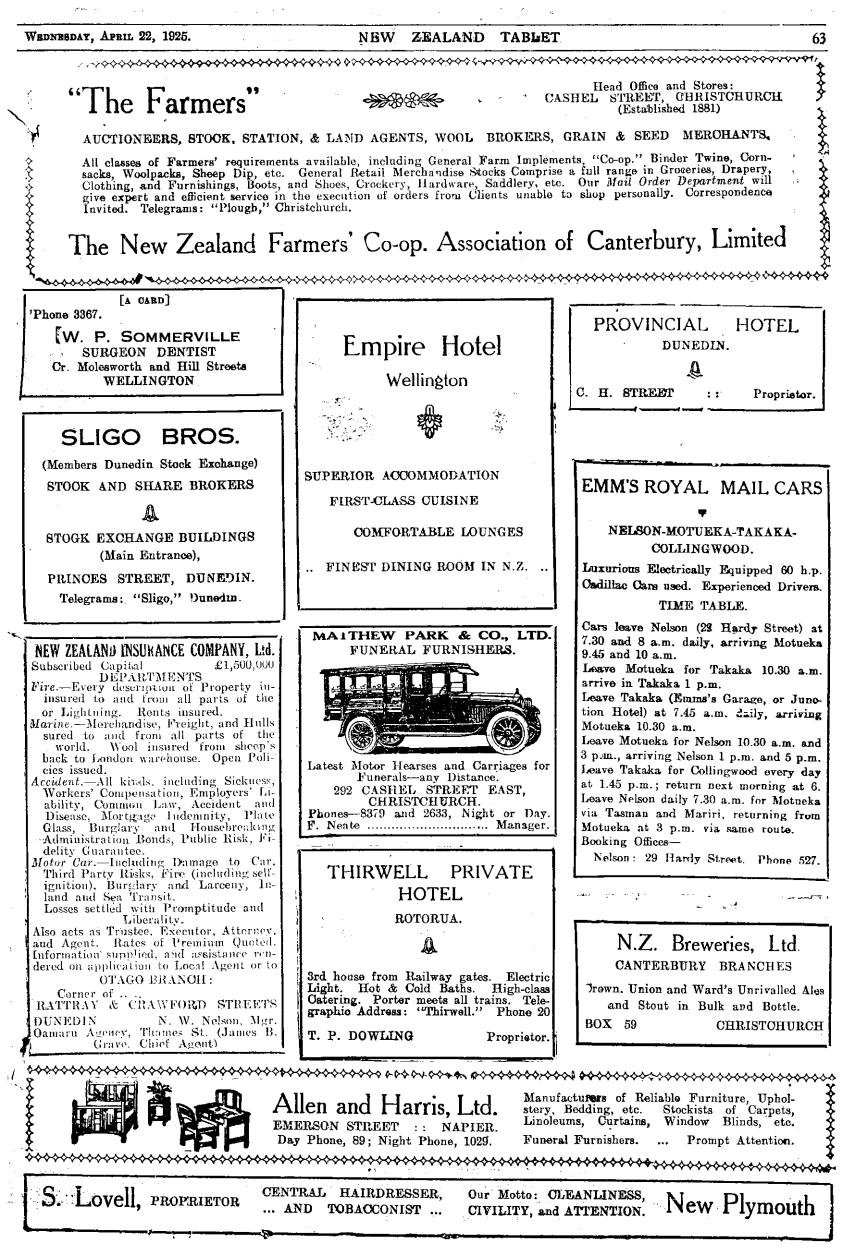
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