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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- May 7, Sun.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
 „ 11, Mon.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Tues.—SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.
 „ 13, Wed.—Of the Feria.
 „ 14, Thurs.—St. Boniface, Martyr.
 „ 15, Frid.—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 16, Sat.—Sat.—St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.



SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were attached to the service of St. Flavia Domitilla, and were banished with her to the island of Pontia by the Emperor Domitian. They were beheaded at Terracina in the reign of Trajan.

St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.

This saint was born in France in 1651. Even before his ordination he took a keen interest in the education of children, a work for which he was naturally fitted, and to which he afterwards entirely devoted himself. He was the founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Ubaldus was born near Ancona, in the Papal States. Consecrated Bishop of Gubbio, he adorned that high dignity with all the virtues of a true successor of the Apostles. He died in 1160, after an episcopate of thirty years.



GRAINS OF GOLD

THE MAY PROCESSION.

What is clearer, what is dearer, than the children's voices singing,
 As they come with banners waving, as they come with garlands gay,
 Where the waking buds are breaking and the tender grass is springing,
 In Our Lady's month of beauty, in Our Lady's month of May!

What is purer or demurer than the fresh young flower-like faces
 (Ah, no flowers in all the meadows are so gracious or so sweet!)
 As advancing, softly glancing, through the fragrant woodland places,
 They approach the shrine of Mary, there to kneel at Mary's feet!

What is fairer, what is rarer, than Our Lady's May procession!
 What is nearer to a foretaste of a more than earthly bliss;
 Ah, no pleasure—ah, no treasure, of our later life's possession,
 Can compare with all the sweetness and the innocence of this!

THE STORYTELLER

NORA

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

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued)

As for his second wife, he never pronounced a syllable about her, or so much as named her; nor did he in the least notice the little boy. Once only the injured man's anger broke loose for a moment from the bonds which kept his mind a prisoner. The child had, naturally enough, been playing at riding in the Circus upon his wooden horse, and had pronounced Landolfo's name in doing so. At the same moment the director's features were contracted by a fearful fit of anger, and throwing himself upon the child, he would have felled him to the ground had not Nora rushed to the rescue. He then stamped upon the harmless plaything, and continued in this wild state during hours and hours.

For the first time Nora, kneeling by him, and taking fearlessly his closed fists in her hands, spoke to him, with trembling lips, but in a calm and firm voice, words of pious warning, and whispered prayers into his ears, until the rolling eyes closed themselves in sleep.

The task, the great task she had once set herself, had been lost sight of in the midst of her happiness and of her sorrow; she now remembered with a pang how, in her girlish days, she had felt that it must be her first duty to awake her father's soul from the indifference his career had brought with it, and how, later on, she had only lived, thought, and prayed for her love. The task appeared before her now in all its grave and important light, and she knew that she had lost her time, and had neglected the greatest of her duties. Happy Nora! for she had now found something more absorbing to herself than her own sorrow, and at the same time she had found the best remedy for it.

Moreover, things now smiled upon her from another and a less grave point of view. It was impossible not to take some pleasure in life with so good and so pleasant a friend as Baron Dahnnow at her side, whose whole thoughts and whole endeavors were directed towards the one aim, of making her happy. For instance, it was perhaps a detail, and yet it contributed much to her comfort to find a horse in readiness for her. She thought it at once too costly and too useless a pleasure, and would have done away with it had not Dahnnow insisted, upon the strength of his having the direction of affairs, that the horse was to be kept. It was necessary for her health, and he met every objection she made with a practical answer. There was no doubt but that, when the weariness, which steals over one after every great sorrow, was beginning to take possession of her, it did her endless good to ride out into the fresh air, and enjoy the sight of nature's beauties.

She generally started off early in the morning in order to meet no one, and she always chose the most solitary rides. It sometimes

happened, nevertheless, that she came across a solitary rider, who seemed also not to care for his morning's repose, and whom she permitted to ride beside her, when was the only reward Dahnnow earned for having arranged everything so well. Those were friendly, cosy rides along the quiet roads, among the fresh and green trees, displaying all their springlike magnificence. Those were the hours in which Nora's eyes had something of their old sparkle about them, and in which her cheeks would bear a healthy color.

Was it extraordinary that Dahnnow, riding in her company, and gazing with her at the fresh life budding out on all sides, should also have felt a new and great hope arise in his heart? Was it so easy to nature, and should it be impossible to the human heart, to shoot out fresh blossoms of love?

Whatever he thought, whatever he felt, not a word fell from his lips which might have troubled Nora at that time; nor did he even allude to the past.

Baron Dahnnow had the rare gift of never being in any one's way. Nora felt this particularly in her present intercourse with him. As at one time his letters, now his visits, were the only events which gave her pleasure in her monotonous life.

Her feelings were still too much benumbed for her to be able to notice, to their full extent, the constancy and delicacy of the attentions he surrounded her with; but she was very thankful to him, and she enjoyed his society. There were certainly some topics which she would willingly have discussed just then, but to which he was a stranger; and yet she could not deny that it was very pleasant to see so constantly a true friend, and a clever man.

Baron Dahnnow could speak well and fluently; he moreover had visited her mother's country across the seas, and having studied its manners and customs thoroughly, he could talk about it in an interesting manner. It was, perhaps, a slight circumstance, but it awoke a new string of ideas in her to hear so much about America.

Although, however, it had now become quite a natural and settled thing that Dahnnow should ride out with Nora in the morning, and should spend his afternoons at the villa, and although she always received him as a welcome visitor, spring went by and summer came, and even autumn began to show its golden and russet leaves, before Dahnnow had mustered courage to say what lay at his heart. Perhaps Nora's eyes met his too openly; perhaps her hand was held out in too friendly and easy a manner when he entered the room.

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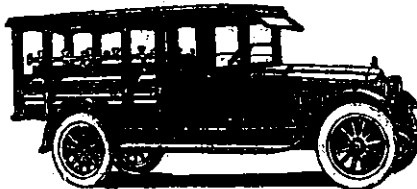
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he answered that he wished to continue his scientific studies, and added, moreover, that the sun of the tropics had made him proof against any amount of heat. Science had evidently gained a wonderfully zealous disciple in him.

Could it be true that Nora was still so busied with herself that she had noticed nothing of what was going on in Dahnow's feelings? Suffice it to say, that she was exceedingly alarmed when at last he summoned courage to say the word—to offer her all that a man can offer the woman he loves.

And, indeed, he was a man who might well have touched a good woman's heart, standing, as he now stood before her, so manly, so earnest, so deeply moved by a noble emotion, telling her, as he then told her, all that he had felt for her and had concealed in his heart of hearts since the first day he had seen her in the villa at Bonn.

But it was only terror which could be read in her eyes, and without even allowing him to conclude, she brought out all the objections she could think of. Her reputation which had suffered so much before the world—at this Dahnow smiled; the difference of religion which must necessarily divide them—Dahnow tried to make it all easy by promises which she knew he would keep, but Nora only shook her head; her father who required her so much, her little step-brother whom she could not leave; and then she spoke of his friendship which was so dear to her, and which could only be troubled by trying to change it into anything else. She told him how beautiful his life might be, how his dear science would fill it up pleasantly, and of all the chances which awaited him. One is so eloquent when one wishes to say No!

Dahnow listened to her quietly, and he saw how anxiously she looked at him, fearing she would now lose her last friend, and he saw, alas! that there was not a spark in those eyes of what he had hoped, with time and patience, to awaken in them. Had he, perhaps, spoken too soon? Had he not left the wound time enough to heal? Dahnow was a patient man, and he could wait during years if it was necessary; perhaps she must accustom herself by degrees to a new love. "Let it all be as if I had said nothing," were the only words he spoke, and Nora's hand was placed so joyfully and so confidently in his that he told himself, with a bitter sigh, it would, indeed, be easy for her to forget what he had said, and she would be happy if he allowed her to do so.

Dahnow came as before, and took his accustomed place in the family circle. He amused the director during the winter evenings, either by playing at dominoes with him or by awaking gradually a few remembrances of the past; he also played with the boy, tossing him about on his knees, and he told him funny stories, which always became more full of animation and of drollery when he heard Nora joining in the laughter. To her he brought books and works of art of every kind, and, indeed, she enjoyed to the utmost extent such pleasures of the intellect. Often when the heart is no longer the supreme master of our being, the mind steps in to its place, and begins a reign undisturbed. It

is only on a dry and ungrateful ground that no new plant can grow, but the richer the nature the more easily it receives new impressions, and if the charm of the young girl with her freshness and simplicity, be indeed great, the charm of the intelligent woman, who is able to follow and to enter into a man's powerful ideas, is greater still. Dahnow felt this, and felt it with a bitter pang. She had never appeared so beautiful to him as now—now that her sorrow was somewhat less sternly depicted upon her features, and that there lay upon them the calm and rest which follow upon great storms of feeling nobly borne. He felt it, too, seeing her as he saw her daily occupied with nursing her father, or watching over her little brother, or else directing her household. There was a calm, an intelligence, and a complete unselfishness in all she did, which worked in a peculiarly attractive manner upon poor Dahnow.

But there came a day when he felt that he could bear it no longer. He suddenly arose, and saying in an almost unearthly voice, "I cannot come again," moved away without further explanation.

Nora sprang up, anxious not to let her friend leave, anxious to call him back at any cost, but then she remained standing, as if rooted to the ground, pressing her hand to her heart, and she let him go. She had not the right to keep him back, if she could not give him anything in return for all he had given her; and truly she had next to nothing to give him, if she refused him the only thing he asked for. Yet she heaved a deep sigh at the thought of how dreadfully she would miss him—the only friend she had in the world.

Dahnow was gone; perhaps he had had a faint hope that Nora would recall him, and that he would be able to overcome her resistance. Anyhow, his friends noticed that if the sun of the tropics had made it easy for him to bear the scorching heat of summer, it had changed his temperament so far that he could no longer bear a winter in the North. He had grown almost thin, and was so changed that one advised him seriously to try what a warmer climate would do for him. Dahnow followed this advice, and, packing up, he started before the odious winds of spring, as he termed them, would begin.

His brothers thought that it would have been better for him to settle down sensibly, and to take a wife who would make him forget all this nonsense about difference of climate; but a sister of his, who was blessed with a very numerous family, and considered him therefore more in the light of a promising uncle, opined that it was not necessary for every one to marry, and that it was quite clear Clemens had no taste for that sort of thing. Why shouldn't he be allowed to live as he liked, provided he did not once more take it into his head to cross the seas? Dahnow did not cross the seas, for even unrequited love acts as a magnet upon us, so that we do not like to place too great a distance between ourselves and the loved one.

In the Karsten home, everything was dreadfully still and quiet after his departure. He had been such a good and kind

friend, and had brought so much life into their little circle.

It was now Nora's turn to forget herself more than ever, in order to make up to her father and her brother for what they had lost, and she acquired much of cheerfulness in forcing herself to be cheerful for others. At first, it gave her some trouble to speak gladly and merrily, and she would think and ponder a long time before anything joyous came to her lips; but at last her forced cheerfulness worked its effect upon herself, and when she made others smile she unconsciously smiled too.

And thus the days rolled by quietly and uniformly, and when the summer was past again and autumn was beginning to appear, Nora saw that her father's physical strength was gradually giving way, and, strangely enough, his mental powers returning to him, gradually also. He understood things better, he could remember, too, and he seemed to have once more the capacity to feel and to think. Nora's influence worked more powerfully upon him, and his thoughts now turned towards higher and better things.

One day he expressed the wish to see a priest, and as Nora, her heart overflowing with joy, pressed a kiss upon his forehead, he laid his hand, smiling, upon her shoulder, and, looking lovingly into her eyes, he said, "You women always get the best of it in the end; you will turn me yet into a pious man, your mother first, and then you, my child. . . . Yes, had I followed Ellen's advice in temporal as well as in spiritual matters, I should have been another man. Child, it is true that we can form our destiny, but we succumb to the influences we have placed ourselves under. For you, my child, the consequences were the hardest to bear. "No," he continued, as Nora laid her hand upon his mouth in order to stop him, "let me speak. It has been gnawing at my heart ever since, but I could not put it into words. I destroyed the happiness of your life; it would all have happened differently had I not been so selfish. But, tell me, did I dream it, or is it true, that he returned to you after all?"

"Yes, yes, he came to me," whispered Nora; and as she said so, a feeling of happiness shot through her heart, as if his visit had only been crowned with joy.

"Why did he not remain?" asked the old man frowning.

"A misunderstanding," said Nora gently. "Father, dear, it couldn't have happened anyhow. . . . It's better thus."

The old man looked at his child, and seeing how noble, how beautiful, how pure she was, he asked himself whether she was not worthy of occupying any place.

"And what prevents the misunderstanding being explained? You are, both of you, in the full force of youth, and it's never too late for happiness. What happened to him? Where is he?" he said with animation.

"He married long ago, father," whispered Nora—nor could she help a burning blush from suffusing her cheeks. "I tell you, father, it couldn't have been otherwise," she added, as if to spare her quondam lover the very shadow of a reproach.

Her father looked at her sadly.

"My poor child!" he said, and drew her tenderly towards him; she hid her head upon

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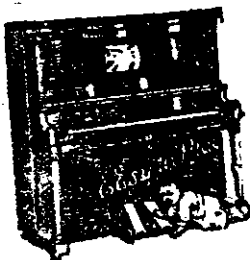
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The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

LXIV.—“BEFORE THE BATTLE.”

his shoulder. But suddenly he pushed her gently away. “And the other, where is he? You know, Nora, the fat one who used to come so often last winter? I was not able to think at that time—my head hurt me so—but I remember that he came almost daily, and although he was very friendly to me, I cannot, of course, imagine that he only came to see a poor old fool like I have grown. Why does he come no longer? Did you send him away, Nora?”

“Let me remain with you, papa,” answered Nora. My only comfort now is to be with you.”

The old man shook his head, and looked displeased.

“I shall probably not remain long with you,” he said. “He was a good man, Nora, with an honest and a true heart. It would be such a comfort to me not to leave you alone.”

“Let it all happen as God wills!” said Nora; “there were difficulties in the way or this too.”

“Yes, you are, and you remain, the circus-rider’s daughter, who can take root nowhere, who is fitted for no place,” he observed bitterly.

“Forgive me,” she said, “there is a place in which one is not asked what one has been, nor what one is, but only what one will do to reach the highest aim of all. Perhaps the Almighty intends me for that place, although I am not perfectly sure of it myself yet.”

“I don’t quite understand,” he answered somewhat peevishly, “but do as you think best, my advice has already done you enough harm. But, listen, before I have gone quite down the hill, I should like you to send for the chaplain. You know the one I mean—the one who stood by my poor wife’s death-bed; he will also make it easier for me to die! The last time I saw him I was rude to him; he came to me as if he wished to warn me, and to remind me of her wishes about you; and that I would not put up with. Yes, I was in a bad frame of mind then, but I think he will forgive me. I must also speak with him about the boy, so that he may tell me what is to be done in order to prevent his falling into those people’s clutches. No! but he shan’t fall into their clutches,” he added, gnashing his teeth. “However, I wish also to part in peace with them; and when I am dead, Nora, you may write to the boy’s mother that I have forgiven her. She was the less to blame in the matter, and Ellen was right; when we once allow light custom to grow up in us, we are safe against no temptation. That you didn’t become like the other, was no merit of mine.”

(To be concluded.)

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Early on the morning of June 30, 1690, William’s army approached the Boyne in three divisions. “Such was his impatience to behold the enemy he was to fight, and the ground they had taken up, that by the time the advanced guard was within view of the Jacobite camp, he was in front of them, having ridden forward from the head of his own division. Then it was that he beheld a sight which, yet unstirred by soldier shout or cannon shot, unstained by blood or death, might well gladden the heart of him who gazed, and warm with its glorious beauties even a colder nature than his! He stood upon a height, and beheld beneath him and beyond him, with the clearness of a map and the gorgeous beauty of a dream, a view as beautiful as the eye can scan. Doubly beautiful it was then; because the colors of a golden harvest were blended with green fields and greener trees, and a sweet river flowing calmly on in winding beauty through a valley whose banks rose gently from its waters, until in lofty hills they touched the opposite horizon, bending and undulating into forms of beauty.” “To the south-east, the steeples and castle of Drogheda, from which floated the flags of James and Louis, appeared in the mid-distance; whilst seaward might be seen the splendid fleet which attended the motions of the Williamite army. But of more interest to the phlegmatic but experienced commander, whose eagle eye now wandered over the enchanting panorama, were the lines of white tents, the waving banners, and moving bodies of troops, which, to the south-west, between the river and Donore Hill, indicated the position of James’s camp.”

Having viewed the ground carefully, William selected the Oldbridge fords for the principal attack, and fixed upon sites for batteries to command the opposite or Jacobite bank. He then rode a short way up the river, and alighted to take some refreshment. On his return he was fired upon by some field pieces at the other side of the river, the first shot striking to the earth one of the group beside the prince. A second shot followed; the ball struck the river bank, glanced upwards, and wounded William slightly. He sank upon his horse’s neck, and a shout of exultation burst from the Irish camp, where it was believed he was killed. He was not much hurt, however, and rode amongst his own lines to assure his troops of his safety; and shouts of triumph and defiance from the Williamite ranks soon apprised the Irish of their error.

That night—that anxious night!—was devoted by William to the most careful planning and arrangement for the morrow’s strife. But ere we notice these plans or approach that struggle, it may be well to describe for young readers with all possible simplicity the battlefield of the Boyne, and the nature of the military operations of which it was the scene.

The Boyne enters the Irish sea a mile or more to the east of Drogheda, but for a mile or two above or to the west of that town, the sea-tides reach and rise and fall in the river. Two miles and a half up the river from Drogheda, on the southern bank, is the little village of Oldbridge. About five miles in a direct line due west of Oldbridge (but considerably more by the curve of the river, which between these points bends deeply southward), stands the town of Slane on the northern bank. The ground rises rather rapidly from the river at Oldbridge, sloping backwards, or southwards, about a mile, to the hill of Donore, on the crest of which stands a little ruined church (it was a ruin even in 1690) and a grave-yard; three miles and a half further southward than Donore, on the road to Dublin from Oldbridge, stands Duleek.

James’s camp was pitched on the northern slopes of Donore, looking down upon this river at Oldbridge. James himself slept and had his headquarters in the little ruined church already mentioned.

Directly opposite to Oldbridge, on the northern side of the river, the ground, as on the south side, rises rather abruptly, sloping backward, forming a hill called Tullyallen. This hill is intersected by a ravine north and south, leading down to the river, its mouth on the northern bank being directly opposite to Oldbridge. The ravine is now called King William’s Glen. On and behind Tullyallen Hill, William’s camp was pitched, looking southwards, towards, but not altogether in sight of James’s, on the other side of the river.

At this time of the year, July, the Boyne was fordable at several places up the river towards Slane. The easiest fords, however, were at Oldbridge, where when the sea-tide was at lowest ebb, the water was not three feet deep.

To force these fords, or some of them, was William’s task. To defend them, was James’s endeavor.

The main difficulty in crossing a ford in the face of an opposing army, is that the enemy almost invariably has batteries to play on the fords with shot and shell, and troops ready at hand to charge the crossing party the instant they attempt to “form” on reaching the bank, if they succeed in reaching it. If the defending party have not batteries to perform this service, and if the assailants have batteries to “cover” the passage of their fording parties by a strong cannonade, i.e., to prevent (by shot and shell fired over their heads at the bank they rush for) the formation there of any troops to charge them on reaching the shore, the ford is, as a general rule, sure to be forced.

James had not a single cannon or howitzer at the fords. From fifty splendid field pieces and mortars William rained shot and shell on the Jacobite bank.

William’s plan of attack was to outflank

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James's left by sending a strong force up the river towards Slane, where they were to cross and attack the Jacobite flank and rear; while he, with the full strength of his main army (the centre under Schomberg senior, the extreme left under himself), would, under cover of a furious cannonade, force all the fords at and below Oldbridge.

It was only at the last moment that James was brought to perceive the deadly danger of being flanked from Slane, and he then detailed merely a force of five hundred dragoons under the gallant Sir Neal O'Neill to defend the extreme left there. His attention until the mid-hour of battle next day, was mainly given to the (Oldbridge) fords in his

front, and his sole reliance for their defence was on some poor breastworks and farm-buildings to shelter musketry-men; trusting for the rest to hand-to-hand encounters when the enemy should have come across! In fact, he had no other reliance, since he was without artillery to defend the fords.

All else being settled, ere the anxious council-holders on each side sought their couches, the pass-word for the morning and the distinguishing badges were announced. The Jacobite soldiers wore white cockades. William chose green for his colors. Every man on his side was ordered to wear a green bough or sprig in his hat, and the word was to be "Westminster."

(To be continued.)

A Complete Story

MOLLY OF THE GOOD HEART

(By ROSE MARTIN, in the Boston Pilot.)

This is Mollie Maloy's story, told me with the suggestion that I "make a story of it," but when I tried to do so, there were difficulties, in the seeming absence of reason, moral, or plot. Could I centre the story on the fact of Mollie's good heart—and give the erroneous impression that a good heart is the one thing necessary? Or on the unwisdom of having a bad temper? Mollie's temper did not matter in the end. Answered prayer? A suggestion of moral here, but there is nothing original, or out of the ordinary about that. All prayer is answered; and then I found Mollie Maloy was herself the centre and reason of the whole narrative.

Mollie was a small slip of a girl, when she came across—literally speaking, with her mother; and all her life she has had very red hair, and cheeks, and very blue eyes. Mrs. Maloy started a boarding house, and as the years passed, Mollie became its most attractive feature; but she kept the young men at a proper distance, with her sharp tongue, or a withering look, as occasion demanded.

Perhaps Mollie was at her best, in loveliness and charm, when she was twenty-two. It was then the Browns came: Dr. Dick, studying up some special work at one of the hospitals, and his brother Jack, attending college. It was he who immediately became Mollie's slave. She was always kind to shy or homesick people, and the boy, very much of a boy, though near Mollie's age—was both. Presently Dick also capitulated, and it became apparent to all the world that Mollie and the Doctor loved each other. Now and then Mollie's quick temper showed itself, and there was a quarrel; but as a general thing she was angelically amiable. Mollie's friends and acquaintances were greatly pleased and somewhat relieved; they had always known the girl had a good heart, but who could ever tell whether heart or tongue would be given full play? Now in marrying this well-to-do young man her life—and temper—must be smoothed. No one was surprised when the engagement was announced.

The wedding was to take place as soon as Mollie could be ready. She and her mother were good sewers, and the trousseau proceeded briskly, and boarders capable of holding a needle delighting to help. All the world, indeed, loves a lover, yet more, I think, it loves a bride. Her clothes were lovely, and the wedding dress, a dream come true. Jack was to be best man, and if he found things unsatisfactory he did not show it, even saying manfully he was glad they were going to have Mollie in the family. A girl who had been Mollie's chum in school days, was to come from another town to spend a few days with Mollie before the wedding, and be bridesmaid.

There was a theatre party, and Dick was rather attentive to Helen, the visitor. I believe, at that time, Dick Brown had no thought of disloyalty to Mollie—had no other thought, indeed, than of being properly nice to Mollie's guest; but that night Mollie called him sharply to task. There was a quarrel, and on the next occasion of assembly by the wedding party—a dinner it was—a cloud obviously hovered between future bride and groom. Then Mollie realised her folly; when she saw Dick alone she told him she had been a goose—would he please forgive her? And be friends again?

Doubtless Mollie's sudden change surprised Dick and her request must have disconcerted him—but he said why, yes, he forgave her, and of course—if she wished it—they were friends.

Everything went gaily, smoothly at the wedding rehearsal; then the day itself came—but not Dick. Such an old plot, isn't it? Let us hurry on. Mollie was radiant, beautiful, when dressed as a bride she came downstairs; then she looked around at the assembled household and asked: "Where is Helen?"

At that moment a wild-eyed best man arrived (he and his brother had been staying properly at a hotel) with a note which Dick had left for Mollie. "Helen and I love each other, and have gone to be married," it read. Jack, who had guessed the contents of the note, stood at Mollie's side, prepared

to have her faint—instead, he met her eyes, blue flames of wrath. There will be no wedding," was all she said, as she turned and went back to her room. No one ever saw the wedding dress again, Mollie tore it into shreds. From outside they could hear her restless pacing up and down, but she would allow no one to enter, she must face and conquer certain things alone.

The next day Mollie seemed almost as usual, but from that time she was sharper of tongue, more inclined to tell people what she thought of them if they deserved censure, yet kinder to any in need, and very thoughtful of the old and infirm. She became an ardent church-goer. The boarders said ruefully she would leave anything at sound of a church bell, whether it were a coffee-pot boiling on the stove or a month's rent, flung carelessly on the table. She went too far, or perhaps did not manage well, but let us be thankful if there are some who go far in the service of the Lord instead of the devil.

When Mrs. Maloy died, people wondered what Mollie would do. It was before the days when you studied something or other for a few months and then pronounced yourself an efficiency expert; but without any discussion Mollie simply became sole manager of the boarding house. The result was more or less satisfactory. Certainly she could clean and cook and keep people in order; but anyone with a hard luck story could impose on her kindness, and might remain indefinitely at her house without paying. She did not hesitate to reprimand boarders who were remiss about going to church—or for other misconduct, which many resented. For Mollie was no longer young now, there was less tolerance shown her quick temper; people said "She was old enough to know better—though, of course, she did have a good heart."

During the World's Fair, Mollie was rather prosperous. She lived near the church, and when people inquired of the priests for a reasonable boarding house in that neighborhood, Miss Maloy was recommended. But when the applicants were priests or religious, not a cent would Mollie charge, to their very great embarrassment. In her reverent Irish heart every priest was "another Christ," could she take pay of Him? As for religious, it was a privilege to have any in her house, and would bring a blessing upon it.

A pitiful, pleading letter came one day from Helen. She and Dick had settled in her home town. She wanted Mollie's forgiveness before she died—of cancer. She was sorry she could not ask it in person.

Mollie was sweeping the front hall when the postman handed her the letter. She read it at once, leaning thoughtfully on her broom as she considered its contents. Yes, she would write at once and tell Helen she forgave her. She supposed she did, at least she had been trying to these many years. Cancer—it was a terrible thing—and people disliked being near anyone who had it. How Helen—so fastidious always. How dainty she had looked in her pink chiffon dress at the dinner party! She fell to sweeping furiously. Yes, she would write: it was not

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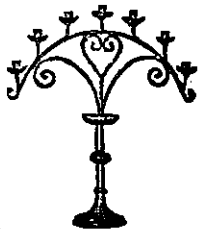


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right to probe old wounds. Then suddenly she had decided—she left the broom and the sweeping just as it was—left the boarders to take care of themselves—while she went to Helen, remaining till the end. Jack was with his brother, but absorbed in caring for Helen, Mollie scarcely noticed the two men.

Afterward Mollie went back to her boarding house and lean, wearisome years followed, of skimping, drudging, striving to make ends meet. Her location ceased to be desirable—so her best-paying boarders left, necessitating less expensive food. The house, heavily mortgaged, was at last sold over her head. In four weeks she must give possession, when she would be penniless as well as homeless. But confidently, fervently, Mollie prayed to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that she would find work before the month ended. She was strong, she knew there was plenty of work she was capable of, if only she could find it. But alas,—no one really wanted Mollie now, for the simple reason that she was old. Desperately she wondered if the Little Sisters of the Poor would be her fate. Well, hadn't she always admired the Sisters and held their lives as Heaven on earth?

Jack Brown's letter came just in time to save her. Would she be his housekeeper? He lived with his mother, who had now become an invalid; already incompetent housekeepers had tried his patience severely. There was a cook, so Mollie would not find the work too strenuous—if she cared to come he would, of course, pay her fare. Was ever clearer, more direct answer to prayer? Jack had known nothing of Mollie's difficulties; it would not have occurred to him to associate such unpleasant affairs with the strong, capable character he believed her; he had simply turned to her because he knew she would take proper care of his beloved home.

It was a beautiful, old-fashioned country house over which Mollie was given full charge. She loved it at once, slipping into her place as housekeeper as though into something made especially for her. Jack was well pleased, for he was saved from all those worrisome trifles which before had irked him severely.

It was some weeks after Mollie's arrival. Jack Brown, having finished a particularly satisfactory breakfast, put aside the morning paper with an air of decision, and went outside where Mollie was trimming the roses.

"Miss Maloy," he said with cheerful unpreparedness, "I've been wondering if you'd care to marry me?"

He could see she was startled, and he went on hurriedly and wistfully: "You must know I've always liked you—and you've always been friendly to me. Why shouldn't we marry, then?"

Mollie hesitated, her pensive glance taking in all her surroundings: the rose garden, the big trees, the rambling old-fashioned house. At a word from her these precious things could become her own, become home—that was the word of all others which held most allurements for Mollie. Then she shook her head. "We are too old, Mr. Brown."

"But we are not very old," he maintained obstinately, "and as my wife, your position would be much better, socially."

"Yes," she acknowledged, "but that is no reason for marriage."

"You mean, I take it, for marrying me," he said bitterly, "if it were Dick your answer would be different." All these years he had restrained his jealousy of Dick, but now he was giving it full play. "I believe you are still fond of him—you prefer him to me!"

Mollie, being one of the kindest people in the world, did not smile as she contemplated the irate, bald-headed old bachelor, inclined to stoutness and shortness of breath, yet behaving like an exceptionally foolish young lover. Instead she spoke very gently, desiring that he understand just how things were with her. "No, Mr. Brown, I do not prefer your brother to you. Once I was very fond of him; but of late years I seem to care only for the good God, and any of His creatures in need of help or kindness."

So they shook hands and things went on as before. Shortly after, the letter came from Ireland, telling of Mollie's legacy, some forgotten relative had left her "a little something"—three thousand dollars—and Mollie's joy was boundless. She was rich now—or would be, till she could spend the money. She had made friends in the small country town near the Brown home—among them a kind-hearted lawyer, who at once endeavored to rescue Mollie's money—from herself: It was her patriotic duty to take some government bonds; also she must allow them to mature. If she attempted to dispose of them before maturity she would embarrass the government by depreciating the bonds' value. "You owe something to this country," the lawyer assured her gravely, "as you have made a good living here for many years."

Mollie agreed enthusiastically, thrilled and delighted that she could thus personally uphold the United States,—but she kept a thousand dollars just to spend.

"Investing in bonds, Miss Maloy will have something saved when she gets too old for active work," the lawyer explained to Jack Brown, "though it's likely some 'down and out' may yet entice the money from her."

Mr. Brown nodded. "Yes, she ought to hold on to it, though I have provided for her in my will—if I die first she will be all right."

One day Mollie Maloy, radiant, pleased as a child with a new toy, having obtained leave of absence from Mr. Brown, went back to the big city whence she had come, to spend her thousand dollars. She needed some new clothes—indeed she had prepared a long list of clothes and other things she must buy—but they were not all for herself. First she looked up the O'Neill family, former neighbors of hers; the children were provided with new shoes and a warm shawl bought for the old grandmother. The Burkes for once in their lives had a square meal. It was a thrilling experience, this having of a purse, full to the brim, and with dollars rather than cents, as basis for spending; yet it went with lightning swiftness. Almost in a panic, Mollie remembered her intention of buying something for herself. She must get a pretty waist at least—otherwise she could not face Mr. Brown.

Arrived at a department store, Mollie was directed to the floor kept exclusively for "blouses." The word alarmed Mollie somewhat. Blouses to her meant cute little wide-collared waists worn by small boys. Had inexorable fashion decreed that all the world wear them now? Soon she was undeceived—a blouse meant a waist, of any kind, from the severe tailored style to shimmering sleeveless drapery. With a sigh of happiness she found them on all sides of her. Mollie explained to an attentive salesgirl that she wanted a waist suitable for evening. "Something light, but not too gay," she said firmly, even as her eyes dwelt hungrily on a blue georgette creation, embroidered in tiny pink rosebuds. "We have that pattern in white," the girl said. "I'll show it to you—it will just suit your type."

She opened a box and the white one fascinated Mollie—but would it stand any washing? The girl acknowledged it would not, and suggested dry cleaning. "You'd look lovely in it," she said, and held the waist against Mollie, experimentally. Miss Maloy put it at arm's length, viewing it critically. Then her eyes rested on a black satin, further down the line. Would that be more suitable for a person of her age? I believe I'll look at some others before deciding," she told the salesgirl, and forthwith viewed the black blouse at all angles, only to decide it was too sombre for evening. As she turned away the girl of the georgettes approached. "Did you decide to take the white blouse?" she asked.

"Not quite," Mollie returned, "I see a grey over there I want to look at."

"If you decide on the white one you will let me know?" the girl suggested, a shade of anxiety in her tone.

"O certainly," Mollie returned, but she had met her fate in the grey—pretty, and not so perishable as the georgettes. As she turned from the counter, after arranging to have the "blouse" sent parcel post, the first salesgirl again approached. "You decided on the white?" she said pleasantly. "Shall I have it wrapped for you?"

"Why, no," Mollie faltered. Evidently the sale meant something to this girl, but she simply could not buy two waists, and she walked toward the door in some haste. The girl walked with her. Mollie was puzzled as she became aware that some of the other girls seemed to be observing her with exaggerated interest. Were they exceptionally curious, or friendly? It must be the latter. At the door she turned and beamed on them all. "Good-bye, girls," she said. It was impossible to doubt Mollie's honesty.

The girl at her side giggled. "You have the white blouse on your arm," she told her, and a gale of merriment swept the whole department at Mollie's surprised discomfiture. Then she laughed heartily herself.

Let us leave you now, Mollie Maloy of the good heart—making friends of these girls; leave you in happiness, comfort, your joy in giving, spending—while the clouds have lifted, the storm abated, and the sun shines brightly on your life as you deserve.

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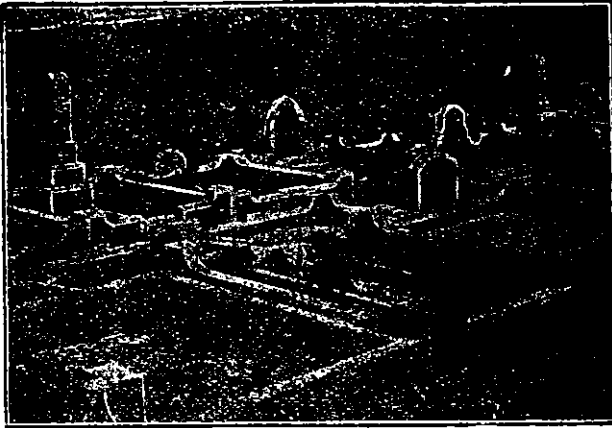
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In the Land of the Madonna

(By P. McK., for the N.Z. Tablet.)

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

This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer.

When first I read these lines they made a very deep impression, for they seemed strange words in the mouth of a Protestant poet. All that Longfellow has here said, has been repeated a hundred times by innumerable Catholic writers, yet the words of the non-Catholic have remained in my mind when all others have been forgotten. Perhaps this would explain why, when first I caught a glimpse of Italy, the above lines recurred to my mind.

Some hold that "Evangeline" was inspired by mere sentiment; but no such reason can be advanced for the singing of Our Lady's praises by Longfellow in his "Golden Legend." In this beautiful composition we find that the above quotations are uttered by Elsie and Prince Henry as, after passing through the Alps, they first caught sight of the plains of Lombardy. So, too, it happened with the writer under similar circumstances. To travel in the Alps is to lift one's thoughts to Heaven. The dawn was breaking as we began our journey through the final passes that lead in to Italy. Soon we had vistas of long receding valleys, with here and there the suggestion of a plain. At last, after speeding around the face of a mountain, we suddenly saw a plain stretching away to the horizon. A few minutes after, we were going down a ridge, and we had the country ahead in full view. Before making the final descent to the plains, we paused to gaze upon the country before us, and bid farewell to all that we had left behind.

Northwards the snow-capped Alps rose majestically to the Heavens, their awesome summits piercing the flaky clouds and glistening in the sunlight. On either hand the less rugged ranges and spurs caught the many colored tints of dawn—tints that in their diversity made a harmony of color impossible for the genius of man to depict.

All this formed a magnificent background for the country before us. Away on the distant horizon sparkled the waters of the Adriatic. Sweeping from the foothills below to the far-off sea, the rich plain of the Po formed a picture that beggars description; contrasts or comparisons could not be thought of, for there, where such beauty abounded, all else was forgotten.

The word "Italia" spoken by a Frenchman made me suddenly realise where I was, and then in a flash came the words of "Elsie"

Land of the Madonna!

How beautiful it is, it seems a garden of Paradise. A tremor of delight passed through me, for now I stood within the desired land—the goal of every pilgrim's heart.

All too soon did we begin again our journey; but as we moved along, the words of the poet kept ringing in my ears, and I

wondered how true they were. That truth I was to learn in the future years to be passed in Italy—the true land of the Madonna. Longfellow wrote in the last century, and he well knew that the devotion to Our Lady is deeply embedded in the souls of the Italians. - Protestant though he was, he knew that this devotion is not of recent growth. He who had sought his greatest inspirations in the mediæval poets did not hesitate to ascribe this devotion to a period when most non-Catholics would have us believe this country was swallowed in the depths of ignorance and superstition. But never since the light of the Gospel illumined this land has Italy fallen into a period of darkness. At times, clouds may have gathered and dimmed the glory of its enlightenment, but only for a moment, for the clouds passed quickly, and the light shone forth again with fresh brilliance.

The people are like their country. It has mountains, but about them is not to be found that ruggedness which distinguishes other lands. Its plains are delightful, its forests and valleys unforbidding. Its sea is not rough. On one side lies the blue Mediterranean, on the other the Adriatic, and jutting out into the waters of peace and beauty is the land of the Madonna—Italy.

The Italians are a Simple People.

By simple I mean that simplicity that is born of true Christianity. Their religion is child-like, enriched with a purity of faith and devotion that cannot be excelled. Perhaps it may be said that they do not reason about their faith, for it is as much to be Catholic as to be Italian. In their faith they are natural. They love God, and in following the natural consequence they love His Mother Mary. We who have lived in an atmosphere of Protestantism can only look on and marvel—never shall we fully understand.

The Italians judge the depth of one's love for God by the devotion one shows to His Mother. So true is this, that should a man be wanting in this devotion, no matter how ideal he may be in other respects, he is regarded almost as a heretic. This has arisen directly from the devotion centuries old to Our Lady.

There is no country in the world whose people are more devoted to Mary than Italy. You may say that the country is not up-to-date, that it lacks the material progress of other countries; but are these the only things that count? Is true progress to be found in the roar of great cities? Is the feverish hunt for commercial wealth the sure sign of a nation's greatness? No! such cannot be admitted. The world is suffering from ills that the united armies and fleets of half the world have failed to remedy. The world that uses Christianity as but a name has failed. Of what value is its material greatness? Would that the earth were per-

meated with the Catholicity of Italy! Italy possesses two treasures that more than compensate all she lacks in the outside world, and these are an unflinching belief in Providence and a true devotion to Mary.

No matter what calamities may befall the country—no matter what trials the people may have to endure—in all they are resigned and patiently look to God.

Then, under the protection of Mary's mantle, virtue has always flourished, and the diseases that have eaten into the vitals of other nations are here unknown.

In These Two Treasures We May Find the Secret of Italy's Growing Greatness—

a greatness that is so invincible that other nations are now searching for the secret, but since they seek with blinded eyes they seek in vain.

We have spoken of one of these treasures as the Love of Mary. We may ask when began this devotion, and the answer is that it began with the first converts in the days of pagan Rome. Go to the Catacombs, the earliest monuments of Christian antiquity, and there you will find striking testimony. As you pass along one of the corridors in the catacombs of Priscilla you see on the roof a fresco of Our Lady, the child Jesus, and a third figure, probably John the Baptist. This is the most ancient picture of Our Lady, and its very antiquity testifies to the earliness of the Madonna cult in the Church. Another powerful witness is to be found in the old Roman Forum. There, among the ruins of ancient pagan Rome, are to be found also the ruins of the basilica known as Santa Maria Antiqua.

All the monuments of the country give fresh proof that Italy is the land of Our Lady. Every city we enter is full of monuments to Mary. No inscription is more familiar than *In honorem Dei et Deiparæ*, an inscription that is shared alike by the grand basilica and the village church. Among the famous churches dedicated to Our Lady we may mention only S. Maria del Fiore (Florence) and S. Maria degli Angeli (Assisi). At Rome, besides the grand churches of S. Maria in Trastevere, S. Maria Maggiore, and S. Maria Sopra Minerva, there are more than fifty other churches dedicated to Our Lady. Then there are the great shrines throughout the land. Who has not heard of Loreto, Pompeii, Montenero, Monte Virgine, and Genazzano? But it is not in the vicinity of well-known shrines alone that the people manifest their allegiance to the Madonna. We see proof of filial love in the very houses of the people. Practically every home has its little mosaic Madonna above the door. Every shop has its Madonna with its little lamp ever burning. Still more the wayside Madonnas testify to the universality of the devotion to Mary.

In Other Catholic Countries

we find that the shrines differ according to the regions. In France we find in one part Calvaries, in others crucifixes, while in others again the Sacred Heart and Our Lady. But in Italy from the Alps to Sicily the wayside shrine is always Our Lady. What the shore lights are to the sailor these

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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'!"

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shrines are to the weary traveller. Well I remember returning home one night after a long and tiring walk. When passing through the Vale of Ariccia, suddenly we saw ahead on the dark road a faint light. On approaching we found it to be a lamp burning before a picture of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. We paused for a while on bended knees, and then resumed our way; but it was with lightened hearts, for as we knew, the Madonna had blessed our way. I have heard it said that to see the Italians celebrate one of Our Lady's feasts is as good as a month's Retreat. The truth of this is easily realised if one has been able to witness or take part in such a celebration. Last year was celebrated the 14th centenary of the miraculous appearance of the picture known as Santa Maria in Portico. This picture is regarded as the gage of Rome's safety. Whenever calamities have befallen, public prayers and processions with this picture have always brought about relief. So it was but fitting that Rome should make a grand demonstration to show allegiance to Mary most Holy. That demonstration I shall never forget, for it was one of the grandest acts of faith in which I have ever had the privilege to share. I was happily one of those chosen to carry this heaven-sent picture. Before us in the procession there stretched a long line of clergy and laity. Gazing down the street ahead one saw nothing but a sea of waving banners. Nearer at hand walked the cardinals, while about the picture itself marched the Pope's noble guards. The streets were thronged with thousands who reverently fell upon their knees as the picture was borne past. From all windows hung drapings, and upon the procession there were showered flowers without ceasing. Impressive as the procession itself was, there were frequent scenes that made one realise the love of the people for their Gracious Mother. Passing through the narrow streets the picture was lost to view in a cloud of flowers and papers. On these last were written such phrases as *Viva Maria*, *Santa Maria prega per noi*, etc. But if the way had seen such demonstrations, what must be said of the scene before St. Peter's! Here the enthusiasm of the crowd knew no restraint, and the troops were practically useless. Inside the Basilica it was the same, and the cries of *Viva Maria* echoing and re-echoing throughout the lofty edifice seemed to make it tremble to its foundations. Such a manifestation of faith was a reply to those who in this age would dare attack our Immaculate Mother. Once again had Rome given the opportunity for a triumph for Our Lady, and full well do the children of Rome know that the triumph has not been in vain. Some may say that such celebrations only prove that the devotion to Mary is popular, and not to be found among the intellectual. A more foolish statement could not be made, for one needs to examine but little to find that rich and poor, high and low, with one voice hail Mary as their mother.

In the Writers From Dante to Carducci there is to be found practically none that has not sung the praises of Our Lady. How delightfully refreshing it is to pick up an

Italian poet and read his lines on Our Lady! What food for quiet reflection we find therein! Perhaps it is in the poets that we find manifested the Italian hereditary love for Mary. An Italian may deny his God, attack his Church, but against Our Lady never will his voice be raised. All the world has heard of Boccaccio, by reason of *Decameron*. Yet he that revelled in all that was foul was able to address Mary in lines that make one marvel. In one of his sonnets he begins by invoking Our Lady as the Queen of Angels. Mary is the resplendent Star of Heaven and points out the way to those who seek the haven of rest. The poet ends by begging Mary to have pity on him and to intercede for him that he may be found among the elect in after life. So wrote one irreligious Italian who found himself unable to forget or disavow his love for God's Holy Mother. In our own age we find another who, in the depths of his hatred, wrote a hymn to his patron, the devil. Yet Carducci could not destroy what was natural in himself. Even he wrote in honor of Our Lady, giving us that beautiful "*Ave Maria*" to be found in *Alla Chiesa di Polenta*. To us these things are contradictions, and so they must seem; for how can we probe deep enough to understand the hereditary instincts born of a rich, sincere, Catholic atmosphere? It is not in the writers alone that we see the wealth of devotion towards Mary. Every architect who designed a temple to her honor, every artisan who worked for its completion, one and all have worked to show their love, and that very love has been their inspiration.

Coeli Enarrant Gloriam Dei

sang the psalmist. We of to-day may, with some restrictions, apply these words to Italy in respect of the Madonna. Italy, with all the power of her intellect, pays homage to Our Lady. Popes and saints, monks and theologians have ever proclaimed the praises of Mary. Poets, painters, musicians, and sculptors have all used their talents to enthrone Mary in the hearts of the people. But the people needed no coaxing, or urging to manifest their love for the grand mother of all. As the moon must reflect the light of the sun, so have the Italians received and shown forth with growing splendor the Marian cult of Holy Mother Church. Mary has shown her predilection for Italy—this is her land. Over it as a queen she reigns supreme, and has shown herself the most bounteous, the most lovable of mothers. In her favors and graces she has been most liberal, and in return she has loyal, warm-hearted subjects, whose very lives reflect their allegiance.

Oh, Mary, extend thy mantle over my country. Make us your children. Give us the love of your children of Italy. Make us know thee not only as a queen but as a mother.

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OBITUARY

MR. MATTHEW SCANLON, WESTPORT.

The death occurred on April 10 of Mr. Mat Scanlon, member of a well-known and highly-esteemed Westport family (writes our own correspondent). For the past few weeks deceased's health had been a matter of grave concern, but his death was unexpected and evoked the deepest sorrow. The late Mr. Scanlon was educated at St. Patrick's College, Wellington, and in his youth was a prominent Rugby footballer. On leaving school he joined the staff of Bailie and Co., and at the time of his death was manager of the firm. A man of distinctly fine character, and of more than average business ability, his death while still in the prime of life will be greatly lamented. His charity and kindness and his unfailing sympathy in times of sorrow and affliction endeared him to all, and he will be long held in grateful remembrance. Mr. Scanlon is survived by three brothers (Messrs. James, Michael, and William Scanlon) and two sisters (Misses A. and M. Scanlon), with whom their many friends sympathise in their sudden bereavement. The remains were interred at the Orawaiti cemetery, the funeral cortege being the longest ever seen in the district. Rev. Father Long officiated at the church and graveside.—R.I.P.

MR. WILLIAM JOSEPH NEYLON, FOXTON.

A sad gloom (says the *Manawatu Herald* for April 9) was cast over Foxton and surrounding districts by the sudden and unexpected death of William Joseph Neylon, who passed peacefully away, in the Palmerston North Hospital, on Sunday morning last, at the early age of 30 years, fortified by the rites of the Holy Catholic Church. Deceased was an enthusiastic sport. He was deputy-master of the Manawatu Hunt Club, a steward of the Foxton Racing Club, and a few years ago was one of Foxton's prominent footballers. "Bill," as he was familiarly called, had endeared himself to everyone by his genial and kindly disposition—even the little children loved him. During his last moments he was attended by Rev. Father Doolaghty. To his sorrowing mother, brother, and sisters we extend our sincere sympathy in the great loss they have sustained, and our earnest prayer is that the good God Who sent the cross will give them the grace and strength to bear it. Requiem Mass was celebrated on Tuesday morning by Rev. Father McDermott. The funeral, which took place in the afternoon from St. Mary's Church for the cemetery, was the largest seen in Foxton for many years. As the cortege passed through the Main Street, most of the business premises were closed as a mark of respect for the deceased. Rev. Father McDermott, assisted by Rev. Father Doolaghty, officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

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Dunedin

Town and Country News

AHAURA NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

April 27.

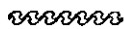
It was with deep regret that the people of the Ahaura parish learned of the death on the 18th inst. of Rev. Father Riordan, and naturally with the deepest by those who had known him so well as a devoted and earnest priest. Full of missionary zeal he left his parish some ten or eleven years ago to take charge of the far-flung parish of Ross, where his priestly ministrations endeared him not only to his own devoted people but to many outside the fold. The tears shed around his coffin showed a wealth of love in the hearts of his sorrowing flock. His simplicity of character, his genial disposition, and kindness of manner won for him the admiration of all with whom he came in contact during his sacred ministry. "Father John" of Ross is dead, but his memory will linger long in many a heart. May he rest in peace.

The endeavors of Mrs. Smythe and her faithful helpers were crowned with splendid success, when large numbers came to see the great "turn out" held recently in the Ahaura Hall. The function, held in aid of the presbytery improvement fund, was well patronised by great numbers from Ahaura, Nelson Creek, Ngahere, Moonlight, and others; some there were from Blackball and Totara Flat. The music supplied by Williams's orchestra added much to a grand evening's amusement.

The other day Mr. Con O'Meara and his young wife paid a short but pleasant visit to his home at Totara Flat, where many friends of former days extended to him a cordial welcome.

Last week the Rev. Father O'Hare (Lincoln), Father Herbert (Reefton), and Father Dan Healy (Cathedral, Christchurch) were the guests of Rev. Father Fogarty.

His many friends will be pleased to know that Mr. Pat Kennedy, jun., Totara Flat, who recently went under an operation at Greymouth for knee trouble, is making a favorable and speedy recovery.



TEMUKA NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

April 27.

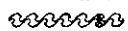
The local Convent School re-opens to-day. At both Masses yesterday appeals were made to parents to send their children regularly and punctually so as to make up for as much lost time as possible.

The usual fortnightly socials for the winter months have recommenced and promise to be as successful as ever. At a committee meeting held recently, Mr. P. Histen was appointed secretary and Mr. T. Sheen treasurer for the ensuing year.

As a result of the recent mission by Rev. Father McGrath, S.M., and a kindly word from the preacher, the ranks of the local Hibernians have been increased, and the office-bearers are making a raid for still further members.

On Anzac Day a special Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's Church by Rev. Father Moloney, S.M., at which there was a very large attendance. Father Moloney also preached. During the Mass suitable hymns were sung by the choir, and at the conclusion of Mass the "Dead Mass" from "Saul" was played by the organist (Miss C. Coughlan). The beautiful memorial erected in the church to the memory of the deceased soldier parishioners was specially decorated for the occasion.

Dr. Cowen, late of Wellington, has purchased Dr. Hogg's practice in Temuka. He arrived here during the week, and has already made himself favorably known.



NAPIER NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

April 23.

Now that the epidemic has almost died out, the schools in this district have re-opened, and it is a blessing in more ways than one; many mothers being eager to corroborate this.

During the Easter ceremonies St. Patrick's Choir was at its best, and Silas's Mass was rendered beautifully under the able baton of Mr. F. O'Shaunassy, to whom I offer congratulations for the manner in which he has brought his choristers up to the mark nearing perfection.

The ladies' branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is still carrying on the good work, and the members deserve no little amount of praise for their charitable efforts.

PRESENTATION.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., a very pleasant function took place in the Foresters' Hall, in the form of a farewell to Sub-Inspector and Mrs. O'Halloran, prior to their departure for Dunedin, to which town Sub-Inspector O'Halloran has been transferred. Mr. B. J. Dolan, in making the presentation, referred to Sub-Inspector O'Halloran's sterling qualities, both in his official capacity and as a citizen. He hoped that in the near future the Sub-Inspector would receive further promotion. On handing the guest of the evening a silver tea service, Mr. Dolan wished the Sub-Inspector and Mrs. O'Halloran and family every success and all possible luck in their new sphere. Sub-Inspector O'Halloran replied in a very touching manner, thanking those who had been so kind to him, and expressed the hope that he would find things as pleasant in his southern home. Messrs. K. O'Halloran, R. Dockery, and S. Harris also referred to Mr. O'Halloran's stay in Napier, and paid tribute to his ability and the general air of satisfaction he will leave behind him as Senior Sergeant of Police in this town. Interspersed with the speeches were a number of musical items contributed by Misses Allan, Redwood, Mrs. Duffey, Messrs. Duffey, Harris, and Hines (songs); Miss M. Fahey (recitation). Mrs. Keene was accompanist. A dainty supper was set out in the tastefully decorated supper room. The evening was brought to a close with a most enjoyable informal dance.

MASTERTON NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

April 23.

The local branch of the Hibernian Society was represented at the competitions and conference of the Federated Catholic Clubs held in Wellington at Easter, and was successful in securing third place in oratory, impromptu debate, and tennis. Bros. J. Charters and A. L. Curry took part in the competitions, while Mr. Murphy very kindly filled the position of tennis representative. At the meeting of the Hibernian Society on Monday evening the delegates paid a high tribute to the officials of the conference for the attention given them, and made reference also to the fine Catholic spirit that existed amongst the members of the Federation. Bro. J. Connors congratulated the representatives on their success, and hoped an endeavor would be made to send a team to the competitions and conference next year.

We are shortly to be blessed with a new arrival from the Emerald Isle (the Rev. Father Hanratty), who takes the place of Rev. Father Moran, recently transferred to New Plymouth. We take this opportunity of giving our new curate the *cord mile faillie* in advance.

At the last meeting of the local branch of the Hibernian Society one new member was initiated. The progress of the branch continues apace; the facilities now offering for social entertainment by the completion of the new meeting room no doubt being responsible for the prevalent interest and enthusiasm.

It is understood that another Catholic body will shortly be launched in Masterton by the formation of a Catholic club. It is to be sincerely hoped the venture will be given the practical support of the congregation, as the lack of an institution such as the one proposed has been considered a reproach. We appear to be left well behind by the other towns of New Zealand in this regard.

St. Mary's Convent, Hamilton

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1924.

Teacher's D: Edna Clayton, M. Skuse, G. Bowling, I. Waters, R. Page.

Matriculation: G. Bowling, R. Page (P.P.), I. Waters (P.P.).

Public Service E: K. Scott, K. Murray.

Intermediate: W. Skuse, I. Babbage.

Junior Free Place: B. Quinlan, J. Redmond, M. Sorenson.

Commercial: Thirteen pupils secured certificates in Shorthand, Book-keeping, and Typewriting.

December Theory of Music examination: Art of Teaching: Isobel Doldy, 75. Rudiments: Evie Murphy, 88 (honors). Junior: B. Sanderson, 97 (honors); N. Cumming, 87 (honors); E. Cole, 88 (honors), E. Pearce, 85 (honors); T. Whittington, 70; D. Humm, 69. Preparatory: A. Noble, 99, G. Tuck, 91; D. Tuck, 73.

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Heavy All-wool Molleton Flannel, in Sky, Pink, Mauve, Cardinal, Maroon, Saxe, Kingfisher, and Helio, 42 inches—

8/6 per yard

Reversible Molleton Cloth, All Cotton, in Saxe-Rose, Grey-Saxe, Grey-Pink, and Sky-Pink, 30 inches—

3/3 per yard

Super Knopp Cloth, Stockinette Back, in Cream, Fawn, Crimson, Saxe, Scarlet, Cardinal, Maroon, 54 inches—

16/6 per yard

All-wool Ripple Cloth, in Cream, Sky, Rose, Shell Pink, Fawn, Light and Dark Saxe, Vieux Rose, Kingfisher, Mauve, Maroon, and Cardinal, 42 inches—

8/6 per yard

Harrockses' Ripple Cloth, All Cotton, but giving a good measure of warmth at low cost, in Light and Mid Saxe, Helio, and Vieux Rose, 36 inches—

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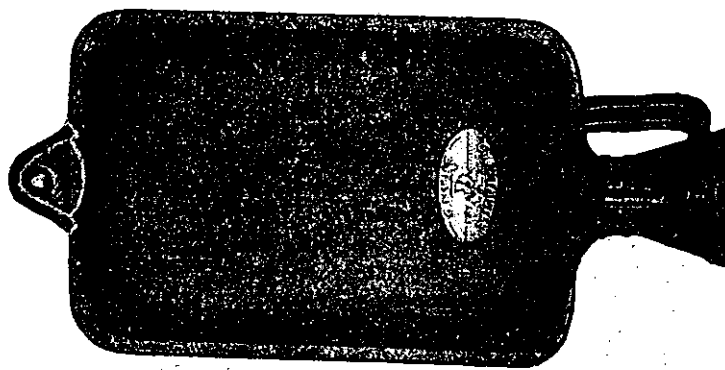
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CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

NONSENSE ABOUT SKULLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Under the above heading in your issue of March 11, you make reference to the Rhodesian skull, about which Sir Arthur Keith recently lectured. If Sir Arthur believes this skull to be between 100,000 and 200,000 years old what is there to prevent him? We live in a free Empire! What he is reported to have said previously that the Moustertian skull was the oldest in existence—namely, 350,000 years—proves nothing on your part. You are, apparently, not versed in these matters. What is a mere difference of 150,000 years in dealing with immensity? Nothing! The mistake only shows that a course in the fourth standard would benefit Sir Arthur. Then why worry? Now, listen, please, while I reveal to you my wonderful discovery, my very own. Recently while delving in my garden (an unusual practice on my part), I unearthed a skull. I believe it to be of an age consistent with the "Gorilliamus-Humbugius—pre-Adamite period." I estimate it, by certain methods known only to the initiated, to be at least 1,000,000 years old. Thus I go further back in years than the finder of any other skull produced to date. Imagination pales before the wonders and romance I could build up round and about the edifice of my "find." In the meantime I forbear, for which thoughtfulness on my part be you truly thankful: this will come later on when I bring the matter officially under the notice of my brother scientists. At present I am taking no risks: I do not intend, for instance, to show it to the local butcher. This gentleman does not, as far as I know, think imperially, nor does he go in for "plain living" and high thinking, and there is just a chance of his calling my "find" a sheep's head. He having, also, no knowledge of "high research," much cannot be expected from him. Others might call it a piece of stone shaped curiously. But if there are such envious people about let them go and find a skull for themselves, and beat mine if they can. With regard to the remarks of Dean Inge that "religion must fall into step with science," do not take us (scientists) too seriously. We are odd fish. Though we love to pose as "learned and clever," many of us do not know the difference between Neo and a wheelbarrow, nor of the newly discovered electron from a wireless receiving set. In the meantime I must conclude and hurry to my research work. If I find the "missing link" or the "lost chord" I will advise you in due course.—I am, etc.,

—"GORILLIAMUS."

Port Chalmers, 2/4/25.

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Spanish Singer and Her Song

The following gem was cabled from Rome under date March 7, to the Dominion newspaper press and duly treated to the usual startling headlines:—

"The Spanish singer, Raquel Meller, has had a private audience with the Pope. She sang her famous song, "Pendant la Procession," which aroused so much opposition in Paris. She has been reprimanded and threatened with excommunication by the Archbishop of Paris. The song tells the story of a young girl who utters the most extreme blasphemies as she witnesses a religious procession. Later, through a priest's teaching she becomes a most ardent convert.

The Pope and cardinals heard the song, and the former pronounced the Benediction on Senorita Meller, and gave her permission to continue the song."

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

Under the heading "An Advertising Canard" a Home paper prints the following:—

"The Paris *Comedien*, a paper devoted to theatrical matters, lately published a report of an alleged incident at the Vatican, which has since been reproduced with variations

in the press of many countries. Some of the London daily papers took it up. One of them published it with sensational headings—"The Pope Sits in Judgment—Singer Menaced with Excommunication," and the like. It told how a lady, who has already appeared on the London variety stage, and whose name was starred in Paris, was threatened by the ecclesiastical authorities with excommunication for singing what they considered an irreligious song. She appealed to the Pope, was received in audience at the Vatican, sang her song, declared herself a good Catholic, and asked for the Holy Father's approbation and blessing. The story ended by telling how Pius XI gave the blessing she asked for and told her there could be no reasonable objection to her performance. The *Osservatore Romano*, in its issue of March 8, declares that the whole story—improbable on the face of it—is *puramente inventato*—"a mere fiction"—and declares it as *Una ignobile reclamazione*—"a vulgar advertising stunt"—and protests against this abuse of the venerated name of the Holy Father.

The Church in New Zealand

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON: IN THE 'SEVENTIES AND AFTER

A Link With the Past

A Wellington correspondent, writing on April 28, 1917, stated:—"Extensive alterations are being effected in the old Marist Brothers' School in Boulcott Street, which is now being utilised as a convent school for girls. It is the oldest Catholic school in Wellington, being opened by the Marist Brothers under the direction of the late Rev. Brother Sigismund over forty years ago. Possessing a tower of some height, it was in the first days of its existence a landmark, occupying a prominent position on Clay Point Hill, a name familiar to the early residents before the area beneath was reclaimed from the waters of the harbor. The tower was then utilised by the municipal authorities for fire signals. Up to the time St. Patrick's College was opened it was also a boarding school. The timbers are in a wonderful state of preservation, and experts have expressed the opinion that with the renovations proposed the building will last for many years. This will please many of the old boys and residents, as the old building recalls to them many pleasant memories, being the centre of Catholicity in the early days and the scene of many a meeting and Catholic entertainment. The renovations are being carried out by day labor under the direction of the Rev. Father S. Mahony, S.M., an old boy of St. Mary's parish, and now its rector."

Wellington's Pioneer Marist Brothers

On September 4, 1918, Mr. F. J. Oakes visited the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, Wellington, to present the institution with a very handsomely-framed selection of enlarged photos including that of Brother Sigismund, the first Director, who ruled from

1876 to 1888. There were also unveiled the photos of Brother Mark (1889 to 1904), Brother Paul (1904 to 1907), Brother Justin (1907 to 1912), Brother Basil, (1912 to 1916), and the then present Director, Brother Egbert. Brother Justin was Director for three years at Boulcott Street, and continued in the position for two years after the school was transferred to its present position at Newtown.

Mr. Oakes gave the boys a very interesting account of his school experiences, relating the various stages in the School's growth. When the Brothers first started in 1876, the Senior Department was taught in the old School which was situated on the site now occupied by St. Mary's Presbytery, Boulcott Street, and the Junior Department, under Brother Papinien, was carried on in a School situated near the present girls' School in Guildford Terrace. It is interesting to note that Fathers Hurley and O'Connor, then both attached to St. Joseph's Church, Wellington, are the sons of the Catholic Schoolmasters whom the Brothers succeeded in Wellington and Christchurch. After a few years the whole School was transferred to the (then) newly erected School building in Boulcott Street.

Mr. Oakes spoke of the gratitude which the Old Boys' felt towards the Brothers who had devoted their lives to the spiritual and temporal needs of their boys, and expressed the hope that the present boys would do even greater credit to their teachers.

It is worthy of note that the Marist Brothers' School mentioned above is the third oldest establishment of the Brothers in Australasia, being preceded only by St. Patrick's in Sydney, and St. Patrick's, Parramatta.

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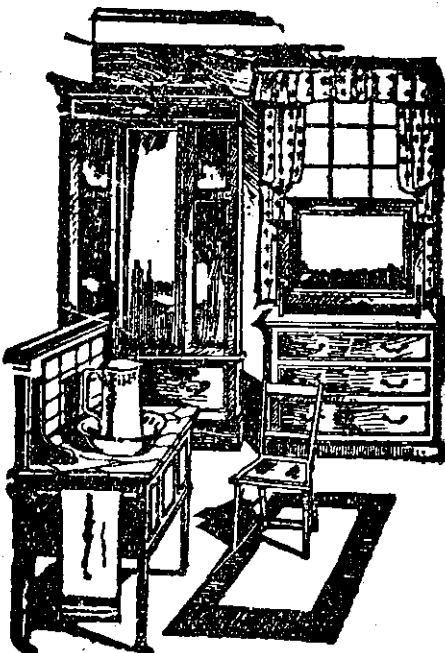
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An Historic Site

A correspondent writing a few years ago stated:—"An historic building in the annals of Catholicism in Wellington is at present disappearing in the demolition of St. Patrick's Hall in Boulecott Street, for many years the meeting-place of Catholic bodies in Wellington Central. This building, which is being removed in order to clear the site for the new St. Mary of the Angels' Church, was erected in the early 'eighties as a presbytery to the parish church, then presided over by the late Rev. Father Kerrigan. It was so used until the new presbytery was erected on the same block, but a little higher up Boulecott Street. When that building was erected the old presbytery was used as a Sunday School and for the holding of parish meetings and social functions, and served its purpose well. . . . The church, which has so lately disappeared, was built of timber between forty and fifty years ago from a design by Mr. Clayton, Sir Julius Vogel's father-in-law, and at the time the first Government architect. Mr. Clayton was a man of considerable taste, but unfortunately his work was chiefly in wood and not much of it remains. The Government Building, containing the Departmental offices, is the chief. The church, however, under notice, when it left Mr. Clayton's hands, was a model building—cruciform in plan, and having a tower and spire at the intersection of the nave and transepts. In style, it was early English, inasmuch as the windows were lancet-headed, and the general proportions were what might have been expected of a thirteenth century architect to have adopted had he been building at the present day, and with the materials at Mr. Clayton's disposal.

OPUNAKE.

The moon looks down on the mountain
 Silent over the sea,
 And a host of faint, far voices
 Seem whispering to me.

Somewhere in the bygone ages
 The heart of the mountain broke,
 And the face of the moon was hidden
 In a veil of fire and smoke.

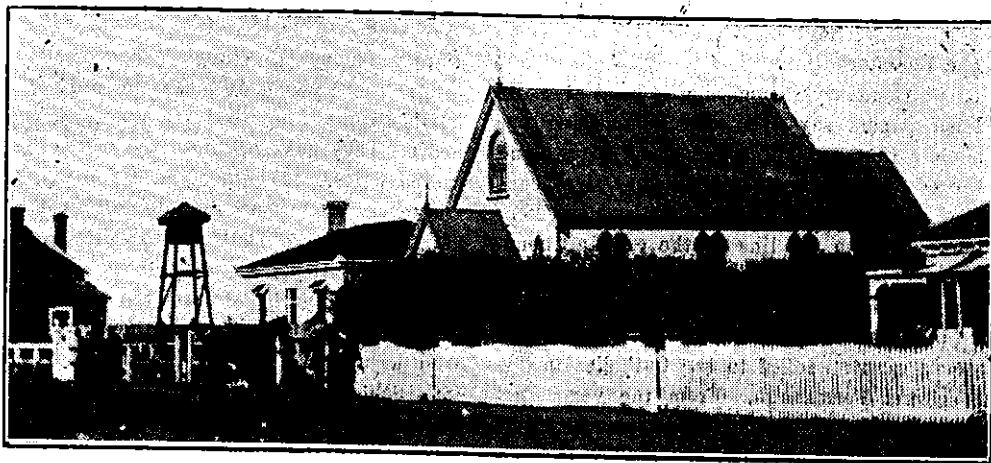
A hundred rivers murmuring
 Go down to their ocean graves,
 In beds that were ploughed by the lava
 Long cooled by the restless waves.

The ghosts of primeval forests
 Keep guard above the plain,
 And the night winds passing through them
 Are tremulous with pain.

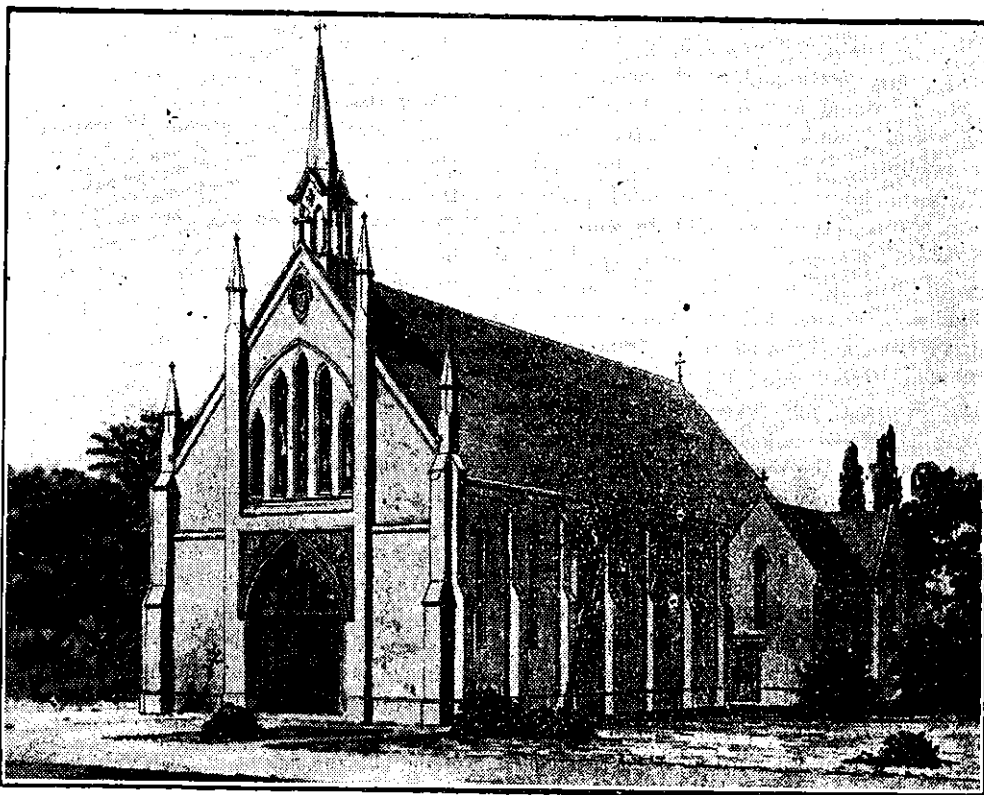
The moon looks down on the mountain
 Now clad in a shroud of snow,
 For the fires of the dead volcano
 Have long since ceased to glow.

I cannot number the ages
 The moon has seen go by,
 But it seems that the voices tell me
 How soon we all must die.

—J.K.



OLD CHURCH AT OPUNAKE.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME OF MARY, OPUNAKE.
 (From the Architect's Plan.)



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, PUNGAREHU.

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Current Topics

The Boundary.

The Boundary Commission is hard at work. Irish papers say that the Commission has made a tour, extending over some days, along the border counties. It is thought significant that during this tour the commissioners kept quite close to the line of the existing boundary. The inference from this procedure is that nothing more than mere rectification is intended. It is pointed out that rectification would give no relief to the Catholics in Tyrone and Fermanagh. From the very start Catholics have been opposed to partition. Business men and others among the Protestants are beginning to realise that partition involves many evils and inconveniences. Rev. J. W. Hamilton, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, hopes that the day will come when there will be no partition in Ireland. The best opinion in the North dislikes partition and would be glad to see the day when North and South could work together without any friction about boundary questions, commerce, or boycotts. He paid a tribute to the authorities in the South of Ireland, and went on to say: "I wish that the Northern leaders would do more in the way of encouraging and admiring the good work done in the South." The Moderator evidently thinks that Sir James Craig and Lord Londonderry wish to see Ireland united. If they wished that they would pack up all the tawdry paraphernalia of their Punch-and-Judy show and go back to their employers in London with the request that they be set up as a make-believe government elsewhere. The North and South would not be long in shaking hands after that.

Birth Control in England.

Archbishop Keating of Liverpool warns Catholics against a new birth control offensive which is now taking place in the North of England. He says that young Catholics in the region affected are beginning to frequent clubs ostensibly run by the Labor Party, but actually in the hands of men whose ultimate objects are repudiated by responsible leaders of the Labor Party. Having established a hold upon a poor neighborhood by means of dances and similar amusements, organisers of these clubs give instruction to the ignorant and curious on certain matters without reserve, and advocate birth control. The Registrar-general's report shows that the birth rate of England and Wales is 20.8 a thousand, the lowest ever registered in a peace year. Catholic centres, however, show good returns, indicating that Catholic morality is an effective barrier to race suicide. Liverpool, the most Catholic of the large cities, showed 26.6 births for every thousand inhabitants.

A Tribute to Catholic Missionaries.

England was civilised by men who believed in conquering the world by renouncing it. In the grey dawn of Anglo-Saxon civilisation the monks penetrated into the swamps and marshes and transformed them into rich, agricultural lands. They came to establish Chris-

tianity among a strange people, and they taught those people to make the work of the hands express and illustrate the faith in the heart. They gave effect to the words of the sacred writer, "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all for the glory of God." That in this respect the passage of time has worked no change in them may be gathered from the testimony of Mr F. C. Linfield, a Primitive Methodist, who writes thus in the 'Methodist Times': "Catholics win, first in the splendidly definite character of their doctrinal teaching, and, secondly, in their attention to what may be called, not exactly technical education, but certainly craftsmanship. All their scholars are taught some useful craft—agriculture or something of that sort. It is absolutely a dead end to teach these boys and girls merely to read and write and count, and leave them alone."

"The Sea Hawk."

A pictorial representation of Rafael Sabatini's book, "The Sea Hawk," is now going the rounds of New Zealand picture theatres. The story is set in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the effects of the picture is to create the impression that Protestant England was a veritable paradise to live in, while Catholic Spain was a land of tyrants and barbarians. An English ship at sea is shown, and the best of goodfellowship is seen to prevail between officers and crew. Then a Spanish ship, bound for Italy with the Infanta aboard, is displayed, and here we are shown the slaves chained to the oars while they are lashed unmercifully by a savage ruffian who walks up and down the galley watching lest any slave should steal a second's rest from his dreadful toil. The Infanta and her suite look down with unconcern upon the agony of the slaves, and by the lady's side stands a burly priest who appears to take a keen delight in the flogging. This particular scene evidently is staged first to create the impression that the Church had no compassion for the wretched, and secondly to give the Infanta an opportunity of saying that the stench from the slaves' quarters offended her. On leaving the theatre one could hear remarks on every side from spectators derogatory of Spanish character, and several threw out their chests and thanked their stars that they were born of a race that had no black past to live down: which shows how history, especially recent history, is neglected in these days. It is this ignorance of history, this blind, arrogant pride of race coupled with a contempt for and ignorance of every other race, that turns the populace into frenzied jingoes whenever the powers that be feel that a war would be good for business.

Sabatini Reviewed.

It would be well if those who are content to learn history from the movies were to read Father Dunne's review of Sabatini in a recent

issue of 'America.' The learned Jesuit, while giving Sabatini credit for being "the only writer of to-day who can make the past more interesting than the present," says that he lacks historical training, and that much romance has not made an historian. "Sabatini," he says, "has some natural sympathy for the Borgias of Italy, but he has none for Torquemada of Spain. Even the very preface here looks awry from crooked understandings. It is obfuscated by the smoke and soot of a vision of the sky that looks only through a chimney. To pass the judgments contained in the preface, the author should have given all his energies for years to history and not divided them by romance. Not only is his vision crooked, it is colored. He wore glasses when he wrote this preface and they were a jaundiced yellow. Most of the past has been religious persecution, he tells us. But he does not know most of the past or he would not tell us this. The text fares no better. Again it is his guileless acceptance of his sources. His chief authority, Llorente, was from his own admission, a traitor to his country and bent and blinded by prejudice. And facts? No justice, to omit his word 'inexorable.' One example. The latest researches into the activities of the ill-starred Spanish Inquisition have demonstrated that in the Archbishopric of Saragossa not a single death for heresy can be laid to the doors of the inquisitor St. Peter Arbues. From Sabatini's chapter in this connection the reader judges that burnings were of every week occurrence. A careful perusal, therefore, of 'Torquemada' and 'Cesare Borgia' leave but one conclusion: the pages of the former are discolored by false representation; those of the latter are spotted with error and inexact statement; the chapters of both gape and yawn with wide lacunas of unsound historical judgment."

The End of the Klan.

The Ku Klux Klan, suffering from the effect of over-much publicity, is now fading into another organisation to be called "American Crusaders." In other words, the Klan is about to change its name. People do not like to be cited as members of an organisation notorious for murder and outrage, even when they do not object to murder and outrage so long as the latter can be made to pay. Moreover, rumor has it, that there has been much heart-burning among Klansmen over the division of the loot, a circumstance that gives the lie direct to the mistaken belief that there is honor among thieves. The Klan is an example of the methods of the cheap-jack salesman on a large scale. America, like every other country including our own, was a profitable field for unprincipled rascals who fished easy livings from the stupidity of simpletons. But these gentry only appeared in a district periodically, like the measles or the flu. Still, they served as a guide to what was hoped would prove a gold mine if the scheme were carefully handled; they gave point to the assertion that a fool is born every minute; and they helped enterprising thugs to conceive a plan by which all the

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bigotry and ignorance as yet unexploited could be made to yield a golden harvest unsurpassed even on Wall Street. The villainy had to be organised on national lines in so comprehensive a fashion that no part of the country would be left untapped and no "boob" left "untrimmed." A dash of romance was added to the programme, and middle-aged parties, wide of girth and soft of pate, were tickled at the thought of gallivanting in a night-shirt, committing outrages upon people who were unable to defend themselves. It was a great game while it lasted. Too late, however, the muddle-headed ones discovered that all they were to get out of the business was an approving smile from the Worshipful Grand Cyclops for heroically sand-bagging Catholics, Jews, and Negroes. The Klan boasted that its ranks were open to hundred-per-cent. Americans of Protestant persuasion. The name of all others was "mud." But the shrewd Ku Klux leaders, having relieved the hundred-per-centers of their spare dollars, now make provision to collect the easy money in possession of the "Rubes" of foreign extraction. Like Wallingford, they have commenced "cleaning up." Hence, the new organisation—or rather, the old organisation with a brand-new name—proposes to enrol the foreign born in a society dedicated to the Government of the United States of America, its Constitution and constitutional freedom, and the "Protestant Christian religion, upon which our Government is founded." All the exclusive privileges of membership, which permit a member to contribute to the support of loafers with glib tongues and to swell the pockets of schemers, may be had for a ten-dollar bill. A Catholic exchange informs us that "Members of Congress and other Washingtonians received a royal proclamation inviting them to join the 'Chivalric citizenry' of the 'Royal and Beneficent Domain' of the 'Knights of the Flaming Sword,' a rival of the Ku Klux Klan now being advanced by William J. Simmons, one-time promoter of the Klan." It is announced, however, that William finds the dollars slow in coming for his new venture.

German Bishops and the Moral Code.

Those who take pleasure in lewd spectacles and dangerous occasions seek to disarm criticism by saying that to the pure all things are pure. Judges, police magistrates, and other persons having occasion to investigate the results of these innocent frolics say that there is nothing pure about them. One cannot throw oneself into a cesspool and emerge from it free from filth. It would be a good thing for the world if parents and guardians took to heart the words of the German Bishops, who recently published a list of Christian principles aimed at eliminating the evil of immorality. Their pronouncement says:—

"Culture of the body is good, but culture of the spirit is higher, and culture of the body must be in accord with Christian principles; it must never violate modesty.

"The sexes must be separated in gymnastic classes, and classes must be directed by teachers of the same sex as their members.

Bathing suits should not be permitted at these exercises, and exercises without clothing should not be permitted for class of either sex.

"The public must never be admitted to gymnasiums for girls.

"The sexes must be kept separate in swimming exercises and bathing, and attendants must be of the same sex as the members of the classes. Exhibition swimming of women should be prohibited.

"In the case of family bathing, the same rules of separation must be observed, with separate rooms for dressing.

"Physical and medical inspection of school children must be arranged so as to avoid all scandal.

"Sports must permit time for Mass and other divine services, and must never violate Christian feelings.

"Dancing plays and exercises which are very popular now hold great danger because of their materialistic, pantheistic, and atheistic inclination. Some rhythmic exercises may be permitted, however, when the children are properly clad.

"Society must come back to the simple old customs, without debauch and gluttony.

"Modern dances, nearly all of bad origin, are threatening virtue and chastity. They cannot be suffered any longer, even in modified forms.

"Literature, the theatre, motion pictures are in a bad way. The clothing worn is generally abominable.

"Women must be the defenders of the old pure customs. Parents are responsible for the modesty of their children's clothing. The Catholic press must observe its responsibility in all these matters."

Fifteen Evils.

Dr. John Roach Stratton, an American Baptist pastor, listed as follows the evils of 1924, which he said were due to Modernism:—

1. Stolen in hold-ups, 2,650,000,000 dol.
2. Squandered in swindling stock schemes, 6,000,000,000 dol.
3. Lost in forgeries by trusted employees, 100,000,000 dol.
4. Cost of crime—larger than the total cost of operating the United States Government in all its branches.
5. The worst divorce record of any nation on earth, not even excepting Japan.
6. The transformation of churches everywhere from great spiritual and soul-winning centres into mere literary societies, social clubs, and forums for the promulgation of modernistic and infidel views.
7. A half-million children and young people belonging to Protestant homes in Greater New York who no longer attend Sunday Schools since the arrival of Sunday movies, joy-riding, and sports.
8. The breakdown of parental authority through the destruction of faith in the Bible as the authoritative word of God.
9. The consequent loss of obedience and moral idealism among our youth, resulting in such things as the Leob-Leopold murder.
10. Sixty-four per cent. of American school children proved dishonest by experiments,

conducted by scientists and school teachers working together, in which children were trusted with money to make purchases, bringing back the change, etc.

11. The complete destruction of multitudes of American homes through the competition of commercialised amusements, the movies, theatres, dance halls, etc.

12. The consequent flood of female flappers and flirts, and male lounge lizards and cakewalkers.

13. The decrease of the stronger and more successful elements of our society through the substitution of dogs for babies.

14. The surrender of civil officers to the forces of lawlessness, indecency, and greed on stage and screen by such things as the citizens' play jury.

15. The startling increase in our murder records to the appalling total of 10,000 killings a year, a murder rate twenty-five times as high as the rate in England.

Bishops and the Catholic Press.

The 'Catholic Herald of India' thus comments on the death of Archbishop Meuleman of Calcutta:—

"The death of our dear Archbishop affects the 'Catholic Herald' very deeply, by removing one who for the last eight years has stood by the paper as a faithful protector in very critical moments. And that protection was needed all those will know who have at one time or another claimed the editor's head on a charger.

"On March 22, 1922, there appeared in this journal an article under the heading 'A Bishop's Trials,' purporting to record the ordeal of a certain American prelate, Bishop Kane, in connection with the 'Catholic Booster,' a paper he had founded. The writer, a certain McGill, produced specimens of letters that reached the poor Bishop in shoals, complaining of the 'Booster's' Irish views, of the 'Booster's' plea for a negro clergy, of the 'Booster's' views on education, of the 'Booster's' views on seminary kitchens, of the 'Booster's' views on excursions into the art of planting turnips. Of course, the article was but an allegory, Bishop Kane being none other than Archbishop Meuleman and the 'Catholic Booster' the 'Herald.' It wasn't that the Archbishop agreed with every opinion expressed in the 'Catholic Herald,' but it was characteristic of his exceptional broad-mindedness that he should persistently defend the liberty of the Catholic press within reasonable limits, though criticism never ceased to harass him. 'I don't agree with everything you say,' he often remarked to the editor, 'but it is not because I am owner of the paper that I should dictate every word you write. What sort of a Catholic press do they want, I wonder?' The reader should not imagine that his was an exceptional case. Every bishop in the world, who happens to be afflicted with a Catholic paper in his diocese has more trouble with his one paper than with twenty superannuated canons, and it is no wonder that a number of them have ordered their editors to confine their comments to the Penny Catechism. Fortunately, Archbishop Meuleman was made of sterner stuff."

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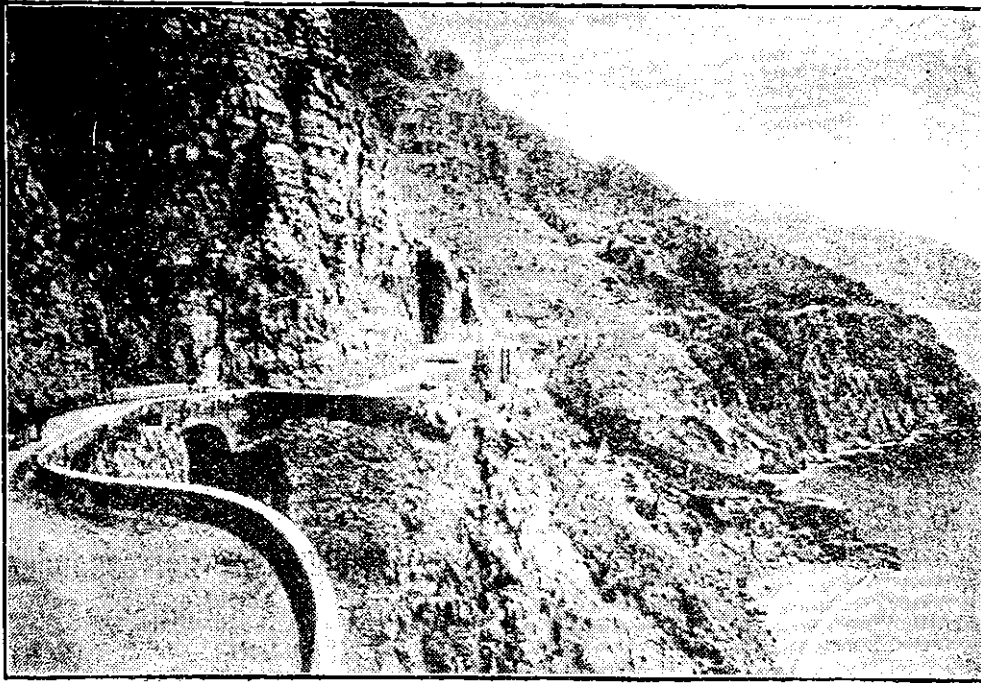
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NOTES OF TRAVEL

AMALFI.

(By J.K.)



THE ROAD FROM SORRENTO TO AMALFI

I know the boldness and grandeur of our New Zealand scenery better than most people. I have more than once admired the wonderful lake and mountain scenery of Switzerland. Killarney has charmed me when its loveliness of mountain, hill, and woodland was framed in the glories of an autumn sunset. I have seen the French Riviera several times and at various seasons of the year. And, after it all, had I to decide what scenery I thought best in the world, I should give my vote to the Amalfi coast without much hesitation. You have seen pictures of it, and, no doubt, you have said that all this riot of color was exaggerated by the artist, but if you saw the reality you would agree that not even Claude Lorraine or Salvator Rosa could do it justice on canvas.

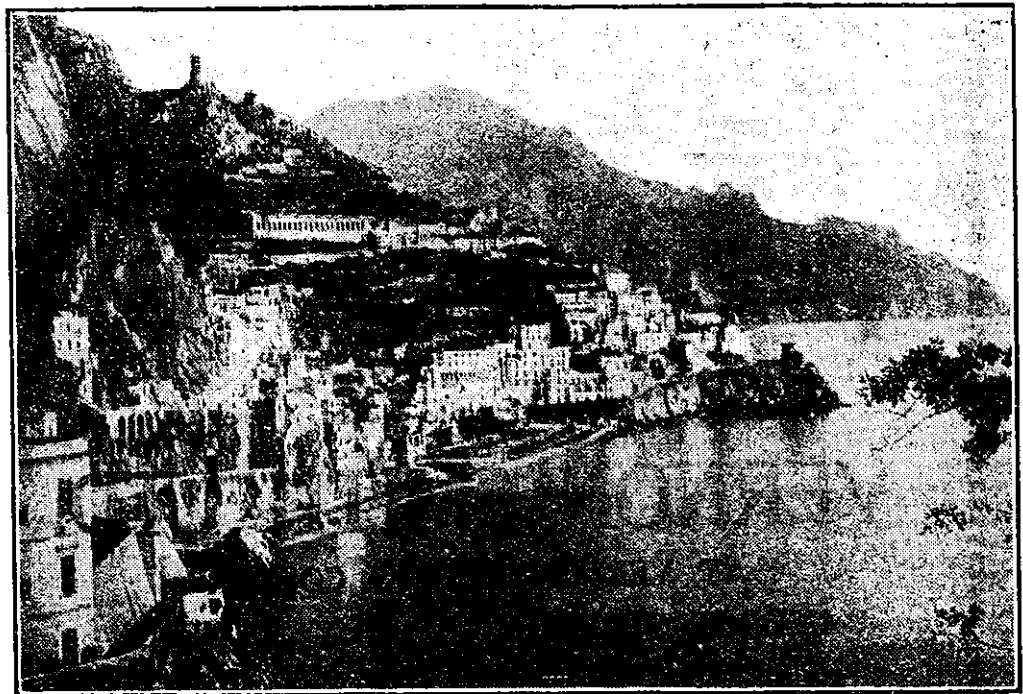
Several people whom I met insisted that on no account must I miss the road from Sorrento to Amalfi, and thus it was that on a sunny morning of January, in this land of eternal summer, I drove a bargain with a motor owner who would take me to Amalfi and back for two hundred and fifty Italian lire—some forty-five shillings—for the most delightful road in the whole world.

Winding up the hill out of Sorrento the way lay through a landscape of luxurious beauty. The azure sky, the blue sea, the bold crags on the mountain tops, and the vines and oranges and flowers on the lower slopes made a wonderful picture. When we reached the top of the watershed the scene began to change and the landscape assumed a wilder and bolder aspect. Then a turn of the road brought us within view of the Gulf of Salerno, with its wild and rugged coast rising triumphantly out of the sea. Half-way up,

between sea and mountains, the road ran, winding and climbing and descending and never leaving the sight of the blue waters far below. Italian labor carved this great highway in the solid rock, and built those lofty viaducts over which we crossed deep and gloomy ravines. And let no man who has seen such a road ever boast of Anglo-Saxon superiority over the Latin people. It is a marvellous road. It skirts mighty headlands and passes through towns and villages, perched like eagles' nests between mountain and sea. There is nothing else like it, and

even the French Riviera is absolutely tame when compared with it; it is Europe's true *corniche* road. And this adventurous road is a path of old romance. You see here and there gaunt towers on rocks above the sea, and you learn that they were built in far-off days by the Saracen pirates before the Normans rode into this lovely land. Even in the architecture at present the name of the Sultan seems written. Here, for instance, is Positano, as beautiful as a dream, with its Oriental roofs and minarets; here, again, is Furore, hidden deep in a ravine, and fit lurking-place for those white-turbaned raiders of olden times. And so the road winds along, through Vettica Minore, Lame, etc., until at last you see before you the delightful vision of Amalfi, set against its background of hills, with its churches and towers shining in the sunlight, like a city of fairyland.

This city was founded by the Byzantine Empire. Later it grew powerful and became itself a Republic. It can boast that it awakened to freedom the cities of Italy, and it was strong enough to defy the Saracens, and even to put up a great fight against the all-conquering Normans. Once Amalfi was the fifth city of medieval Italy, with a population within its walls of 50,000 people, and a territory that extended for many leagues all round it. She sent expedition after expedition to the Holy Land, and her brave people never feared the Saracen hordes. In the twelfth century the Pisans conquered Amalfi, and her decline began. It was hastened by earthquakes and by the subsidence of the coast, which was so remarkable that during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the harbors and wharves were lost in the sea and no trace was left of the busy quays that



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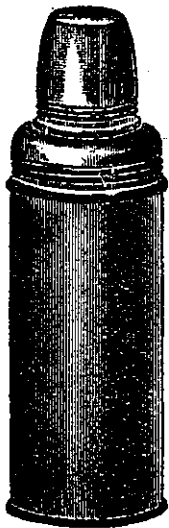
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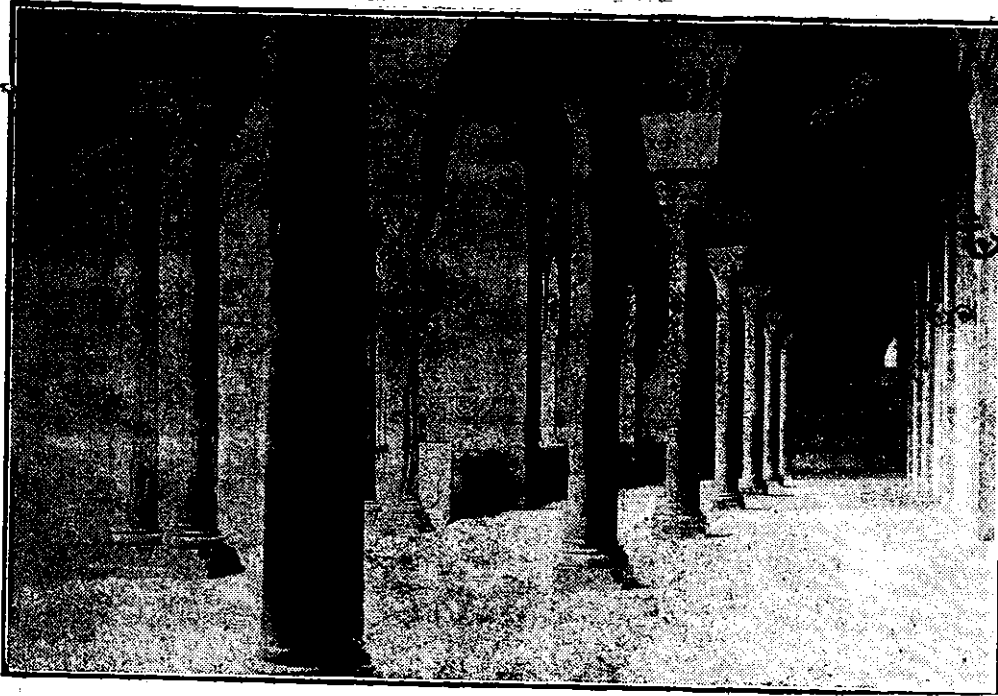
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PORTICO OF THE CATHEDRAL AT AMALFI

were once laden with the merchandise of the East.

In spite of its decay, Amalfi has one glory to-day. One side of the piazza is occupied by the cathedral, half Saracenic and half Romanesque, and most picturesque, with its tall tower and its Gothic portico, supported by columns brought from the Green ruins at Paestum. You go into the church through huge bronze doors, east, like those at Monte Cassino, by Staurochios, at Constantinople, about the year 1066. The gates, which were the gift of a noble Amalfi family, are wonderful. They are divided into panels, upon which Scriptural subjects are represented in outline by means of incised lines filled in with metallic compositions in red, black, and green. The ceiling glows with the warm color of paintings by Aniello Falcone, who was the master of Salvator Rosa. In the crypt is the body of St. Andrew Apostle, and over the altar is a magnificent bronze statue of the saint, by Michelangelo Naccarino. St. Andrew is Amalfi's patron saint, but it is interesting to know that St. Macarius was its ancient protector. And so, even here on this wild coast, one comes on the footsteps of those old Irish monks who civilised even Italy. The one country they seem to have failed to civilise and rescue from barbarism was their Saxon neighbor, which in turn failed to conquer and destroy Ireland.

A few miles back in the hills you will find at Ravello an even more splendid church. It stands on a hilltop, and was founded in the eleventh century by one Niccolo Rufolo, Duke of Dora and Grand Admiral to Roger of Sicily. It has glorious doors and ambones in which are preserved the remains of the Byzantine art of the past. Thus, all northern Europe has to come to such little Italian towns to learn what painting and architecture really mean; and no doubt when the average British or American tourist has come and gone he will still remain ignorant enough to think himself superior to the Italians, the rudest of whom is

nursed in a cradle surrounded by masterpieces of art and music.

Beyond Maiori the coast becomes wilder, until you reach Vietri. Farther south lies Salerno, shining in the distance, and if you go there (as I did not) you can salute the remains of Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII, the son of a poor carpenter, the man who was an ornament to the papacy whose lustre the ages have never dimmed. He it was, as you all know, who brought to Canossa the haughty tyrant of Germany, Henry IV. His ideals were lofty and his courage and zeal boundless; and here he sleeps now, awaiting his resurrection, by the blue seas that wash this wonderful coast.

And at last it was time to leave this wonderland and to hurry back to Sorrento. And so, once more along the curves of the marvellous road, we went in the light of the sunset which made every town and every castle and every crag more remarkable than when we saw them for the first time in the morning. What a road it was! Dean Alford says: "Not in variety of interest, but in grandeur, in picturesque grouping, in outline, and above all in loveliness of coloring, this Amalfi Riviera far surpasses any part of that from Nice to Genoa. Nothing in picture or imagination can surpass the color of the sea; it is not blue, it is not purple, it is not green, but it is all these by turns, nay, all these together—the reflexion of the amethyst in the surface of the turquoise."

No, there is nothing to surpass it. When you go to Italy do not forget that you must find a free day for it, no matter what else you miss. Leaving it at the last turn of the road I felt a real pang of regret that in all probability I should never see it again. That is the worst thing about Italy—leaving it behind. But who knows? *Chi sa!*

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Bishop Liston at Mosgiel

THE PARISHIONERS' WELCOME.

The parishioners of Mosgiel, and many friends from Dunedin and the surrounding district assembled at Holy Cross College on Saturday afternoon to once again meet the former beloved pastor of Mosgiel, the Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, and extend to him a very warm welcome to the scene of his distinguished labors. The gathering was an exceedingly numerous one, and, while all enjoyed the afternoon's outing enhanced by the pleasure afforded of viewing the beautiful grounds of the college which still retains much of its summer glory, the utmost cordiality prevailed; the popular prelate being besieged by those anxious to renew happy acquaintance while on his own part there was unmistakable evidence of how much he felt at home and how gladly he greeted the continuous throng.

The ladies of Mosgiel, with that hospitality for which they are proverbial, thoughtfully provided afternoon tea in the college refectory—a task of very considerable dimensions but one thoroughly successful. Advantage was taken of the occasion to here formally welcome Dr. Liston to the town and college. This was charmingly done by Rev. Father Collins (who presided). The chairman's remarks were supplemented by Mr. J. P. Walls (Mayor of Mosgiel), who made particular mention of the local branch of the Hibernian Society with its juvenile contingent (one of the few such organisations in the Dominion), and of the choir, both bodies in which Dr. Liston was always interested and did much to foster. In concluding a neat speech Mr. Walls asked their distinguished guest to accept the gift of a gold-mounted fountain pen as a souvenir of his much appreciated visit and as a reminder of the place he held in the affections of the people of Mosgiel.

Mr. A. F. Quelch spoke on behalf of the parishioners of the town, and Mr. Moynihan of those residing at Allanton and the outlying portion of the parish.

Dr. Liston, in responding, returned thanks for the gift made him and for the sentiments expressed towards him. It was a great joy (he said) to be among the people of Mosgiel and to again meet so many old friends. The great celebrations in connection with the college—an institution so near to his heart—was an added joy, as was the sight of a Mosgiel boy who is now a priest of God, a fact in itself worthy of sincere congratulations. More than that, another Mosgiel boy was now well on his course towards the sacred ministry while still others were also pursuing their studies at Holy Cross College. He paid tribute to Father Collins for the fine work he was doing in the parish—combining the duties of pastor with those of professor at the college. A pleasing evidence of Father Collins's activity was the erection of a church at Outram. He remarked on the splendid improvements effected in the college grounds, and concluded by extending a cordial invitation to those who may be visiting the northern city to make a call at St. Benedict's.

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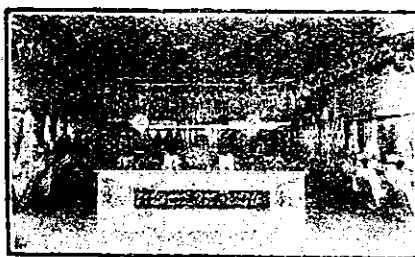
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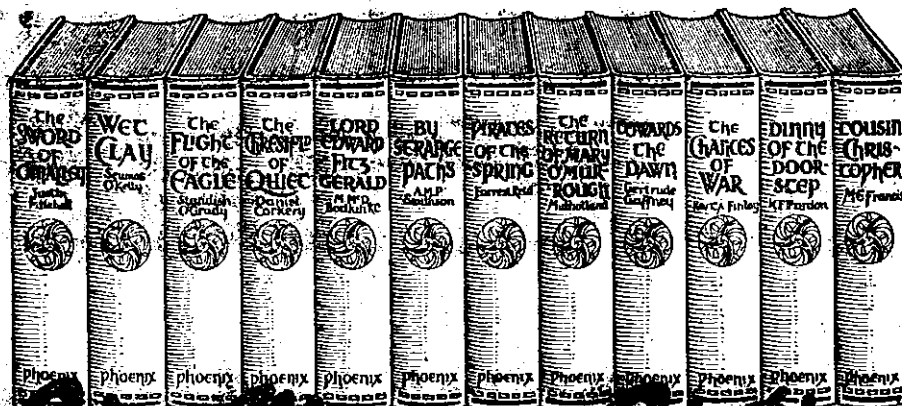
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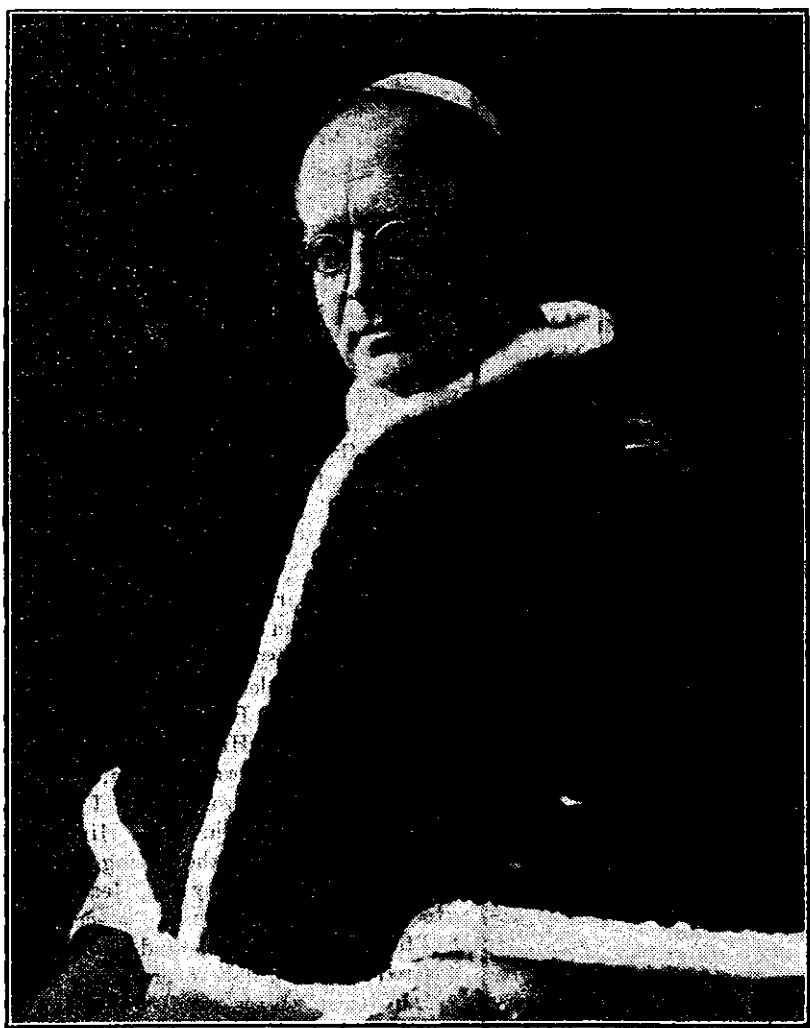
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Silver Jubilee Celebrations

Impressive Solemnity at St. Joseph's Cathedral

A Memorable and Magnificent Spectacle



PHOTOGRAPH (WITH AUTOGRAPH ATTACHED) OF THE HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS XI

Graciously sent by His Holiness with his Blessing, to Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee.

CABLE MESSAGE FROM HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GASPARRI, Papal Secretary of State, to his Lordship the Right Rev. James Whyte, D.D., Bishop of Dunedin, and President of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel:

"Occasion Silver Jubilee of Holy Cross College, Holy Father cordially grants Apostolic Blessing to the Superior and Pupils."

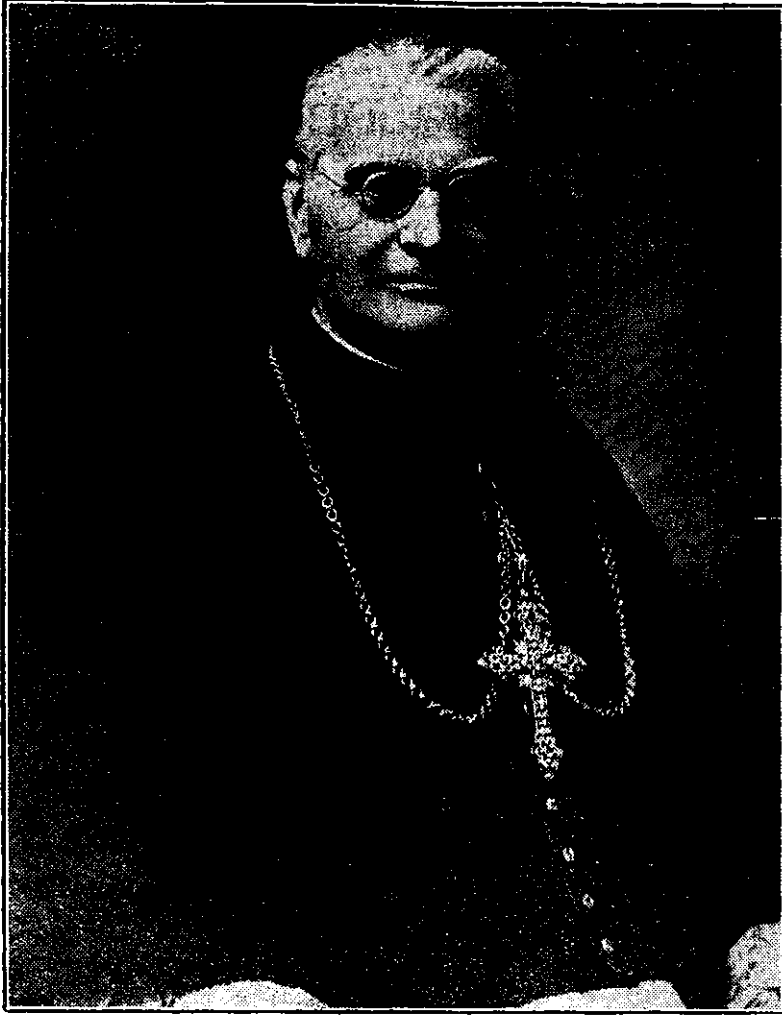
In the presence of his Grace the Most Rev. Francis Redwood, S.M., D.D., Archbishop of Wellington and Metropolitan, his Grace the Most Rev. Thomas O'Shea, S.M., D.D., Coadjutor-Archbishop of Wellington, his Lordship the Right Rev. H. W. Cleary, D.D., Bishop of Auckland, his Lordship the Right Rev. Matthew Brodie, D.D., Bishop of Christchurch, the Right Rev. James M. Liston, D.D., Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay (Oamaru), the Very Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R. (Australia), and a large number of priests from all parts of the Dominion—amongst them representatives of those who received their training for the sacred ministry at the Provincial Ecclesiastical Seminary at Mosgiel, the impressive celebrations in connection with the Silver Jubilee of Holy Cross College were inaugurated on Sunday at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin. The *Alma Mater* of so many of our young and zealous priests, whose number happily is increasing year by year, has an enduring place in their affections, as well as an interest deep-rooted and sincere, for the Catholic laity generally. It may readily be understood, therefore, that the attainment of the College's first quarter of a century of remarkable achievement occasioned intense enthusiasm, and how happy all are to join with the devoted Rector and professorial staff in their acts of thanksgiving and joyful observance of so important an event.

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.

Commencing at 11 o'clock there was Pontifical High Mass in the presence of the sanctuary of visiting Archbishops and Bishops; many of the clergy occupying front rows of seats in the nave. Here also were assembled a large number of the students of the college. The congregation filled the Cathedral to capacity.

His Lordship, Bishop Whyte, D.D., was celebrant; the Very Rev. Father Collins, C.S.S.R. (Wellington), assistant priest; Rev. Father Skinner (Otahuhu) and Rev. Father Connolly (Kilbirnie, Wellington), deacons at the throne; Rev. Father James Hanrahan (Christchurch) and Rev. Father Higgins, S.M. (Greenmeadows) deacon and subdeacon respectively of the Mass; Rev. Father Buckley (Riverton) master of ceremonies; Rev. Father Ardagh, (Oamaru) second master of ceremonies. The music, splendidly rendered by the Students' Choir of Holy Cross College, conducted by Rev. Father Andersen, with Mr. Gordon





HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VAN ROSSUM, C.S.S.R.
Prefect of the Congregation of Propaganda.

Giving thanks to Almighty God for the fruits borne by the Seminary of Holy Cross at Mosgiel for the past 25 years, we bestow our blessing upon all the Superiors, Professors, and students, and we pray God that through the intercession and under the protection of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary the Seminary may always grow and flourish yet more.

G. M. CARD. VAN ROSSUM,
Praef.

Letter from the Cardinal Prefect for the Propagation of the Faith

[Translation of letter addressed by Cardinal Van Rossum (Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith) to his Lordship Bishop Whyte, President of the Provincial Seminary at Mosgiel.]

This congregation for the Propagation of the Christian Faith has learned with no little rejoicing of spirit that the twenty-fifth anniversary is approaching of the Seminary of New Zealand, founded at Mosgiel, for the training of the secular clergy of the whole country; and especially on this occasion is it pleasing to us to congratulate you and all the Ordinaries upon the happy progress of that beneficent institution.

Our memory still recalls with what solicitous care your illustrious predecessor, the Right Rev. Michael Verdon, with the approbation of the Council of Wellington, undertook, in the year 1900, the foundation of that Seminary, from which he knew full well a new and richer life would spread throughout the whole land.

Nor have the results belied the hopes he conceived. Though that Seminary, when es-

tablished, was blest with scanty resources, and could at best number only some eleven students; yet with the progress of years and the active support of the Bishops and the grace of God, the Seminary has so increased in resources and in the number of students that to-day it can count some seventy students undergoing training and instruction in the Sacred Sciences.

Already from its sacred precincts over forty priests have gone forth, commissioned to preach the Faith, and our hearts are gladdened by the most joyous hope that this Seminary will ever become more and more a nursery and a fount of Apostles.

To our unanimous desire that this may come to pass, I join further the good wishes of the Sacred Congregation, and I beg God to enrich you, all the Bishops, the Professors, and the students of the Seminary, with heavenly blessings, and to preserve you long in health.

Your most devoted servant,
G. M. CARD. VAN ROSSUM,
Praef.

O'Meeghan at the organ, consisted of the "Ecce Sacerdos," Perosi's "Missa Te Deum Laudamus," and Proper of the Mass in Plain Chant.

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD'S SERMON.

The occasional sermon was preached by his Grace the Most Rev. Francis Redwood, S.M., D.D., Archbishop of Wellington and Metropolitan, who, after the first Gospel, spoke as follows:—

We are here assembled to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the Provincial Seminary of Holy Cross, and to express our lively appreciation of the great work already done in that flourishing institution. That work is the training of young men for the priesthood; and a nobler work, or one of greater benefit for the Church and mankind cannot be conceived. For what is a priest? A priest is another Christ, the anointed of the Lord for the continuation throughout the course of ages of the very ministry of Christ Himself, the Saviour of mankind. Christ is indeed the Saviour; He came to save mankind, first by Himself and secondly by His Church to the end of time.

For that purpose *He taught the truth, He forgave sin, He offered Himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and He conferred grace and sanctification.* Now, all that He continues to do by the ministry of His priests.

The Teaching of Christ.

First of all, *He taught truth.* He taught the whole circle of the supernatural truths which God determined to reveal to man. He eminently proclaimed Himself the Teacher of truth. He had the sublime daring to declare Himself *the truth.* He did not say, with some famous sages, I am a lover of truth, a seeker of truth, a philosopher. No! He said, "I am the truth," the living truth, eternal truth, speaking to man by a human voice. At a solemn moment of His life, a few hours before His death, when questioned by Pilate as to His purpose on earth, He said: "For this was I born, and for this came I into the world that I should bear witness to the truth." He Himself taught the whole series of the saving truths which He was commanded by His Heavenly Father to teach. And He founded a society of men to teach, preserve, expound, and defend that sacred deposit for evermore. He chose several men whom, at His last supper, He made priests, to continue the teaching of those truths until His second coming in great power and majesty to judge the world at the last day. Afterwards He gave to them this divine commission: "As the Father hath sent Me I also send you. All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded, and behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world. He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despises you despises Me. I will give to you the Spirit of truth, to suggest to you all truth, to abide with you for ever." That society, gifted, as you see, by these words, with everlasting infallibility, exists to-day, visible as a city on a mountain, that society is the Catholic Church, founded on Peter, the Rock, against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail." To-day, as in past ages, that Church teaches by the mouth of her bishops and priests, in

a word, by the Catholic priesthood in all its fullness and extension. So, the priest, like Christ, is the divinely appointed teacher of saving truth.

The Catholic Church and Science.

But boastful arrogant modern so-called science steps forth and would fain usurp the place and role of Christ and His priests. Contemporary unbelief, in the guise of science—pseudo-science—says to a deluded world: "In our enlightened days we need no teacher, no Saviour; science is the master and guide; science unlocks all necessary knowledge and affords a secure and sufficient foundation for morality. Before the rise of science, a teacher was needed, and Jesus was rightly welcomed by humanity, but now no place is left for him in the world of man, in the march of human enlightenment and progress; his reign is over."

Now, God forbid that I should utter one word against true science. Undoubtedly science, within its own legitimate sphere, deserves and obtains all praise from the Catholic Church, the mouth-piece of Christ, and numbers of the most eminent scientists, for instance, such men as the late Pasteur, are devout Catholics. And no wonder; for science is organised knowledge, the knowledge of the phenomena and laws of nature. But there its function ends; not a step further is allowed in the name of science. Science is not religion, and never can take religion's place. On the awful questions ever fretting the human mind, "whence come we, whither go we?" science is absolutely and dismally silent. These tremendous questions die without an answer, nay, without an echo, upon the shores of the unknown. So says Tindall, so says Spencer, so says Haeckel. So runs science, so speaks science in presence of the great problems which reason and conscience refuse to deem insoluble. Some years ago science promised to remove all mystery from the universe; but science has dismally failed to keep its promise, and in this respect, as Brunetière first proclaimed, "Science is bankrupt."

The Meaning of Morality.

Moreover, science affords no rational basis for morality, no sufficient sanction for right-doing. What does morality mean? It means the suppression and control of the lower, the animal appetites in man, and their subjection to a higher life; morality means the establishment of the reign of righteousness, and, for that purpose, demands that interest and pleasure be sacrificed without regret or hesitation upon the altar of duty. So strong are men's passions, so violent is their protest against all restraint, that they will have their way, unless it be shown beyond all doubt that the satisfaction which they crave is clearly prohibited, and unless powerful motives are urged why the wrong should be shunned and the right followed. What will science do for the man in the fierce conflict of his passions? What will Spencer's "Unknown" do to help him? or Harrison's appeal to "humanity"? or Haeckel's resort to "Universal matter"? Will you appeal to the individual's own good which is ultimately found in righteousness? But the hapless man, in the stress

of fierce and prolonged temptations, will scorn to overlook a certain present for the sake of an uncertain and shadowy future. Therefore, morality is secure only in a world where reigns an ever-present living Avenger of evil and a Rewarder of good. Morality is secure only when based on a religion which is pure and elevated in its teaching, as is the religion of Christ. Turn, then, to Him for light and strength. The needs and ills of humanity are ever existent. Material conditions may change, and are constantly changing—in no age more than our own. Steam and electricity, aeroplanes, and wireless telegraphy, may have annihilated distance, may have made earth's treasures tributary to our industry, and increased a hundred-fold our sway over nature. But with all this, the mind within us ceases not its questionings, and the heart in us still quivers beneath the wild storm of passion. If material progress has brought any change in us, it is to make the mind more fretful and earnest in its enquiries, and the battle of virtue more fierce. To-day, more than ever, humanity needs Christ and His teaching, His grace, and His sacraments. Fortunately, Christ and His work remain for ever. "Heaven and earth"—He says—"shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away, and behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

The Truths of Christ.

So the priest teaches truths, saving truths, the truths to be professed and practised unto life eternal.

Again, Christ during His life *forgave sin*; and so the priest in the sacred tribunal of penance. St. John Baptist said of Christ, "Behold the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world." Christ forgave the paralytic: "Be of good heart, son"—He said to him—"thy sins are forgiven." "And behold some of the bystanding scribes said within themselves, He blasphemeth; who can forgive sin but God alone? And Jesus, seeing their thoughts, said, why think you these things in your heart? Which is easier to say to the sick of the palsy: thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say: arise, take up thy bed and walk. But that you may know that the Son of Man—Jesus in his *manhood*—hath power on earth—not merely in Heaven—to forgive sin; He saith to the sick of the palsy, I say to thee, arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house. And immediately he arose, and took up his bed and went his way in sight of all, so that all wondered and glorified God, that gave such power to men."

Christ forgave the sinner Magdalen, St. Peter, and the repentant woman taken in adultery, and the good thief on the cross, and doubtless many other sinners. And this He did in His manhood. Knowing that sin would always be in this wicked world, He established a sacrament for its constant forgiveness, and so the priest, though only a man, continues the work of Christ in Christ's Mystic Body, the Church. And oh! what a display of God's infinite mercy is here! What a marvellous power is given to man, frail sinful man, a power not shared by the Angels!!

The Sacrifice of Calvary.

Furthermore, Christ sacrificed Himself upon the Cross of Calvary for the salvation of mankind, and, at His last supper, He instituted the nubblood sacrifice of the Mass, which equals in dignity and efficacy that of the Cross. Taking bread and wine into His venerable hands, He changed by His omnipotence into His own living body and blood, truly, really, and substantially present under the form and appearances of bread and wine. And He commanded His Apostles to do likewise, thereby making them priests, invested with His own mysterious power, to offer up to God, throughout all ages till His second coming, the most August Sacrifice, the most perfect worship of God possible to man in this world, the only Divine worship that really counts, a sacrifice the same essentially as that of the Cross, having the same High Priest and the same Victim, Jesus Christ, but differing accidentally, inasmuch as it is invisible, without shedding of blood, and offered by Christ Himself through the ministry of His priests, using His words and His power. Oh, how great a marvel is the Mass! It is a fourfold sacrifice of propitiation, thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, giving every time it is offered, more glory to God than all the praises of the Angels and Saints in Heaven for all eternity. For it is the sacrifice of a God to a God by the hands of a God, using for that purpose the will and the hands of a frail sinful man. It is that perfect sacrifice, that "clean oblation," foretold magnificently by the prophet Malachy, "For from the rising of the sun to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation. For My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts." (Mal. i., ii.) If only *one* Mass is so holy, so mighty and efficacious to stay the uplifted hand of Divine justice over a depraved world, what must be said of the innumerable Masses celebrated all over the globe, by thousands and thousands of priests for ages and ages unto the very end of time? Consider this for a moment, and think that he who now stands before you, in his long career of priesthood, has said over twenty thousand Masses. What glory in Heaven, what glory on earth, and what a responsibility!!

Finally, Christ *conferred grace and sanctification*; and so do the priests, by the instrumentality of the sacraments. Christ conferred grace by Himself, the Author of all grace; but His priests do so as ministers of the seven sacraments, which are like seven full streams issuing from the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, to apply His infinite merits, and bestow the treasures of His grace upon mankind. The sacraments are adapted to every stage and need of life, and the priests are the dispensers, according to the Apostle of "the mysteries of God." A volume would be insufficient to fitly develop this rich theme of the sacraments instituted by Christ and intrusted to His priests.

(Continued on page 35.)



Selected Poetry

[Note.—The poems we give this week may be deemed appropriate to the Silver Jubilee celebrations now being held in connection with Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.]

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth Aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth Aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth Aroon,

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth Aroon,
Try to do all he can,
Soggarth Aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still
Soggarth Aroon?

Lojal and brave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you,
Och! out of fear to you,
Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my earthen floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth Aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth Aroon,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth Aroon?

Why, as friend only met,
Soggarth Aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth Aroon?
And, when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth Aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth Aroon:
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
Was a true part did take,
Soggarth Aroon!

—JOHN BAXBY, in *Irish Minstrelsy*.

IN MEMORIAM.

REVERENDISSIMI DOMINI MICHAELIS VERDON.
Not in commotion, Lord, swept by no storm
or strife,
From dawn to evening star he lived his
peaceful life.

Never the vain applause, never the garish
light
Stifled the inner call, clouded the inner sight.

Prayer was his lamp of life, Duty his guiding
law,
Clear through the mists below the Sun of
Heaven he saw.

Sweeter than incense rose the worship of his
days;
Moving amongst us here, with God he walked
always.

The work of his hands we know: its record
is writ in stone;
But the temple of God within was his and
God's alone.

Ah! but we saw the glow and the gleam that
winpled through
The body that veiled a shrine too sacred for
men to view.

Not in commotion, Lord, peaceful and calm
he died,
Sleeping a little while to rise with the Cru-
cified.

—J.K.

IN MEMORIAM.

REVEREND JAMES MACMENAHE.

Somewhere in France
A little wooden cross will mark your tomb,
And men who loved you in these awful
years
Will kneel beside it with eyes wet with
tears.

Somewhere in France
When night has veiled the stricken fields
in gloom,
And wondering stars are shining in the
sky,
They'll speak of you and tell how heroes
die.

Somewhere in France
Where the Wild Geese found many a lonely
grave,
The land they loved has caught you to her
breast
And given you with them unending rest.

Somewhere in France
Our island heroes whom you died to save,
When the swift summons called you to
your crown,
With loving hands have laid their Padre
down,
Somewhere in France.

—J.K.

IN MEMORIAM.

REVERENDI PATRITII DORE.

Sagart a run! Your work is o'er,
And you have now unending rest;
The chalice you will raise no more
Is clasped in cold hands on your breast.

Short was your day! But who shall tell
How great your merit in God's sight?
From dawn to dusk you labored well,
And heavy were your sheaves ere night.

In perfect peace, and far from pain,,
The cross for ever laid away,
Your losses are eternal gain
In the clear dawn of Heaven's day.

We bend above your silent bier,
Where in your sleep you now lie down,
And pray, God rest you, *Phadraig*, dear!
Who pass to wear your shining crown.

—J.K.

IN MEMORIAM.

FATHER JOHN O'DONNELL.

In the lap of the lonely mountains,
I Sagart, we laid you down;
For the long, long day is ended
And your own the victor's crown.

The deep lake lies below you,
And the strong hills vigil keep,
Sentinels serried guarding
You, *Sagart*, in your sleep.

Mo bhron! With God you were walking
And never your feet grew tired:
Strong heart, that never faltered,
By Christ's own Heart inspired!

Sleep, mid your own loved mountains
With the garnered peace you won—
Sleep, *Sagart*, your toil is over:
O faithful soul, Well Done!

—J.K.

FAREWELLS!

They are so sad to say: no poem tells
The agony of hearts that dwells
In lone and last farewells.

They are like deaths: they bring a wintry
chill
To Summer's roses, and to Summer's rill;
And yet we breathe them still.

For pure as altar-lights hearts pass away;
Hearts! we said to them, "Stay with us!
Stay!"
And they said, sighing as they said it,
"Nay."

The sunniest days are shortest; darkness
tells
The starless story of the night that dwells
In lone and last farewells.

Two faces meet here, there, or anywhere:
Each wears the thoughts the other face may
wear;
Their hearts may break, breathing 'farewell
for'er.

—(Father) ABRAM J. RYAN, in *Poems*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—p. 33. Notes, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 9. In the Land of the Madonna, p. 13. The Church in New Zealand, p. 19. Notes of Travel, p. 25. Holy Cross College Jubilee Celebrations, p. 29. The Ulster Legend, p. 49. Sunday Afternoon Readings, p. 53.

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

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

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

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

April 4, 1900. LEO XIII., Pope.

The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1925.

A MEMORABLE JUBILEE

THE third of May, 1900, is a memorable date in the history of the Church in New Zealand. It was on that day that the doors of Holy Cross College were thrown open for the first time in order to admit aspirants to the priesthood; it was on that day that the New Zealand Church commenced the vital task of training a native clergy. Thus, the opening ceremony was charged with significance for the future of these islands, for it meant that the Church, which up to this time had been sustained for the most part by zealous missionaries, was now about to embed its roots firmly in the soil by drawing its priests from native Catholic homes. New Zealand people generally are under a heavy debt of gratitude to our Bishops for having, in accordance with the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff, decided to establish an ecclesiastical seminary in this Dominion. Many may not be aware of its existence, but nevertheless they cannot escape the influence, direct or indirect, which emanates from the brave array of splendid young priests who, strong in faith and glowing with charity, pass out through the College gates to minister to the spiritual needs of their countrymen. In Catholics this seminary creates a feeling of security against the many evils, the offspring of unbelief, which rise up black and menacing on every hand; for well they know that Satan can meet no more redoubtable antagonist than the institution that sends forth an army of priests to offer sacrifice, to administer sacraments, to forgive sin, to preach the Gospel, to strengthen the waverer, to encourage the faint, to do battle with opponents, to spread the faith.

The wise leaders of the Church throughout Christendom have always recognised the vital importance of native clergy to the strength of the Church. Therefore, when his Holiness the Pope expressed the wish that New Zealand should establish an ecclesiastical

seminary, the Hierarchy gladly bent their energies to the task. In this they received the generous support of the devoted missionary priests who, filled with apostolic zeal, had left their homes and friends to establish and perpetuate the faith in this land. Dr. Verdon, the late Bishop of Dunedin, undertook the control and financial responsibility of the College; and parent never bestowed so much unselfish devotion upon his child as this saintly prelate lavished upon his charge. Lovingly, yet firmly, did he guide the uncertain feet of the infant seminary, and when he passed to his reward he left behind him a robust centre of Catholic training of which every Catholic in the Dominion may well feel proud. But although the care and responsibility of the College rested upon the shoulders of Dr. Verdon, his brother Bishops assisted him generously to bear his load. From its inception Holy Cross College has had a firm friend and generous supporter in the person of our beloved Metropolitan, Archbishop Redwood. Like all true friends Dr. Redwood showed his friendship most when it was needed most. In the days of its early struggles, when the College was fighting for life—it was then that the Archbishop showed what true friendship meant. If Holy Cross College lost a loving father and wise director when death claimed Bishop Verdon for its own, it gained another in his successor, the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte. Although our Bishop was denied the privilege of founding the College, he has shown since he has been amongst us that nothing that can be done to increase its influence in this country is to be left undone. Like his great predecessor, he brings wide knowledge and ripe experience coupled with tact, prudence, and sound judgment to bear in his directorship; and these rare attributes have enabled him to choose capable and devoted professors to train the students. The present excellence of the College testifies to the efficiency of the Rector, Rev. Father Morkane, and his assistants; and the fact that Dr. Liston, the previous Rector, was chosen to be Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, shows forth the calibre of the men whom it is customary to place over the house.

This silver jubilee, while it serves to commemorate a great achievement, will no doubt also serve to remind Catholic parents and Catholic youths that the Church is calling still for recruits to fight under the banner of Christ in the priesthood. It will be an inspiration to our Catholic lads to strive to become dispensers of the mysteries of God. There can be no higher ambition than that. It is not everyone who is blessed with a vocation, but in the work of supplying priests everyone can, to some extent at least, participate. In the words of Father Gearon: "Since it is the duty of the priest to proclaim to all nations the message of salvation delivered by the angels to the shepherds on the first Christmas morning, how important, how necessary the work of providing men sufficient and suitable for that sublime office! Such is the work of the seminary, the mould of the future apostle. From it goes forth the young man trained for the work to which he has dedicated his life—the

salvation of souls. What a privilege, then, is yours—the opportunity of rearing up levites for the sanctuary, of giving priests to the flocks, Holy Mass and the life-saving sacraments to the multitudes! Utilise the opportunity, and you will not have lived in vain." Many good works in the interests of Catholicity are appealing to Catholics, but there is one which towers above all the rest in importance—the noble work of helping to educate young priests for the mission. That is the message which the jubilee brings to Catholics; and while the echoes of the jubilee bells still linger in the air, let us make up our minds to do all in our power to assist in the grand work of training students for the priesthood.

ATTACKS ON THE HOME

It is a grim satire upon human inconsistency that while everywhere there is a tendency to deify the State there also exists a firm determination to degrade the home. On every side voices are raised to demand that the State should displace God as the giver of human rights; that it should regulate all our domestic affairs; that it should remove every cause of disagreement among men by reducing each human being from the status of a rational free-willed creature to a kind of duplicate part of the social machine; that it should pander to lust and inconstancy masquerading as freedom and progress by tinkering with marriage which God has proclaimed indissoluble; that it should usurp the duties of parents and train the children itself; that it should consecrate each child at the altar of bureaucracy and instil into young minds all the fantastic rubbish with which unbalanced doctrinaires are obsessed; in short, that the State should become responsible for everything which God in His infinite wisdom gave to each individual man the reason and free will to do for himself. The same people who demand unlimited State interference as an antidote for human ills fail to see that everything which strikes at the stability of the home must necessarily aim at the destruction of the State. Divorce and birth control are two evils high in favor with modern State worshippers. The two things go together; for married people who feel that their marriage might be terminated at any time will not care to burden themselves with a family. It was thus in the ancient world from which many of our reformers seem content to draw their theories without examining the baleful effects of those theories as disclosed by history. Birth controllers use a megaphone to tell us that the world is over-populated; free lovers defend divorce on the ground that married people find each other's society unbearably monotonous, and that it were cruelty to deny them the right to sever their union at will. And now from the other side American papers tell us that Dr. A. S. Pinto, Health Commissioner of Omaha, Neb., is bringing a Bill before the State Legislature to annul marriages that are childless after a period of two years. Thus, from all quarters at once, State worshipping fanatics conspire to attack the only institution that can preserve the State from ruin. The Catholic Church

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is often named as the enemy of the State, chiefly because she will not surrender to a collection of short-sighted and foolish men the rights and authority conferred upon her by Christ to be used for the rational uplifting of man in the spiritual and intermediately in the material planes. Yet the Church to-day is the only staunch and rational defender of the State. She would preserve it from self-destruction. Her influence is always directed towards the preservation of the home, and the State is only a collection of homes. The world directs its efforts towards the destruction of the home, and that is equivalent to attacking

the State. The Church regards man as a rational though infirm creature, and thus her teaching, when followed, has always made for a well-ordered society. The world, on the other hand, speaks of man as a god and treats him as a fool. Hence the chaos, hence the ghastly evils before which even those responsible for them stand back shocked and appalled. Yet, some day, when they have ruined the world beyond redemption with their quackery they will be heard blaming the Church for having failed to do what they prevented her from doing and reviled and persecuted her for attempting to do.

NOTES

By Eileen Duggan

The Songs of Elizabeth Shane: A Singer of the North

Songs in the dialect read so trippingly, so smoothly that no man can guess the art that has gone into their making. In the case of Moira O'Neill this is particularly so. The utter melody of her heart-breaking little songs comes from the beauty of her choice and arrangement of vowel sounds. Winifred Letts thinks less of the melody than of the human subject. Elizabeth Shane, not yet as great as they, achieves wonderful effects by the use of place names, the flowing place-names of the North. She sings of Donegal, that home of many poets. In England the poets write of Sussex, in Ireland they write of Donegal. After Moira O'Neill, Elizabeth Shane seems wanting in perfect artistry. So many of her subjects are similar to those of the older writer that at first one is disappointed, but, after all, life is the same in those parts always, ways are the same, work is the same. And when one remembers this, one grows to love the little poems, and to give them a place of their own. The first song in the book is appropriate enough, God knows, in these sad days—

I sang my songs in a weary day
An' one that I know came up the way:
"Now sure, there's no sense at all," said
he,
"In singin' of things that have ceased to
be."
"I know, God help me, I know," said I,
"But I sing for the love of the days gone
by."

"An' far an' wide as I walked the land
'Twas sorrow an' fear on every hand,
For people were dead and songs were dumb,
An' clouds lay dark on the years to come.
But still as I went I sang away
To keep up heart for a better day."

That is a lesson for her whole land. Misfortune cannot break the heart that keeps on singing.

Songs of the Mountainy Men

Then there is the rhyme of red-haired Meg. Red hair is unlucky in Ireland. A stranger man came in by the door, and the daughters of the house hastened to welcome him—

"An' Kate might dance an' Nora might
sing,
'Twas still on Meg his eyes would be:
An' 'Only,' sez he, 'for the color o' red
In the hair o' her head,
That's the one I would marry,' sez he.

Then back he came when a year was past,
Wi' the dust o' travel upon his shoes:
An' 'Where,' sez he, 'is the one that sat
there
Wi' the shining hair?
The like of her now is ill to lose."

But red-haired Meg had married Shan Milroy, and he was left dusty, and sorrowing. Another mountainy man met a bright girl on the crown of Carntreena and asked her name and dwelling. She flitted away from him. He followed after by Cregmore, Gweedore, and Middletown. There he asked a man with cows how to find Mary.

"He took his pipe out an', said he,
'There's Mary up at Logans,
An' Mary Breen, an' Mary Boyle,
An' Mary Dunn, an' Mary Doyle,
An' Mary beg o' Barney Shea
An' Mary Kate that's kin to me,
An' Mary o' the Brogans."

Frightened by this army of Marys he makes advances to a maiden called Nancy, but she tells him it was not for her he came, and so he turns to home—

"I turned then to the road I came,
An' sure it was a long one.
For 'twas no use at all to stay
When Nancy wouldn't look my way.
An' I darena' mention Mary's name
Wi' girls on every side the same,
For fear I'd get the wrong one."

Then there is the old story-teller, Cathal O'Flynn, who lives by his lone and numbles stories by the winter fire—

"He'll tell o' the church in his own townland
That never was built by mortal hand,
But every night it would grow a bit,
An' the whisper rose who was buildin' it:
An' 'twould ha' been finished stone on
stone

If them that was at it was left alone.
But once when the night was dark and
deep
Owld Kitty, the Broguey, went to peep,
An' the dear knows what it might be befel,
But ne'er a bit o' herself would tell—
'Now God forgive me,' was all she'd say,
'For driving the blessed saints away.'
An' speech was dead on her tongue since
then,
An' the good saints never came back again,
An' the wee church never was roofed at all,
Though it's standin' yet with its broken
wall."

Then there is the pitiful little tale of the colleen whose lad rowed her over to the Island dance and there lost his heart to a bright-haired stranger. They sailed homo in silence—

"I watched him up the loamin'
And my heart was cryin' out:
There's not a man in all the world
I'll marry now I doubt,
When my own one couldn't like me well
Wi' other girls about."

One of the most pitiful is "Dark Days." A mountainy lad begs his colleen not to leave him for America. She tosses her head and tells him to follow. It makes one's heart ache to read it, this story of a simple man's struggle between the two great loves of his life—

"Drear was the day when I sailed her to
land
In at Bunbeg with its close-hidden quay:
Me wi' the ropes feelin' strange in my
hand,
Wild wi' the pain o' her parting from me.

"Plenty there were that could bid her good-
bye,
Aye, and could follow the road that she'd
gone,
Laughin' and callin' and waven': but I
Back to the island came sailing alone.

"Here is my home since the day I was born,
Sorra a son has my mother but me:
Who would be mindin' the cows an' the
corn
If I would follow across the salt sea?"

"That is the way I am full of despair,
Youth now is dead on me, owld I have
grown:
What if my heart is with Kitty out there,
How can I lave my owld mother alone?"

Perhaps the haughty young Kitty out in great America found time to repent her hardness. If she didn't, he was as well without her, but the human heart is God's strangest work, so perhaps he would never realise that.

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(Concluded from page 31).

Vocations to the Religious State.

But time warns me to pass to other considerations; for I have some urgent and solemn words, in reference to this Silver Jubilee, which I deem fit to address to the various classes of Catholics represented in this congregation by the *priests*, the *parents*, the *Catholic youth*, and the *faithful laity* at large.

I have a word for the *priests*. When *priests* discover vocations, or probabilities of vocations to the priesthood, let them watch over them with the utmost care, aiding in the removal of obstacles, suggesting provisions for future development. Vocations are tender garden plants, keep them from frost and storm, give them timely nourishment. Let the favored youths be told of the holy things beckoning them forward. Cultivate in them a love of the sanctuary; institute preparatory studies for their benefit. How many *priests*, looking back to those early days, see there the first consciousness of their vocation, in the suggestive word, the seasonable help, coming from the venerable pastor who then had charge of their spiritual interests! Happy, thrice happy *priest* who, on a joyful Sunday morning, when he guides the trembling lips of the newly ordained *priest* in his First Mass, can say to himself: "This is my spiritual child, my own *priest*!" I would, indeed, that there should be no *priest* who does not give to himself a successor of his priesthood, who does not, in this manner, repay to the Church the debt of gratitude upon him for the grace of his own vocation.

A word to *Catholic parents*, whose sons give signs of a probable vocation. Bending over the privileged youth, they should say, "What a one, think ye, shall this child be, for the hand of God was with him?" Gladly should they offer him to the Lord; gladly should they make whatever sacrifice this offer involves. Parents have the ripening of a vocation more in their hands than in those of any one else. Alas! here lies the chief impediment to vocations—the want of Christian faith in father or mother, the worldly ambition of either in directing their son's steps towards visions of material comfort and allurements. It is the call of earth opposed to the call of heaven, the call of nature opposed to the call of grace. The faithful Christian will hearken to no such call, but will see things as God sees them, weighing in the scales, not of time, but eternity. There are families where, short of a miracle of grace, a vocation never germinates, or, if somehow it is there born, it quickly withers and dies. There are families where the example of parents so lowers the spiritual tone of the child, so corrupts the Christian atmosphere, that it banishes from the child's mind all higher thoughts, and from his heart all freshness of grace and purity. Give to a parish, or to a diocese, true Christian families, and vocations will not be wanting. The Catholic home is the nursery of vocations: other agencies—presbyteries, colleges, seminaries—are the mere help to growth and development.

Serving God in the Holy Priesthood.

I am not overlooking the financial sacrifices which the education of a son for the priesthood involves. When parents have the means, let them gladly make the sacrifice. It is an offering to religion most valuable, most precious. Nay, why should they grudge it, even if they have to deny themselves comfort and enjoyment otherwise legitimate? They lavish money to fit children for worldly vocations, why should they grudge it to fit them for the service of God in Holy Priesthood? Cases no doubt there are, when the sacrifice, at least in its plenitude, is beyond the reach of parents. For instance, there is a youth marked by his talent and piety for the priesthood, whose parents' moderate circumstances forbid the expenses of years in studies preparatory and ecclesiastical. Such a youth should not be debarred from fitting himself for the sanctuary. In such a case, where is the Archbishop or Bishop, or *priest* in any diocese, who would not gladly take the means to secure the funds needed for the education of such a candidate?

A word to the *Catholic youths*, who have already felt in their hearts some yearning for the Holy Priesthood. The wish may be a divine call—a singular grace, too precious not to be instantly welcomed. Let such youths consult their spiritual director, and often pray for further light, with the sincere determination to fulfil the behest of Heaven, whatever it may be. Should counsel and reflection confirm their desire, let them gladly and resolutely speak the word: "Lord, I am Thine to-day and all the days of my life." How beautiful is the vision of a future share in the priesthood of Jesus Christ! Blessed the youth to whom such visions come! *Priests* are those men to whom Our Saviour said: "I will not call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his master doth. But I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you." *Priests* are the heralds of the supernatural, the chains linking heaven to earth and earth to heaven. They—within due limits—are "other Christs."

The Duty of the Catholic Laity.

Finally, a word to the *Catholic people* at large, You can do much in this work which is yours as well as ours. You can do much, and I sincerely hope you will. We clergy need your sympathy, we need your co-operation in word and act. Understand full well that the most sacred, the most valuable work on behalf of the Church of Christ is the perpetuation and the widening of the priesthood. You must feel and acknowledge that the work is your own, that you are deeply interested in it, that the progress of the Church depends upon it. By word, and act, and purse, prove at all times the sincerity and depth of your interest. It is not too much to ask those, who can afford it, to assist pecuniarily the growth of the priesthood, by aiding the vocations of youths in whom a vocation is visible, and who have not themselves the means to secure to themselves the pre-requisite education. Let the laity found more perpetual burses in the schools,

and colleges, and seminaries! We hope and pray that the number of such burses will increase with years. Good Catholics are also strongly exhorted to make legacies in their wills for the same object. Few things are more consoling for pious Catholics than to remember that, through their help, a *priest* was added to the army of the Church, who daily stands before the altar in prayer for his benefactor.

In conclusion, I recommend this grave matter most earnestly to the zeal and piety of the clergy and faithful of this and every other diocese in New Zealand, and, above all, to their constant and fervent prayers: for, as vocations to the priesthood are the precious gift of God Himself, He must be assiduously invoked to grant them. Our Divine Lord clearly and emphatically indicated this means of obtaining an adequate supply of *priests* when He said: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers to the harvest."

[Reports of ceremonies and functions in connection with the Jubilee celebrations, including Pontifical Vespers and Benediction on Sunday evening; Pontifical Requiem Mass on Monday; Pontifical High Mass of Thanksgiving on Tuesday; also reports of the luncheon on Sunday, harbor excursion and conversazione on Monday, and other functions on Tuesday and Wednesday, will be given in succeeding issues.—Ed. N.Z.T.]

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Congratulations to Mr. J. P. Walls (Manager of the *Tablet*) on his re-election (unopposed) as Mayor of Mosgiel for the ensuing term. Congratulations, also, to Mrs. M. A. Jackson, who was returned last week, with a greatly increased vote, second highest in the poll, as a member of the Otago Hospital and Charitable Aid Board. Mrs. Jackson has now been a member of the Board over a number of years, and her good work is evidently appraised at its full value.

The Very Rev. Father O'Donnell (Gore) and Very Rev. J. O'Neill (Waikiwi) returned to Dunedin last week from their visit to the Homeland, and their numerous friends are very pleased to see them both looking so well after their travels.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Mother Mary Aubert gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the sum of 35/- from an anonymous donor (Feilding), whose charity she prays God to reward.

HELD OVER.

Owing to the extreme pressure on our space this week, we are obliged to hold over an amount of diocesan news and other matter.

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My dear Little People,

I'm sure you're all delighted that school's in at last, and I'm certain your dear Grown-ups are simply delighted too. Thank you for all the hundreds of letters you've written to me during the long holidays. I'm so sorry you have to wait a long time for answers, but I really can't help myself, the mail bags are so full. How do you like the idea of not writing to me at all in May so as to leave room for the Grown-ups? See now which of you is going to get the prize for the best letter I receive.

Now we'll wish the May Little People their good wishes, there's no room for more to-day. Here is the list:—Kitty O'Brien, no date; Jean Souter and Mary Flannery, same date; Ellen Thornton, Winifred Agnes Bird and Patricia Phelan, same date; Monica Mary Gresham and Catherine Lerner, same date; Ivan Hilliken and Josie McCashin, same date; Frank Laredo; Joan Kyne and Cassie Dowling, same date; Mavis Wood; Lee Smith; C. O'Brien (do not know full name); Catherine McDonald and Mary Smith; Doreen Stapleton, Joan and Raymond Taylor, same date; Alphy Crowe; Mary Kathleen McVerry; Agnes O'Neill; Moran Scully and Garth Robinson, same date; Frances Brady and Jim Searle. To all of these a Happy Birthday, and if there are other May Little People unlisted yet, also good wishes.

ANNE.

Dear Anne,

Just a wee note to see if you will allow me to become a member of your Letter Club. I am fourteen years of age, and I will be fifteen on June 25. I gained my proficiency when I was thirteen, and last year I only went half through the seventh standard, as I left at the end of the second term. This year I am going to St. Catherine's Convent, and I suppose if I had started off on 2nd of February, I would be well acquainted with the rules, etc. Isn't this infantile paralysis an awful thing, Anne? It has not come as far as Mossburn yet; but there is a suspected case at Castle Rock, which is not very far from Mossburn. I think our badge will be very pretty, and please would you send Joan and I one each. You will find one shilling enclosed in stamps. Anne, I should like some of the Little People to write to me as I like writing letters, but better still receiving them. Please excuse this awful writing, Anne, but I am out of

practice. Well, dear Anne, as this is my first letter I shall close with love to all belonging to the L.P.L.C. and your own dear self. Your loving friend, Molly Goodyer, Matuku, Mossburn. P.S.—The 2d extra enclosed is for postage.—M.

(Thank you Molly dear for the stamps, but as 1/- is quite enough for postage and all; I've put the rest into our Treasure Box. Hope you and Joan will like your badges. You have a birthday mate dear: "Emmeline McDonald, Ashburton." Will you write to one another.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to tell you that we are all well. This is my first letter to you. And I would like to join the L.P.L.C. I am eight years old and my birthday is on September the 24th. I go to the Sacred Heart Convent School. I have had a long long holiday on account of the infantile paralysis. Well, Anne, I must close now and I will write you a longer one next time. Yours sincerely, Phyllis Fitzgerald, Ashburton.

(Welcome, Phyllis, and you've got a birthday mate—Leta Robertson, Invercargill, but I haven't her street address. Hope you will get a badge and be happy with us.—Anne.)

P.S.—Will Leta write to Phyllis?—Anne.

Dear Anne,

May I join your Little People's page? I am eleven years old. I go to the Marist Brothers' School, Wanganui. My birthday is on May the 27th. It is a grand competition isn't it? I think I will go in for it, I will be glad when the badges are made, because I might get one. With love from your new nephew, Garth Robinson, Wanganui.

(Welcome Garth, glad you want to join us, and would you believe I have a birthday mate for you exactly same age as yourself. His name is "Moran Scully," but, as I haven't his address to give you we will have to wait till he writes. Hurry up with your scrap book like a good boy.—Anne.)

P.S.—Will Moran Scully write to his mate?—Anne.

Dear Anne,

May I join the L.P.L.C.? I am thirteen years old and my birthday is on the 19th of November. I would like a boy of about thirteen to write to me. I am a pupil of the Dannevirke Convent School. Please find enclosed sixpence in stamps for a badge. We will not be able to go back to school until after Easter on account of the infantile

paralysis. I will close now as I have no more news at present. From your new friend, Leslie Lyous, Dannevirke, Hawkes Bay.

(Welcome Leslie, thank you for stamps, hope you'll like your badge. You've got no birthday mate yet son, but I'll ask someone to write.—Anne.)

Will some boy of about 13 please write to Leslie?—Anne.

Dear Anne,

I want to be a member of the L.P.L.C. I read the L.P.P. every week, and I think it is lovely. We are having a lovely holiday Anne, but I would rather be at school. I have a pet dog and his name is Kim. I saw my cousin's letter in the *Tablet*, so I thought I would write too. I am enclosing six stamps for a badge. Your new friend, Elizabeth Bonisch, Owaka.

(Welcome Elizabeth, tell me all about Kim when you write again. Hope you'll like your badge.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I have been reading the *Tablet* and saw that you have a page in it. I want to be a member of the L.P.L.C. I am sending you six stamps for a badge. I have two brothers and two sisters; the biggest boy is fifteen, and the smallest is eight, the biggest girl is fourteen, and the second biggest is twelve, and I am eleven. We are milking one cow. Your new friend, Annie Bonisch, Owaka.

(Welcome Annie, glad you want to join us and hope you'll like your badge. Do you all milk the cow in turn or how do you manage?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I read the L.P.L.C. every week, so I thought I would write to you. I will be in Std. 6 when I go back to school. My birthday is on the 27th April. I am enclosing 6d in stamps for a member's badge. I have two brothers and two sisters. Isn't the infantile paralysis a terrible disease Anne. From your new friend, Aileen Bonisch, Owaka.

(Welcome Aileen, thank you for stamps. You have a birthday mate dear, mind you write to each other. Her name is John Goodger, Motuku, Mossburn.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is my first letter to you. I enjoy reading the little people's letters very much. I am sending you sixpence for a badge. I

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SILVER WEDDING.

COLLETT-DUNPHY.—On April 30, 1900, at St. Mary of the Angels, Wellington, by the Rev. Father Goggin, Edward Carnation, son of the late William Rickford Collett, M.P., F.R.G.S., "Lockers," Hants, England, to Marion, eldest daughter of William Dunphy, Ormondville, Hawke's Bay. Present address, Morning-

MARRIAGES

CUNNEEN-POFF.—On April 14, 1925, at Papanui, by Rev. Father Hanrahan, assisted by Rev. Father O'Hare, Malcolm Duncan, youngest son of Mrs. Cunneen and the late John Richard Cunneen, to Eileen Bertelle, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Poff, Methven.

GARTY-HANRAHAN.—On April 14, 1925, at the Cathedral, Barbadoes St., Christchurch, William James Garty, Wanganui, to Mary Elizabeth (May) Hanrahan, Lancaster St., Christchurch.

DWYER-BARTLETT.—At St. Joseph's Church, Hawera, on Thursday, March, 19, 1925, by the Right Rev. Monsignor Power, Philip, second son of ex-Superintendent and Mrs. J. Dwyer, Christchurch, to Margaret (Rita), youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bartlett, Hawera.

DEATHS

PORT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Charles Frederick, dearly beloved husband of Rose Veronica Port, who died at Oamaru, on February 18, 1925, aged 44 years.—R.I.P.

SCANLON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Matthew, third son of Mr. and the late Mrs. M. Scanlon, of Westport, who died on April 10, 1925; aged 46 years.—R.I.P.

FALLOX.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of May, dearly beloved youngest daughter of John and Mary Fallon, who died at her parents' residence, Enfield, on April 18, 1925; aged 20 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

IN MEMORIAM

CROWLEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edward Crowley, who died at Oamaru, on May 10, 1921.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

KIRWAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edmund Kirwan (Ted), who died on April 28, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

PERWICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Patrick Perwick, who died on May 4, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

SHANAHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Shanahan, who died at Kaupokonui, Taranaki, on May 5, 1924.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

WANTED

WANTED.—Elderly HANDY MAN to work round Presbytery in Auckland suburb. Board, etc., and small wage. Send references, "A.B.," c/o *Tablet* Office.

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Grand Bazaar at Omakau

Now that the restrictions, owing to the infantile paralysis, are removed, the drawing of the art union and holding of the grand bazaar in aid of the building fund of the new Church of "The Little Flower of Jesus"—the first of the name in New Zealand—will be held on the Show Grounds at Omakau on May 14 and 15. The grandest display of the finest works of art ever seen in Central Otago will be shown at noon on the above date, and holders of art union tickets and bazaar tickets are requested to kindly forward blocks, with remittances, to the Rev. Father O'Dea on or before May 13.

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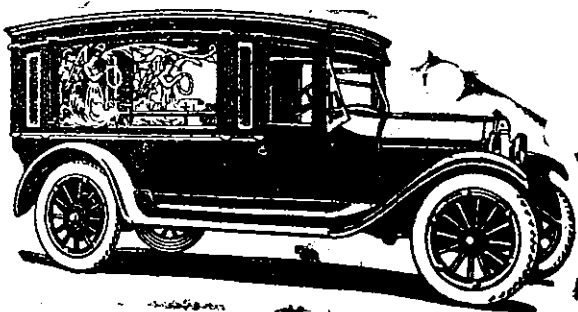
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am fifteen years of age, my birthday is on the 20th September. I have a nice little pony, he likes sugar. His name is Little Jack. Well dear Anne, I think I will close for the present from your loving friend, Molly O'Reilly, Bonnie Glen, Pongakawa.

(Welcome Molly, you have a birthday mate ready waiting for you, her name is Kathleen McCormack, Cronadun, Reefton. Hope you'll write to each other and become friends.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

My scrap book was not in time for the competition, but I am sending it to the little orphans. We have a wee rabbit. My brother Jack is sending a scrap book too. Jack wants a badge. Best love from Mary and Jack Gorman, Christchurch. (Thank you Mary and Jack, for your pretty scrap books. I'm sending Jack his badge.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

We have a new little sister born on the 22nd of this month (March). The inspector who came down here broke two ribs and a finger. So we had to ride 16 miles to Te One to have our examination. All of us passed. I am sending sixpence for a badge and please for one for Pat too. The fishing has started again and they are getting a lot of fish. I have a black and grey kitten but I have not a name for it. We will soon be having our Easter holidays. Daddy has been working at the puzzles in *The Month*. I will close now. Your little friend, E. G. Prendeville, Owenga, Chatham Islands.

(Hullo, Edward John, I thought you'd forgotten us. Thank you for the stamps, you'll get your badge at once. And how is the baby sister, what is her name? Love to all.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

This is my first letter to you. I am ten years of age. My birthday is on the 20th February. I go to the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown. I am in Std. 3. I have one brother and one sister. I hope you are having a very happy Easter, as I am enjoying it very much. As this is all the news I have to tell you I will now conclude from your new friend, Jack Farrell, Island Bay, Wellington.

P.S.—Please find enclosed 6d in stamps for a badge.

(Welcome Jack, hope you'll like your badge. Sorry old man that I have no birthday mate for you yet, but someone will be sure to write to you.—Anne.)

Will some boy write to Jack, please.—Anne.

Dear Anne,

Yvonne and I received the lovely Easter cards. Many thanks for them Anne, we both think they are very pretty. Well Anne, I did not get the handkerchiefs posted yet. I had to buy some more material, and it is harder to work than the first lot. I hope to have them finished this week. Yvonne says that she will write soon again to you. Our new church was opened last Sunday week. Mother said it was lovely, and it was such a perfect day. Children had to stay at home on account of the infantile paralysis. I will write again in a few days, so good-bye dear Anne, with much love from Zoe Howarth, Palmerston North.

(Thank you dear Zoe for the beautiful handkerchiefs, they are so neatly done and so very very clean. I have chosen a pretty blue bordered one, not to use as a hanky but to be a tiny altar cloth on Our Lady's tiny altar in my bedroom.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I read of your scrap book competition through the columns of your paper, and though I happen to be too old to enter as a competitor, am enclosing book, in the hope that it may cheer some of your little orphans. Yours faithfully, (Miss) B. Sherlock, Westport.

(Thank you for your beautiful scrap book and the kind thought. You have made some one very very happy indeed.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I have been reading about the L.P.L.C. for so long that I am writing to ask you if I may become a member. My age is 12, but I will be 13 on April 8. Do you think you could find me a birthday mate? My brother has some pigeons and my cousin has a little pup named Kerry that is only 6 weeks old. We are very proud of our beautiful church, and I was very sorry that I could not go to the opening. Our parish priest, Father McManus, and Miss Nesdale have gone on the pilgrimage to Rome. I'm sending 6d in stamps for a badge. Yours truly, Mary Stonehouse, Palmerston North.

(Welcome Mary, you should be proud indeed of your magnificent church. You have a birthday mate, dear, Nanceye Rapley, 220 Willis Street, Ashburton.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I will be very pleased if I can join your page. I am 14 years of age and will be 15 next December 4th. We have two pigeons at home. Could you think of suitable names for them. Do you have essay competitions? I am enclosing 6 penny stamps for the badge. No one knows I am writing so they will get a shock when they see it in the *Tablet*. Could you find me a birthday mate? We have a lovely new church up here. When the building is complete I will send you a photograph of it. Yours truly, Nellie Healey, Palmerston North.

(Thank you for stamps Nellie, hope you'll like your badge. Call your pigeons "Pretty" and "Cheerful."—Anne.)

Jack and Paul Porter, stamps and full address received. You'll get your badges any day now.—Anne.

Theresa Healey, Pukeatua.—Thank you Theresa for stamps which make your badge money complete. Hope you like the badge.—Anne.

Mona Hannan, Greymouth.—Stamps received, thank you dear.—Anne.

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- 3rd Prize—4301 (Mrs. R. Darroch, Johnsonville).
- 4th Prize—9238 (Miss G. Langley, Rakaia).
- 5th Prize—1561 (Convent, Dannevirke).
- 6th Prize—20223 (Mrs. D. Sweeney, Kaikoura).
- 7th Prize—12913 (Mrs. McKelvey, Petone).
- 8th Prize—17437 (S. A. G., Leeston).
- 9th Prize—9222 (Miss J. Daly, Rakaia).
- 10th Prize—40 (M. Prince, Westport).

R. J. Cuddon-Large

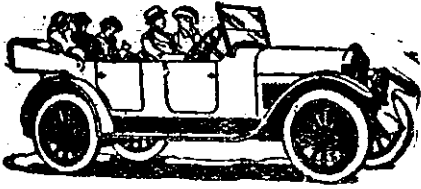
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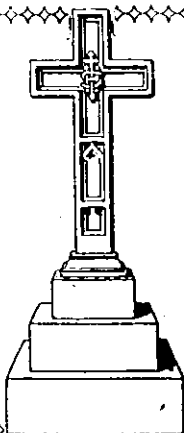
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Our Sports Summary

FOOTBALL AT OAMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The kick-off of the football season here was a match between the Marist Club of Waimate and the local Athletic Club. The Marist Club was victorious by 6 to nil. Connors scored for Waimate and kicked a penalty goal.

FOOTBALL AT NAPIER.

(From our own correspondent.)

To the great surprise of many, Hastings defeated M.B.O.B., in the game played the other Saturday, and they won on their merits. The absence of the Brownlie Brothers from the Hastings pack was disappointing to many, but the game could not have been more exciting and thrilling had they been playing. From start to finish it was fought out at a desperate pace, and till the end the issue was in doubt, but Hastings played the better football and thoroughly deserved to win. For the first of the season the game was a remarkable one and if it can be taken as an indication as to future football, Nelson Park should have its seating capacity taxed to the utmost. In such a hard and fast game it was only to be expected that "knocks" should be the order, but on both sides some of the players went too far and several warnings were given. Of the Hastings team, E. and S. Mitchell, N. Greenside and the Benth brothers played great football, Campbell being the outstanding forward. Swainson, Gemmell and Harris were the pick of the "Greens" pack. Their backs were outclassed by Hastings, Falwasser being too well marked to do much good.

Mr. W. O'Neill capably controlled the game.

RUGBY LEAGUE IN AUSTRALIA.

The Rugby League football season is well under way, and the practice matches played under the code on Saturday were an indication of how the code will be demonstrated this year (says the *Catholic Press* (Sydney) for April 23). Referees showed a determination to insist on the complete observance of the scrum rules and the policy of playing the ball and not the man, with the result that the games were speeded up considerably. This augurs well for the standard of the contests that will be witnessed during the coming season, and there should be no repetition of the unseemly incidents that marred last winter's games. All teams, with one exception, had a try-out on Saturday, and all are confident of fielding an unbeatable 13.

ENGLISH SOCCER TEAM.

The big event in international football this year will be the coming of the English Soccer team, the first to tour Australia (says an Australian exchange). Notwithstanding the criticism levelled at the selection, we are assured by those who know that a team selected from those now on their way will be hard to beat. They will have no light task in New South Wales, for the rugged coal miner bothers very little about chess-board movements, but makes for goal and crashes down those who oppose him. Hence it is anticipated that the Newcastle, Maitland, and

South Coast Leagues will be the most strenuous opponents of the Englishmen. At least five included in the team are internationals, of whom Spencer (half back) and Hardy (goal) recently played in the England-Scotland match. Others are Simms, Davidson (goal), and Caesar, an amateur belonging to Dulwich Hamlet, a well known London amateur team. He played right half back for English Amateurs against South Africa at Tottenham. The famous Tottenham Hotspur Club are sending three brilliant players in Elkes, Poynton, and Sage.

WEDDING BELLS

DWYER—BARTLETT.

A pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Joseph's Church, Hawera, on Thursday, March 19, the Right Rev. Mgr. Power officiating, when Miss Margaret (Rita) Bartlett, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bartlett was married to Mr. Philip Dwyer, Public Trust Office, and second son of ex-Superintendent and Mrs. J. Dwyer, Christchurch. The bride, who entered the Church on the arm of her father, looked charming in her simple frock of white georgette and beautiful veil of blonde lace with long train, and carried a dainty bouquet of white flowers and maiden-hair fern. Miss M. Bartlett attended her sister as bridesmaid, and wore a frock of flesh georgette and black and flesh georgette hat to match, and carried a dainty posy. The duties of best man were carried out by Mr. J. Toomey, of Christchurch. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the "Savoy." Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer left for Wanganui and Wellington, amidst the good wishes of their many friends, the bride's travelling costume was nut brown and fawn marocain with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer's future home will be in Christchurch.

GARTY—HANRAHAN

A wedding was celebrated on Tuesday, April 14, at the Catholic Cathedral, Barabadoes Street, Christchurch, when Mary Elizabeth (May) Hanrahan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hanrahan, Lancaster Street, was married to William James Garty, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Garty, Wilson's Road, Christchurch. The sanctuary was beautifully decorated and made a lovely setting for the bridal party. The bride was escorted to the altar by her father to the strains of the "Bridal March" from "Lohengrin" the organist being Miss K. O'Connor. Rev. Father T. Hanrahan (Riccarton) assisted by his brother, the Rev. Father J. Hanrahan (Papanui) uncles of the bride, officiated, Nuptial Mass being celebrated by Father T. Hanrahan. During the Mass an "Ave Maria" was beautifully rendered by Miss M. O'Connor. The bride was gowned in a lovely frock of soft ivory satin with tunic of beautiful lace and narrow panel train of satin, lined with silver tissue. Her veil of tulle was clasped close to the head by a circlet of tiny orange blossom buds and fell in filmy folds to the hem of her gown. A sheaf of lilies completed a dainty toilette. The bridesmaids were Miss Isobel Hanrahan and Miss Enid

Brittendon, who wore dainty frocks of georgette in palest shades of apricot and shell pink respectively. They wore hats of georgette with a single row of tiny French flowers across the upturned brim, and carried bouquets of rosebuds in shades of delicate pink and apricot. The bride's sister, Dorothy, made a dainty flower girl in her frock of mauve georgette and poke bonnet with a wreath of pale pink rosebuds. She carried a silver basket of mauve and pink sweet peas. The best man was Mr. Charles Garty, brother of the bridegroom, and Mr. Paul Hanrahan, brother of the bride, was groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, where the usual toasts were honored. Among those present were the Rev. Fathers O'Hare (Lincoln), Lordan, Joyce, Healy, and Timony (Cathedral), O'Moeghan (New Brighton), O'Doherty (Rangiora), T. Hanrahan (Riccarton), and J. Hanrahan (Papanui). Later in the afternoon the happy couple left for the south, prior to departing for their future home in Wanganui. The bride's travelling costume was of cinnamon gaberdine and a small close-fitting toque of brown finished with two soft quills in tones of apricot and flame across the back.

CUNNEEN—POFF.

The marriage of Miss Eileen Bertelle Poff, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Poff, of Methven, and Mr. Malcolm Duncan Cunneen, third son of Mrs. M. Cunneen, and the late John Richard Cunneen, of Tinwald, Canterbury, was solemnised at St. Joseph's, Papanui, recently by the Rev. Father J. Hanrahan, the Nuptial Mass being celebrated by Rev. Father O'Hare. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, wore a simple frock of powder-blue and pink shot crepe-de-Chine, with small hat of black hatter's plush. She was attended by her sister Joan, who wore a model frock of navy marocain, and chic navy hat. The bridegroom's brother (Mr. J. P. Cunneen) was best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the "Beresford"; among those present being the bridegroom's mother (Mrs. M. Cunneen), the Misses Cunneen (3), Mrs. J. H. Shelby, Mrs. F. M. J. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Poff, Miss Kealy, Mr. Leo Spring, Mr. Laurie Gordon, and Messrs. W., M., and F. Poff.

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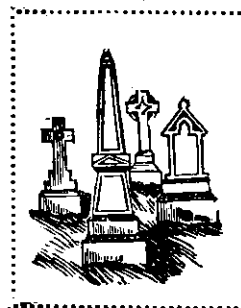
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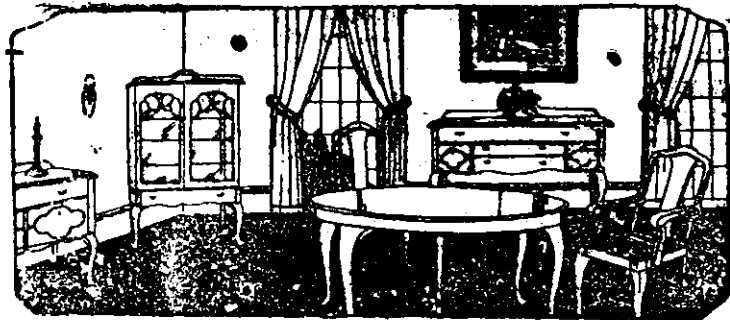
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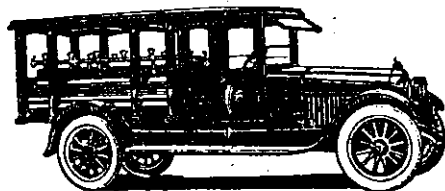
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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Sisters of Mercy, Singleton, celebrated their fifty years' jubilee at Singleton, on Sunday, the 19th inst., in the presence of a very large gathering. The Memorial Chapel, which they have had erected in honor of the occasion, was solemnly blessed by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate (Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo) in the morning. His Excellency was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Gilroy (Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation). In the afternoon a civic welcome was accorded the visitors, who included the Bishops of Maitland and Armidale. His Excellency presided at the Jubilee Mass, which was celebrated by the Right Rev. Mgr. Roche, P.P., V.G. After Mass his Lordship the Bishop of Maitland (Right Rev. Dr. P. V. Dwyer), delivered an address on the work done by the Sisters during their 50 years in Singleton. His Lordship in the course of his address said:—"The Sisters of Mercy of the diocese of Maitland are this year thanking God for the blessings of fifty years on their community and their work. As a memorial of that gratitude for God's blessings, they have erected a chapel to His honor. That chapel has to-day been solemnly blessed and dedicated to its high purpose by the distinguished representative of the Holy Father, who has made his first visit to Singleton in order to testify his esteem for an important community of religious Sisters.

His Lordship the Vicar-Apostolic of Kimberley, (Right Rev. Dr. Coppo) arrived in Sydney from Melbourne the other day, en route to Queensland. Dr. Coppo was for a few days a guest of his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney at St. Mary's Cathedral presbytery. He informed a representative of the *Catholic Press* that the Apostolic Delegate had advised him to make a visitation to the Italians in the Northern State. His Lordship stated that he would in the first instance be a guest of his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane, and would conduct a mission for the Italians of that city. Thence he will go to Rockhampton and Cooktown. On his return journey he will give a mission for the Italian residents of Sydney.

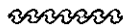


VICTORIA.

A generous tribute was recently paid by a non-Catholic clergyman (the Rev. Irving Benson, who, by the way, is a first cousin of the late Monsignor Hugh Benson), in the columns of the *Herald*, to the magnificent results of the work of his Grace the Archbishop since his succession to the see of Melbourne. Referring to the souvenir issue of the *Tribune*, published to commemorate the First Australian Pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, Mr. Benson says: "This issue contains several gracious appreciations of the work accomplished by Archbishop Mannix, but the most imposing thing in it is a panoramic reproduction of 53 churches, convents, colleges, schools, and other institutions erected in the archdiocese of Melbourne during

the past eight years (1917-1925). Anyone who desires to gauge the progress of the Catholic Church should look up this impressive array of architecture. It is solid evidence of the loyalty and generosity of the people of their Church, and they are to be commended for it." The Catholic community will appreciate very deeply this generous tribute from so broad-minded a non-Catholic clergyman.

In the seven years it has been established 2048 sick and delicate children have been tenderly cared for by the Sisters of Mercy at the Santa Casa Rest Home, Queenscliff. Last year 343 children passed through the Home. The institution should commend itself to everybody interested in children's welfare.



QUEENSLAND.

Next to that of the late Mr. T. J. Ryan, probably no death in Australia caused such a shock to society as the tragically sudden end of the distinguished young Chief Justice of Queensland, Mr. Justice Thomas W. McCawley, who died suddenly at Roma Street Railway Station platform, Brisbane, on Thursday morning, April 16 (says the *Catholic Press*). In hurrying to catch a train, he suffered a heart attack, and collapsed on arrival at the station. He died immediately. The Chief Justice had been an untiring worker, and it is thought that he had been overtaxing himself for some little time. For a few weeks he had not looked quite himself, though he had not complained of any ill-effects. Several persons were present when the Chief Justice swooned, and efforts were made to restore him, but without avail. Dr. J. M. Thompson, the Railway medical officer, was called, and he pronounced life extinct. The news was quickly despatched throughout the land, and the entire community was stirred. His comparative youth, in addition to his genius, contributed to the deep feeling of regret that prevailed throughout the land. Ministers of the Crown in Queensland were obviously grieved at the loss of one of the most able legal minds in the Commonwealth, as well as the loss of one of Queensland's most spectacular and exemplary figures in public and private life. Although invested with highly responsible positions in his early youth, he had displayed throughout his brief career conduct, personality, and ability that had justified the highest honors conferred upon him. He was only 43 years old when, on the occasion of the re-organisation of the Supreme Court Bench in Queensland, he was appointed Chief Justice. He was unquestionably the youngest man in Australia to ever be entrusted with so grave a responsibility, and probably the youngest man ever appointed to the position in the world. Messages of regret were sent to Queensland from all parts of the Commonwealth, while in Queensland itself expressions of sympathy and sorrow were received on every hand.

TASMANIA.

In a letter received from Rev. Father J. J. Barry, P.P. of Stanley, who is a member of the Catholic Pilgrimage to Lourdes, he stated that the receiving of Holy Communion on Easter morn by 80 of the Goanese crew was a very inspiring sight.

Professor Bridgen, of Hobart, prefaced his recent Pitt-Cobbett lecture with a glowing tribute to the late Chief Justice McCawley, of Queensland, with whom the Professor was associated as a member of the Economic Commission on the Basic Wage. Professor Bridgen was greatly affected by the late Chief Justice's sudden and early demise. He said the Chief Justice was one of the few bright spots in the dark horizon of industrial arbitration. He had got to know Judge McCawley well as a member of the Economic Commission, and he admired him as one of Australia's noblest sons, and he was afraid the heavy work of the Economic Commission, together with the work of Chief Justice, was responsible for the late Mr. McCawley's early demise. He was a genial and a great man, and one whom Australia could ill afford to lose.

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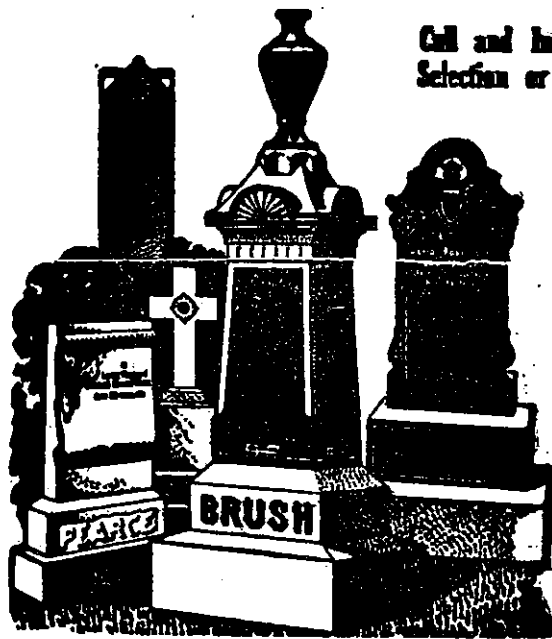
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Here and There

Paderewski and the Pope.—An interesting scene took place at the Vatican in January, when the celebrated Polish pianist, M. Paderewski, gave a private concert in the presence of the Pope and a small gathering of prelates. M. Paderewski had been in Rome for ten days, and had given two concerts at the Augusteo before enthusiastic audiences, who rarely have the opportunity to hear not only a celebrity like M. Paderewski, but also one who is an ex-Premier of a Republic. M. Paderewski had made the acquaintance of his Holiness when the latter was only a Monsignore and Papal Envoy in Poland. It was shortly after the famous musician had been elected Premier of the new Polish Republic. Monsignore Ratti frequently met the pianist at official and private functions, and they became very friendly. The duties of Papal Envoy at that time also necessitated frequent interviews with M. Paderewski in regard to the work of the reconstruction of the Polish Church and the reorganisation of the Hierarchy and clergy. Since then, each time M. Paderewski came to Rome he did not fail to call on his Holiness, and was received as a personal friend. M. Paderewski, in order to give the Pope special pleasure, proposed on this visit to prepare a little programme and give a private concert in the presence of his Holiness, which the Pope gladly accepted. M. Paderewski's own piano was carried to the Vatican rooms, and the programme contained pieces by Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin. Among the prelates present were Cardinals Gasparri and Merry del Val, the Polish Patriarch Zaleski, Archbishop Ciepliak, who was sentenced to death by the Russian Soviet, and a small number of court dignitaries. The Pope after each piece, played by M. Paderewski with his usual perfection and feeling, expressed his appreciation and admiration for the musician, and at the conclusion presented him with a gold medal, and offered a gold-mounted Rosary to Madame Paderewski, who accompanied her husband. The little concert took place in the private library of his Holiness.

Priest Elected by Large Vote.—The privilege of having received the largest total of votes in the recent London County Council elections falls to the Rev. Dr. Mahoney, rector of the Catholic parish of Deptford, who was elected to office on a popular vote of 12,222. No other candidate in the whole polling area received such a high total. Dr. Mahoney was the local candidate of the Labor Party, which considers his return as a triumph for the party, particularly as he snatched the seat from the opposition. The new Councillor is expected to make things hum in the council chamber, particularly in regard to the housing scandal, which is to be found almost at its worst in the constituency which has returned Dr. Mahoney to office.

Death of Lady Mary Howard.—Lady Mary Howard, aunt of the present Duke of Nor-

folk and sister of the late Duke and Viscount FitzAlan, died recently at the age of eighty. Before the late Duke's marriage, and again after the death of his first wife, Lady Mary Howard acted as hostess at Arundel Castle and the ducal mansion in London. The great memorial to the late Lady Mary is the church of the Guardian Angels in the East End, which she built, and the settlement attached, which she supported out of her private purse. Other religious and charitable works claimed her attention. She was chairman of the Catholic Medical Mission to Rawal Pindi, and secretary of the Catholic Needlework Guild, while the Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society found in her a generous benefactor.

* * *

Exhibition of Sacred Art.—A very interesting exhibition is to be opened at the Vatican at the end of April: this is the International Exhibition of Sacred Art. The famous Turin artist, Signor Francesco Margotti, has been appointed to organise the exhibition, and according to him it will be a very striking manifestation of faith and piety and artistic beauty. The exhibition will be fairly large, for it is stated that no fewer than eleven salons will be requisitioned to hang all the exhibits. The French and Hungarian sections are already organised; but as the exhibition is to be really international in character, there is still a great deal of work to do. But Sig. Margotti is positive that there will be no delay in having the exhibition ready for inauguration on time. One very interesting section, or rather, parts of national sections, will be the work of the many artists who are religious. The monks of the Beuron Benedictine Congregation have founded a school of sacred art of their own; and there are many other religious of different countries who have great reputation as painters. Some highly interesting exhibits, also, are expected from the East.

* * *

Blessing of New Abbot.—Dr. Matthews, who was elected some weeks ago to succeed the late Abbot Smith as Abbot of Ampleforth, received the Abbatial Benediction at the hands of Bishop Shine, Auxiliary of Middlesborough, in Ampleforth Abbey Church on St. Gregory's Day. Abbot Matthews had as his assistants the Abbot of Douai, who is now President of the English Black Monks, and the Abbot of Downside. Other Benedictine prelates were the Abbot of Belmont, the titular Abbot of Dunfermline, who acted as representative of the Abbot of Port Augustus, and the titular Abbots of Westminster and St. Mary's, York. An entirely English setting, for a ceremonial held on the festival of the Apostle of the English, with the additional interest that the community at Ampleforth is lineally and immediately descended from the monks of Westminster Abbey. The ceremony marked, also, the official opening of the new abbey church at Ampleforth, the foundation stone of which was laid a couple

of years ago by Cardinal Bourne. Only a third of the permanent church has been built so far. Its architect is Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the rising Catholic architect who received his knighthood on the occasion of the consecration of the Anglican Liverpool Cathedral, which he designed. What is already built of Ampleforth Abbey Church gives promise of a beautiful structure, true to the traditions of the Benedictines of England, and worth of Yorkshire, whose ruined monastic churches speak of its architectural glories before the Reformation.

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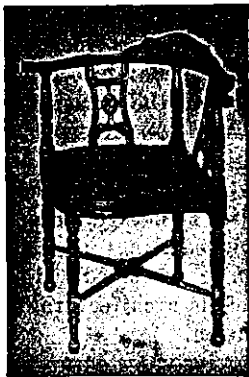
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Irish News

PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP ON DIVORCE—THE KINEMA AND IRELAND—PRESENT POSITION IN IRELAND—CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN THE SIX COUNTIES.

With regard to the cinema it is reported that the English Association of Film Producers has threatened to cut off the supply of the films they control (largely imported American productions) from the cinema theatres in Ireland (says the *London Catholic Times* for March 14). They say that under the Irish censorship they cannot carry on their business satisfactorily, and add that, after all, the loss incurred by ceasing to deal with Ireland would not be serious. A reputation of the Irish managers is coming—or has already come—to London, to negotiate with the controllers of the film business in England. We trust that the Irish managers will not be misled into accepting whatever the combine in London wants to thrust upon them. There are other sources of supply outside England, and if they make use of these for a while the London combine will soon drop its present attitude. It is not "good business" to import doubtful films into Ireland. There is a strong public opinion to be reckoned with there. In one instance in Limerick, where the Censorship allowed a doubtful film to pass, the Catholic Men's Confraternity first protested, and when the manager rashly rejected the protest of a deputation representing 6000 men, another deputation some hundreds strong arrived, bought their tickets, and filled the theatre. The manager was congratulating himself on attracting such a large audience, but had the surprise of his life when, as the time for showing the objectionable item in his programme drew nigh, a party of the men captured the film, and the audience poured out into the street to see it burned in front of the theatre. Since then cinema managers in Limerick have been careful in the selection of their films.

It is strange to find the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin airing a grievance in respect to the divorce ban in the Free State (says the *London Tablet*). Forsooth, the decision of Dail Eireann not to make any provision for divorce is to take away from the Protestant minority one of its long-established rights, and to raise a definite barrier in Ulster against the unity of Ireland. Now it has been officially ascertained that in the eighteen years from 1905 to 1922 inclusively the number of bills of divorce from Ireland introduced into the House of Lords was exactly fifty-two—that is to say, an average of less than three in a year. There were only nine bills of divorce from the Six Counties, representing an average of one every two years. Of the fifty-two bills in these eighteen years fifteen were from petitioners living in England, so that only twenty-eight bills were introduced from the twenty-six counties from 1905 to 1922. The Archbishop's reference to the Scriptural exception in regard to the indissolubility of the marriage tie does not affect the question at issue.

Dr. MacRory, Bishop of Down and Connor, says he regrets that the vitally important question of the training of Catholic male teachers for the Six Counties Bill still remains in the same most unsatisfactory conditions. No solution had yet been offered of which the Bishops concerned could conscientiously avail. The bishops and clergy were keenly sensible of the vast importance and pressing nature of the question, and no opportunity would be lost of having it settled satisfactorily. Dr. McHugh (Derry) says that rulers, not satisfied with the havoc that has been wrought, are determined that the rising generation shall imbibe the false principles that have led them astray. In some cases the spirit at work was avowedly atheistical and anti-Christian. To secure the practice of their impious doctrine the young men are not only prevented from receiving instruction in the Christian Faith, but they are constrained to learn principles and contract habits that are purely pagan, and opposed to right reason, and the law of God. In other cases, the advocates of a system of secular education, while professing the Christian faith, aimed at developing a kind of human and natural morality by inculcating high principles independent of God and His Commandments. Parents, and not the State, were the natural guardians and teachers of their children. They were the agents and instruments of God in all that concerned the spiritual and temporal welfare of their offspring, and they were bound to carry out His designs in what was a sacred duty. Should they be unable or unfit to personally discharge their obligations, the authority with which they were invested by God entitled them to select and delegate others to do the work for which they were primarily responsible. To interfere with the exercise of that authority was to resist what was an ordinance of God. Never was there a time when the religious training of youth was more necessary than to-day.

Mrs. Collins O'Driscoll, T.D., the only woman deputy in Dail Eireann, has contributed to the *Chicago Daily News* an interesting statement regarding the present position in Ireland. In the course of her message Mrs. O'Driscoll says:—

"I am the only woman Deputy in the present *Dail*. By profession I am a teacher. My life has been spent amongst the plain people of the country. If I were put the question: "How is old Ireland and how does she stand?" I should say that I am satisfied, taking everything into account, and looking at the whole economic and political position that there is much that is cheery and consoling and much that justifies a citizen of the *Saorstát* in contemplating the present situation with satisfaction and in looking to the future with buoyancy and hope. The country has "turned the corner" and is now starting out on the road to what promises to be a position of un-

exampled prosperity. The Government having combated the armed challenge to their authority are now meeting and defeating the politicians who seek to continue that challenge in the political field. They have definitely made up their mind that they will not any longer tolerate the mock heroics of the malcontents and the so-called intellectuals and degenerates whose main objects is to prevent the country from settling down to hard work. . . . It is generally agreed that the Government are achieving wonders. Their bitterest enemies have to admit that a more hard-working or more able team of Ministers could not be found anywhere. Some critics allege that they have departed from the ideals and traditions of Arthur Griffith and of General Collins (my late brother). Nothing could be farther from the truth. What has given me, personally, the greatest satisfaction is to observe how splendidly they are using the powers the Treaty gave us in governing the country and in fostering and developing its resources, not for the benefit of any one section but for the good of all its people. . . . A great many of our people undoubtedly fell away from the teachings of their religion in the last three years in this country, but the influences of the ancient faith are again asserting themselves. All over the country the priests are commencing to take an active part on the side of order, decency, and good Government. The finger of scorn and contempt is being pointed at all, who, under the slogan, "Up the Republic," went out to enrich themselves at the expense of their more respectable neighbors. The enfeebling apathy and indifference that seized upon the mass of the people is disappearing."

Since this message was written (says a Home paper for March 21) the results of the recent elections in Ireland have considerably brightened the prospects of the country. In those elections Mrs. Collins O'Driscoll took prominent part, being the first to announce the intentions of the Irish Government with regard to the coming development loans.

The Hibernian Society

ST. JOSEPH'S (LADIES) BRANCH,
PORT CHALMERS.

The ordinary meeting of the above branch was held in St. Joseph's Schoolroom on Wednesday, April 23, Sister E. Mackie presiding over a good attendance of members. The names of three candidates were submitted for membership. Various accounts were passed for payment. The prospects of this newly-appointed branch are now very promising, and much enthusiasm is being displayed by the office-bearers and members to make it numerically and financially a success.

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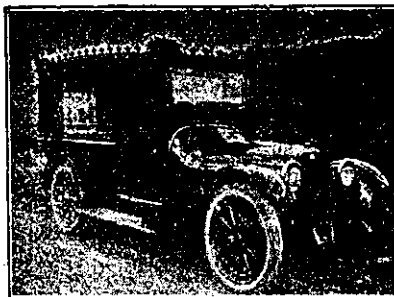
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The Ulster Legend: The Manoeuvres of James

The Ulster Legend received a rough handling from Mr. Phillip Snowden, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, when the Home Office presented a supplementary estimate of £1,250,000 for a grant in aid of the revenues of the Government of Northern Ireland. Incidentally, Mr. Snowden made it clear that the Six-County Parliament could not justify its existence, since from the day of its establishment until now, it had proved a constant drain upon the revenues of Great Britain. It appears that the Northern Parliament could not carry on without grants from the Imperial Parliament, a fact which proves that it is not an Ulster Parliament at all, but is merely a branch office of the Imperial Parliament, the bridge-head which enables Great Britain to hold a place in Ireland.

Mr. Snowden said it was an extraordinary proceeding to be asked to give effect to this new estimate without one word of explanation or justification, although it could be well understood why there was no anxiety or enthusiasm on the part of the Home Office or the Treasury to explain it. It was ostensibly a vote for the Special Constabulary of Northern Ireland, but in fact it was nothing of the sort. If it were permitted by parliamentary usage, he would describe it by a very ugly word. This proposal was the latest concession which had been ground by the Government of Northern Ireland out of the British Exchequer without any justification whatever, and quite illegally. From the time of the passing of the Act of Parliament conferring Self-Government on Northern Ireland the British Treasury had been subjected to constant demands from Ulster for illegal financial assistance.

Origin of Colwyn Committee.

These demands had become so intolerable that in November, 1922, when the present Prime Minister was Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was suggested that the whole question should be referred to a special committee or tribunal. That was subsequently done, and later it became known as the Colwyn Committee. It was also agreed that this committee should finally settle all financial questions between Northern Ireland and Britain so as to put a stop to these persistent demands from the Government of Northern Ireland. Sir James Craig himself agreed to that, and when Mr. Baldwin wrote accepting the terms of reference to this Committee, Sir James Craig in reply reminded Mr. Baldwin that he had omitted to state the very important matter that the findings of this Committee were to be binding on both parties.

Treasury Blackmailed.

The Treasury was blackmailed into paying for a policeman for every six families. The Government of Ireland Act provided that any grant out of the public moneys provided by the Imperial Parliament for Special Constabulary purposes should cease. Therefore it was illegal for that House to make the grant proposed. The British Treasury had invariably resisted this demand until the

pressure upon it by its political friends became so strong that it was unable to continue its resistance. The British Treasury had no full information about this Special Constabulary. He reminded the House that there was a note below the Vote stating that the money was to be paid into the Northern Ireland Exchequer as a contribution to the North of Ireland arising out of the present exceptional circumstances. The House was asked to vote this sum of one and a quarter millions and to hand it over to the Government of Northern Ireland without any guarantee and without any assurance as to how the money would be spent. It would be given, not for the purpose of maintaining law and order, but for an entirely different purpose. The information a few months ago was that there were 3000 Royal Ulster Constabulary in place of the Royal Irish Constabulary, of whom something like 2500 were formerly stationed in the Six Counties. Since 1921 there had been a large force of Special Constabulary maintained notwithstanding the provisions to which he had referred, and these had been maintained almost wholly at the cost of the British taxpayer. In 1922 the British grant was £2,700,000 and in 1924 £1,500,000. This Constabulary force was entirely under the control of the Ulster Government. It was believed the men numbered 35,000. Nine thousand of these were whole-time men, and the rest received a retaining fee. There was a full-time policeman for every 160 of the population of Northern Ireland—that was a full-time policeman for every 30 families. If they included the Special Constabulary they got a policeman for every six families in Northern Ireland. (Laughter.)

"Illegal" and "Backdoor."

What was the explanation? It was that these Special Constabulary were neither needed for, nor were they used for, the maintenance of law and order in Northern Ireland. It was a backdoor way of illegally getting money from the British Exchequer.

Sir James Craig's Manoeuvres.

It would be well to remember that when he was dealing with the setting up of the Colwyn Committee he mentioned that Sir James Craig called the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the agreement that the recommendations should be accepted by both parties. The report of that Committee conferred substantial advantages on Ulster by modifying the scale of the Imperial contribution. The previous Government to the Labor Government accepted that report, but as soon as ever that report had been received Sir James Craig began to make an appeal to the British Treasury for concessions which he had failed to establish before the Colwyn Committee. He sprang a further demand for assistance from the British Treasury for unemployment insurance. During the whole time he (Mr. Snowden) was at the Treasury Sir James was pressing that demand, and only a week or two before he left he made an imperative demand—not directly to himself,

because Sir James carefully avoided coming into contact with him. Sir James wrote to him, and he was asked to come over and see him (Mr. Snowden) and discuss the matter. Sir James never came, but he went to the other Ministers of the Labor Government, and then wrote to him to say that he had their assurance that they would agree that this grant should be placed upon the estimates. Sir J. Craig's demand for assistance on behalf of unemployed insurance was submitted to his (Mr. Snowden's) predecessor, and three weeks before he (Mr. Snowden) took office that demand was rejected on the ground that it would be illegal without alteration of the relations under which Northern Ireland and Great Britain operated.

A "Special Constabulary" Blind.

It was quite true that the Government which the Labor Government succeeded had provisionally agreed to place in that year's estimate a sum of £1,000,000 under the heading "Special Constabulary," but this was only done when they knew that their days were numbered. Up to last October there had never been a suggestion to the Government of Ulster that the grant under that head for the present year should be more than £1,000,000. How came it to be £1,250,000? It was perfectly obvious why the grant had been raised by £250,000 since November last. Sir James Craig had not been able to get a special grant towards the relief of unemployment, and that explained why another £250,000 had been placed on that vote, under the head of "Special Constabulary." There were charges which Ulster members did not like to see brought to light. It would be urged that the vote was simply for the sake of preserving law and order in Northern Ireland—that was to say that Great Britain had to find funds sufficient to maintain one policeman for every six families in Northern Ireland. That little statement of fact entirely disposed of the contention that this sum was needed for that purpose. He did not expect that the House would reject the vote. The Government had numbers to carry it. But if it were submitted to any impartial body of men to consider the facts he was confident that no such tribunal could be constituted which would not come to a unanimous decision against the proposal.

The vote was carried by 233 votes to 112.

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Sunday Afternoon Readings

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

XXVI.—COMPLAINT OF JESUS FROM THE TABERNACLE.

Since the dawn of human history ingratitude has been made the subject of universal censure and contempt. Orators of every age have inveighed against it, poets have crystallised its utter shamelessness in enduring verse, and satirists in every tongue have held it up to withering scorn. Humanity stands by gratitude, for it is an instinct of every upright heart. It is a hymn of praise, echoing from the frank and noble soul, and making return for that first and beneficent love which it keeps enshrined in the sweet halls of memory.

How sad then is the complaint of Jesus, Who looks for gratitude in the beloved soul and finds it not! He has set up His Tabernacle in the midst of men, like a tower in a fertile vineyard; from behind the veil that hides Him, He seems to be ever saying: "What is there that I ought to do more to My vineyard that I have not done?" But for answer He receives for the most part only the silence of ingratitude and contempt. Hear His own words addressed to St. Margaret Mary:

"Behold this Heart which has loved men so much. . . In return I receive only ingratitude, contempt, and coldness in this Sacrament of love. But what pains Me most is that even hearts that are consecrated to Me do treat Me so. This it is which cuts Me to the quick more than anything I have suffered in My Passion."

Ingratitude is the keenest of the indignities offered to Him, and He breaks through His sacramental silence to make this known.

From every Tabernacle in this country He looks out and sees the most awful sins multiplied in His presence. The horrid cities of the plain have been rebuilt, and the fetor of their crimes is the incense that goes up night and day before His sacramental throne. But worse than this is the ingratitude of Catholics, who will not take sides with Him, and help Him to roll back this tide of infamy: who will not, in atonement, multiply acts of love in themselves, and lead others to profess the same love. Alas, it but too often happens that Catholics are found to identify themselves with the world, and prefer worldliness to His cause. Such as these gradually but surely withdraw from the service of God, and find such happiness as they ambition, down where the black flag of Satan waves.

O Jesus, preserve some small remnant of us from the foul leprosy of ingratitude that we may act the part of the comforting Angel of Gethsemane! Many of us in our tender years consecrated ourselves to Thee in the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. The rules were easy, and the acts and aspirations demanded little, but simple and easy though they were, our fidelity to them stood, as they still stand, as a tower of de-

fence between Thy sacramental presence and the sins that would insult Thee.

But there is another side to this love and worship of the Sacred Heart, it has a double blessing; for while it is a reparation made to Jesus, it enriches our own lives and fills our own souls with every good for which they yearn. In this present crisis of the world's malady we hear everywhere the imperious cry of the toiler for human rights, and with it mingles the agonising cry of the poor for bread; but should fortunate circumstances arise to give the toiler his rights and the poor man his bread, they will find themselves as far away from happiness as they were before. Not on bread alone doth man live. So true is this that even the rationalist forgets his atheistic mechanism to justify the warning of the Saviour. Robert Blatchford, the notorious atheist, writes in the *Clarion*:

"Let us beware lest we lose our souls. . . There is a hunger of the soul as well as a hunger of the stomach. . . Human beings want more than wages. They want life. . . Man cannot live by bread alone. A mere labor programme will not save our souls. A religion of mere economics will not save the people."

But the sorry substitute which, in spite of his fine writing, Mr. Blatchford has to offer, must leave the famishing of death still upon the soul. And so we Catholics turn away from blind leaders, and wearied from hard labor and much anxiety, we knock at the door of the tabernacle, at His door Who said: "Come to Me all ye that labor," and we receive from the riches of His heart a delicious Food to satisfy the craving of our hungry souls:

"Heart of Jesus, comb of honey
From the cleft of Calvary's rock,
Sweetness coming from the Strong One,
Dripping from the greenwood stock;
Famishing of death is on us;
Feed, oh, feed Thy hungry flock!"

And there is a thirst from which the heart suffers that cannot be slaked at muddy pools. To satisfy this the atheist points to a desert where there is no water, and the mania of the poor thirsty souls becomes only more acute. But the soul of the Catholic turns to the rich fountains of the Sacred Heart, and quenches his thirst on sweeter juices than flowed through the vineyards of Engeddi:

"Heart of Jesus, golden chalice
Brimming with the ruddy Wine,
Trodden in the press of fury,
Purest juice of truest vine,
From the vineyards of Engeddi
Quench this thirsty heart of mine."

And the heart needs fragrance just as much as food and drink. The compelling cares of human life and the damp and mildew of the world tend to make it sordid and bitter; and if some aromatic spices wafted from a blessed shore, are not daily blown through its opened portals, it becomes a danger and a menace to the soul. But while those who know not the real constituents of life and the essential issues of human existence, sail to the spicy shores of some earthly Araby for Sabeian odors, the Catholic turns to the Heart of Jesus, and is refreshed by its rosy fragrance.

"Heart of Jesus! Rose of Sharon,
Glistening with the dew of tears,
All among the thorny prickles
Lo, Thy blood-stained head appears!
Spread Thy fragrance all around us,
Sweetly lulling all our fears.

Finally, despite his best endeavors, the poor Catholic will be wounded now and again in the battle of life, but he will not pour into his gaping wounds the quack medicines of every self-appointed practitioner in an age of quackery; this would be but to excite the malady and bring on mortification and corruption. He knows the vial of precious spikenard and the alabaster vase of ointment, and the place where the Great Physician dwells; and he uncovers the hard sores of his poor soul before the tabernacle, and healing virtue flows upon them from the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

"Heart of Jesus! broken vial
Full of precious spikenard!
Alabaster vase of ointment,
See, our souls are sore and hard.
Let Thy healing virtue touch them,
And from sin's corruption guard."

It is the mission of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to keep us from all evil, to chasten and make sweet and fragrant even this mortal flesh of ours, and to flood our souls with every pure delight. When the Eucharistic Banquet was first spread in the Upper Chamber on Holy Thursday, the Beloved Disciple, at that feast of love, leaned his head upon the Heart of Jesus, and from that day down to this, every devout soul that comes to Him in this Banquet is made rich with the love that is the life of that same Sacred Heart.

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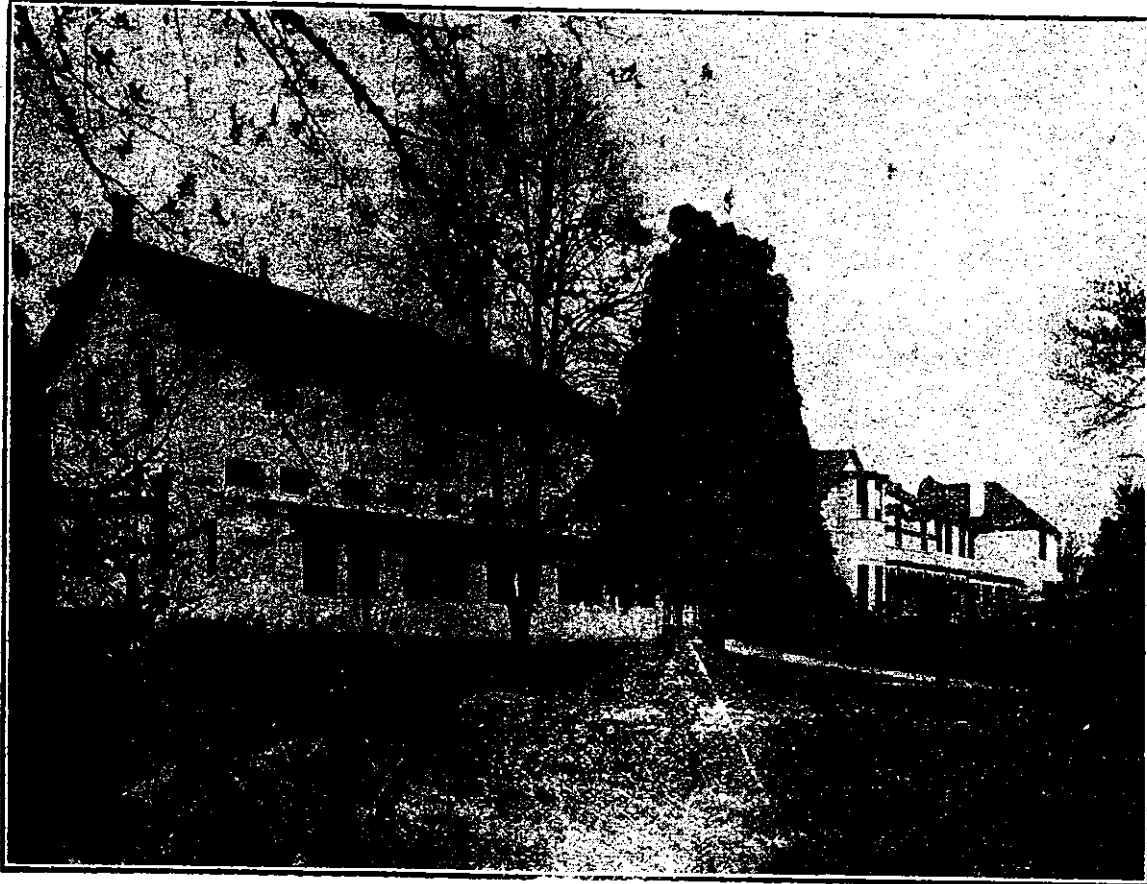
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On the Land

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week there was a medium yarding of fat cattle, comprising 210 head. The bulk of the yarding was of medium quality, with a few pens of prime bullocks. The sale opened at an increase of 30s per head on the previous sale, and this was maintained throughout. Extra prime bullocks made up to £21, prime £14 to £16, medium £10 to £12, light to £9, extra prime heifers and cows up to £13 15s, prime £8 10s to £10, medium £5 to £7, light £4 to £5. Fat Sheep.—A large yarding numbering 3196, comprised principally of ewes, with a fair sprinkling of good quality wethers, was penned. The sale opened at under the previous week's prices, but improved slightly as the sale progressed. Towards the finish, however, an easing off was noticeable. Prices on an average were 3s below rates ruling the previous week. Extra prime wethers realised up to 54s, prime 46s 6d to 49s, medium 41s to 42s 6d, light 34s to 36s 6d. Extra prime ewes made to 42s, prime 34s to 36s 6d, medium 26s 6d to 29s, light 20s to 23s. Fat lambs.—A fair yarding of 939 was penned. Prices were on a par with the preceding week's sale. Any prime lines were well competed for, but anything unfinished was a shade easier. Pigs.—208 fats and about 50 stores were penned. Heavy baconers sold at rates similar to the previous week's, but porkers were a shade easier. It was expected that the prices of stores would be fully maintained.

At Addington last week the yardings all round were smaller. Store and fat sheep sold at improved prices, but fat cattle were back slightly. Fat Lambs.—There were 2660 penned, and a firmer sale for best export sorts, which made up to 12½d a pound. Extra prime lambs made to 50s, prime 38s to 42s, medium 35s to 37s 6d, light 32s to 34s 6d, and store 26s to 30s. Fat Sheep.—An average yarding met with an improved sale by up to 1s per head. The quality was much better than usual. Extra prime wethers made 48s 9d, prime 42s to 45s, medium 38s to 41s 6d, light 33s 6d to 37s 6d, extra prime ewes 45s 3d, prime 35s 6d to 38s 6d, medium 32s to 35s, light 28s 6d to 31s 6d, aged 23s 6d to 27s 6d. Fat Cattle.—There was another large entry, comprising 565 head. The sale was weaker. Best beef averaged from 32s 6d to 36s per 100lb, secondary 29s 6d to 32s, light 25s to 28s, and potter beef 17s 6d to 22s 6d. Extra prime steers made £17 5s, prime £13 to £15 10s, medium £10 10s to £12 15s, light £7 15s to £10, rough £5 10s to £7 10s, extra prime heifers £13 2s 6d, prime £7 10s to £10, ordinary £4 to £7, extra prime cows £12 10s, prime £6 15s to £9 10s, medium £4 10s to £6 10s, light £3 5s to £4 7s 6d, vealers (runners) £6 10s, good vealers £4 10s, medium £3 to £3 10s, good calves 30s to £2 10s, small 10s to 25s. Fat Pigs.—There was a good sale. Choppers made £2 10s to £6 15s, baconers £4 to £5 15s. The average price per lb was 6½d to 7½d. Porkers made £2 8s to £3 15s, the average price per lb being 8d to 9d.

GARDENING NOTES

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

The Vegetable Garden.—This being recognised as the first month of winter, all vegetable growth will be at a standstill during the season. Those who have followed these gardening notes during the past months should now have at their command a supply of vegetables to carry on with until the early spring. Present operations should consist of sowing peas and broad beans. For this select a sheltered spot with soil well dug and manured, protecting the lines of peas from the ravages of small birds by a covering of netting. Cut away the foliage of asparagus and fork over the top soil, afterwards raking well into the furrows; finally give the bed a good coating of well-rotted stable manure, also a sprinkling of fertiliser and a dressing of coarse salt. This will suffice until the spring, when the beds will require forking over lightly to freshen up the soil for the young shoots to get through. For asparagus culture a trench, six feet wide and as long as space permits, requires to be prepared by trenching in a good quantity of manure; select plants two or three years old, and insert in the soil 18in to 24in apart in rows during the early spring. Dig in some manure and well-decayed leaves in a sheltered situation for planting early potatoes later on. Sow a little cabbage and cauliflower seed for succession: plants sown in a frame are provided with the necessary protection from bad weather. Clear away dead leaves from sea kale and cover the crowns with sand or coal ash, also place some fresh stable manure around the plants; failing this place boxes or barrels over them, and it would be even better were the boxes covered with stable manure so as to force an early supply of the vegetable. Rhubarb may be treated similarly to get an early supply. Give the last moulding up to the celery trench, and also attend to leeks in the same way. Rake up fallen leaves for digging in when thoroughly decayed, as they form an invaluable mould.

The Flower Garden.—Prepare for the planting of shrubs, roses, etc., by digging the holes and then leaving them for a time exposed to the sun and air. Evergreen shrubs should be planted early in the season. Old and unsightly shrubs require to be dug up and replaced with a better class. Plenty of nice flowering shrubs are obtainable at the nurseries, and it is as easy to grow a good specimen as a bad one. Clear away all dead foliage from the borders. It is not too late to plant bulbs. All bedding plants to be stored away during winter require now to be dug up and placed in a sheltered place, frame, or greenhouse. Plant out pansies, primroses, violas, and other spring flowering plants. Keep the lawn mowed and rolled.

The Fruit Garden.—Continue picking and storing late pears and apples on dry days only, and avoid placing any damaged fruit among the sound; if this precaution is neglected, considerable loss will ensue. When the fruit crop is harvested, pruning, followed

by spraying, requires to be done, taking care to collect and burn the prunings to prevent the increase of insect pests. If it is intended to plant a strawberry bed choose the two first plants on the runners, as they are generally the strongest and considered to be the most prolific. Do not use the bed longer than two years, as by then the plants have reached their best; far better to establish an entirely new one. If any old sept trees occupy valuable positions have them removed and replaced by up-to-date varieties.

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Catholic World

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN MEXICO.

The *Osservatore Romano*, in two long communications from its special correspondent in Central America, gives a detailed account of the recent Eucharistic Congress, the National Mexican Eucharistic Congress held in the city of Mexico. The mere fact that such a celebration was possible shows that the whole position of the Church in Mexico has had an almost un hoped-for change for the better, and its brilliant success proves that the Catholics have made remarkable progress in the reorganisation of the Church in that country after the terrible storm of persecution that at one time seemed to menace Catholicity in Mexico almost with extinction for a while. Only six years ago a revolutionary and atheistical Government enacted laws that closed churches and schools, and decreed that even in great cities the Catholics should have only one church and one priest, who was to be approved and nominated by the Government. In the civil war that preceded the temporary triumph of the persecutors there had been scenes of sacrilege too horrible to describe. Churches sacked and plundered and tabernacles forced open were incidents in this orgy of outrage. The Congress in the Mexican capital gave proof of the vigorous revival that has followed the storm. There was a pledge of hope for the future in the sight of thousands of boys and girls from Catholic schools marshalled for the general Communion of the children. At the public meetings laymen took a leading part. At the church services the cathedral and parish churches were overcrowded, and the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was a public triumph of the faith, and a great act of reparation for the horrors of a few years ago.



NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

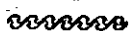
The National Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome, which starts out from London early in May, will be the most important Catholic event of the year in England. (Says *Catholic News Service*, for March 2.)

The Catholic Association is organising the pilgrimage, which on account of numbers and prestige will be very imposing. Many other pilgrimages are being organised, some by the tourist companies; but the May pilgrimage is the only one that can be described as national. Cardinal Bourne will be at the head, and according to present arrangements the whole English Hierarchy will be with His Eminence.

Almost inspiring as the arrival of the pilgrimage in Rome, will be the solemn service held in Westminster Cathedral on the eve of the pilgrimage, when the solemn office for the blessing and departure of pilgrims will be held.

A social event of more than usual interest, which comes off before the pilgrimage, takes place at the Mansion House in London, when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs give an official banquet in honor of the Cardinal Archbishop and the English Catholic Hierarchy—with whom will be the Welsh Metropolitan, Archbishop Mostyn of Cardiff.

This is to be a purely social function, but it is an unparalleled one for all that, and possibly the first of its kind in centuries—indeed, the first of its kind at all. For when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, in the old days, were Catholics, their spiritual chief in this country was the Archbishop of Canterbury. But this present year is the first time in history that the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London are found to be the spiritual subjects of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.



BENEDICTINE BISHOP IS CONSECRATED.

Dr. Pearson, first Bishop of the newly-created See of Lancaster, received episcopal consecration at the hands of the Archbishop of Liverpool on St. Mathias day, in the church of St. Peter at Lancaster, now raised to the rank of a cathedral. A great deal of dignity was added to the occasion by the fact that, although the creation is entirely new, a Dean and Chapter had already been constituted. The co-consecrators were Bishops Butt and Dobson; the Abbot of Downside preached the sermon; while the city showed its appreciation of this new dignity conferred on it by Rome, by sending its Mayor and the municipal heads to represent it at the ceremony.

The cathedral church, although a very fine building, is not over large. But more than a thousand persons managed, on a working day, to attend the ceremony, and later in the day many more thousands thronged the public hall, where a civic reception was accorded to the new bishop.

After the ceremony in the cathedral there was a luncheon, at which the Archbishop of Liverpool summed up, in a few phrases, the whole proud history of this part of England. The diocese of Lancaster—said Archbishop Keating—was a place of spiritual fertility in the highest degree. It was the diocese of the English Martyrs, the diocese of good old English Catholic stock, that came down through the Ages of the Faith; a place where the Faith was kept alive by the Catholic yeomen and by the people who still represented those who had gone before, as their names showed. The names of Walmsley of Swarbrick, and many more familiar to them all, showed that they came down from the days of the English Martyrs.



CATHOLIC EVIDENCE IN WALES.

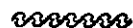
Something like the success achieved in London, is meeting the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild in Wales. The guild is concentrating in Cardiff, which as the metropolitan city of Welsh Catholicism, is rapidly becoming one of the most important Catholic centres in the kingdom.

In comparatively recent times there has been a fairly large Irish influx into Cardiff and other large centres in South Wales. And although the Irish loom largely, they are not the whole of Welsh Catholicism, though their spontaneous generosity cannot be challenged.

But the Catholic Evidence Guild, whose mission is not to those who are already Cath-

olics, has launched out on an active street corner campaign in Cardiff, and the trained speakers of the guild are listened to by quite large and attentive audiences. There is little opposition or interference. Welsh Protestantism is as gloomy and dour as ever it was; but on the whole obstructive tactics of the Kensit type are not very much in evidence. Also there is a good deal more risk in upsetting a Catholic meeting and insulting the Catholic religion than there used to be.

And, too, non-Catholic Cardiff sees a side of Catholic life that is liable to dispel a great deal of inborn prejudice. The city recently had a Catholic Lord Mayor, whilst both priests and laymen take a very active part in public affairs; so that the Catholics are always more or less in the public eye, and they are known for the good citizens that they are.



NOTES FROM ROME.

The great rush of Jubilee pilgrims begins this month (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for March 9), according to the Holy Year committee, which has given out the information that quite 100,000 pilgrims are expected before the end of March. Italy, Germany, France, the United States, Austria, Hungary, and Switzerland are the countries sending the March contingents. Germany is sending four pilgrimages during the month; three come from France; Cardinal O'Connell is to come at the head of a pilgrimage from Boston; a pilgrimage of students and professors is expected from Oxford and Cambridge, and there is also a pilgrimage of English ladies from Budapesth. The old spirit of the Roman pilgrimage was very finely expressed by one of the German pilgrimages a few days ago, when the pilgrims entered the Eternal City to the chanting of the *Te Deum*. As to lodging and feeding arrangements for the pilgrims, there is no need for any anxiety about this. The Holy Year organisations have seen to that and everything possible has been done to make conditions easy, both in the way of fulfilling the necessary religious observances and in the more material concerns of board and lodging. And so all this talk about Rome not being able to cope with the number of pilgrims falls flat.

The Australian lads, a party of the Young Australia League, though not on pilgrimage, had the great good fortune to be received in audience by the Pope during their visit to Rome. The lads were presented to his Holiness by the First Secretary of the British Legation to the Holy See. The Holy Father passed amongst the lads, presenting his hand to be kissed, and then made a short speech congratulating them on their smart appearance, after which he dismissed them with the Apostolic Benediction. Before the audience the Australian lads had explored some of the public portions of the Vatican. Then, lining up in the courtyard of San Damaso, they were conducted through the Clementine Hall and then into the Consistorial Hall, where his Holiness addressed them from the Throne. The audience was semi-formal, and the Holy Father was accompanied by part of the Papal Court.

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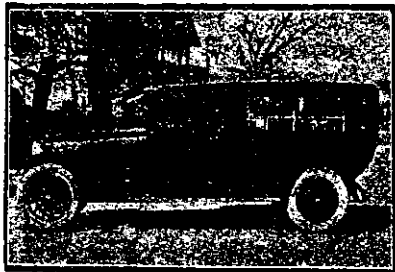
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The Australasian National Pilgrimage

DEPARTURE FROM MELBOURNE.

The Mongolia left Melbourne on Easter Tuesday, conveying nearly 200 Australians for the Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome and Lourdes (says the *Catholic Press*). As the leader of the pilgrimage boarded the steamer at Melbourne it was decided to make that city the official starting place. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate took part in the valedictory gatherings, and Archbishop Sheehan represented the Archbishop of Sydney.

As the official leader of the Pilgrimage, the Archbishop of Melbourne received the pilgrims at "Rabeen," Studley Park Road, Kew, on Easter Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The reception was only for those taking part in the Pilgrimage and the clergy of the archdiocese. There was a large gathering, and the reception brought together the different sections of the first Australasian Pilgrimage to Rome.

Solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given in St. Patrick's Cathedral at 8 o'clock on Easter Monday evening. The Apostolic Delegate officiated, and was assisted by the Very Rev. Father J. Lonergan, Adm., Rev. Father F. Moynihan, and Rev. Dr. F. Greenan. Others in the sanctuary included Archbishop Mannix, Archbishop Sheehan, Bishop McCarthy (Sandhurst), Bishop Dwyer (Wagga), and Bishop Coppo. A large body of the clergy and Christian Brothers and members of the Pilgrimage sat in reserved seats in the nave.

An address of welcome from the clergy and laity of the archdiocese was presented to Archbishop Mannix by the Rev. Father R. Collins, of South Melbourne. In the address reference was made to Dr. Mannix's various activities, and the part that he took in establishing Newman College and the Corpus Christi College.

Valedictory speeches were delivered by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, by Archbishop Sheehan, and by Bishops McCarthy, Dwyer, and Coppo, all of whom extended good wishes to Archbishop Mannix, in his leadership of the Pilgrimage. Archbishop Cattaneo and Bishop Coppo said they knew that the pilgrims would receive a warm reception in Italy. Dr. Sheehan said that if an announcement had been made earlier that Archbishop Mannix was to lead the Pilgrimage it would have been necessary to charter a special steamer to accommodate all the pilgrims. As it was, however, the Australian party consisted of nearly 300 persons, who would appear before the Pope like harvesters returning from the field.

Archbishop Mannix said that he hoped that the immense gathering that night was a happy omen for what he believed would be the triumphal progress of the first Pilgrimage from Australia and New Zealand to the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. There was no Bishop in the whole of Christendom who had a more faithful and loyal priesthood, and a more devoted and affectionate people than he had. He desired to acknowledge his deep and heartfelt gratitude to the clergy and people. With the Apostolic

Delegate the idea of the pilgrimage from Australia to Rome originated. It would be his privilege to assure the Pope that throughout his vast Dominions he had no more faithful subjects than in Australia. The pilgrims who were going to Rome were good specimens of the loyal Catholics in Australia. A million Catholic hearts in Australia beat in sympathy and unison with the pilgrims who would kneel reverently at the feet of the Pope. At the shrine of Lourdes the

pilgrims would pray to the Mother of God to ask for favors for Australia from her Divine Son. They would visit Ireland in a spirit of veneration and loyalty to the grand old pioneers who sowed the seed of the faith in Australia. The pilgrims represented the ardent, living faith borrowed from Ireland, and the faith was flourishing in Australia, as it was flourishing in Ireland. He was leaving Australia for a time, but he would count the days till he returned. He was satisfied that during his absence the clergy and people would see that the progress of the Church was not retarded in any way.

St. Joseph's School, Picton

OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDING: AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

The opening of St. Joseph's School, the fine new brick structure erected by the Catholics of Picton on their property in Wellington Street, took place on Sunday afternoon, the 19th inst. (states the *Picton Press*), in the presence of a large and representative gathering, including many visitors from Blenheim and other parts of the district.

An appropriate service was held in St. Joseph's Church, after which a procession, which included the school children and members of the congregation, was formed, and proceeded to the new school site, where his Grace Archbishop Redwood, who was assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Holley, performed the opening ceremony, which was impressive and inspiring. The procession was then reformed, and again proceeded to the church, where appropriate addresses were delivered by the Archbishop and Dean Holley.

Archbishop Redwood said it afforded him very great pleasure to be in Picton to open the fine new school, as a new school was undoubtedly a great asset—nearly as great as that of a new church—and was destined to do good work. He was glad to see so many present, and expressed his gratitude to those who had that day so liberally contributed to the funds. A Catholic school, he said, stood for the preservation of Faith, honesty, morality, and good citizenship. It was sin that made the nations miserable, and their object was to educate their children to become good Catholics and good citizens. Good children would one day become good parents, and it was good to have a Catholic school—a school with the spirit of God—in their midst. His Grace paid tribute to the noble example given by Catholic teachers, whose life-work, he said, was devoted to the service of God. An atmosphere of piety prevailed in their schools. People should not reserve their religion for Sundays only, and in Catholic schools the children were brought up in a spirit of religion and true morality. They were determined to keep virtue in their midst, and there was no better citizen than a good Catholic, because he had a conscience—well trained and well directed—and was a power in the State. In the last war, proof of this was afforded by the large percentage of Catholics who responded to the Empire's call to arms. Wherever they went, good Catholic schools were to be found, and, although they were paid for by themselves, they were "right up to the mark," secularly,

and also fulfilled all their requirements in regard to religion. In conclusion, he congratulated Dean Holley and others concerned on their good work, and prayed God to bless the school and the nuns, and that the children taught there would grow up to be a blessing to their parents all their lives.

Dean Holley expressed his appreciation of the manner in which the people had assembled to take part in that day's ceremony, and thanked the capable and energetic architect, who was, he said, the first to bring his plans of a model school to this part of Marlborough, and had been assiduous in seeing that the plans and specifications were complied with. He also paid tribute to the contractors, for the conscientious manner in which they had carried out their work, in face of difficulties, and said the school gave the utmost satisfaction to the Catholic people, who undoubtedly possessed the best school, though it was not the largest, in the district. The presence of so many non-Catholics should give them heart of grace, and serve as an inspiration for further efforts. Dean Holley concluded by heartily thanking all contributors, supporters, and well-wishers.

The new building was inspected by a great number of people during the proceedings, and the exterior and interior appearance, and the completeness of its appointments, were the subject of much favorable comment.

The call for subscriptions in aid of the building fund met with a splendid response, over £100 being donated during the afternoon.

The new building was built to plans and specifications prepared by Mr. McCosker of Wellington, by Messrs. A. F. Bush and Son. It is constructed of brick, and its dimensions are 65ft by 35ft, divided into three classrooms, with shelter sheds below the flooring, and a large corridor giving access to the rooms. These are splendidly lighted by means of large windows, set in steel frames with patent gearing. The interior walls are of plaster, and the ceiling panelled. The sub-contract for the brick-work was carried out by Messrs. Ward, Tylor and Co., and the painting was entrusted to Mr. A. Clinch. In all respects the building is one in which the Catholic community of Picton has every reason to take pride, and it is undoubtedly a credit to all concerned in its construction.

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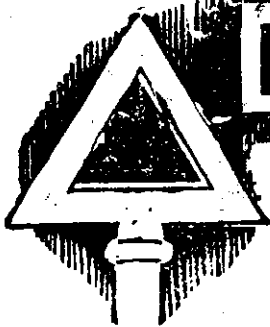
or gentlemen. The tone has a vibrant singing quality, very charming and pleasing, and the instrument may be played for solos or as an accompaniment to singing. Full particulars sent free on request.

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By Maureen

Feather Cake.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, two cupful of flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Soften, but do not melt the butter, and beat it with the sugar and egg. Add the milk and the flour mixed with the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar. Bake the cake in a shallow pan in a quick oven.

Lemon Cakes.

Yolks of 4 eggs, 1 cupful of castor sugar, 2 cupful of dried and sifted flour, and the grated rind of a large lemon. Beat the yolks of the eggs into the sugar until quite smooth. Whip the whites to a stiff froth, and add to the yolks and sugar. Then beat in slowly the flour and the grated lemon rind. Line a cake tin with buttered paper, pour in the cake and bake for about half an hour in a brisk oven.

Oat Bread.

Add one cupful of rolled oats to two cupful of scalded milk; let stand until lukewarm; add one dissolved yeast cake, two teaspoonsful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two-thirds a cupful of molasses and five cupful of flour. Mix thoroughly, beat (do not knead), and set aside to double in bulk; pour into two buttered bread pans; let rise again, and bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Fruit Pudding.

One cupful of stoned prunes, one cupful of stoned dates and raisins, half cupful of chopped nuts, one tablespoonful of sugar, quarter teaspoonful of salt, quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cornflour, two cupful of boiling water or prune juice, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Simmer all the ingredients except the nuts and the cornflour for ten minutes. Add the nuts and then the cornflour stirred into enough cold water to make a smooth paste. Boil the mixture, and as it boils stir it constantly for five minutes; then pour it into moulds, cool it, and serve it with whipped cream.

Food Wisdom.

It is one of the first duties of the individual to know and follow sound rules of diet.

One of the most important of these rules has to do with the health influence of fruits and certain vegetables in their raw state. For in this process of natural disinfection raw foods are of great value.

The process of ripening, as carried out in fruit and nuts, largely prepares these articles for easy and comfortable assimilation, and thus their protective qualities—notably valuable in the case of fruits, by reason of the acid they contain—are made quickly available.

Here, again, we see the benefit of the sun. These raw foods are not really raw, but are in a sense "done to a turn" by the hottest thing in our universe. And while ordinary

boiling, stewing or baking on a range radically changes the nature of whatever is thus cooked, and often robs the foodstuff of some of its most active health principles, those things ripened (cooked) by the sun bring to the body exactly the elements Nature intends man should have, and in exactly the way she wishes them delivered to the blood.

Pavlov, the great Russian physiologist, was among the first to discover the real reason for the beneficial effect of fruit and to demonstrate his discovery.

He showed that the acids of fruits have a tendency to stimulate production of gastric acid in the stomach, and this acid is vitally necessary to digestion. In fact, it is the only fluid in the body which is an active disinfectant. Pavlov proved by countless laboratory experiments that where there exists a lack of this important gastric acid, the acids supplied by fruits will in a measure take its place.

That is one reason why the tomato is highly valuable. Also why so many "fruit cures," notably the grape and apple cure, have gained popularity.

A stomach which does not promptly and properly digest the food put into it becomes a sort of laboratory of fermentation, and this condition carries on to the intestines and is apt to produce such trouble as constipation, diarrhoea, appendicitis, dyspepsia, flatulency, dilations, and pyloric stenosis. To this source also may be traced many headaches, fever attacks, dizziness, and cases of tonsillitis, asthma, anaemia, and even diabetes.

It must be remembered—though, unfortunately, it seems to be seldom taken into consideration—that children are susceptible to auto-intoxication almost in the same degree as grown-ups.

It is a common mistake to think of the body mechanism of the child as capable of coping with almost anything, owing to its vigor and resilience; in fact, until late years auto-intoxication has not been looked for in children. However, where one finds a boy or girl irritable and difficult to control, fickle of appetite and with faulty circulation, constantly taking cold and unusually susceptible to tonsil infections, one may reasonably look for some form of auto-intoxication.

It is the part of wisdom to be always on the lookout for this condition when dealing with children. If these cases are permitted to drift along, by the time adult life is reached serious affections of kidney, heart or bladder may develop, making one long battle with useless cure the chief end of existence for those unfortunate victims of auto-intoxication.

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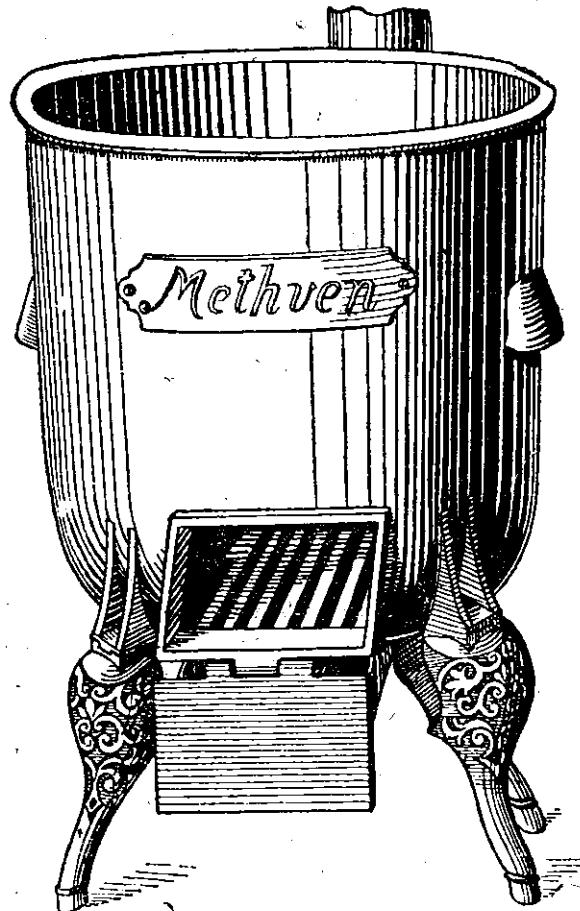


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The Family Circle

THE YEARS.

You are growing so fast, little girl of mine,
And you tell me you want to grow;
But the years, you'll find, have a way un-
kind,
And they take as well as bestow.
They give you fruits from the Knowledge
tree,
And a woman's grace and charm;
But you lose your seat on your Daddy's knee,
And your Mother's sheltering arm.

You are getting so tall, little girl of mine,
And you're proud of the fact, I know;
But the things you gain will be half in vain,
So much that is fair must go.
And the wisdom and stature may pleasant be,
But the thorn their bloom that harms,
May lie in the loss of your Daddy's knee
And your Mother's sheltering arms.

You are child no more, little girl of mine,
And the years have changed you so;
And my heart is sad, though it should be
glad,
With a grief you cannot know.
For one shall woo you away from me,
Allured by your maiden charms,
And lonely will be your Daddy's knee
And your Mother's sheltering arms.

—LACIA MITCHELL.



DAD TAKES A HAND

A SIMPLE MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Home lessons have had a good deal said for and against them, but, apart from their educational advantages or drawbacks, it never occurred to me that they could be invested with a humorous aspect which would make them richly precious, were it not for a story I heard related recently of a little girl who took a sum home and, unable to solve the problem, appealed to her father for assistance.

After vainly trying to help her young daughter, the mother said: "John, dear, would you mind seeing if you can work out this problem. I've tried and tried, but it won't come right."

John laid down his paper and smoothed a place on the library table. Mrs. John brought in a well-thumbed arithmetic, an exercise-book in which were many leaves covered with figures, and a pencil. The school-girl followed with firm confidence in her father's ability to make all hidden things clear.

John read the problem: "If a lion can eat a cow in four hours, and a bear can eat the same cow in six hours, and a tiger can eat the cow in eight hours, and a wolf can eat the cow in eleven hours, how long will it take the wolf to eat what is left of the cow after the lion has been eating for two hours, the bear an hour and twenty minutes, and the tiger three-quarters of an hour?"

"Oh, it is a ridiculous thing, anyway," said John; "but I'll do it in a jiffy. Why don't they give children sums these days with some sense in them. When I was young we had to find out how many cubic feet of

wood there were in a pile of a certain size, and how much a stone wall of a certain size would cost at so much a foot, and other things of some practical value. But this is bringing the whole Zoo into one's house, with tigers, bears, wolves, lions, cows."

John's snort of contemptuous indignation could be heard all over the house.

"I tried to work out the size of the cow, because all cows are not the same size," said Mrs. John, humbly, "but I am afraid mathematics are a little out of my line now. I'm horribly rusty, though one time I loved problems in arithmetic."

"But the size of the cow has nothing to do with it," said John, jutting out his chin in a very characteristic manner. "It is plainly stated here that the lion can eat the cow in four hours. The size of the cow doesn't matter any more than its color. Now here is a cow," and he laid a pencil down on the library table, while his young daughter gazed at him with round eyes of admiration. "Now first we'll put down sixty and multiply it by four."

"What do you want to multiply sixty by four for?" said Mrs. John. "It doesn't say anything about sixty in the example."

"I know it doesn't," he said testily, "but we have to reduce the whole thing to minutes before we get at the real basis of the arithmetical question."

"How can you reduce the cow to minutes?" chirped in Kathleen.

"Kathleen," admonished her father, "you had better keep quiet if you want this example worked. Now," he continued with dignity, "having reduced the four hours to minutes, we put down 240 minutes as a basis to work upon. Now, if a lion can eat a cow in 240 minutes, in two hours, which would be 120 minutes, he would eat half the cow, and now we come to the bear."

"Our teacher worked it in her head," observed his daughter, "but she didn't use any minutes. She just set to work and worked it, but I forget how she did it."

"It does not make any difference what your teacher did," said her father pompously. "The only way to work this problem is to get at the bottom of it, and that's minutes. Teachers are very wise, but they don't know everything. Now there is half a cow left for the bear. The bear eats in an hour and twenty minutes, which is 80 minutes. To eat his half of the cow would take 180 minutes, so we put down the fraction eighty one-hundred-and-eightieths. Then we go on to the tiger."

"What is the eighty one-hundred-and-eightieths for?" asked Mrs. John anxiously, whilst Kathleen chirped in again to say that her teacher had never once used those figures.

"Don't get ahead of the figures," said John peevishly. "You wait till it all comes right. The tiger can eat the cow in eight hours, which is 480 minutes. He begins where the bear left off, and eats for three-quarters of an hour, which is 45 minutes. So we put down forty-five four-hundred-and-eightieths here, and go on to the wolf."

"But how much of the cow is left for the wolf?" asked Mrs. John.

"You are always in too much of a hurry except when you are dressing," observed her husband. "I've worked these problems before, and I know exactly how to go about it. Where were we? Oh, yes, at the wolf. He eats the cow in eleven hours, which is 660 minutes."

"But," said Mrs. John, "he has only to finish the remains." "Our teacher never used any minutes at all," observed Kathleen again, "she said we should do it in our heads."

"If I'm going to do this sum," said her father with some warmth, "I'm going to do it my way, and if you don't want it done my way, why, do it your way and I'll go back to my paper. I'm not doing the thing for amusement, for I've had a hard day's work and I'm tired. But I'm willing to do it for you if I'm allowed to do it the right way. I've worked these examples before your teacher was born. The trouble is that you talked so much, the both of you, that I forgot to find out how much of the cow was left when the bear got through. Now, where is that sheet of paper with the bear's eating time on it?"

"I wouldn't work at it any longer," said his wife after seeing her daughter to bed. "You're tired, and it's not important. You'd better read your paper."

But John's blood was up dealing with these carnivorous animals. "I'm going to finish it if it takes me the whole night. If you didn't want me to finish it, you had no business to start me on it." Mrs. John went to bed and at twelve-thirty her husband's entry aroused her. "Did you work it, John?" she asked sleepily. "Certainly," he said. "It was as simple as clockwork. The wolf never got near the cow at all. How could he, with a lion and a bear and a tiger standing around? And they talk of modern methods!"—*Loreto House, Catholic Herald of India.*



ROSARY TIME IN IRELAND.

'Tis Rosary time in Ireland,
And looking across the years,
A picture unfolds before me—
'Tis dimmed with a mist of tears;
For sure it lacks gorgeous setting,
No wealth of color it boasts,
But Rosary time in Ireland
Is envied by angel hosts.

Ah, never was rank, or station,
Or fame of glorious deeds,
As dear as this scene in Ireland,
When mother took down the beads;
And readily would I barter
The trophies the years have won,
To kneel by that hallowed fireside
When the day's rough task is done.

I care not for stately temples—
Or glamor for service grand;
I'd rather one prayer in Ireland,
For isn't it God's own land?
The smell of the turf for incense,
And Love for the sacred light—
Ah, Rosary time in Ireland,
My heart is with you to-night.
—From *At the Gate of the Temple*, by
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THE POISON CUP.

"What a lot o' cases o' people bein' poisoned through eatin' tinned food there's been lately, Mrs. 'Opkins. Makes you nervous, don't it?"

"Aye," said Mrs. Hopkins, shaking her head. "I wouldn't touch the stuff. My poor 'usband always said it was drinkin' tea out of a tin cup when 'e was in the Army what give 'im delirium triminus!"



THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

A man who had obtained work in a railway yard was told off to mark some trucks.

"Here's a bit of chalk," said the foreman. "Mark each of em eleven."

Some time afterwards the foreman came round again. There was a large "1" on the first truck. Nothing else had been done. The man stood gazing up at the sky.

"What does this mean?" asked the foreman. "Only one truck done—and I said eleven, not one."

"I know," said the man, "but I couldn't think which side of the '1' the other '1' goes."



SMILE RAISERS.

"But surely," urged Jones, "seeing is believing?"

"Not necessarily," replied Brown. "For instance, I see you every day."



"Do you remember Mrs. Smith?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"Oh, you must remember her! She was the plainest girl in the village. But I forgot; that was after you left."



"Sambo, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly and so well."

"I will tell you how it is. I stick de match of enthusiasm to de fuse of energy and jes naturally explodes."



During a lesson on the Deluge a teacher explained that when the Flood came all living creatures except those in the Ark were drowned.

"And what happened to the fish, miss?" she was asked.



Teacher: "Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of a motor car?"

Tommy: "Yes, Miss. It's the driver."



"Your baby seems very fond of you, Tom, old chap," remarked his friend one day.

"Fond of me! I should just think he is," replied Tom. "Why, would you believe it, he sleeps all day while I'm not at home, and stays awake all night just to enjoy my society."

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.

Science Siftings

(By Volt)

Forests of Floating Seaweed.

The greatest seagoing expedition ever organised is about to start from New York to explore the Sargasso Sea. Discovered by Columbus, this remarkable sea is covered by a huge gathering of seaweeds, a floating mass of vegetable growth extending for nearly 260,000 square miles, around which the North Atlantic slowly revolves. Numerous air bladders, like small berries, keep the plants afloat.

Seaweeds thrive chiefly in the 100 fathom limit—within 600ft of the surface—but small and almost invisible forms are found everywhere in the ocean. Round British coasts a primitive variety is seen in the bright green and hair-like "crow-silks"; but no essential difference exists between the small weeds and the immense growths found in Pacific waters.

Thicker than the trunk of a large tree, the gigantic stems of seaweed near Tierra del Fuego attain the astonishing length of 400ft. Huge fronds resemble the spreading leaves of tropical palms. There are extensive sub-ocean forests of kelp, and floating islands of weeds swarming with live animals often measuring 8ft from base to tip.

Seaweeds multiply chiefly by means of spores, but near land the waves render unique assistance. In rough weather, numerous small pieces of weed are stripped from their moorings by the sea and are carried away until they become entangled and held fast. Then, if not dislodged and other circumstances are favorable, the pieces of weed settle down and become fresh plants.

X-Ray Negatives: Advantages to Surgery.

A cable message from New York to the daily papers, under date April 15 says:—An X-ray negative of a person's hand, which was sent by wire from New York to Chicago, has been examined by prominent medical men, who assert that this successful experiment demonstrates that the time is near when X-ray diagnosis of an injury or ailment by specialists can be made at a great distance from the patient. The picture was received in Chicago seven minutes after it had been sent from New York. Specialists state that the negative is as clear and distinct as the average plate, and could readily be used for the purpose of diagnosis. Leading physicians in New York and Chicago declare that the process will prove most valuable in helping to eliminate the time element which is frequently of the utmost importance in the diagnosis of a case.

The Beginning of Gas-Light.

Those who have reached middle-age can remember the time when gas-light was provided merely by gas-jets, each consuming six cubic feet of gas an hour and providing no more light than three common candles.

Forty years ago electric light began to supplant gas, and most people made up their minds that gas lighting was doomed. Experiments were made with the object of improving coal gas—that is, giving it greater

power of illumination—but these proved futile.

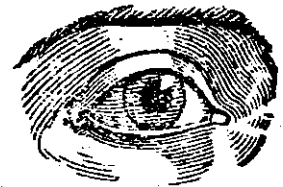
Then Baron Auer von Walsbach came to the rescue. He discovered that cotton fabric, if soaked in a nitrate solution composed of ninety-nine parts of thorium and one of cerium, and then placed over a hot flame to burn out all impurities, would glow with a white incandescence, giving out a pure white light of astonishing power.

By making a cone of this fabric he produced the incandescent gas mantle, which, if placed over a gas-jet, cut the consumption of gas by half, and at the same time gave ten times more light. This invention saved the gas-lighting industry, and is to-day being used extensively upon oil as well as gas lights.

Thorium, the principal material in the composition of the gas mantle, is a rare earth found in very few places. Almost the whole of the world's supply comes from Brazil.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/- (post free) from BAXTER'S PHARMACY, Theatre Bldgs., TIMARU.



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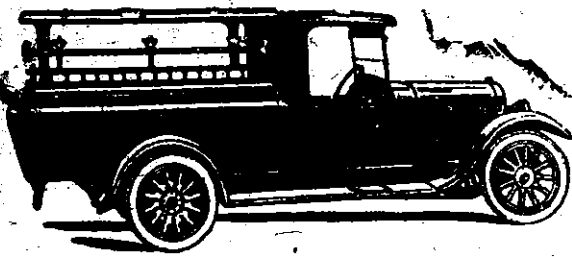
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HIGH STREET ... CHRISTCHURCH

TO MY PEOPLE

(Lead Kindly Light)

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

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

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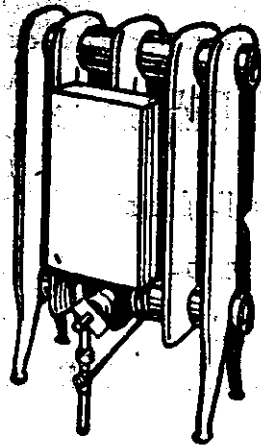
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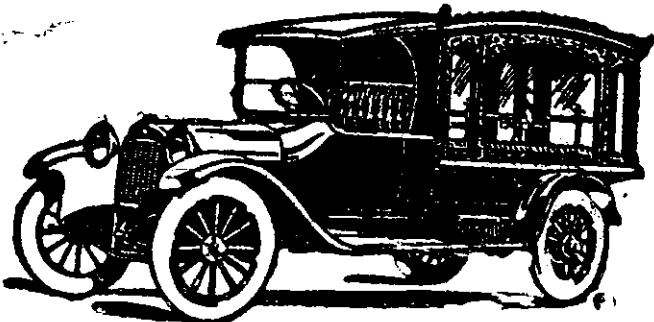
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