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FRIENDS AT COURT GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Jun Sun.-Third Sunday after Pentecost.
 - 22, Mon.-St. Paulinus, Bishop and Confessor.
 - 23, Tue.--Vigil of St. John the Baptist 24, Wed.-Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

25, Thur.-St. William, Abbot.

, 26, Fri.-SS. John and Paul, Martyrs. , 27, Sat.-Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul.

St. Paulinus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Paulinus was born in the year 353 at Bordeaux, of a wealthy and ancient senatorial family. His acquaintance with SS. Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome induced him to give up all his dignities and retire from the world. In 409 he became Bishop of Nola, in Campania. Many of the works of this distinguished Father are lost. Letters written to friends such as Sulpicius Severus, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and other distinguished contemporaries, together with poems, alone remain. He died in the year 431.

St. John the Baptist.

St. John the Baptist, Precursor of the Messias, was born six months before Jesus Christ, and was the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth. Thirty years had elapsed from the birth of Our Lord when he appeared on the banks of the Jordan, preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sins. He was the last representative of the Prophets of the Old Covenant; his work was to announce the way for, and to prepare the advent of the promised Messiah. It was by the testimony of John that the livine mission of Jesus was authenticated, as, at the baptism of Jesus, the holy precursor received the miraculous token that Jesus was, indeed. the "anointed of God." John was at length put to death by the order of Herod.

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GRAINS OF GOLD BEHOLD, 1 STAND AT THE DOOR AND

KNOCK. Behold I stand and knock, O Love thy heart unlock, And let Me in. My Feet are bruised and worn,

With many a cruel thorn, From paths of sin.

Thy heart is warm and sweet, Thy Jamp all trimmed and neat, Is shining clear;

Its soft and peaceful light,

- Shone through the cold dark night. And drew me near.
- Behold I stand and wait. O Love, the hour is late,

With thirst I sigh: I see thee glance with fear,

Into the mid-night drear, Peace love, 'tis 1.

On thy warm loving breast. My blood-stained face; Touch thou My wounded side, Bid me with thee abide, In love's embrace.

A. E. Borley

-By a CARMELITE NUN.

NEW ZEALAND TABLET.

The Storyteller The Truce of God A TALE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY. (By George Henry Miles.)

CHAPTER III.

Fit to govern! No, not to live. O nation miserable, With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?

Macbeth,

The third Friday after Gilbert had been wounded, he mounted his horse, and, accompanied by Father Omelar, set out for the Castle of Hers, which lay some four leagues distant to the south.

"You are sad, Father," said the youth, who felt all the exhibitration of returning strength, heightened by the freshness of the morning.

"It is true, my son; for though in all the trials of this pilgrimage I endeavor to turn to God the cheerful face He loves to see in affliction. I am sometimes weak enough to tremble at the gloomy period before us. We are upon the eve of a tremendous struggle. You may not be aware of it, for you are unaccustomed to watch events which govern the future for good or evil; but the firmness of our Holy Father, and the increasing recklessness and impiety of the emperor, must create an earthquake sooner or later."

"My father," replied Gilbert, "has imputed to his Holiness a want of firmness." "Alas, with how little reason! He who, when seized by Cencius and his armed assassins at the altar of St. Mary Major- bruised. and dragged by the hair to the castle of his assailant-vet remained calm and unmoved, with the face of an angel, neither imploring mercy nor attempting an ineffectual resistance-cannot be accused of a want of firmness. The matchless benevolence-the heart which melts at the first symptom of repentance--the elemency which led him, while his wounds were yet fresh, to pardon Cencius, prostrate at his feet-have also induced him to hearken to the promises of King Henry and accept his contrition."

"But is it not almost folly to trust the royal hypocrite to whom Suabia pays so heavy a tribute? I wish that when his infant majesty fell in the Rhine, there had been no Count Ecbert nigh to rescue him!"

"Is it not rather an exalted charity, of which you have no conception, and a Christian forgiveness which puts to shame your last ungenerous wish?"

"I can have no sympathy or pity for him who has loaded with insult a princess alike distinguished for beauty and virtue."

"You mean the queen, his wife. But tell me, when he endeavored to procure a divorce from Bertha, who prevented the criminal separation? Was it the boasted chivalry of Suabia? No! Peter Damiau, the Pope's legate, alone opposed the angry monarch, and told him, in the presence of all his courtiers, that 'his designs were disgraceful

(By GEORGE HENRY MILES.) to a king—still more disgraceful to a Christian; that he should blush to commit a crime he would punish in another; and that, unless he renounced his iniquitous project, he would incur the demunciation of the Church and the severity of the holy canons.' The result was the reconcilement of Henry with Bertha, in Saxony. And though Alexander was Pope, Peter received his instruc-

ander was Pope, Peter received his instructions from Hildebrand. But there is a wide difference between your hostility to Henry of Austria and the resistance of Gregory VII to his encroachments: your motives all flow from human considerations, and seek a human revenge; his, on the ontrary, proceed from the knowledge of his duty to God, and breathe forgiveness: you seek the king's destruction and your own aggrandisement— Gregory, the king's welfare, and the independence and prosperity of the Christian Church."

We will no longer continue a conversation which, to be intelligible to all, would require a more intimate acquaintance with the history of the times than can be obtained from the books in free circulation among us, Though Gregory VII has been reproached by all Protestants, and by some Catholies, with an undue assumption of temporal power and an unnecessary severity against Henry IV of Austria, it is certain that, in his own day, he was charged by many of his own friends, particularly in Saxony and Snabia, with too tender a regard for a monarch who violated his most solemn engagements the moment he fancied he could do so with impunity, and whose court, already openly profligate, threatened to present the appearance of an Eastern seraglio. A hasty glance at the prominent facts of the dispute will leave us in doubt whether to admire most the dignified and Christian forbearance of the Pope while a hope of saving his adversary remained, or the unwavering resolution he displayed, even to death in exile, when convinced that mercy to the king would be injustice to God

No sooner had Gregory assumed the tiara, than he addressed letters to different persons, in which he assured them of his earnest desire to unite with Henry in upholding the honor of the Church and the imperial dignity; to accomplish which he would embrace the first opportunity of sending legates to Henry, to acquaint the king with his views. But, while proffering his love, he declared that, if Henry should venture to offer God insult instead of honor, he would not fail in his duty to the Divine Head of the Church through fear of offending man. So in a letter to Rodolph, Duke of Suabia, who at that time was known to be secretly hostile to the king, Gregory declared that he entertained no ill-feeling whatever for Henry, but simply desired to do his duty.

There were two evils which Gregory was

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esolved to extirpate: lay investitures, and be incontinence of the clergy. While the

ower pointing to the benefices was preder the civil power, the emperor was to fill the highest places in his gift creatures of his own. The inevitable falt of this was to create two classes of relates-one of lay, the other of ecclesiasical investiture. Its ultimate effect was to ender the Church completely dependent pon the State, and to change and corrupt is very source with the varying vices of ibertine despots. It was found (and how ould it be otherwise?) that the protégés of he emperor studied only how to please him : nd that, in serving the State and the rince, they became indifferent to the hurch. Selected to serve a particular purose, or chosen in consideration of a valuble donation, the lay nominee had been are to fulfil the object for which he was levated, or to indulge the avarice or amition which had craved the appointment. t was in attempting to remedy this fatal anovation that Gregory found himself rebeatedly thwarted by Henry; and yet he has been censured by those who lament the rorldliness of a portion of the medieval lergy, for striking at the root of the evil.

After repeated provocation, the arm of the Pope is uplifted to strike; but Henry, wed by his menaces, and by an insurrection in Saxony, hastens to avert the blow by an increaserved submission and the fairest promises. He confesses, not only to have meddied in ecclesiastical matters, but to have unjustly stripped churches of their pastors —to have sold them to unworthy objects guilty of simony, whose very ordination was questionable—and implores the Pope to begin the reform with the Cathedral of Milan, which is in schism by his fault.

Gregory pardons him; and, in 1074, holds his first council at some against simony and the incontinence of the elergy. It was in this year that Henry, already pressed by the Saxons and Thuringians, found himself threatened by Salomon, King of Hungary. In this emergency, he has recourse to Gregory, who, by an eloquent letter, calms the indignant Hungarian.

With the year following, the campaign gainst Saxony begins. This brave but furbulent people had risen against the towns in possession of Henry, and burned the magnificent Cathedral at Hartzburg. Here again the Pope secured to the king the powerful assistance of Rodolph, Duke of Suabia, in conjunction with whom the royal army obtains a decisive victory at Hobenburg. But once in security and crowned with success, the graceless monarch forgets his submission, and exclaims, "It does not befit a hero, who has vanquished a warlike people, struggling in defence of what they hold most sacred, to bow humbly down before a priest, whose only weapon is his tongue? Faithless to his recorded vow in to 1 of danger, he nominates Henry, ie F of Verdum, to fill the see vacated by Bishop of Liége; and, soon after, calls e see of Milan, Theobald, his own chapin place of the murdered Herlembaud. us repeatedly deceived. Gregory must rike at last, or sacrifice the independence

of the Church of God to human weakness.

It was in the pause between these new indignities and the consecration of Hidolpho in the Archbishopric of Cologue, that Father Omehr and Gilbert rode slowly on toward the Castle of Hers.

The conversation naturally turned from the consideration of impending evils, to the miserable feud actually existing between the two houses of Hers and Stramen.

"I sincerely wish it were ended," said Gilbert, in reply to a vehement demuciation just pronounced by his companion. "I could willingly forgive all the injuries I have received at their hands, when I remember the kindness of the Lady Margaret."

The priest looked quickly up in the young man's face, but Gilbert was gazing with an abstracted air upon the blue outline of the beautiful Lake of Constance, which just began to appear to the south.

"It were far better," he said, commanding the youth's attention by taking his hand

"it were far better to forgive them when you remember the prayer of your dying Jesus for His persecutors, than out of gratitude to the ordinary courtesy of a pitying damsel." Gilbert made no direct reply, nor did he return the glance of his friend, which he well knew was upon him.

"I could wish," he began, after a considerable pause, "before leaving your hospitable roof, to have expressed to the Lady Margaret my deep sense of the interest she deigned to display in my regard, and which I fear has done more to soften my feelings toward her father, than the nobler and holier motive you have mentioned."

There was a humility in this that pleased the good missionary; but he saw with pain and uneasiness the direction which the ardent mind of the youth was evidently taking, and instantly rejoined:

"Did you know the Lady Margaret better, you would spare yourself that regret. In her charitable attention to your wants, she overcame a natural repugnance to yourself. She would rather miss than receive any return you can make, and is always more inclined to set a proper value upon the solid and eternal recompense of God, than attach any importance to the empty and interested gratitude of man."

Gilbert's eyes were bent again upon the Lake of Constance. They were now at the foot of a long, high hill, which they began to ascend in silence. Gilbert pressed his horse rather swiftly up the gradual ascent, and they soon gained the summit.

"What is the Danube to that splendid lake!" cried the mercurial stripling; "and what is there in all the lordship of Stramen to vie with this!"

The view now opened might excuse his excitement, even in a less interested person. The Castle of Hers, though built for strength, presented a very different appearance from that of Stramen; its outline was light and graceful, and it seemed rather to lift up than cumber the tall hill that it so elegantly erowned. It was situated upon the border of the lake, which, by trouvère and troubadour, in song and in verse, in every age and in every clime, has been so justly celebrated. A few miles to the south-west the mighty

Rhino came tumbling in; who, as the German poets say, scorns to mingle his mountain stream with the quiet waters of the lake. We will attempt no further description, for fear of spoiling a finer picture, which must already exist in the eye of the reader, created by more skilful hands.

As the horsemen neared the castle, they saw a knight, followed by a few men, dashing down the hill. Gilbert knew his father, and hastened to meet him. Their meeting was manly and cordial. The baron stopped but to embrace his son, and hastened to welcome Father Omehr. He dismounted, and imprinted a kiss upon the old man's still vigorous hand.

"t should be childless now," he said, "but for your kindness; and you know that words would but mock my feelings."

The tears in the baron's eyes expressed more than a long oration.

Father Omehr only replied, with a laugh, "You must blame your son's indiscretion, and not appland me!" Thus saved from a formal and unsatisfactory conversation, the knight remounted his horse and led the way to the castle.

Upon the slope of the hill, half-way between the eastle and the lake, was a chapel built of white stone, which had stood there. according to tradition, from the ninth century. It was said to have been erceted by Charlemagne, on his second expedition against the Saxons. The Baron of Hers had ornamented and repaired it with much taste and at great expense, until it was celebrated throughout the circle of Suabia for its richness and elegance. It had been dedicated to Mary the Morning Star, as appeared from a statue of the Blessed Virgin surmounted with a star, and was called the Pilgrim's Chapel. It was in charge of Herman, a priest, who had studied at Monto Cassino nucler the Benedictines, with Father Omehr, whom he loved as a brother. They had spent their period of training and had been ordained together; and for forty years they had labored in the same vineyard, side by side, yet seldom meeting. When they did meet, however, it was with the joy and chastened affection which only the pure-minded and truly religious can know; and they would recall with fears of happiness the scenes of other days, the splendid convent, whose church shone like a grotto of jewels and precious stones the learned and devout monk, and the theological difficulties over which they had triumphed hand in hand.

(To be continued.)

AMBROSE DUNNE

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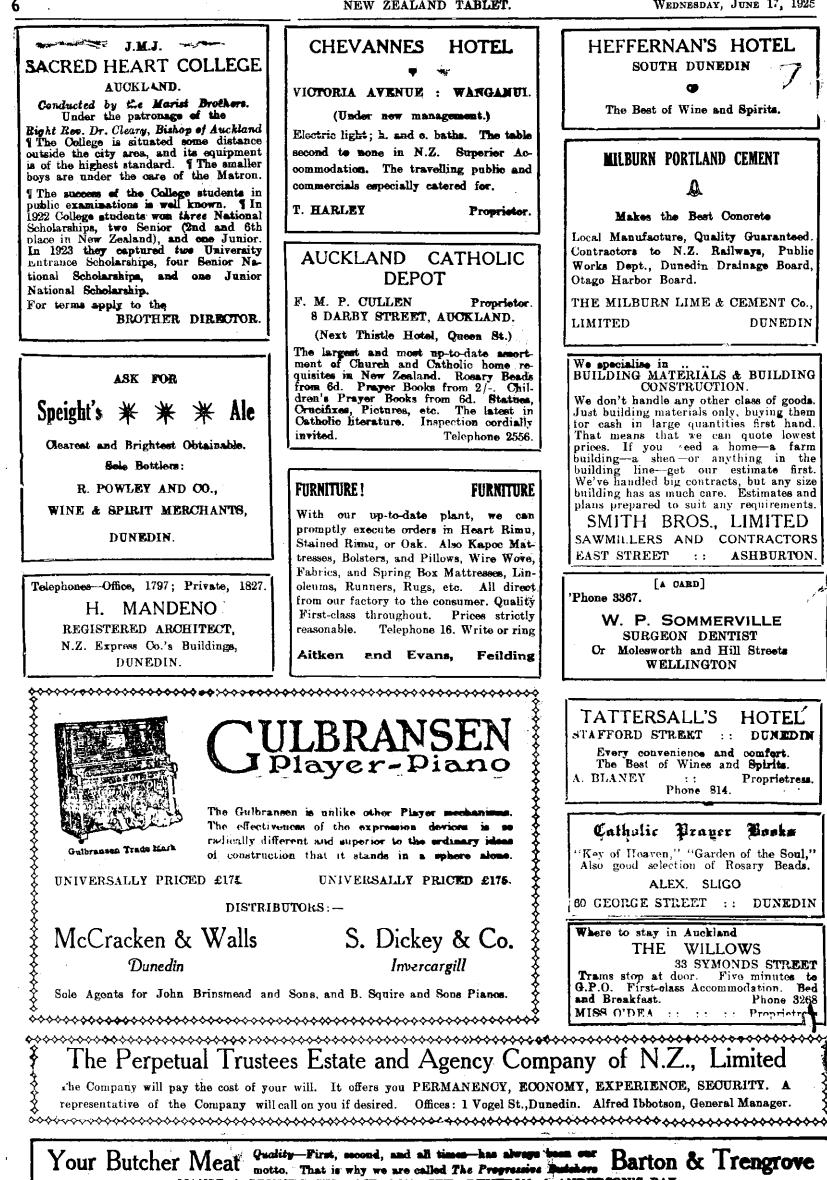
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The Story of Ireland (By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXI.

"THE CULLODEN OF IRELAND." HOW AUGHRIM WAS FOUGHT AND LOST. A STORY OF THE BATTLE-FIELD: "THE DOG OF AUGHRIM," OR, FIDELITY IN DEATH!

St. Ruth fell back to Ballinasloe, on Ginckle's Road to Galway, which city was now held by the Irish, and was in truth one of their most important possessions. The Frenchman was a prey to conscious guilty feeling. He knew that Sarsfield held him accountable for the loss of Athlone, and his pride was painfully mortified. How often do dire events from trivial causes spring! This estrangement between St. Ruth and Sarsfield was fated to affect the destinies of Ireland, for to it may be traced the loss of the battle of Aughrin, as we shall see,

At a council of war in the Irish camp it was at first resolved to give battle in the strong position which the army had now taken up, but St. Ruth moved off to Aughrim, about three miles distant, on the road to Galway. The new position was not less strong than that which had just been quitted. In truth its selection, and the uses to which St. Ruth turned each and all of its natural advantages, showed him to be a man of consummate ability.

Close to the little village of Aughrim- destined to give name to the last great battle between Catholic and Protestant royalty on the soil of Ireland-is the Hill of Kilcommedan. The hill slopes gradually and smoothly upward to a height of about three hundred feet from its base, running lengthways for about two miles from north to south. On its east side or slone, looking towards the way by which Ginckle must approach on his march westward to Galway, the Trish army was encamped, having on its right flank the pass or causeway of Urrachree, and its left flank resting on the village of Aughrin. Λ large morass lay at foot of Kilcommedau (on the east, sweeping round the northern end of the hill) which might be crossed in summer by footmen, but was impracticable for cavalry. Through its centre, from south to north, ran a little stream, which with winter rains flooded all the surrounding marsh. Two narrow causeways, "passes," or roads, ran across the morass to the hill; one at Urrachree, the other at the town of Aughrim; the latter one being defended or commanded by an old ruin, Aughrim Castle, at the hill base. Along the slopes of the hill, parallel with its base, ran two or three lines of whitethorn hedge-rows, growing out of thick earth fences, affording admirable position and protection for musketeers. It may be questioned if the genius of a Wellington could have devised or directed aught that St. Ruth had not done to turn every feature of the ground and every inch of this position to advantage. Yet by one sin of omission he placed an the fortunes of the day on the hazard of his own life; he communicated his plan of battle to no one. Sarsfield was the man next entitled and

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fitted to command, in the event of anything befalling the general; yet he in particular was kept from any knowledge of the tactics or strategy upon which the battle was to ing previously caused the morass in front of turn. Tudeed he was posted at a point critical and important enough in some senses, yet away from, and out of sight of the part of the field where the main struggle was to most into the marsh, and where the morass take place; and St. Ruth rather hurtfully gave him imperative instructions not to stir from the position thus assigned him without a written order from himself. "At Aughrim," says an intelligent Protestant literary periodical, "three apparent accidents gave the victory to Ginckle. The musketcers defending the pass at the old eastle found themselves supplied with cannon balls instead of bullets; the flank movement of a regiment was mistaken for a retreat; and St. Ruth lost his life by a cannon shot. The last mentioned, which was really the accident that wrested undoubted victory from the Irish grasp, would have had no such disastrous result had St. Ruth confided his plan of battle to his lieutenant-general, and taken him heartily and thoroughly into joint command on the field.

I know of no account of this battle, which, within the same space, exhibits so much completeness, clearness, and simplicity of narration, as Mr. Haverty's, which accord- face with the main line of the Irish, who ingly I here borrow with very little abridgment:-

"The advanced guards of the Williamites came in sight of the Irish on July 11, and the following morning, which was Sunday, July 12, 1691, while the Trish army was assisting at Mass, the whole force of the enemy drew up in line of battle on the high ground to the east beyond the morass. As nearly as the strength of the two armies can be estimated, that of the Irish was about fifteen thousand horse and foot, and that of the Williamites from twenty to twenty-five thousand, the latter having besides a numerous artillery, while the Irish had but nine field pieces.

"Giuckle, knowing his own great superiority in artillery, hoped by the aid of that arm alone to disludge the Irish centre force from their advantageous ground; and as quickly as his guns could be brought into position, he opened fire upon the enemy. He also directed some cavalry movements on his left at the pass of Urraghree, but with strict orders that the Irish should not be followed beyond the 'pass,' lest any fighting there should force on a general engagement, for which he had not then made up his mind. His orders on this point, however, were not punctually obeyed; the consequence being some hot skirmishing, which brought larger bodies into action, until about three o'clock, when the Williamites retired from the pass.

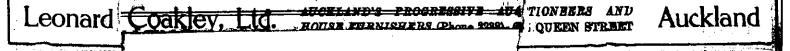
"Ginckle now held a conneil of war, and the prevalent opinion seemed to be that the attack should be deferred until an early hour next morning, but the final decision of the council was for an immediate battles

At five o'clock accordingly, the attack was renewed at Urraghree, and for an hour and a half there was considerable fighting in that quarter; several attempts to force the pass having been made in the interval, and the Irish cavalry continuing to maintain their ground gallantly, although against double their numbers.

"At length, at half-past six, Ginckle, havthe Irish centre to be sounded, ordered his infantry to advance on the point where the line of the fences at the Irish side projected was, consequently, narrowest. This, it appears, was in the Irish right centre, or in the direction of Urraghree. The four regiments of colonels : Erle, Herbert, Creighton, and Brewer, were the first to wade through the mud and water, and to advance against the nearest of the hedges, where they were received with a smart fire by the Irish, who then retired behind their next line of hedges, to which the assailants in their turn ap-The Williamite infantry were proached. thus gradually drawn from one line of fences to another, up the slope from the morass, to a greater distance than was contemplated in the plan of attack, according to which they were to hold their ground near the morass until they could be supported by reinforcements of infantry in the rear, and by cavalry on the flanks. The Irish retired by such short distances, that the Williamites pursued what they considered to be an advantage, until they found themselves face to now charged them in front; while by passages cut specially for such a purposo through the line of hedges by St. Ruth, the Irish cavalry rushed down with irresistible force and attacked them in the flanks. The effect was instantaneous. In vain did Colonel Erle endeavor to encourage his men by crying out that there was no way to come off but to be brave.' They were thrown into total disorder, and fled towards the morass, the Irish cavalry cutting them down in the rear, and the infantry pouring in a deadly fire, until they were driven beyond the quagmire, which separated the two armies. Colonels Erle and Herbert were taken prisoners; but the former, after being taken and retaken, and receiving some wounds, was finally rescued.

"Whilst this was going forward towards the Irish right, several other Williamite regiments crossed the bog nearer to Aughrim, and were in like manner repulsed; but, not having ventured among the Irish hedges, their loss was not so considerable, although they were pursued so far in their retreat, that the Irish, says Story, 'got almost in a line with some of our great guns,' or, in other words, had advanced into the English battle-ground. It was no wonder that at this moment St. Ruth should have exclaimed with national enthusiasm, 'The day is ours, mes enfants!

"The manoeuvres of the Dutch general on the other side evinced consummate ability, and the peril of his present position obliged him to make desperate efforts to retrieve it. His army being much more numerous than that of the Irish, he could afford to extend



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his left wing considerably beyond their right, and this causing a fear that he intended saflank them at that side, St. Ruth ordered The second line of his left to march to the right, the officer who received the instructions taking with him also a battalion from the centre, which left a weak point not unobserved by the enemy. St. Ruth had a fatal confidence in the natural strength of his left, owing to the great extent of bog. and the extreme narrowness of the causeway near Aughrim Castle. The Williamite commander perceived this confidence, and resolved to take advantage of it. Hence his movement at the opposite extremity of his line, which was a mere feint, the troops which he sent to his left not firing a shot during the day, while some of the best regiments of the Trish were drawn away to watch them. The point of weakening the Irish left having been thus gained, the object of doing so soon became apparent. A movement of the Williamite cavalry to the causeway at Aughrim was observed. Some horsemen were seen crossing the narrow part of the causeway with great difficulty, being scarcely able to ride two abreast. St. Ruth still believed that pass impregnable, as indeed it would have been, but for the mischances which we have yet to mention, and he is reported to have exclaimed, when he saw the enemy's cavalry scrambling over it, 'They are brave fellows, 't is a pity they should be so exposed.' They were not, however, so exposed to destruction as he then imagined. Artillery had come to their aid, and as the men crossed, they began to form in squadrons on the firm ground near the old castle. What were the garrison of the castle doing at this time? and what the reserve of cavalry beyond the castle to the extreme left? As to the former, an unlucky circumstance rendered their efforts nugatory. It was found on examining the ammunition with which they had been supplied, that while the men were armed with French firelocks, the balls that had been served to them were cast for English muskets, of which the calibre was larger, and that they were consequently useless! In this emergency the men cut the small globular buttons from their jackets, and used them for bullets, but their fire was ineffective, however briskly it was sustained, and few of the enemy's horse crossing the causeway were hit. This was but one of the mischances connected with the unhappy left of St. Ruth's position. We have seen how an Irish officer, when ordered with reserves to the right wing, removed a battalion from the left centre. This error was immediately followed by the crossing of the morass at that weakened point by three Williamite regiments, who employed hurdles to facilitate their passage, and who, meeting with a comparatively feeble resistance at the front line of fences, succeeded in making a lodgment in a corn field on the Irish side." It was, however-as the historian just

uoted remarks in continuation-still very eral attack in full force on all points was easy to remedy the effects of these errors or ordered. "Still the Irish centre and right mishaps thus momentarily threatening to wing maintained their ground obstinately, render questionable the victory already substantially won by the Irish; and St. Ruth, vigor as ever. The Irish infantry were so for the purpose of so doing-and, in fact, hotly engaged, that they were not aware delivering the coup de grace to the beaten either of the death of St. Ruth, or of the

foe-left his position of observation in front of the camp on the crest of the hill, and, placing himself in joyous pride at the head of a cavalry brigade, hastened down the slope to charge the confused bodies of Williamite horse gaining a foot-hold below. Those who saw him at this moment say that his face was aglow with enthusiasm and triumph. He had, as he thought, at last vindicated his name and fame; he had shown what St. Ruth could dos. And, indeed, never for an instant had he doubted the result of this battle, or anticipated for it any other issue than a victory. He had attired himself, we are told, in his most gorgeous uniform, wearing all his decorations and costly ornaments, and constantly told these around him that he was to-day about to win a battle that would wrest frehand from William's grasp. About half-way down the hill he halted a moment to give some directions to the artillerymen at one of the field batteries. Then, drawing his sword, and giving the word to advance for a charge, he exclaimed to his officers: "They are beaten, gentlemen; let us drive them back to the gates of Dublin." With a cheer, rising above the roar of the artillery-which from the other side, was playing furiously on this decisive Irish advance - the squadron made reply; when, suddenly, londer still, at its close, there arose a cry--a shrick- from some one near the general. All eyes were turned upon the spot, and for an instant many failed to discern the cause for such a starfling utterance. There sat the glittering uniformed figure upon his charger. It needed, with some, a second glace to detect the horrible eatastrophe that had befallen. There sat the body of St. Ruth indeed, but it was his lifeless corpse, a headless trunk. A cannon shot from the Williamite batteries lead struck the head from his body, as if the Tyburn axe and block had done their fearful work. Ruth, the vain, the brave, was no more!

The staff crowded around the fallen commander in sad dismay. The brigade itself, ignorant at first of the true nature of what happened, but conscious that some serious disaster had occurred, halted in confusion. Indecision and confusion in the face of the enemy, and under fire of his batteries, has ever but one result. The brigade broke, and rode to the right. No one knew on whom the command devolved. Sarsfield was next in rank; but every one knew him to be posted at a distant part of the field, and it was unhappily notorious that he had not been made acquainted with any of the lost general's plan. This indecision and confusion was not long spreading from the cavalry brigade which St. Ruth had been leading to other bodies of the troops. The Williamites plainly perceived that something fatal had happened on the Irish side, which, if taken advantage of promptly, might give them victory in the very moment of defeat. They halted, rallied, and returned. A general attack in full force on all points was ordered. "Still the Irish centre and right wing maintained their ground obstinately, and the fight was renewed with as much vigor as ever. The Irish infantry were so hotly engaged, that they were not aware flight of the cavalry, until they themselves were almost surrounded. A panic and confused flight were the result. The cavalry of the right wing, who were the first in action that day, were the last to quit their ground. Sarsfield, with the reserve horse of the centre, had to retire with the rest without striking one blow, 'although,' says the Williamite Captain Parker, 'he had the greatest and best part of the cavalry with him. St. Ruth fell about sunset; and about nine, after three hours' hard fighting, the last of the Irish army had left the field. The cavalry retreated along the high road to Loughrea, and the infantry, who mostly flung away their arms, flod to a large red bog on their left, where great numbers of them were massacred unarmed and in cold blood; but a thick misty rain coming on, and the night setting in, the pursuit was soon relinquished.''

The peasantry to this day point out a small gorge on the hillside, still called "Gleann-na-Fola," where two of the Irish regiments, deeming flight vain, or scorning to fly, halted, and throughout the night waited their doom in sulfen determination. There they were found in the morning, and were slaughtered to a may. The slogan of the conqueror was: "No quarter."

Above 500 prisoners, with 32 pairs of colors, 11 standards, and a large quantity of small arms, fell into the bands of the victors. The English loss in killed and wounded was about 3000; the Irish lost over 4000, chiefly in the flight, as the Williamites gave no quarter, and the wounded, if they were not, in comparative mercy, shot as they lay on the field, were allowed to perish unfriended where they fell.

To the music of one of the most plaintive of our Irish melodics- "The Lamentation of Aughrim"—Moore (a second time touched by this sad theme) has wedded the well-known verses here quoted :—

- Forget not the field where they perished— The truest, the last of the brave;
- All gone—and the bright hopes we cherished Gone with them, and quenched in the grave.

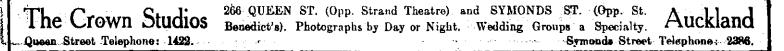
Oh! could we from death but recover Those hearts as they bounded before, In the face of high Heaven to fight over The combat for freedom once more;

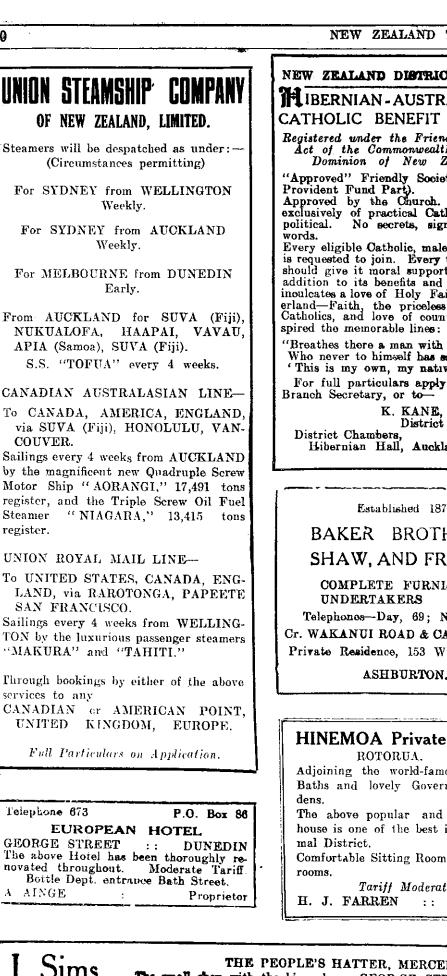
- Could the chain for a moment be riven Which Tyranny flung round us then→ No!—'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven, To let Tyranny bind it again!
- But 'tis past; and though blazoned in story The name of our victor may be; Accurst is the march of that glory

Which treads o'er the hearts of the free1

Fur dearer the grave or the prison Illumed by one patriot name, Than the trophies of all who have risen On Liberty's ruins to fame!

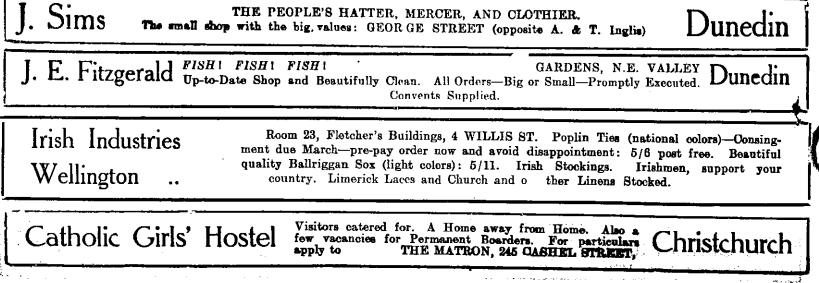
We cannot take leave of the field of Aughrim and pass unnoticed an episode connected with that scene which may well claim a place





10

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in history; a true story, which, if it rested on any other authority than that of the hostile and unsympathising Williamite chaplain, might be deemed either the creation of poetic fancy or the warmly tinged picture of exaggerated fact.

The bodies of the fallen Irish, as already mentioned, were for the most part left unburied on the ground, "a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field." "There is," says the Williamite chronicler, "a true and remarkable story of a greyhound belonging to an Irish officer. The gentleman was killed and stripped in the battle, whose body the dog remained by night and day; and though he fed upon other corpses with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them or anything else to touch that of his master. When all the corpses were consumed, the other dogs departed; but this one used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and presently return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. And thus he continued (from July when the battle was fought) till January following, when one of Colonel Foulkes's soldiers, being quartered nigh haud, and going that way by chance, the dog fearing he came to disturb his muster's bones, flew upon the soldier, who, being surprised at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his piece then upon his back, and shot the poor dog." "He expired," adds Mr. O'Callaghan, "with the same fidelity to the remains of his unfortunate master, as that master had shown devotion to the cause of his unhappy country. In the history of nations there are few spectacles more entitled to the admiration of the noble mind and the sympathy of the generous and feeling heart, than the fate of the gallant men and the faithful dog of Aughrim."

(To be continued.)

A Complete Story

BRIDEY BRADY

There had been a good deal of discussion in the committee-room before the Sisters of Charity were allowed to visit members of their Church who were patients at the Alexandra Hospital, but eventually the sensible and broad-minded members had their way and the black veils and habits of Sister Joseph and Sister Anne became familiar to the patients in which ever wards a Catholic happened to be,

As a rule, a list of those they might visit was given to the Sisters at the office, but it was little Mary Rooney, the wardmaid, who whispered to Sister Anno one day as she passed by, that the child in the bed next to the patient they were about to visit was the bearer of a name as Irish and as Catholie as her own.

So, whilst Sister Joseph spoke with their own sick woman, Sister Anne smiled across at her small neighbor and asked her how she was.

"I don't want ye," cried the child, as though terrified. "I can say me own prayers."

The Sisters did not need to be told any It was self-evident what Bridey more. Brady's past had been-probably the child of a mother whom poverty, or drink, or sin had made willing to part with her babybody and soul-for the sake of what she could get for her-one of the countless souls who are bartered away by poor and bad and drunken and dissipated mothers for a share of the £40,000 which the Irish Church Missions count as their approximate annual income. A child brought up to revile and fear the Church which Christ has endowed with Truth for ever, though that Truth had been her birthright. And the next time the Sisters came a little wicked face gleamed maliciously behind the curtains of the bed, and a shrill little voice, only modulated for fear that someone in authority would interfere, mocked them.

It was not in the beautiful airy wards of the Alexandra that the Sisters came, for the third time, on Bridey Brady. The week after they had been serenaded by her musical effort, a strange face lay on the pillow where her poor little ignorant one had been and the Sisters learnt that, discharged as incurable, the poor little "Bird's Nestling" had been taken to the Union-to die. At the Workhouse Hospital there were not the same restrictions as held good at the Alexandra, and making an excuse for a visit, the Sisters found the little girl. But even here, in spite of the fact that all her surroundings were strange and that the Sisters' were faces she had seen before, the cruck untruths she had been told about nuns clung to her and nothing they could do succeeded in making friends with her. The marses told them the child was growing weaker, but young life is vigorous and the end might still be many weeks away.

And yet, though there were no more wishes for the perdition of the Pope, neither were there any signs whatever of making friends.

One day, however, after many unsuccessful attempts, Sister Anne thought she saw a light on the little face, so pinched and small now, and growing even smaller, that she had never seen before.

Someone had given Reverend Mother a bunch of grapes, and it was when these were taken from the Sister's bag and laid, with their juicy cooluess, on the lips of the sick woman in the bed by Bridey's, that the child's eyes showed here was something she coveted.

"Are you fond of fruit, Bridey?" Sister Anne seemed to ask the question casually, but at last the vulnerable spot had been found. Poor little dying Bridey's pride could stand no longer against the lure of grapes, and she nodded her head. "Next Tuesday we shall come again and you shall have a bunch, all, every one, for yourself, Bridey."

Tuesday came and with it a November day of blasts and squalls and driving rain. Rev-

erend Mother suggested that the weather was too bad even for visiting the poor.

11

But Sister Anne thought of Bridey and her grapes and she begged to be allowed to take them as she promised. In the Infirmary Ward Bridey lay and watched the rain, shivering and shuddering even under the blankets of her bed. The wird moaned and shook the casements of the Infirmary Ward, but what seemed to terrify the child who lay and watched it was the rain driving along in sheets and pouring on the window frames as though water was being thrown on them from a bucket.

But the great eyes in the little shrunken face did not see the scene before them, but something rising out of the past that frightened, almost appalled her.

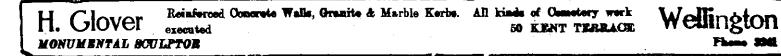
Long, long ago--so it seemed to herwhen Bridey, like other children, had a mother, there had been a wet day just like this one, and that dimly remembered mother had come into the dark, bare room, which was the child's only idea of a home, and had taken Bridey into her arms. Even still she could almost feel the arms that were about her--the only loving arms she had ever known--and the rain had been as wet on the shawled shoulders under her cheek as it now was on the window-panes of the Ward.

The next remembrance was of a cough, hard, racking, tedious-just such another as shook her own poor little frame. After that everything seemed blurred, until the spotless wards and classrooms of the Bird's Nest had taken away all meaning for Bridey from the familiar word "home." There was no consecutive thread of reasoning in the child's mind, only heavy rain and thick, sodden garments conveyed to her still the most awful thing she had ever known-the loss of her mother. That anyone should go out in the rain unless driven to by sheer necessity never struck her for a moment as possible, so she put from her the idea of the Sisters taking her the fruit they had promised. After all, they probably would not have given her the grapes in any case. The Bird's Nest training was very strong, and according to its teaching no Papist, more especially a nun or a priest, was to be trusted. Still the rain came down, and Bridley, with the terrible feeling of loss and desolation upon her, fell into a fitful doze. Suddenly sho awoke, but she thought she still was dreaming, for by her side stood two dark figures whose white caps and smiling faces alone relieved the gloom, and cloaks and veils and black serge habits, all were sprinkled, nay, more, in places sopped with rain,

"Well, Bridey"-it was Sister Anne who spoke-"did you think we had forgotten you and your grapes?"

She took the purple bunch from her basket, dark here and there where the bloom had been rubbed off, and holding them towards the child, she detached one grape and began preparing it to be caten.

But Bridey's eyes were not on the grapes; they were glued to the rain-drops that sparkled on the Sister's veil and cloak. Timidly she stretched ont a little elawlike hand and then, for the first time, she addressed the nun directly.



NEW ZEALAND TABLET

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925



"You came out in the rain to bring me grapes!" She could hardly bring herself to believe, even though she said it and saw it.

Out in the rain! And only to bring her fruit! Suddenly at this one human touch, the whole edifice of falsehood that years of Bird's Nest teaching had built up, crumbled to dust.

"Then"—the girl spoke quickly, quite decidedly—" 'twas lies they told me at school. They said that Papists, and 'more especially nuns,' was cruel and bad." Then she went back to the part she could hardly believe. "But 'twas lies, for you came in the rain to bring me grapes."

There was something in the little face that sent Sister Anne upon her knees. Something, she knew not what, drew her down and made her draw the child close to her, despite the rain upon her cloak, and for the second time in her life Bridey Brady knew the feel of wet, but loving arms.

So the ice was broken and afterwards things came quickly right. What the Sisters had guessed of Bridey was true. After the Bird's Nest had come a few months' service in a Protestant tradesman's house. Then the cough, the hospital, the Union-to die in-at fifteen

But there was no one to object when the Sisters begged for Bridey to go to them, to die. So her next home was the Hospice. A white-curtained bed; everything about her made as pleasant to look upon as could be. Only two occupants besides herself; no more herding like sheep in a school dormitory or a workhouse ward. Every care that loving hands and hearts could give to God's chosen ones, for body and for soul.

Child, almost baby, though she had been in her mother's life, the prayers she had learnt then came back to her. Her strength rallied; she was able one wonderful day to get to the chapel to make her First Communion.

"Pray for what you want most," Sister Francis had told her "when Our Lord comes into your heart for the first time."

And Bridey prayed not for health, though, like all consumptives, she thought until the end that she was "better." No, her prayer was—"Never let me leave this place until You have a place for me in heaven." The world had not been so kind to Bridey Brady that she clung to life. Her greatest regret was for the cruel lies she had been taught and heel, in her ignorance, repeated.

Then, with the coming of Spring, her newly acquired strength gave way and the end came very quickly. But with the Holy Oils upon her, with the priest's words of forgiveness in her ears, with Our Lord Himself in her heart as food upon her journey, the little rescued Bird's Nestling passed on, unafraid.—*The Cross.*

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THE SIXTEENTH CENTENARY OF NICAEA

 $\{ i \in [t] \}$

After the Jubilee (says the Bombay Exuminer), the most notable thing about this present year, 1925, is the fact that it is the 16th Centenary of the Council of Nicaea, the first (Ecumenical Council of the Catholic Church. In all, twenty Œcumenical Councils have been held, the 20th being the Vatican Council which has not yet been concluded but only suspended; and many had hoped that it would have been possible for the Vatican Council to have resumed its sittings by 1925 in order that the 16th Centenary of the Council of Nicaea might have offered, as it would certainly have done, the spleudid spectacle of the assembled Bishops of the Catholic Church in the 20th century reaffirming in the same words, used in identically the same sense, the profession of faith formulated by their predecessors in the 4th century. Unfortunately this was not to he; perhaps the world is still too unsettled, and in any case a Council at Rome this year would have clashed with the Jubilee. However, as an object lesson in true continuity, the actual centenary, though less spectacular, is none the less striking for those who have eyes to see. Whether assembled at the Vatican or scattered throughout the world, the present successors of the Apostles, the Bishops of the Catholic Church, do constantly in celebrating Mass make public profession of their faith in the words of the Nicaean Creed, the meaning of which has remained absolutely unchanged since it was first uttered by St. Athanasius and the Fathers of Nicaea.

The Edict of Milan.

When the Emperor Constantine proclaimed the Edict of Milan (313), which recognised the liberty of Christian worship, Catholics must have thought that the end of their troubles had come. The persecution was over at last; no one would be banished nor burnt nor thrown to the beasts for the name of Christ any longer. The Church could now settle down in peace, spread ber boundaries on every side and reign united and triumphant till her Lord should return to gather in His elect. Yet never was there a greater mistake. The great heresies were coming as successors to the great persecutions, and the Church was to be more troubled and to suffer greater evils from her own children than she had from the sword of the Roman magistrates. The first great heresy was already brewing while the Catholic Bishops were reading the new Edict and thanking God for having given them Constantine.

In the beginning of the 4th century Bishop Alexander reigned at Alexandria. He, too, no doubt counted on peace for his old age since Diocletian was gone, and he certainly could not have foreseen how great a storm would grow out of the little cloud that rose in his own city. For among his parish priests was one Arius, a Libyan from the South, a tall, thin, ascetic-looking man, well-educated and popular with his parishioners. He was given to explaining the Scriptures, and in this explanation the poison of heresy appeared, for what he taught was Subordinationism.

The Truths Revealed by Christ.

13

As soon as Christians had begun to set in order the truths revealed by Christ, it is not surprising that different conceptions should have been formed of the precise relations between the Persons of the Blessed Trinity. It was especially the relation between God the Father and God the Son which first caused difficulty. Christians declared their belief in one God. But they were everlastingly accused by Jews and Pagans of having at least two. Did they adore the God of Israel? Certainly. Then if Jesus is God as well, there are two Gods, or is He the God of Israel, and if so, who is the Father to whom they pray through Him? A certain Sabellius tried to solve this difficulty by explaining that God the Father and God the Son were merely two names for exactly the same Person. There is only one God. To the Jews He had revealed Himself as the Father, and then He had been pleased to become man and be called the Son and the Word of God. Whenever in the Gospels He seems to distinguish between Himself and the Father, it is only a manner of speaking. Father and Son are only two modes of existence of the same Person. This is the Sabellian heresy. Its opponents rightly insisted on the real difference between God the Father and God the Son. But some of them went too far, maintaining that not only is God the Son really a different Person from the Father, but that He is even less than the Father. They subordinated the Son to the Father. Hence we get Subordinationism, of which Arianism is only an extreme form.

Subordinationism as developed by Arius has been summed up in these six points:— 1. The Son did not exist from eternity. If He is the Son, He must have been born at some moment; so before His birth He did not exist. "There was a time when He was not" was the fovorite Arian formula.

2. He is not begotten of the essence of the Father—God's essence cannot be divided but He was created by the Father out of nothing.

3. He is therefore a creature.

4. He is the first and most exalted creature, through whom God created all the others.

5. He may be called God, but not in the proper sense; the Father made Him a sort of God by His grace.

6. His will is created and fallible. He could commit sin.

Athanasius.

Although reprimanded by his Bishop for this heretical teaching, Arius persisted. So in 321 he was condemned and excommunicated by a synod of the Bishop of the Patriarchate of Alexandria. At the side of the Patriarch Alexander, who presided over this synod, sat a young deacon, his counsellor and secretary, Athanasius.

By this time Arius had a strong party behind him, but his condemnation made it impossible for him to remain in Egypt, so he crossed the sea to Syria and travelled through Asia Minor making converts. In a short time he had even a greater following

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there than in Egypt. A year or two later he came back to Alexandria and defied the Patriarch in his own city. The Emperor Constantine visited Nicomedia, whose Bishop had become an Arian, in 323, and there learnt about this new quarrel among the Christians. He was intensely annoyed, as all he wanted was union and concord. The dogmatic points at issue did not interest him. But he had just succeeded in joining the whole empire together under himself and he wanted no more disturbance. So he wrote both to Alexander and to Arius telling them that they must be quiet and could say whatever they liked, only not annoy each other. Constantine, it need hardly be said, was not himself a Christian at this time. His letters of course did no good, so he then proposed a second plan: let all the Bishops come todiscuss the matter at Nicaea in Bithynia. He provided carriages and horses, and offered them hospitality while the Council lasted.

Fathers of the Church.

From every part of the Levant the Bishops came, venerable fathers who had seen the days of persecution, many of them still bearing the marks of torture suffered for Christ, some famous as workers of miracles, others renowned for their learning. The aged Patriarch of Alexandria was there, again accompanied by his young secretary. Athanasius, who five months after the close of the Council was to succeed him as Patriarch and whose episcopate was to be one long struggle with the Arians. Three-hundred and eighteen Bishops met at the city to whose name they were to give undying honour, so that even now the Christian traveller in Asia Minor braves the difficult journey to an unsavory village, known as Isnik, in order that he may stand by the shattered palace wall and dream of the meeting of the Fathers at the first and most famous of all Œcumenical synods.

Arius duly appeared, was heard, and condemned. Ho and his followers were soleanly excommunicated; and the Emperor added a sentence of bauishment. The Council sat through the summer of 325, and when all was finished, Constantine entertained the Bishops at a great banquet, and sent them home again. He had sat in the place of honor and had opened the proceedings with a speech. But the Bishop of Cordova signed the Acts of the Council first, "in the name of the Church of Rome, the churches of Italy, Spain, and all the West," and with him signed two Roman priests, Vitus and Vincent, who represented the Pope.

The Creed.

"We believe," declared the Fathers, "in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten of the Father, that is, of the substance of the Father, God of God, light of light, true God of true God, begotten not made, of the same substance with the Father, through whom all things were made both in heaven and on earth; who for us men and for our salvation descended, was incarnate, and was made man, suffered and rose again the third day, as-

NEW ZEALAND TABLET

cended into heaven and cometh to judge living and dead. And in the Holy Ghost. Those who say: There was a time when He was not, and He was not before He was begotten; and that He was made out of nothing; or who maintain that He is of another hypostasis or another substance (than the Father), or that the Son of God is created.

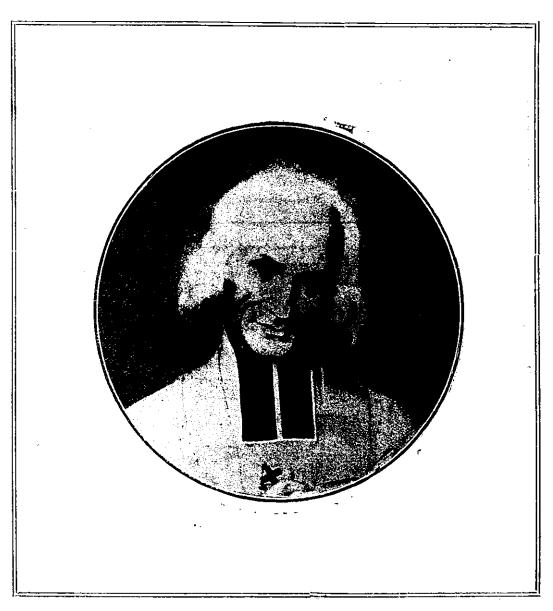
or mutable, or subject to change, (them) the Catholic Church anathematizes."

All the Bishops save two declared that such was the ancient faith of the Apostolic Church, and for sixteen centuries no Catholic has questioned their decision or failed to subscribe, understanding it in the same sense, to the Creed they formulated.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST VIANNEY (CURE D'ARS)

CELEBRATIONS IN HONOR OF HIS CANONISATION AT THE HOME OF COM-COMPASSION, ISLAND BAY.

(From our Wellington correspondent.



Sunday afternoon fell cold and wet, a cold dampness that sank into the bones, but the bleakness of the day did not affect the streams of people who, having learned that the Sisters of the Order of Compassion were to hold a service celebrating the canonisation of Blessed John Baptist Vianney, came flocking to the great stone building on the hill. No greater proof of the power of faith, such as John Baptist Vianney's can be found than this same building of grey stone, on the low ridge of the seaward bills of a country that he saw only by the eye of faith when he foretold such an undertaking to its foundress. The building is here in truth. Its walls came from our land, but its corner-stone was laid in France.

Many who climbed the hill in the cold rain tried to visualise that scene that links the name of John Baptist Vianney forever with this country. Mother Aubert, young then, was among the pilgrims who sought the counsel of the lowly and sainted Curé D'Ars. Her own people hoped certain things of her, but he foretold, clearly and simply, the work that was destined for her hand. He foretold it all. It is hard for a New Zealander of to-day to realise the conditions in those days. There is recorded in our annals the fact that in those early days of colonisation a relief fund was opened in Paris to assist emigrants to return from this wild land where life was less uncertain than death. If the peril was overestimated it was none the less believed

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in afar, and it is to the everlasting honor of France that the prophet and the subject of his prophecy alike calmly ignored the plangers of the enterprise. France cannot fail because she has the faith that scorns seas and mountains.

At the Home itself it had been hoped that the sun would shine and that Benediction might be sung in the open air. The rain drove the crowd indoors, but that was expected too, and the stone of the corridors was hidden that day by trails of soft fern, the emblem of Maoriland.

Benediction followed in the chapel, Rev. Father Heffernan, S.M., being celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kennedy and Mc-Hardy, of St. Patrick's College. Then came the procession. Past the reverent crowd, through the long corridors with their drapings of gold and white, went the Host, borne aloft, the Host, that had known the longvigils of the humble, suffering little parish priest, John Baptist Vianney, now acclaimed by men as a saint in glory. In life, it is true, men said, "This man is a Saint of God," and had his heart been shallow it might have welcomed their praises and their pilgrimages to his bare dwelling at Ars, but Mother Aubert tells us that he rebuked sternly, almost fiercely, the idle curiosity and wearisome importunity of those who came merely to stare at a new wonder in a jaded world.

It was an afternoon to be remembered, and the laity are grateful for the privilege of permission to share in the celebrations. Numbers of clergy were also present.

On Monday morning the official celebrations took place. These were private. The chapel was exquisitely decorated, a large portrait of the Saint occupying a place of honor. This portrait, a gift to the Reverend Foundress by an anonymous donor, was decked with filmy fern and rich autumn flowers.

Mother Aubert, herself, occupied a position near the chapel door.

Solemn High Mass was sung, Monsignor McKenna (Masterton) being celebrant, Rev. Father Campbell, C.SS.R., deacon; Rev. Father Joyce, S.M., subdeacon; and Rev. Father M. Devoy, master of ceremonies. A most eloquent and moving sermon was preached by Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., M.A., of St. Patrick's College. Father Ryan, in simple, beautiful words reviewed the life of St. John Baptist Vianney, the simplicity, the homeliness, the sanctity of it. Of special interest to the Sisters themselves was his account of his prophecies concerning their Order. He repeated some of these in the native tongue of the Curé, as he had heard them from the lips of that aged, but indomitable witness, Mother Aubert.

The Marist Brothers' Boys' Choir, under Brother Gerald, sang sweetly the Mass music.

Those present included his Grace Archbishop Redwood, Dean Regnault, S.M., Rev. Fathers Collins, C.SS.R., McDonnell, S.M. (St. Patrick's College), Lenihan, Connolly, Quealy, Kane, S.M., Spillane, S.M., and the Venerable Archdeacon Devoy, S.M.

After the Mass the visitors were entertained at breakfast by the Sisters and so the celebrations ended.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE MARTYRS

(By VERY REV. J. P. CONRY, Canon of St. Mark's, Rome, Italy.)

Probably there is nothing more inspiring for us in this century of religious indifference in not a small part of the world as the example of the martyrs. Their spirited stand for the Cross, their undaunted attitude when surrounded by their pagan oppressors, the cool manner in which they chose to die deaths of terrible tortures rather than burn one grain of incense to the idol, preach to, us sermons far and away more eloquent and moving than all the oratorical feats of a Bossuet, a Feuelon, a Father Tom Burke.

When one sits down to choose from the Roman martyrs a subject to write upon, he feels he cannot see the wood for the trees. Does he go out the Appian Way, he meets young St. Tarcisius, the boy-martyr of the Blessed Sacrament, bearing in his breast folded up in a napkin the sacred Hosts entrusted to him by the priests in the Catacombs for consumption by Christians awaiting death in the prisons of the city. Does he go outside the *Porta Aurelia*, he comes upon the Catacomb of St. Calepodius, in which little St. Paneratius was laid after suffering death for the faith at the age of twelve years.

Let him step off the busy streets near the Church of St. Cecilia or the Church of St. Agnes or the Church of St. Sussana, which belongs to the Paulist Fathers for the past four years, and under each of the high altars he will find enshrined the ashes of three maidens who calmly left wealth, friends, and a glowing future to die rather than sully in the least their vows of chastity. Or let him take the case of the soldiers, brawny and brave, St. Sebastiano, captain who died under Emperor Diocletian, by being beaten to death by clubs on the Palatine Hill, or of the brothers, St. John and St. Paul, officers in the service of Constantine, whom Julian the Apostate had beheaded quietly in their own house on the Coelian Hill, because they refused to give up the faith which his emperor had thrown away; or of St. Amantius and his brother St. Getulius, both tribunes or colonels in the army of Emperor Hadrian, who died for the faith under this despot and now lie enshrined down by the Tiber in the Church of St. Angelo in Pesceria on the borders of the Roman fish market.

On every side you meet with footsteps of the martyrs, old, young, rich, poor, aristocratic, plebeian, free and in slavery. Every class is represented in this grand galaxy of heroes.

Near the Falls at Tivoli.

Because St. Symphorosa resembles so much the attitude of the mother of the Maccabees the Catholic visitor to the Eternal City takes a special interest in the martyrdom of this brave woman and her seven boys. But long before her own hour came or that of hor sons, this heroine had tasted a tyrant's power.

On his conversion to the faith of his Christ, Getulius, husband of St. Symphorosa, resigned his post of colonel in Emperor Hadrian's army and retired from Rome to live at Tivoli. This is the famous little hill-town lying twenty miles from Rome among the Sahine Hills, chiefly noted because of its wonderful water falls, at the foot of which is situated the Grotto of the Sirens and the Grotto of Neptune.

About the same time his brother Amantius, also a colonel in Hadrian's service, became a Christian, Getulius resigned his post and followed his brother to Tivoli. This was about the year 137 A.D. Both hoped to be able to live in peace and follow the dictates of their conscience, but such was not to the mind of the Imperial tyrant. Denounced by an enemy for having forsaken the worship of the gods of Rome, the brothers were arrested, put to the torture, and beheaded at Tivoli. How manfully death was confronted by them may be gathered from the fact that Cerealis, the officer sent by Hadrian to arrest Amantius and Getulius, was so struck by their constancy that he also became a Christian and accordingly suffered martyrdom. En passant, I may add that the body of St. Getulius, martyr, husband of St. Symphorosa, lies enshrined under the high altar of the Church of St. Pietro in Tivoli.

As scon as her husband and her brotherin-law were dead Symphorosa rescued their bodies and buried them on her own land outside Tivoli, and there she and her seven some went often to pray.

Hadrian's Villa.

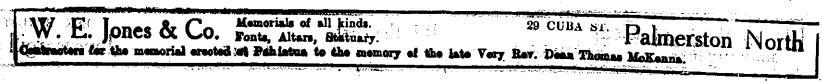
About this time Emperor Hadrian finished his tour of the Roman Empire, and now he commenced to reproduce on the plain under the hill on which Tivoli is built a facsimile in miniature of the most striking things he had seen. Labor was cheap—had he not tens of thousands of slaves at his beck?

On what a gigantic scale those Romans did things! Even now after some 1700 years have rolled by since Hadrian's villa looked its best, how stupendous are its ruins? As a recent writer says of the ruins in this the twentieth century:--

"The mass of ruins resembles rather the remains of a town than of a palace, even though that of an Emperor, including as it does a Greek theatre, a racecourse, hot baths (Thermae), a swimming bath, a large library, an immense painted porch academy in imitation of that of Athens, a golden palace, an academy, a crypto-porticus, a basilica, a court with a colonnade of 68 columns, barracks for the imperial guard, luxuriant gardens, a temple and Vale of Canopus, flowing streams led in marble canals on which boats floated, etc. The whole is described by Hadrian's biographer, Spartian, as a marvel of architecture and landscape-gardening."

The ruius and gardens have, it is stated, a circumference of seven miles. But not until we hear how it was utilised as a quarry by future generations do we come to realise the magnitude of Hadrian's villa.

"The villa," continues the same writer, "is said to have been despoiled of its principal masterpieces by the Emperor Caracalla (known in history as 'Matl Caracalla'), who







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took them to embellish his *Thermae* at Rome. In 554 it was used by Totila as a fortress and suffered great injury. During the following centuries the ruins afforded valuable inaterial for the palaces of Tivoli, and in the sixteenth century they yielded an inexhaustible supply of works of art, which have gone to enrich the museums of Rome and other capitals. The mosaic pavoments still preserved show how artistic and luxuriousthe apartments were."

The building of this villa is intimately connected with the death of the Christian matron Symphorosa and her seven sons.

The Demon's Response.

His villa quite finished, Emperor Hadrian proceeded to dedicate it by heathen rites and then to elicit from the idols an oracle as to the future of the villa. But the demon was unable to give him a favorable answer.

"The widow Symphorosa and her seven sons torment us by their prayers to their God," replied the demons. "If they offer sacrifice, we promise to be favorable to your wishes."

This was enough for the master of the world. Sacrifice to the gods of Rome should be offered by Symphorosa and her sons at once. What good was the dignity of the Roman purple if all did not offer blind obedience to the Emperor? Forthwith Hadrian bad mother and sons arrested.

The history of the martyrdom that swiftly followed is graphically told by Alban Butler, Lives of the Saints (July 18). Like the mother of the Maccabees of old, Symphorosa firmly refused to obey the behests of the tyrant and exhorted her sons to be steadfast in doing likewise. Neither threats or cajolery could shake their resolution to remain faithful to Christ and to spurn all the promises of liberty, riches, positions and honors which Emperor Hadrian held out as a bait for apostasy. Not even the lord of the then known world had anything in his gift able to tempt the widow of St. Getulius, late colonel in the imperial army, to give up her faith or allow any of her sons to yield in one iota. Yes, they would all die together for the faith of Christ.

Hadrian had them dragged to the Temple of Hercules to sacrifice.

In the Temple of Hercules,

Her disdain of the idol brought upon her the fury of the Emperor. In front of the temple Symphorosa suffered part of her martyrdom with her sons, namely, Cresceas, Julian, Nemesius, Primitivus, Justin, Stacteus, and Eugenius.

The mother was hung up by the hair of the head and, after being scourged, was thrown into the river Anio with a stone

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tied around her necks. One by one her sons died, each one by a different kind of death to that of the other, for the Roman executioners could be fiendishly clever in their methods of meting out death to those who disobeyed the gods of Rome.

Soon after the brave woman's death her brother-Eugenius, one of the chief Councillors of Tibur, rescued his sister's body and had it honorably interred on his farm outside the town. And the Christians of the place took the mangled remains of the boys from the pit into which Hadrian had had them thrown and buried them on the Tiburtine Road in the cemetery known as AdSeptem Fratres—The Seven Brothers, so called after these martyrs.

How green does the memory of martyrs, the heroes of God, remain. As late as the year 1906 a church was crected at the sulphur baths a few miles from Tivoli in honor of the mother and her seven sons.

All Sleep Together.

Down by the Tiber, on the border of the Ghetto, in the ancient Church of St. Angelo in Pescaria, the ashes of Symphorosa and her sons are enshrined to-day, for Pope St. Stephen had them laid there ages ago. "The Church," says Father Chandlery, "contains the shrines of St. Symphorosa and her seven children, SS. Crescens, Julian, Nemesius, Primitivus, Justin, Stacteus, and Eugenius, who suffered a cruel martyrdom at Tivoli in the persecution of Hadrian, about A.D. 130. Her husband, St. Getulius (also called Zoticus) and his brother St. Amantius, both tribunes of the army, had already won the crown of martyrdom some time previously.

The bodies of St. Symphorosa and her seven children were taken by the Christians along the Via Tiburtina (i.e., the road to Tivoli), and buried close to the ninth milestone in the cemetery of St. Zoticus, afterwards known as Ad Septem Fratres. Here a basilica was erected, the remains of which were discovered and identified by De Rossi in 1876.

In the year 752 the bodies of the saints were translated by Pope Stephen II to this Church of St. Angelo, as it was rumored that the Lombards under King Astufulus (by whom Rome was besieged and its catacombs plundered) meant to seize and earry them off. In the course of some alterations in the sanctuary in the seventeenth century, a sarcophagus was found, and inside it the relics of the martyrs with the following inscription on a leaden plate copied by Cardinal Baronius:

Hic requiescunt corpora SS. Martyrum Simforosae, viri sui Zotici (Getulii), et

Filiarum ejus a Stephano Papa translata."

And so the ashes of husband, wife, and their seven sons are enshrined together in == Rome to-day.

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MRS: CATHERINE MCMAHON, WELLINGTON.

With very sincere regret, the death is announced of Mrs. Catherine McMahon, wife of Mr. William MoMahon, who passed away at her residence. Seatonn Wallington on residence, Seatoun, Wellington, on June 1, after several months' illness, at the early age of 28 years. The deceased, who was a native of Ireland, was married to Mr. MaMshon during the closing years of the war (she then residing with her parents at Ilford, London) and, with her husband came to his homeland (New Zealand). The lats Mrs. McMahon was attended during her illness by Rev. Father Connolly, of Kilbirnie, and died fortified by all the sacred rites for Holy Church. Her husband and one little daughter are left to mourn their loss. Requirem Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Kilbirnie, by her brotherin-law, Rev. Father McMahon (St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin), who also, assisted by Rev. Eather Linehan, officiated at the interment in Karori Cemetery; three brothers of the bereaved husband being among the pall-bearers -R.I.P.

MR. CHARLES DROMGOOL, TUAKAU. One of the oldest Catnolic pioneers of the Tuakau parish, Mr. Charles Dromgool, passed away at Tuakau on Wednesday, 27th ult. Mr. Dromgool, who was in his 81st year, was born at Dundalk, Co. Louth, Ireland, in 1845, and arrived in New Zealand with his parents in the ship Shalimar in 1589. Land was taken up at Waiuku, but at the outbreak of the Maori War his family had to retire to Onchunga. Mr. Dromgool and his elder brother joined the Mauku Riffe Volunteers and remained to defend their home-the latter with his life. In 1870 Mr. Dromgool sequired land in Tuakau and immediately ongaged in flaxmilling; converting an old Maori flourmill for the purpose. He later added three other mills and large flax areas in his possessions. Meanwhile he felled and cleared two farms, and in recent years retired from flaxmilling in favor of farming. He was one of the greatest benefactors of the Church, and the presbytery and now church stand on a site which he donated. During his last illness Rev. Father Murphy was most attentive to the deceased's spiritual needs, and he passed peacefully away fortified by the last sacraments and surrounded by his relatives and friends. The late Mr. Dromgool gave one daughter to religion (Mother M. St. Ligouri, of the Sisters of the Missions, Hamilton) who, with Mrs. -P. Lockery (Tuakau), Mrs. N. McEvoy (Otahubu), six sons and thirty-one grandchildren mourn their loss. Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of deceased was celebrated by Father Murphy; the boys' choir from the Marist Brothers' Juniorate rendering appropriate music. Father Murpay made feeling reference to the manly and loving qualities of deceased; his lively Irish faith and generous Catholic spirit, and paid a tribute to the fidelity of his children who, without exception, are exemplary Catholics. His last gift to the Church was a bequest of an area of land, adjoining the present church property, as a convent site.

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R.I.P.

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The Church in New Zealard

First New Zealand Land Deed

We extract the following from *Te Manukura* (The Maori People's Newspaper), printed in Auckland:—

This deed is in the Missionary Register of the year 1816, pages 327-8, concerning a land grant of 200 acres for twelve axes to Chief Ahoodee O Gunna, for land called Hoshee, at Rangihoua.

The following is an exact copy of the agreement: ---

Know all men to whom these presents shall come, that I, Ahoodee O Gunna, King of Rangee Hoo, in the Island of New Zealand, have, in consideration of twelve axes to me in hand now paid and delivered by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, of Parramatta, in the territory of New South Wales, given, granted, and bargained, and sold, and by this present instrument do give, grant, bargain, and sell unto the committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, instituted by London, in the Kingdom of Great Britain, and to their heirs and successors, all that piece and parcel of land situated in the district of Hoshee, in the Islands of New Zealand, bounded on the south side by the Bay of Tippoona and the town of Rangee Hoo, on the north side by a creek of fresh water, and on the west by a public road into the interior, together with all the rights, members, privileges, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to have and to hold to the aforesaid Committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, instituted in London, in the Kingdom of Great Britain, their successors and assigns for ever, clear and freed from all taxes, charges, impositions, and contributions whatsoever, as and for their own absolute and proper estate for ever.

In testimony whereof I have to these presents, thus done and given, set my hand at Hoshee, in the Island of New Zealand, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of Christ one thousand eight hundred and fifteen.

Signatures to the grant,

Thos. Kendall. J. L. Nicholas.

Note.—This first land grant was drawn up by the Rev. Samuel Marsden on February 24, 1815, written on parchment in the proper technical form of legal instruments. The signature of the grant is curious and original, the Maori displaying the ingenuity which was characteristic of the Maoris, the tattooed lines upon his face being placed as his signature.

The second land purchase was in the year 1915, on October 24, at Te Puna, near Waitangi.

Mr. Hall remarks that he and Mr. Kendall agreed to purchase a settlement at Waitangi about five or six miles from Te Puña. Here they purchased another 50 acres of land on the Missionary Society's account in consideration of which was given five axes. It was in the year 1814 that the Rev. Samuel Marsden arrived in New Zealand,

C. Rodgers

and for about 11 years, he and the Missionaries labored to convert the Maoris. In the year 1822 the Rev. Henry Williams, the first ordained Missionary, was sent out to New Zealand by the Church Missionary Society, and arrived at the Bay of Islands. He was followed by his brother, William, in the year 1835.

It was in the year 1825 that the first conversion and baptism of a Maori named Rangi, to whom the baptismal name of Christian (Karaitiana) was given. No more conversions took place until the year 1830, when Rawiri Taiwhanga was baptised, five years later.



REV. FATHER FOX, O.S.B., Pastor of Hamilton (Waikato) in the Early 'Eighties.

Protestant Missionaries and Maori Lands

A correspondent writing some years ago to a Sydney contemporary, says :---

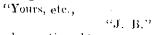
"Sir,—In the Daily Telegraph of May 26, are pictured the 'wedding dress and bridal veil, worn by Mrs. Elizabeth Marsden (wife of Rev. Samuel Marsden), on April 21, 1793. The Rev. Samuel Marsden must have made his mark in Australian history, seeing that his wife's dress is treasured as a national relie. He did make his mark by founding "the Protestant Mission" of New Zealand in 1814, and he made there an increase to his fortune by obtaining land from the confiding aboriginals. In his Christian Missions, Marshall writes : "Mr. Marsden inaugurated the nascent mission by purchasing 200 acres of land chosen by himself, for twelve axes. The transaction was not honest, for the poor savages, as they afterwards complained, did not know the value of their land. Mr. Marsden's contract suggests to others a spirit of eager commercial enterprise which soon led to very notable results. The Episcopalian and Wesleyan clergy, who now congregated with startling promptitude in this land of

NEWSAGENT, TOBACCONIST, and HAIRDRESSING

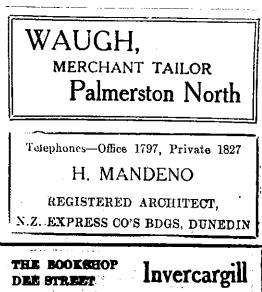
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promise, rivalled each other in 'purchases,' the fame of which traversed half the globe. It pentrated even the courts of law, and found an echo within the walls of Parliament. This was the term of its progress; for then arose such an outery of many voices, such a chorus of mingled laughter and indignation, that the Government had no alternative but to adopt instant measures to thwart the exorbitant cupidity of the missionary societies and their agents." "A little later, and a large portion of the soil of New Zealand would have passed into the hands of the Church of England and Wesleyan missionaries. Mr. Marsden was originally, we are told, brought up as a blacksmith, but became ultimately an Episcopalian minister in New South Wales, where for many years he combined the two functions of preacher and agriculturist. Having amassed a considerable fortune as a sheep farmer, without prejudice to his spiritual character, and having acquired a very accurate knowledge of the value of land, of cattle, of crops, and of a good many other things, he seems to have paid a visit to New Zealand on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. The Royal Australian Historical Society treasures the memory of his wife, Mrs. Marsden, who did nothing that we know of to merit public recognition, whilst at the same time it has no memento of Mrs. Chisholm, a Catholic lady, who deserved so well of Australia. Michelet calls Mrs. Chisholm 'The Saint of Australia.' Judge Therry writes of her: "Caroline Chisholm was the only practical reformer and worker in the colonisation of the age, who will be remembered and blessed by thousands following their flocks and cultivating their farms in Australia when the names of the land jobbers and charlatans of the 'sufficient price school,' the false protectionists of colonial capital, are forgotten." As to her work, Mr. W. E. Abbott, of Wingen, writes: "If Mrs. Chisholm's work in bringing out and providing for the right sort of immigrants when they arrived had been continued until to-day the present population of the Commonwealth would have been over 30,000,000, and all our problems in reference to Asiatic invasion and the control of the Pacific would have settled themselves." Mrs. Chisholm deserves well of Aus-tralia. Is Australia, is New South Wales honoring her memory by picture, or by statue, or by any of the Royal Australian Historical Society's good offices?

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(To be continued.)



Current Topics

Godfrey Isaacs and Cecil Chesterton

America remarks that the burial at London, with Catholic rites and from a Catholic church, of Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, brother of the Earl of Reading, and until recently director of Marconi's, gave rise to a very general surprise since he was thought to be of the Jewish faith. The English Catholic News Service recalls the fact that at 'the time of the Marconi shares scandal one of Mr. Isaacs' greatest critics was the late Cecil Chesterton. For his article in the New Witness Cecil was tried for libel and centenced to a fine of a hundred pounds. At that period neither of these two men was as yet a Catholic. In death they are united and laid to rest with the blessings of the same Mether Church.

Growth of Divorce

22

Catholic writers frequently emphasise the fact that it is impossible to limit divorce. Once we admit the principle that marriages may be annulled by legislators for certain reasons, we really the principle that they admit may be annulled for any cause; for if men are given the power to grant divorce, and then to decide upon what grounds divorces ought to be granted, it follows that the legal reasons for divorce will become more and more numerous, until at length marriage itself will degenerate into an empty ceremony without any binding force upon either of the contracting parties. The whims of fickle and fuddled legislators are but a poor foundation upon which to build stable homes. Figures supplied by the American Federal Census Bureau show a steady growth of divorce in the United States since 1870. It appears that in 1870 the ratio of divorces per 100,000 of population was 28. Ten years later it was 39. By 1890, it had increased to 53; by 1906, to 84; by 1916, to 112; and by 1922, to 136, or almost five times what it was in 1870. Other statistics show that while in 1916 there was one divorce to every 9.3 marriages, in 1923 the proportion was one in every 7.5 marriages. Thus, the tendency is towards polygamy. Soon we shall have returned to the customs of the ancient pagans. Historians tell us that just before Christianity came to save the world from the consequences of its own relly, divorce by mutual consent was a simple affair, with which the law did not interfere; and some of the ancient writers have left behind some curious statistics which show the lengths to which degraded man will go when he sets his feet upon the downward path. Cicero's daughter, Tullia, who died at the age of 33, had married three times and divorced twice. Her own father divorced his wife at the age of 63, married, and divorced again. Julius Caesar divorced his wife on a mere suspicion. giving no other reason than that "Caesar's wife must be above suspicion." Seneca wrote that "Roman matrons no more numbered the years by the consulates but by their marriages." Juvenal criticises a lady for having had eight husbands in five years. An inscription in Pompeii records of a lady who was buried by her eleventh husband, and St. Jerome mentions the case of a woman

Thomas Munro

who was the twenty-first wife of her twentythird and last husband. Wives, according to Juvenal, were no more than their husbands' neighbors.

A Lying Circular

A type-written circular, dated May 12, 1925, lies before us. It is headed "Protestant Political Association," and bears at its foot the legend, "A. M. Kinmont, Organiser," also type-written. The two opening paragraphs run as follows:—

Dear Friend,—This year is promising to prove one of the most important in cur history on account of the present uncertain state of the political world and we have in front of us the hardest fight the **P**,**P**.**A**. has yet had to face.

It is certain that a policy is being developed between the combined forces of "Rome" and the "Red Feds" to attempt to disrupt the Empire which demands the opposition of organised loyalists, and as you have shown in the past by your membership that you have at heart the interests of Protestantism and the Empire as a whole, we appeal to you to renew your membership. It is the very least that can be dono to help and you will readily realise that we require this year both members and money.

We believe in calling things by their proper names, and so we say that the person who composed that circular is a vicious liar, trying once again to stir up sectarian hatred amongst people who have no cause to quarrel with one another. The circular indicates that the forthcoming General Election is to be made the occasion of a campaign of slander against the Catholic Church and the New Zealand Labor Party. We hold no brief for the Labor Party, and we defy anyone to produce an atom of evidence to prove that there is or ever has been an understanding of any kind between the Catholic Church and the Labor Party in New Zealand or anywhere else; but we do say that if there is a political party in New Zealand or elsewhere that must be bolstered up by calumny and sectarian strife, then the sooner it is kicked out of existence the better. Also we say, that if Protestantism needs the support of malignant falsehood to enable it to hold its ground, this country would be well rid of it : and if the people of New Zealand are foolish enough to swallow the contemptible fabrications of those who propagate hatred in the name of religion and patriotism, they well deserve the stomach-ache that is bound to follow. However, we have sufficient confidence in their good sense and decency to believe that they will not allow themselves to he made the victims of the low tactics referred to above. These enemies of public welfare have been trying for years to stir up had feeling against the Catholic population of this country, and it is a matter for congratulation all round that they have failed signally in the attempt. And we predict failure for this their latest effort. It is a healthy sign that they are short of money anyway.

Science and the Creator Matter and Motion are the objects of scien-

tific research, so that only the folly of absolute scepticism can conceive the non-existence of the one and the other. The vexed probylem to which so many contradictory solutions have been offered is how to explain the existence of Matter and Motion. There are some scientists who say frankly "We do not know." From a strictly scientific point of view their attitude is reasonable. Du Bois Raymond haid down that there are seven enigmas confronting the scientific enquirer:

(1) The nature of Matter and Force.

(2) The origin of Motion.

(3) The origin of Life.

(4) The order of Nature.

(5) The origin of sensation and consciousness.

(6) The origin of rational thought and speech.

(7) Free-will.

Scientific Agnosticism is reasonable because science cannot offer any satisfactory solution for the great fundamental enigmas. Science can, however, supply facts which may afford the philosopher sufficient premises for an explanation of the problems. A man of science is justified by being agnostic within the limits of his own province; where he is not justified is when he wanders beyond it and manufactures unscientific theories designed rather to attack Christianity than to explain difficulties. Apart from Agnosticism, there are two possible explanations of the origin of Matter and Motion. Either Matter was created or else it is self-existing. Further, self-existing Matter must be alive. Here we have the explanation of the Bible on the one hand, and that of Pantheists and Bergsonians on the other. Science finds absolutely no reasons to support the view that Matter is eternal and alive. Eminent scientists who honestly seek for light are driven to the conclusion thus expressed by Professors Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait: "We maintain that what we are driven to is not an under-life resident in the atom, but rather to adopt the words of a recent writer, a D^{thine} over-life in which we live and move and have our being." To the question: Is Matter eternal or is it created? these two ensurent men of science answer frankly that it cannot be eternal and alive. They do not hesitate to proclaim their faith in a Creator of the Universe. Even more eminent than they was Lord Kelvin, who affirmed in an address to the students of University College, London, in 1903, that Science positively points to creative power: "I cannot admit that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies creative power. Science positively affirms creative power which she compels us to accept as an article of helief." So that notwithstanding the scoffing of sciolists like MacCabe and the cheap writers of the cheap R.P.A. prints, the highest authorities tell us that Science supports the Catholic who believes in God, the Creator of all things, visible and invisible." In the be ginning God created Heaven and the earth.' The catechism teaches us that, and the greatest brains that have explored the secrets of Nature tell us that the Catechism is right and that the rationalists and materialists are wrong. The verdict of Science, therefore,

Gisborne

BAKER and PASTRYCOOK. A Trial Solicited. Telephone 52. WHONEBDAX? JUNE 17, 1925

upholds the decree of the Vatican Council which teaches us that reason can prove the existence of a God. Modern enquirers throw their weight in the scale with Aristotle who long ago by the light of reason deduced the existence of a First Cause who must be One, Inimaterial, Eternal, Infinite, and All-powerful. Here again we have an illustration of Lord Bacon's saying that a little knowledge leads men away from God but a great deal brings them to Him again.

Protestant Missionaries and Hard Work

Protestant missionaries are not very fond of hard work; at least that is the only opinion one may form from the report of the Commission on Unoccupied Fields, which was delivered during the first week in April to the Congress on Christian Work in South America. The Congress was held in Montevideo, and much satisfaction was expressed at the wonderful progress Evangelical Protestautism was alleged to have made in the work of converting South America to Christianity. The number of churches, Sunday schools, and pastors were detailed with much gusto, but what was really a damning admission was disposed of in an apologetic whisper. It showed that the Protestant missionaries, while pretending to evangelise South America, were really confining their operations to a proselytising campaign in the chief centres along the coast. The interior of the country they have left severely alone. This is what they call the "unoccupied field," an area of approximately six million square miles, admitted to be "almost the shape of South America." "Part of the reason" they have left this vast area untouched is on account of "the primitive state of much of this country, including dense forests, vast agricultural lands, upon which there is comparatively seant population, and the fact that it is largely a tropical country." Which means in plain terms that they are evaugelis-South America in much the same fashion that Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole-that is, they are not evangelising it at all. They penetrate into the wilds of Montovideo and other large towns on the coast line, toil painfully over long streets in electric trolleys or automobiles, stand at street corners and harangue the barbarians on "Romish superstition." Which, when done, they betake themselves to their boarding houses, and swelled out with triumph and weak tea, write to their friends offering up thanks that their labors in the Lord's Vineyard have been so blessed. That is not the way the Catholic missionaries went to work, as Alexander von Humboldt testifies in his Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent. The great naturalist, as far back as the year 1800, found them at the very source of the Rio Negro, in the heart of the Continent. He found them in the densest wilderness, far in advance of Government officials and traders, and he is reminded of what a North American Indian told representatives of the American Fur Company when they bragged of having penetrated so far. With a touch of sarcasm they were informed that the Black Robes had been there long before them. Humboldt is eloquent in his tribute to the heroism of the Catholic missionaries with whom he came in contact. He says that these men first established civilisation in South America, and he declared further that

FOR UP-TO-DATE

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Lofts

"it is possible to overcome all the difficulties of a long journey overland, on a stretch of eight thousand miles; from the coast of Califormia to Valdiva at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, if one enjoys the protection of the American clergy." . The man who wrote that was born and raised a Protestant, and he came from Europe at a time when Rationalism had increased the dislike for the Church and monks. In the face of what history records concerning the achievements of the Catholic missionaries, it is an admission of abject failure for the Protestant Churches to say, in these days of quick transit, that they cannot venture into primitive or tropical regions. If they possessed the true spirit of Christ they would not fear the wilds or the burning sun.

The Return of Lord Balfour

Home papers to hand tell of the great ovation accorded to Lord Balfour by ardent Zionists on his return from Palestine. He told the gathering that all would be well in the Holy Land were it not for the agitators who are bent on stirring up strife. It was the same Balfour who said, away back in the 'eighties, that there was then no genuine Irish discontent, but that Ireland's troubles were due solely to wicked agitators. The Irish Weekly remarks that by this time the whole world has realised that "agitators" and agitations were the consequences, not the cause, of Irish conditions. However, the noble Earl's visit to Palestine is not regarded as seriously in other quarters as in official London. Thus the Catholic Herald of India on the nobleman's mission : — "Earl Balfour, inaugurating a Jewish University in Jerusalem, and saying that Hebrew was a great language but that he was sorry he did not know a word of it, and that the ceremony marked a great epoch in Jewish history and a great milestone in the future career of Judaism, then dilating on Jewish intellectual achievements and their share in the progress of knowledge and civilisation, finally expressing the belief that the Hebrew difficulty could be overcome, is about the most ludicrous incident of modern history. Even the Arabs, who closed their shops in hartalic dismay, must have laughed behind their shop screens. The humor of the situation did not arise from the fact that Earl Balfour, not being a Jew, talked like a Jew, but that not being an Empire, he talked like an Empire. The whole sham of modern Governments affecting not to have any religion was shown up in this nuaffected scene where a statesman impersonates an Empire and praises the beauties of a language he does not understand, boosts up a religion he does not believe in, wishes well to a civilisation he would rather see at the bottom of an Arabian desert, pays tribntes to Jewish theories which he has refuted in his own books, and pronounces blessings upon Jewish ventures which he would probably d--- in the closeted presence of his wife. Such is the modern conception of Government. It believes in everything to please all, it believes in nothing to please anybody in particular, it believes in something to please anybody who is financially worth it ; and all these various attitudes must he expressed by people who believe exactly the reverse. Medieval Governments, in Europe were run by Christians for Christians, and everybody understood them when

BOOT IMPORTERS.

they talked, and they said what they meant; modern Governments are run by (the) people for (the) people, and they cannot find a single man who can reasonably talk like (the) people, as that abstract does not exist."

Poison Gas

What a scream of horror belched from the throats of our war lords when it became known that Germany was using poison gas in the Great War! This was the one thing wanting to convince the patrioteers that the Germans were not human beings at all. The newspapers exhausted the dictionaries in obtaining a supply of sufficiently strong adjectives to describe the new frightfulness in adequate terms; and the gouty old gentlemen, whose chief sorrow was that they were not young enough to do more than make huge profits out of the necessities of the people, were shocked, horrified, staggered at the latest outrage perpetrated upon civilisation by hellish fiends masquerading in the skins of men. But all that is forgotten now, and the use of poisonous and asphyxiating gas clouds is now recognised as one of the normal methods of modern war. The Catholic Times says that what was once described as "the poison gas atrocity" is now known as "chemical warfare." All the great Powers and some of the smaller ones, include in their military organisation a department for "chemical warfare research." This includes the devising of poisonous and stifling gas mixtures, and the methods of using them, the designing and testing of gas masks. When a satisfactory mask has been found a new gas mixture that will penetrate it is produced, and then a new kind of gas mask must be looked for. It is an interminable business, and an official answer given by the British War Office reveals to everybody what was long known to experts -namely, the fact that it is necessarily associated with much suffering for wretched animals of various kinds, on which the gases are tested. According to this official statement, last year the number of victims thus sacrificed to chemical warfare research at the British research station was 1001. Of these 337 were killed by gas, the rest were destroyed after the experiments. A quarter of the number were rats, which, once capfured, would have been killed off in some other way, and perhaps suffer more. But amongst the remainder were rabbits, cats, and goats. It was explained that the object of the investigations and experiments was to find means of protecting our own men from gas attacks in a future war. It was all purely a defensive business. This is very like more camouflage, for from the day when it was declared that Allied troops could not meet gas attacks unless they were given the means of replying in kind to the enemy, defence against gas includes the use of gas. The whole thing is horrible, and all the more horrible because in future wars, unless the civilised world repudiates and bans the whole thing, it will be used inevitably against noncombatants, including women and children. So far as testing gas masks and protectors goes, the tests can be made without inflicting pain or death on man or beast. It would seem, then, that these experiments must be largely directed to testing gas on living creatures. This is one of the new norrors of peace.

172 PRINCES STREET Telephone 3227.

Dunedin





NEW ZEALAND TABLET

NOTES OF TRAVEL



Raphael's Masterpiece: The Figure of Christ in the Transfiguration.

I am back again in Rome, settled down in the Irish College, where I lived so many happy years as a student, and where I learned to know every church, villa, palace, and street in the Eternal City. The days pass quietly and pleasantly, revisiting old scenes and meeting old friends. I shall be here for another week, but already the shadow of departure casts a gloom on my soul. I shall not enjoy leaving Italy for any other country in the world.

In one of my walks I called to see the Irish Dominican Fathers, at San Clemente. What an interesting church it is! The modern church-the one in daily use-goes back to the eleventh century. It has beautiful mosaics and rare old *ambones*, and the celebrant stands behind the high altar facing the people, as he does in the great basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Lateran. By a stairway you descend to a subterranean church-the St. Clement's of the fourth century, which had been lost and was excavated by Father Mulhooly. It's old frescoes still remain, showing the vestments of that time, and proving they were substantially the same as at present.

That is not all. Deeper again into the earth we go, and find ourselves in the actual house in which St. Clement lived. You remember that he was the fourth Pope. The order was: Peter, Linus, Cletus, Clement. Thus you get right back here to apostolic times. This church with its history, set before your eyes in lasting monuments, is a very effective sermon in apostolic succession

and continuity. One cannot get away from such stubborn facts. Side by side with St. Clement's house, deep underground, is a well-preserved temple of Mitras. And here we touch the pagan times, right beside the beginnings of Christianity.

* * *

Again 1 climb the hill to St. Pietro in Montorio to visit the tombs of the exiled princes of Tirowen and Tirconnell, and to enjoy the view of Rome below its hill. Again 1 walk among the ilexes and statues and fountains of the Villa Borghese. Again 1 sit at sunset in the Pincian Gardens, hearing the music and watching the carriages and motors pass, as the elite of Roman society take the air. Students of all nations walk past me. There are Germans, with their scarlet soutanes; Dominicans, all in white; English, in black; Irish, in black with a red facing on their sopranos; and so on.

• * *

Doing the Jubilee rounds, I see again and again St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Mary Major's, and St. John's. The charm and beauty of these great churches never pall. The more one sees of them, the more one loves them. They are like great mountains, like the sea itself, in their grandeur.

And then the picture and sculpture galleries! Not in a lifetime could one exhaust them. So I go quickly and visit a masterpiece here and there—my own special favorites which I have always loved. I send you some pictures of them which will be better

Wedding Bells MURPHY-O'SHEA.

A wedding which excited more than usual interest was recently solemnised at St. Joseph's Church, Hawera; the bride being Alice Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Shea, Ohangai, and niece of Archbishop O'Shea, and the bridegroom, Alex, seventh son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Murphy, Mere Mere. Nuptial Mass was celebrated by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, assisted by Right Rev. Mgr. Power, Fathers Phelan and John Power. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, wore a beautiful gown of cream satin brocade, the sleeves being of tinselled ninon. The dress was cut on simple lines and a long panel on the left side of skirt was finished with ostrich feathers. The long veil of Honiton lace, which formed the train, was held in place by a headdress of silver leaves and touches of orange blossom at either side. She carried a shower bouquet of white flowers. The bridesmaid, Miss Eileen O'Shea (sister of the bride), wore a tunic frock of apricot broche taffeta trimmed with marabout feathers; her hat was a small black one with ospreys, and

DAYS IN ROME. (By J.K.)

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The Famous Picture of Beatrice Censi, by Guido Reni.

than trying to describe them. I hope the *Tablet* will reproduce them all, and thus supply in interest what this short article lacks.

Later I will write and tell you about Florence and some other places in Italy, and, later still, about Spain, I hope. For the present I have done writing and am going to take things easy and dream of old days in my beloved Rome.

she carried a shower bouquet of autumn tinted flowers. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Owen Murphy, The organist was Mrs. W. Quin. Following the ceremony a reception was he'd at the "Carlton," Hawera, where Mr. and Mrs. O'Shea welcomed a large number of guests. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Alex, Murphy left by car for a tour of the North Island; the bride wearing a smart tunic frock of nut brown marocain relieved with beige georgette; over this she wore a musquesh coat. Her hat was of brown plush trimmed with autumn tints. The bride was the recipient of numerous and costly presents, including many cheques.

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Vincent de Paul Society, Dunedin

REPORT AND STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE SO-SOCIETY FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1924.

SUBMITTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, HELD ON MONDAY, JUNE 1

In submitting its report and statement of receipts and expenditure, the executive have to report that the work of the Society has been carried on as usual by the various Conferences in and around Dunedin, and each year sees increased demands made on the Society's resources, and an enlargement of its scope in helping those in distress and need.

In addition to the Society's activities in visiting the homes of the poorer section of the community, the work of visiting the ships entering our port has been carried out by the Conferences. It was found, however, that a special Conference was necessary to take control of this work, and a Seamen's Conference was formed and is carrying out its duties very faithfully. A branch Seamen's Conference has also been formed at Port Chalmers, to visit the ships which do not come up to Dunedin.

N.E. Valley Conference .- Owing to his frequent absence from town, the president found he could not give the Society's work the attention it needed, and resigned the office. The vacancy has been filled, and the work of the Conference is being carried out satisfactorily. Your executive, however, would be pleased to see an accretion of active memhers to this Conference.

The members of the executive convey their best thanks to the Blakley Trust, the executors of the late Miss Murphy for bequest of £50, to the South Dunedin Conference, the Commercial Travellers, the Otago Rugby Football Union, and all donors, and to his Lordship the Bishop and clergy for help during the year, and respectfully appeal to all to continue their generosity so that the good work may be extended. They also wish to thank the Ladies' Auxiliary Societies for sewing and making for distribution. Their assistance is greatly appreciated, as is also that of the Dominican Convent girls. Your executive regret to record the departure of Rev. Father Foley, who took a deep and active interest in the work of the Society.

Your executive cannot speak too highly of the work of Nurse Boys, whose services are invaluable to the Society, and it is fortunate in having as its District Nurse one so capable and enthusiastic as she has proved herself to be.

In conclusion, your Executive thanks the press for its helpfulness, and expresses appreciation of the services rendered by the presidents and secretaries of the various Conferences, and by the honorary auditor.

RECEIPTS.

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| | A. M. Blakley Trust | | 170 | 0 | 0 |
| j, | Com. Travellers' Bag Day | | · 65 | 2 | 10 |

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| | Collected by various Confer- | | | |
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| | Dunedin | 143 | 15 | -0 |
| | Particular Council Contrib. | 100 | 0 | -0 |
| | South Dunedin | 146 | 6 | 6 |
| | Bequest Miss Murphy | -50 | 0 | 0 |
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| | N.E. Valley | 13 | 18 | 11 |

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Particular Council Contrib.

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EXPENDITURE.

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| Dunedin 193–4 | |
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| Proportion of Nurse's Sal'ry 31 4 | 0 |
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| Mornington 4 14 | |
| Proportion of Nurse's Sal'ry 5–4 | 0 |
| , Particular Council A/c | |
| Sick Relief and Clothing, | |
| Groceries, Boots, Medicine, | |
| Printing and Sundries 139-10 | 6 |
| Annual Tramway Pass 5–0 | 0 |
| Nurse's Telephone Rent 4 5 | 0 |
| Distribution to Conferences 116 6 | |
| | 0 |
| ,, Cash in Hand 113 | 10½ |
| | |

£986 11 8

I have examined the bank book, vouchers, and cash book of the Society and find same in order. I certify that the receipts and payments accounts and income and expenditure account are correctly compiled and that the cash in hand is correct and the bank balance is as shown in the pass books. JNO. H. A. MCKEEFRY, A.I.A.N.Z.

Regd. Acent.

Note .- In connection with the above figures, accounts now becoming due will reduce the amount to credit by the sum of £42.

After the necessary disbursements during the succeeding half-year, the funds of the Particular Council at the end of May amounted to £49.

First aid for coughs, colds, and influenza, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

THE RELIEF OF THE POOR IN THE PAPAL STATES

[Address delivered by Rev. C. Tylee, at the annual meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Dunedin.]

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has as its chief aim the relief of Christ's poor. The conferences of the society, spread the world over, have devised various means and ways of bringing timely succor and help to those in want. In its work the society is carrying on a labor dearest and nearest to the heart of Jesus Christ and His Church. The Supreme Heads of the Church-the Popes, from Peter to Pius-have at all times shown themselves deeply interested in this work; they have been in every sense the fathers of the poor. This is strikingly manifest in the active and organised work done to relieve poverty in the Papal States.

"In Rome' and in the Catholio Church voluntary poverty is held to be a virtue, therefore, natural or accidental poverty cannot be treated as a vice." We often hear with pride that in Rome, during the temporal power, such an event as "death from starvation" was unheard of. Morichini, following the example of other writers, says: "Thanks be to God! We did not know that anyone died of hunger in Rome even in the worst times." It was almost impossible that death from starvation could have happened in the Eternal City for, besides the personal gifts of the Holy Fathers and others in high station, numberless charitable associations were devoted to feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, and comforting the afflicted.

In our work of relieving the poor at the present day one of the greatest obstacles in our path, perhaps, is to distinguish truo poverty from vagrancy. Indiscriminate alms giving has this result : We may not reach the deserving cases at all, but may be giving our alms to professional beggars well able to earn their own living, yet always journeying round like the sly wolf seeking some innocent and unsuspecting lamb--"simulating woes with a view to extort alms from the benevolent." Though poverty is not looked upon as a crime by the Church there is no sanction given to vagrants of this class. From the time of Pius V, in the sixteenth century, to Pius IX, in the nineteenth, the most rigorous measures were adopted by successive Popes to suppress vagrancy and defeat and punish imposture.

Many of the charitable institutions of Rome owed their origin to the efforts made to suppress mendicancy. The magnificent institution of St. Michael mainly owed its origin to the determination of Clement X1 to free Rome from the evils of importunate and turbulant beggars. His example was followed by various others-Popes Pius VII, Leo XII, and Pius IX.

That the deserving poor might be relieved in their distress there is need of active and organised charitable institutions. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul is everywhere doing good work, because it has a definite end in view, and its methods are organised and systematised. The Popes realised how

OVERCOATS for Men and Boys

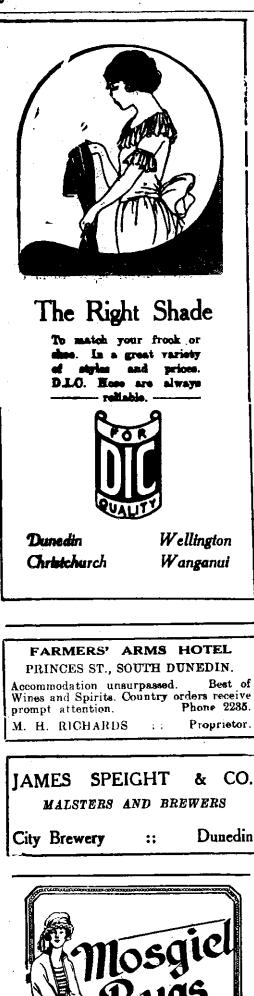
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NEW ZEALAND TABLET

necessary societies such as that of St. Vincent de Paul are for the relief of the poor, and the suppression of idle mendicancy, and the realisation of this necessity resulted in the establishment of various societies in the Papal States for the relief of the poor--one or two of these we may examine.

In 1826 the "Commission of Subsidies" was established by Leo XII. Formerly the public charities of Rome were distributed through many different channels, resulting in disorder, loss, and overlapping. The work of the commission was to manage and control the greater number of these public charities which through this one channel flowed to the relief of those in need.

The Commission consisted of a Cardinal President, and fifteen other members. Tho whole city was divided into twelve districts, over each of which was placed one of the commissioners: his work was to preside over the distribution of alms in that district. In order to facilitate their labors each district was subdivided into smaller regions called parishes, and each parish has its own organisation, consisting of the parish priest and two parochial deputies. Alms were given personally and by visiting the homes, and in this way really deserving cases were known. Leo XII, in a motu proprio, divided these alms under different heads-ordinary, extraordinary, and urgent.

Applications for relief were sent to the parochial deputies, and these, to test the truth of the statements made, immediately visited the home and reported on the merits of the case to the parochial congregation. Did the charity come under the heading "urgent" it was immediately dealt with; otherwise, it was examined by the parochial congregation and then sent on to the district congregation with a recommendation as to the quality and quantity of aid to be given. The district congregation again examined the case, and if it was found to be a deserving one the prefect of this congregation presented it to the commission, by whom the proposed aid was approved and given; so that all relief came through the one source -the Commission of Subsidies.

The work done by the Commission of Subsidies of those days is remarkably like the work being done nowadays by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The triple division of charities—ordinary, extraordinary, and urgent—by Leo XII, is a forstalling of the manner of dealing with different cases at the present time. The referring of charities, after having been examined by the parochial and the district congregation, to the commission itself is analagous with the way cases of charity are dealt with in modern days by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

In our work of aiding the poor we have, no doubt, found many cases deserving of help, but where the sufferers would blush to make known their needs. There are many such, perhaps through motives of pride, perhaps through that timidity and bashfulness/so often accompanying decent poverty. Generally cases such as these are most deserving of all, and to help them in their need without injuring the sensitiveness of their nature, is our keenest delight. People such as these, are everywhere met with. In

Rome also were they to be found, and to help them and bring them timely aid in as unobtrusive a manner as possible, societies were formed, among which it will suffice to mention the Arch-Confraternity of the Twolve Apostles, the congregation called "Urbana" from Urban VIII, and the congregation of Divine Picty.

To sum up in the words of Morichini: "There is not a religious association or institution that does not dispense relief, not a convent or monastery that does not give some kind of food, not a noble or wealthy house that has not its fixed assignment for the poor."

One of the most important duties of the charity worker is to impress on the poor their own personal dignity and the dignity and value of work. To give alms freely whenever one is asked may not be true charity. Thus, often the very person that we strive to help may be injured. In many cases people who easily receive alms begin to live on the resources of others. In time the sense of their own obligations, of their own personal dignity, and of the dignity of labor grows dim, and these people become a life-long burden on the community. In view of this one of the most important divisions of charity perhaps is that of "industrial relief," commonly termed "relief work." This consists in striving to obtain employment for those unable themselves to do so; and if necessary to make work for them, to give light and suitable work to those not physically able for hard labor. In a country where every one has some omployment and responsibility there is true happiness and contentment.

Wherefore, we find a considerable importance attached to industrial relief in the city

of Rome and in the Papal States. The Pope made use of this as a means of combating vagrancy, and the works though undertaken primarily for charity, have also had the . result of beautifying the city and maintaining in a state of preservation, the remains of ancient monuments. To quote from Maguire's Life of Pius IX: "The stranger may behold a number of men, certainly not of the able bodied class, languidly weilding the picaxe or slowly trundling a wheelbarrow at the base of some ancient monument, removing obstructions, directing dangerous streamlets into a safe channel, and carting away rubbish which centuries have accumulated, thereby revealing to modern curiosity a choice bas-relief or valuable inscription.' This system of industrial relief is not a modern invention. It was established and adopted by Sixtus V and Innocent XII. The French used it with considerable advantage as a means of restoring to view many half-buried monuments of ancient art

Outside the Catholic Church to-day there are many and varied charitable organisations. Catholics at times may be inclined to think that it was only when the world moved in this line that the Catholic Church followed. From the time of Our Lord, the Church, following in the footsteps of her Divine Founder—"The friend of the poor" has always considered the poor her dearest patrimony. When the Popes acquired temporal power among the people over which they ruled there was always one class best beloved—the poor and needy.

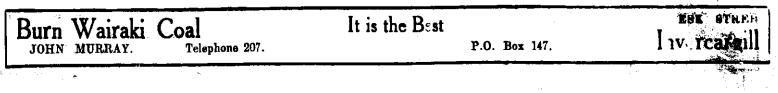
"The poor," Our Lord tells us, "you have always with you." We have them to help and assist and our reward is not of this world but of the next.

DEATH OF MONSIGNOR MAHONEY

SOLEMN OBSEQUIES AT ONEHUNGA.

(From our Auckland correspondent.)

The Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, pastor of Onchunga, one of the most widely esteemed Churchmen of the diocese of Auckland, passed away at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital on Monday, the 8th inst. The death of Mgr. Mahoney is deeply lamented by his parishioners, and cast quite a gloom over the town of Onehunga. The Mayor, referring in feeling terms to the sad event at the last meeting of the Borough Council, said Mgr. Mahoney had always taken a keen interest in the spiritual and material welfare of the borough, and was held in the highest esteem by all sections of the community. He was looked upon as one of Onehunga's most respected citizens, and his familiar figure will be greatly missed from the district. A vote of condolence with the relatives of the deceased Monsignor was carried in silence, all presnt standing. The late Monsignor William Henry Mahoney was born in Auckland 68 years ago, and the first native-born New Zealander ordained priest, From the Church in New Zealand : Memoirs of the Early Days, published in 1910, we extract the following record of his career : --- "He was born at Auckland in October, 1857, and educated by the Sisters of Mercy and at the Catholic boys' schools in Auckland. In February, 1876, after a short classical course in Auckland, and upon the recommendation of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, who was translated a few years previously from Auckland, Father Mahoney went to Thurles, where the Archbishop resided, in order to study for the priestbood. While there Dr. Croke took a great interest in his young protege, whom he had confirmed in Auckland, and of whom he held a high opinion. His health failing him after a few years, the young student went to St. Omer (France) to read his course of philosophy, but finding the climate of northern France rather trying he eventually went to St. Mary's College; Oscott, near Birmingham, where the venerable Bishop Ullathorne, so well known Here Father in Australia, then resided. Mahoney finished his course after having received Minor Orders a few years before at Ramsgate from Dr. Luck, just then consecrated Bishop of Auckland, and upon the same occasion that Bishop Lenihan was ordained priest. On April 12, 1884, Father Mahoney was raised to the priesthood by



NEW ZEALAND TABLET

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925

THE LATE MGR. MAHONEY.

Dr. Ilsley, the present Bishop of Birmingham. After touring through Europe in company with his elder brother, Mr. Thomas Mahoney, he returned to New Zealand in October, 1884, and was sent by Bishop Luck as assistant for a short time to Monsiguor Paul at Onehunga. In June, 1885, he was appointed to the charge of the district embracing the whole of the north of Auckland from the North Shore to the North Cape, with the exception of the Kaipara, Wairon. and Hokiauga, and having his headquarters at the German settlement of Puboi. Here Father Mahoney remained for nearly fifteen years, with the exception of about ten months in 1891, when he accompanied Bishop Luck to Europe, and, together with his younger brother, Mr. Robert Mahoney, he made a tour of the East, staving for a short time in Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. In 1896 he made another visit to Europe with his sister, visiting South America an route, and also South Africa on his return. In 1899 Father Mahoney went to the Thames for two years, taking the place of Monsignor O'Reilly, who had been appointed by Bishop Lenihan to St. Patrick's, Auckland, during the absence of the latter from the diocese. It was upon his departure from the Thames that Father Mahobey's health broke down, and, his medical adviser recommending a change and rest, he proceeded to Europe again in 1901, living for the ensuing three and a half years in Italy, France, and Germany, and after a short

A. H. Fitzgerald

course of travel in Canada and the United States he returned to his old mission at Puhoi. Upon the death of Monsignor Paul in March, 1905, he was appointed by Bishop Lenihan as irremovable rector of Onehunga." In 1915 he was created Domestic Prelate by the Pope, and held the office of Vicar-General of the diocese of Auckland until failing health compelled his retirement.

Pontifical Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Mousignor was celebrated by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, at the Church of the Assumption, Onchunga, on Wednesday, the 10th just. Mgr. Cahill, V.G., was assistant priest; Very Rev. Dean Van Dijk, deacon; Rev. Father Hunt, subdeacon; and Very Rev. Archdeacon Holbrook, master of ceremonies. His Lordship Dr. Liston and a large number of priests from all over the diocese were present. A choir of the clergy rendered the solemn music of the Requiem most impressively. Amongst those present in addition to the relatives of the deceased, were the Mayor of Onchunga (Mr. J. E. Cowell), Town Clerk (Mr. H. A. Yockney), and members of the Borough Council, Mr. W. J. Jordan, M.P. for Manukiu, Dr. W. G. Scott and Canon Haselden, late Vicar of St. Peter's Augliean Church at Onehunga, the Rev. D. D. Scott (Presbyterian), and the Rev. D. J. Cook (Methodist) ministers. The absolutions at the catafalque upon which rested the deceased's chalice and biretta were given by Dr. Liston. The coffin was borne to the grave by repre-

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PAINTER and PAPERHANGED

sentatives of the Onehunga and Puhoi parishes, amongst whom the Monsignor's life was spent; a guard of honor lined the path to the grave. The Hibernian Society and Children of Mary took part. The church was thronged with an overflowing congregation, amongst whom were representatives of the various Orders of nuns, the Provincial of the Marist Brothers (Brother Denis), the Director of the Sacred Heart College (Brother Borgia, B.A.) and representative Catholics from the city and suburbs. Dr. Liston officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.



Archdiocese of Wellington (From our own Correspondent.)

June 12.

A pretty wedding recently was that of Mr. Perfect to Miss Hills. The ceremony took place at St. Joseph's, Buckle Street.

Wellington residents will regret to hear of the death of Miss Katherine Hughes, who stirred many audiences here a few years ago by her vivid, ardent lectures on modern Ireland. All who met her will remember her. Her frail body was born out. It did not rust out. And though she was longer in dying than those who lie under the quicklime, none the less she gave her life for Ireland. She was a Canadian, a brilliant journalist and archivist. If one were asked her chief characteristic one would say fearlessness. She was intrepid to a degree, yet her intrepidity never became boldness. She was a firm believer that the dead are about us. Once when in doubt she thought "If my mother were here to guide me!" and lo! in a dream her mother came and gave her what proved to be the right counsel. She had charm, extraordinary charm, when she chose to exert it. Many will remember her as she stood that night in the Town Hall here warning the world that Canadians had died for the freedom of small nations, and if that freedom were not given they, though dead, could know no rest. She gave the beautiful Canadian line, "We will not sleep though poppies blow in Flanders field." May her own sleep be sweet, and may perpetual light shine on her!

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea addressed recently the men's Sacred Heart Society on the social conditions of the day. The lecture was listened to with the keenest interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Crow (née Mahony) and child arrived from China recently for a holiday in New Zealand.

The tickets for the Lewisham art union are selling well. Mr. Hoskins and his equally energetic helpers anticipate a good result. It is a notable art union. The prizes are of a value of £2000, the first prize equalling a thousand, the second five hundred, and so on. Worth entering for surely even from selfish motives, and a great many people will think so.

Monsignor Power is coming all the way from Hawera, at the invitation of the president of the Students' Guild, to lecture to it on Sunday. The guild appreciates the honor deeply.

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161 EYE

STREET

Another wedding of interest, at St. Mary of the Angels this time, Miss Casey, only daughter of Mrs. Casey, of Ngaio, to Mr. Ma.J. Ryan, of this city.

J. Ryan, of this city. Marist (Rugby) lost last Saturday, but it was a good game, and there is for comfort the old gypsy proverb about roundabouts and swings. Marist (Soccer) drew, so it wasn't so lucky a day for the "Greens."

Masterton

(From our own correspondent.)

June 4.

St. Bride's Convent celebrated its 27th year of foundation on Sunday, the 27th ult. The occasical was made appropriate for the community by the presentation of the sum of $\pounds 173$ from the parishioners and friends, as a donation to assist the nuns owing to the loss sustained through the closing of the schools during the recent epidemic.

Activity in the proposed Catholic Chib movement has been very keen during the past few weeks, and the prospects of the ultimate success of the proposal are considered very satisfactory. Monsignor McKenna presided at the first general meeting held to consider the scheme, and after an enthusiastic discussion it was decided, on the motion of Mr. A. J. Perry, to canvass the parishioners for members. The response so far has been decidedly encouraging, and there is now little doubt that the movement will meet with the support it warrants.

The Hibernians have met with great success in the euchro tournament between the Friendly Societies of Masterton, having defeated all opponents, with the exception of the Oddfellows, in the contests to date. The final is to be played on Saturday evening, when the Hibernian team meet the Foresters in the deciding effort.

The Rev. Father Hanratty was present at the last meeting of the Hibernian Society, and was accorded a hearty welcome by the president. One new member was initiated.

With feelings of deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones (Mrs. Bunny and family) the death is recorded of Mrs. Kelly, who passed away recently at the age of 83. The deceased lady was a model of devotion in the long ovening of her days. Her demise removed from our midst still another of the fast declining Irish pioneers who have impressed us with something of the faith and fervor of the Emerald Isle.—R.I.P.

Reefton

(From our own correspondent.)

The usual fortnightly parish social was held last week, and notwithstanding a number of counter attractions was well attended. The prizes for the cuchre were won by Mr. D. W. Robertson and Mrs. Brooks.

The Greymouth senior Marists football team played Inangahua here last week end, and were defeated by 15 points to 3. They were, however, severely handicapped, as they could only place 12 men in the field, whilst their opponents had a full team.

Rev. Father Ginisty arrived on Saturday evening and celebrated the two Masses on Sunday; Father Herring being at Murchison, the extreme northern end of the parish. The Children of Mary held a very enjoyable social in the parish hall during the week.

NEW

ZEALAND TABLET

Mr. A. F. O'Donoghue, of Blenheim, spent the week-end in Reefton.

Mrs. Hampson and Mrs. Brazil have gone for a holiday to Timaru.

CANONISATION OF ST. MADELEINE SOPHIE.

CELEBRATIONS AT REMUERA, AUCKLAND.

On Monday, May 25, celebrations in honor of the canonisation of St. Madeleine Sophie, Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart, took place at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Reinuera, Auckland.

High Mass was sung by his Lordship Dr. Cleary, assisted by Mgr. Cahill, V.G., with Archdeacon Holbrook as master of ceremonies; Father Ryan, deacon; and Father Colgan, subdeacon. The panegyric of the Saint was preached by his Lordship Dr. Liston.

Among those present were Monsignors Mahoney and Ormond, Dean Van Dijk, Rev. Dr. Buxton, Fathers Bradley, Doherty, Gombringer, S.M., O'Byrne, O'Carroll, Shore, Skinner, and Brother Borgia, also representatives of the Sisters of Mercy, Little Sisters of the Poor, Sisters of St. Joseph, and Sisters of the Missions, and many friends.

Dinner for the visiting clergy and nuns followed, and a little later a short entertainment was given, ending with tableaux of the Saint in glory. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by his Lordship Dr. Liston, was a fitting conclusion to the day's rejoicings.

Diocese of Christchurch (From our own correspondent.)

June 13.

On last Sunday at St. Mary's, Manchester Street, the men's branch of the Archeonfraternity gave a fine demonstration of faith by the large numbers that approached the Holy Table; also by their attendance at the devotions in the evening.

The Wembley Club held another of its dances on Monday evening in the Memorial Hall. The hall was crowded and the dancing and music were greatly enjoyed by all present. The supper was served by the ladies in the usual tasteful manner

Addington

(From our own correspondent.)

June 13.

The monthly meeting of the Children of Mary Sodality was held last Sunday, when there was a record attendance. After the ordinary business of the meeting had been transacted the election of office-bearers for the ensuing year was held, resulting as follows:—President, Miss Rosie McCloy (reelected); secretary, Miss Maggie Halpin (reelected); treasurer, Miss Nellie Sloan (reelected); treasurer, Miss Nellie Sloan (reelected); counsellors, Misses Kath Ross and Vera O'Donoghue; librarian, Miss Marion Williams. Rev. Father O'Connor (spiritual director) read the report for the year, and then congratulated the girls who had been elected to hold office.

Timaru

June 12.

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On Trinity Sunday there were large congregations at the early Masses, when practically all approached the Holy Table. After the last Mass, there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the church was thronged with worshippers during the afternoon. The monthly procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place during devotions, when the various sodalities were, as usual, strongly represented. The altar and sanctuary were tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the choir rendered appropriate music.

Devotions are being held in the church every evening during June in honor of the Sacred Heart, also at 4 o'clock on Sunday evenings during June and July.

A competitions society has been formed here, and the festival will be held from July 31 to August 7 (inclusive). A splendid syllabus has been arranged and the entries close on the 20th inst. Two members of the congregation are on the executive of the above society.

Messrs. J. T. Brady and A. D. McRae, solicitors from the Public Trust Office, Christchurch, have lately commenced the practice of their profession in Timaru.

Greymouth

(From a correspondent.)

June 10. A bazaar is being promoted, to be held in the near future, in aid of the building fund of the new convent for the Sisters of Mercy, now in course of erection at a cost of £30,000. About £9000 is still required to open free of debt what will be the handsomest building on the West Coast.

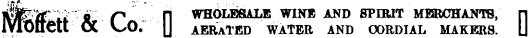
Last week one of the pioneers passed away in the person of Mr. M. Twohill. The deceased was a staunch Hibernian, and members of the society turned out in full force to his funeral, which took place on Saturday afternoon. R.I.P.

Hibernian Society

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH, DUNEDIN.

The quarterly meeting of St. Joseph's branch (No. 73) of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in the branch's new rooms, Moran Buildings (late Tablet buildings), Octagon, on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst; the president (Bro. A. Gillick) presiding. After the transaction of the ordinary business nominations were received for the various offices in the branch for the ensuing term, the result being that all the present office-bearers were reelected as follows :- President Bro. A. Gillick; vice-president, Bro. J. Hughes; secretary, Bro. J. J. Ford: treasurer, Bro. T. J. Boyle; warden, Bro. W. H. Cole; guardian, Bro. L. McEntee; sick visitors, Bros. A. Berland, W. E. Simpson, and E. Ling; auditors, Bros. J. J. Marlow, jun., and J. N. Smith. The installation of office-bearers will take place at the meeting of July 7. The president urged the members to attend in full strength the general Communion of all the branches to take place on Sunday, the 21st inst., at the Sacred Heart Church, Northcast Valley. At the conclusion of the business of the meeting the Hibernian Club's new rooms were formally opened by his Lordship Dr. Whyte, an extended report of which function will be given in our next issue. ...

Invercargill & Bluff



Selected Poetry

UNHAPPINESS.

32

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

- Why dost thou brood with me, Unhappiness, And hatch forth images that I detest
- To mar my pleasant hour of idleness With sights ungainly, when I fain would \mathbf{rest}
- My weary soul in kind forgetfulness,
- E'en leave to others duty's ardent quest? Thou black-wing'd raven, why shouldst thou enthrone
- Thyself upon my couch as on thine own?
- Oh! what hateful ugly brood is thine!

First Pride with mantle of Ingratitude, Whose haughty eyes gaze coldly into mine,

Stiff-kneed, long-neck'd, forgetting once she sued My intercession; not a word, a sign

That she remembers her vicissitude;

- Ah! Let her mount her carriage grand, and drive
- Away; her talons shall not my soul rive.
- 'Tis Covetousness with cautious eyes now steals
- Toward my fireside; claw-like hands, and cheeks
- Of furrow'd ivory; no joy he feels
- Save in the golden hoard fast passing weeks
- Amass; in vain the widow weeps, appeals-His soul is flint; at her approach, he shricks,

"I am not rich! Oh! Poor, so poor am I!" Aye, so he is, and poorer still will die.

In robe of silk, most sensual of drape,

- With rubies flaming in her blue-black hair, There glides before me an enthralling shape,
- With sandall'd feet, her round arms white and bare,
- Her soft, smooth shoulders that have dar'd escape
- Pretension's veil; arise my soul! Beware The long-fring d, almond eves of Lust now turn
- Their lure upon thee! Spurn this creature! Spurn !

Hot-headed anger breaks forth from thy nest, And shouts aloud his maledictions, while

- In silent gloom dost watch, but fearful lest
- Thy silence still his wrath, dost family smile.
- For thou, Unhappiness, wouldst make thy jest
 - A fuel to his fire; O harpy vile,
- To taunt him thus whose tortured senses burst

With indignation, he for ever curst!

- But lo! what drunken reveller is this Who staggers on towards me with wild eves
- Protruding, and uncertain feet that miss Their pathway? On whose lips and doub- - Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy let lies

- A devil's rosary, dropp'd as in bliss Revolting Gluttony his flagon dries,
- His soul the price 'fore grape-crown'd Bacchus laid,

Forgotten that his dying Saviour paid.

- But hush! 'Tis Envy's whisp'ring voice I hear
- Come like a dagger stabbing through the gloom.
- Half-hidden in the shadows of her fear, In borrow'd jew'ls she creeps into my room.
- With poison'd breath fills all the atmosphere, And well-nigh chokes, brings to their doom.

All righteous men within whose armor she Each chink discerns, and calls iniquity.

- With slow, tir'd step, in loosen'd garments clad,
- Comes Sloth, dull-eyed, with heavy sleep, and trails
- His lazy way across my floor, a sad,
- Degrading sight; his stary'd child's voice e'en fails
- To pierce his lethargy: that awful pad, Indiff'rence lies upon his heart and bales

Of selfishness envelop him; the last!

Avaunt, Unhappiness! Thy hour is past! - Angela Hastings.

XX

THE DAWNING OF THE YEAR.

- All ye who love the springtime---and who but loves it well
- When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell!--
- Think not ve ken its beauty, or know its face so dear.
- Till ye look upon old Ireland in the dawning of the year!
- For where in all the earth is there any joy like this.
- When the skylark sings and soars like a spirit into bliss,
- While the thrushes in the bush strain their small brown mottled throats,
- Making the air rejoice with their clear and mellow notes:

- Trills with saucy, side-tipped head to the bonny nest below;
- And the dancing wind slips down through the leaves of the boreen,
- And all the world rejoices in the wearing of the green!

For 'tis green, green, green, where the ruined towers are gray,

- And it 'is green, green, green, all the happy night and day;
- on the wall.

And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fairest green of all.

- There the primrose breath is sweet, and the yellow gorse is set, A crown of shining gold on the headlands
- brown and wet; Not a nook of all the land but the daisies
- make to glow,

And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells below.

- And it's there the earth is merry, like a young thing newly made
- Running wild amid the blossoms in the field and in the glade,
- Babbling ever into music under skies with soft clouds piled,

Like the laughter and the tears in the blue eyes of a child.

- But the green, green, green O 'tis that is blithe and fair!
- In the fells and on the hills, gay and gladsome as the air,
- Lying warm above the bog, floating brave on crag and glen,
- Thrusting forty banners high where another land has ten.
- Sure Mother Nature knows of her sore and heavy grief.
- And thus with soft caress would give solace and relief;
- Would fold her close in loveliness to keep her from the cold,
- And clasp the mantle o'er her heart with emeralds and gold.
- So ye who love the springtime-and who but loves it well
- When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell!
- Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face so dear
- Till ye meet it in old Ireland in the dawning of the year1
- MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE, in the Irish World.

82

TIME.

You must not linger, little stream: There is no time to sleep and dream. Too long you've loitered in the glade And by the bending willows played.

So, little stream, just hurry on; The hours are fleeting, one by one. River! You must not stay, but flow Swift as an arrow from the bow.

The sea is calling far away, So hasten on; you must not stay. Youth will not wait; it runneth fast Into Life's river, deep and vast. Which floweth down into the sea,

- The gateway of Eternity. -Johgn Joseph Morris, in the Irish
- Catholic.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader, p. 33. Notes, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 11. The Sixteenth Century of Nicaea, p. 13. St. John Baptist Vianney, p. 15. In the Footsteps of the Martyrs, p. 17. The Church in New Zealand, p. 21. Days in Rome, by J. K., p. 25. St. Vincent de Paul Society, Dunedin, p. 27. Death of Mgr. Mahoney, p. 29. Sunday Afternoon Readings, p. 51. What are Miracles? p. 57.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitice causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis. LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

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

April 4, 1900. LEO XIII, Pope.

Chę New Zealand Cablet WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925

EUGENICS AND COMMONSENSE I T is the rule when a thing is talked of as if it were a fact there will always be found a great number of people who believe it without going to the trouble of inquiring whether it is a fact or only a fancy. Noisy propagandists are well aware of this, and use their knowledge to no small purpose to further their ends. Many of these modern fads are likely to become as popular as they are pernicious and dangerous to human liberty. Among them is the Eugenic movement, which tends to become a terrible tyranny even in democratic States.

Eugenics means etymologically "happily born." It purports to aim at finding laws by which healthy and normal children may come into existence. The Eugenics Education Society of England defines it as "the study of agencies under social control that may impair or improve the qualities of future generations either physically or mentally." Note well that there does not seem to be any concern for moral welfare! Now the Eugenists begin by taking it for proven that mental diseases are hereditary, and at once they are ready to adopt the most drastic means to prevent the transmission of these diseases. It does not matter to them that Dr. Flick and other eminent authorities declare boldly that so far as they know "there is not a scintilla of scientific evidence to prove that they are hereditary." Hence, these authorities are absolutely opposed to the tyrannical methods proposed by Eugenists, and they assert that there is a better and surer and more humane manner of preventing mental diseases. Here are Dr. Flick's words on the matter : -- "We can im-

prove future generations by preserving those who now exist as normal human beings and guarding them against degeneracy. For this purpose we must keep in mind the fundamental principles that underlie reproduction: (1) that like produces like; (2) that the quality of the offspring may be raised or lowered by nutrition; and (3) that the primary cells which unite to form a new being may be influenced by both the physical and moral life of the parents. In the interests of Eugenics we must improve the conditions of life; we must make it possible for each human being to earn his bread without more exertion than is consistent with health; we must enlighten people that they will live as human beings in harmony with the great God of the universe; and we must seek to meet the difficulties and solve the problems which come with artificial life. . . We must lead clean, healthy lives under sanitary conditions in a good moral atmosphere . . . we must protect our women and children against excessive hours of labor at improper times and periods; we must get for the working man a living wage; we must protect our young people against the insidious and pernicious influence of open vice; and we must encourage simplicity and discourage ostentation. Let us talk less about the moron and the helpless victim of poverty and more about the Christian hero and the reward of patient struggle against difficulties. By all odds the most important factor in Eugenics is purity. Sexual dissipation causes degeneracy in the offspring, whereas chastity and continency exercise a building-up influence. Fourster, one of the greatest living sociologists, a Protestant, tells us that the celibacy of the Catholic priests and Sisters is one of the greatest influences in the world at the present day because it keeps before the world in concrete form the great heroic virtue of chastity. Whatover upholds morality undoubtedly makes for good progeny, and whatever breaks down morality leads to degeneracy."

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What is wanted is not the foolish talk of noisy fanatics of both sexes, but same and rational living. What is wanted above all is that the children be given every chance to acquire habits formed on Christian principles, habits that will help them to be pure and self-restrained, not because to be so is eugenic or hygienic, but because it is the will of God and a plain matter of duty. The main causes of degeneracy are the exploitation of the workers by the capitalists and the maintenance of godless schools which turn out yearly young human animals without respect for God, for parents, for anybody on earth, or for anything but their own pleasures and gratifications. Remove these causes and the science of Eugenics will produce good fruits; maintain them and all the tyranny and all the force behind a servile State will be in vain.

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

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NEW ZEALAND MORALS

At Christchurch last week a deputation from the Society for the Protection of Women and Children waited upon the Canterbury Members of Parliament Committee and vigorously censured dissolute youth in "God's Own Country." A formidable array of facts and figures were marshalled to show that impure living flourishes exceedingly in New Zealand-a truth of which most people are already aware. The chief spokesman of the deputation said the prevalence of illegitimacy was due partly to the high cost of living which prevented young men from marrying. It may be true that the high cost of living prevents many young men from marrying, but that cannot be advanced as a reason or excuse for single people becoming unbridled libertines. If the godless schools of this country had not corrupted and degraded the unfortunate children educated in them our young men and women would look upon it as a duty to restrain their passions in conformity with their state in life. If they cannot do this they are suffering from a moral disorder which all the economic science in the world cannot cure. In electing to remain single they do not become more animals devoid of free will and released from the obligations imposed upon them by the moral law of God. It indicates a very unhealthy state of mind when people look upon chastity as an impossibility. The charge that economic pressure is responsible for illegitimacy suggests that it is only the needy who are immoral. But what about the abominations that attend joy riding, drunken parties, and other expensive debaucheries of a like nature? It takes money to purchase pleasures of that kind. Perhaps our social workers think that the sins of the rich become virtues when they are paid for in hard eash; or perhaps they think that virtue cannot be separated from riches, in which case a poor man is bound to be a profligate, while a millionaire could not help being as saintly as an archangel if he tried. No doubt hard conditions play their part in driving into licentious ways those who have never been allowed to acquire a sense of sin or a knowledge of what constitutes sin; but for any public body to declare that young people cannot remain single and chaste at the same time, that they are not responsible for their acts, is a species of criminal folly that merits condemnation in the strongest terms. What a pity it is that these people cannot be honest with themselves and admit that the wickedness they complain of is due to the fact that our children are trained in schools in which Jingoism takes the place of God, in which the commandment "Be British" supersedes character training according to Christian principles, in which the pursuit of wealth is looked upon as the chief work of man. When we consider the kind of schools in which most of our people are educated, when we consider the conditions of life which grow out of the godless principles inculeated in the youth trained in those schools, we can only conclude that nothing short of a miracle from heaven could have preserved this country from general corruption.

I adore the Holy Trinity, beside Whom there is no God.-St. Euplius.

Wellington

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NOTES

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St. John Baptist Vianney: Anecdotes and Reminiscences

Of her great courtesy it is the wish of Mother Aubert of the Order of Compassion that readers of the *Tablet* should have the benefit of her memories of her spiritual guide and counsellor, the Curé of Ars, now a saint of the court of heaven. He is the patron saint of the only New Zealand-born Order that this country possesses. At each corner of the Home on the hill at Island Bay the corner-stone holds a picture of the Curé of Ars. This brings him close to us all, and the more one knows of his life the more one marvels.

Lyons was near to Ars and Mother Aubert and her mother made many pilgrimages thither. Those days are as vival as yesterday to ber. "His life itself was a miracle," she says. And indeed it was, a physical miracle. We all remember St. Francis of Assisi who called his body, "my little brother, the ass," and mourned that he had treated it so badly. Francis Thompson wrote a wonderful thing on that, showing, poor genius, that holiness is health. Was he thinking of his own poor brother, the ass that he had burdened so?. The Curé forgot his body utterly, but its protests were vehement at times and his sufforings were great. This anecdote speaks for itself. A pious woman once reproached the Curé, "You never invite me to dine with you." He answered with the courtesy of his race, "Very well! Come to-morrow !" She came. The clock showed the hour, Dinner was due. She looked at the fare, and laroke into weeping. "Is this the fare?" He looked at her gently, "My child, I invite you to the dainties of Our Lord." Well might the kind heart weep. The dainties of Our Lord were a few dry crusts, and nothing more. On those dry crusts he lived. On three hours' sleep he lived. Come, Science, omniscient Science, explain these things! Passing from his one meal of dry crusts to those long hours in the church at the altar or in the Confessional-he was pre-eminently the pastorsaint, the saint of the Confessional-he would go to his hard pallet at midnight and rise, after three hours to another day. He did this for years. "Why is Science so silent, so dumb?

The Piigrimages

All classes flocked to him. The pleasant winding road to Ars was rutted by wheels. There was no room in the inns. The shabby cart would raise its dust before the stately coach of the noblesse. The pilgrims would sit outside the church in the hope of a word from him as he passed to the presbytery. Another priest, a big man, used to guard with his great arms the frail body of the saint from the pressure of the throng. Among the pilgrims was a servant girl. In those days wages were low. A servant maid would get about four pounds a year, though of course four pounds in those days meant more. By Eileen Duggan

This poor girl had only a few shillings left. It was not enough to take her back to her situation and she was in terror of losing it. She went to the Curé-...Mon père, my money is spent. I have but a few small coins. Oh, what will I do?" "Take," he said, "what money you have, and give it for a Mass for the souls in Purgatory. Then take that road"-he pointed to it. On it you will meet a young man, and he will tell you what to do." "But mon père," she cried despairingly, "it is not my road. It runs the other way.'' "Nevertheless you must take it," said he. She gave the money, she took "re road. After a time she met a young man proud of bearing, and rich of dress. "Go into that house," he said pointing to a mansion off the road, and tell its mistress that I sent you." "She will not heed me," said the poor girl. "Who shall I say sent me?" "Tell her, that it was her son sent you." She went within and faltered out that message. The chatelaine grew white, as white as a candle. "Come," she said, and led the little shabby maid to the great gallery. The girl fixed her eyes on a picture. "There he ' said she, "That is the man that sent """That," said the other, "is my only is.' me. son. He died two weeks ago." She took the little serving maid for her daughter, convinced that she was a gift from the dead.

Except to answer the troubled the Curé rarely spoke. His habit was silence. Mother Aubert herself did not hear him speak until the third day after their meeting. But all the time he watched. Those lambent, piercing eyes were like licking flames. Falsehood and deceit were burned before them and the soul of the subject stood bare and shivering hefore he clothed it again with the mantle of his charity. Nobody forgot those eyes. And his silence to the sinner was more terrible than an army with banners.

His Learning

He was the son of a peasant. Of booklearning he had little, but he had the greatest of all gifts, the shrewd common sense of the thrifty peasant stock of France. Someone complained to the Bishop that he was ignorant, and sent as proof two hundred questions on dogma with the answers given to them by the Curé. "I think," said the good Bishop in answer, "To all but two I would have returned the same answers." Who has God for his teacher quickly grows wise. Of himself he spoke most slightingly, as "a poor ignorant little curé." And yet how many on earth, mad worshippers of Fame, will be remembered with John Baptist Vianney? He asked only to be despised and forgotten. His reward is to be remembered and revered forever.

A Return to Ars

Mother Aubert returned to Ars in 1913. She left it in 1858. She found many changes in the little village. No one lives in the little presbytery where the walls are silent now, living like Age in its past, remembering whispered prayers, and the discordant wrath of thwarted devils. Those noises at Ars! Noises in the church, noises in the little house! Devils in legions advancing, retreating, fleeing in rout. Others heard them besides the Curé. Mockers were confuted. The house is tenderly cleaned and swept by loving hands. Ars is proud of its saint. His body is gone, but they hold his spirit as in the days when he was their little shepherd of souls, their parish priest.

Prophecies

In 1858 he forefold all that was to happen to the Institute. He told Mother Aubert that she would leave France, with whom she would heave it, and all the circumstances. "Vous partirez dans deux ans avec le parent d'un jeune homme qui est renu â Ars arec rous." The young man was Antoine Pompallier, nephew of the Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Pompallier. That prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

In another prophecy he showed her the country, the work in Auckland, Hawke's Bay, and Wanganui. "When I reached Wanganui I recognised the place at once. It was just as he had told me. He never named places but described them so clearly that they were easily recognised when you came to them," says Mother Aubert. He told her beforehand of the work of the Archbishop of Wellington, and assured her that he would be the firm friend of her Institute. That prophecy has been nobly fulfilled.

"Will you help me when the time comes?" she asked him. "Je vous aiderai davantage par ma mort que par ma vie," was his answer. "I will help you more by my death than by my life." It happened so. She left home in 1860 to attend the Anniversary celebrations of his death and never returned. She took ship for New Zealand. It was his death that gave her the first opportunity to leave home for the mission.

As a final prophecy he told her that her work would last—that it would meet with obstacles and even endure some failures, but, under God, it would succeed. She was never to lose confidence.

This too has been fulfilled. And that promise of aid after theath will be doubly fruitful, now that St. John Baptist Vianney is the Patron Saint of the Order of Compassion, its intercessor with God.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

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There was a numerous gathering of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Van Paine on the Dunedin railway platform on Tuesday morning week, prior to the departure of the North express, to wish them good-bye and bon voyage on their departure on a holiday trip to the Homeland. Both Mr. and Mrs. Paine have made themselves exceedingly popular, and their helpfulness in many Catholic undertakings has largely contributed to bring about successful results. Mr. and Mrs. Paine joined the Corinthic at Wellington, and expect to return to the Dominion in about six months' time.

At a recent meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral branch of the Children of Mary So-

Junedin

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8 OOTAGON

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her fellow-sodalists. Rev. Father Monaghan (Spiritual director), in asking Miss Quinn to accept the gift, referred to the devoted manner in which she had carried out the requirements of the sodality, and to the fine example she had set as a Child of Mary.

The members of St. Dominic's (Ladies) branch of the Hibernian Society held a very successful euchre party on the 8th inst. The ladies' first prize was won by Mrs. G. Coughlan, and the second prize by Miss McCready. Mr. Marsden won the gents' first prize, and Mr. McManus the second; consolation prizes went to Miss L. Lombardi and Mr. B. Oliver. Musical items were contributed by Miss B. Gallien, who sang "The Rosary" to the accompaniment of Mrs. F. Woods; and Mr. "Bud" Wills, who delighted all with his cornet solos, Mr. F. Sligo accompanying on the piano.

What promises to be an enjoyable dance will be held in the North-east Valley Bowling Club's pavilion on Monday evening, June 22. This will probably be the forerunner of a series of fortnightly dances in aid of the Hibernian stall at the coming carnival.

A euchre party and dance, under the auspices of the Christian Brothers' Old Boys' League Football Club. is to be held in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, South Dunedin, on next Monday evening, the 22nd inst. Good prizes are being offered in the euchre tournament, excellent music has been arranged for, and special attention devoted to the supper requirements.

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Invercargill

(From our own Correspondent.)

June 13.

Very Rev. Dean Burke left on Monday last for Wellington on the first stage of his trip abroad. He will visit Iroland, Spain, France, Germany, and Italy, and will be absent from New Zealand for about twelve months; during which time Rev. Father Graham will be in charge of the parish.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from after the 11 o'clock Mass till Benediction on Sunday. In the evening Rev. Father Marlow addressed the members of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart.

In order to further the religious education of boys just left school, or attending high schools, a class for religious instruction has been formed and will be hold every Sunday after nine o'clock Mass in St. Joseph's. As this is a fine opportunity for boys to learn more about our Holy Faith, parents would do well to see that their boys attend.

Last Sunday, at early Mass, a very large number of Children of Mary and Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament approached the Holy Table. It is indeed an edifying sight to see so many present—some having to come a great distance, but never a word of complaint. They all know the great privilege it is to wear the mantle of Our Lady. During the Mass some very beautiful hymns were rendered.

NEW ZEALAND TABLET

Farewell Social and Presentation at Waikiwi

On Friday evening, May 22, there was a very large gathering in the Waikiwi Public Hall for the purpose of farewelling the Rev. Father Spillane. After an excellent programme had been contributed the chairman (Mr. J. Keppel) addressed the assemblage: He made touching reference to the late Father Marlow, and went on to speak in eulogistic terms of the work performed in the parish by Father Spillane. On behalf of the people of Waikiwi and Rakahouka, he asked the rev. guest to accept a wallet of notes as an appreciation of his services. The chairman's remarks were supplemented by Father Stanislaus Marlow, who, speaking for the young priests of Southland, regretted the departure of one who (he said) was one of themselves. Mr. M. Fahey spoke on behalf of the people of the Rakahouka district. He assured those assembled that Father Spillane, by his kindness, zeal, and devotion to duty had won the hearts of the people among whom he worked. On rising to reply, Father Spillane was greeted with rounds of applause. He stated that since coming to the parish, he had endeavored to do his duty as well as he could, and it was pleasing to know that whatever was done was so generously appreciated. During his short term of office he had experienced on all sides the greatest kindness, good-will, and generosity, and the splendid testimonial he received that evening was only the climax to many acts of kindness and liberality. He assured the parishioners that their generous recognition of his brief services had placed him under a deep debt of gratitude to them all. Father Spillane concluded by thanking all who in any way were associated with the organisation of the social, and all who had come that night to show by their presence a mark of appreciation and good-will,

------OBITUARY

SISTER MARY ALBERTUS (HALL), 0.8.0. On Wednesday, June 10, Sister Mary Albertus (Hall) died at St. Dominic's Priory, Dunedin. The deceased Sister, who was in her 78th year, was born at Nottingham, England, and came to Adelaide with her parents when quite young. After a few years spent there, the family came to Dunedin, when this city was practically in the making. Her recollections of the early days, which were wonderfully vivid, were a source of neveronding interest to her many friends, and for some years before her death, she had been occupied, at the express desire of his Lordship Bishop Whyte, in writing up the annals of the Church in the diocese of Dunedin. Provious to this, Sister Mary Albertus had taken a deep interest in the education of the young, and, in an especial manner, in the welfare of the pupils who had passed through her hands. This interest in them she retained to the end, and her thoughts and prayers were constantly with them, helping them, we may be quite sure, in many a spiritual crisis. Truly did she weigh all things in the balance of eternity, and, having weighed, she very deliberately chose the safe path of humility and self-effacement. May her spirit abide to the end amongst those whom she loved to call her "Sisters" and may one and all of the hundred souls Melbourne.

she trained, be animated to follow in her footsteps and to understand the lesson expressed in her whole life-"God Alone !" At last she has satisfied her quenchless thirst at the fountain head of Life Eternal. May the sweet mercy of God be poured out on her soul! To her dearly loved sister (Mrs. Mary Cameron, of Auckland), to her brothers, and to the Hall family, heartfelt sympathy is extended. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Friday morning, his Lordship Bishop Whyte presiding. Rev. Father Kaveney, Adm., was celebrant, and Rev. Fathers Delany, Spillane, Monaghan, Rooney, Marlow, Tylee, Hally, and McMahon were present on the sanctuary. After the Mass the remains were laid to rest in the Southern Cemetery .--R.I.P.

SISTER MARY BRIGID (DIAMOND)'0.8.D. On Thursday last (the Feast of Corpus Christi) Sister Mary Brigid (Diamond) died at St. Dominic's Priory, Dunedin. The deceased Sister was born at Ballynian, Co. Derry, Ireland, and to the last she kept fresh and green in her heart all that love for Ireland that is so marked a characteristic of Erin's exiled children. Her death, like her life, was most edifying. She had lived for Our Divine Lord veiled in the Tabernacle, and her great soul winged its flight to Him on the solemn feast of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. She had the simplicity and unpretending humility of a child, and in her humble, hidden life was a true imitator of the Holy Family of Nazareth. God gave her the cross of physical suffering, but with the cross He poured out a profusion of spiritual blessings and privileges-the "good measure, pressed down and running over" which He ever delights in bestowing on those who are generous towards Him. May her dear soul rest in peace! To the relatives of the deceased Sister in Ireland and to the Quinn family we extend heartfelt sympathy in their loss. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Saturday morning, his Lordship Bishop Whyte presiding. Rev. Father Kaveney, Adm., was celebrant, and Rev. Fathers Delany, Spillaue, Monagban, Rooney, Tylee, Hally, and McMahon were present on the sanctuary. After the Mass the remains were laid to rest in the Southern Cemetery.-R.I.P.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

The following list of June devotional pamphlets, in addition to those already mentioned, is appended for the guidance of box tenders:—

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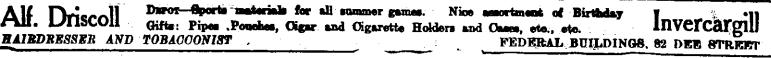
(1) THE BLESSED EUCHARIST. 200. The Holy Hour. By E. Lucchesi.

Second edition. 270. "Can You Not Watch One Hour With

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408. The Forty Hours' Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Second edition.

All these pamphlets are 2d each, or 1/2 per dozen copies, plus postage. Applications for copies should be sent to the Secretary, A.C.T.S. Offices, 311 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.



NEW ZEALAND TABLET

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925

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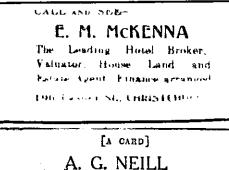
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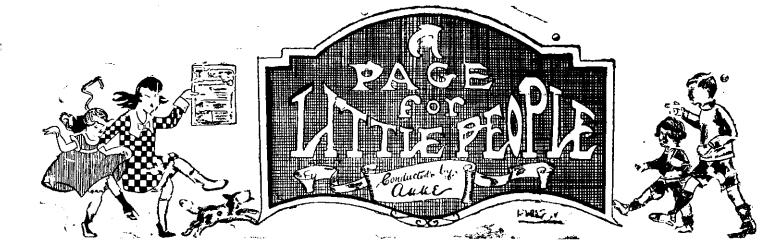
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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925



My dear Grown-Ups,

Your letters are the very nicest we've ever received, and there are TEN of them-enough to make one decade of the Rosary. You may be a wee bit disappointed that "Anne" didn't auswer each letter as she does the Little People's ,but you'll get your answers another time, somehow, as "Anne" feels she must not put any remarks of hers against any letter, just now. You understand that this is a COMPETITION, as well as a great joy, and we have to find out what the Little People think of your letters and suggestions. When everyone else has thought a thought and said their say, "Anne" will see what she can do towards brightening up things a bit for the winter. Meantime, thank you one and all, till you hear from us again. ANNE.

Dear Little People,

Here are the jolly letters I told you about last week. I think you understand what you are to do with them-

1. Read them over earefully.

2. Consider what you've read.

3. Write me a short letter saying which letter you like best, and why.

4. The most popular letter will be awarded a prize which will go to the Little Person whose dear Grown-Up wrote that letter.

If you are not allowed to cut this out of the Tablet, be sure you copy it out, so that you may know what to do. And mind you send in your letters to me quick and busy, don't keep me waiting till I'm an old--- ! My! I nearly gave the show away then,

ANNE.

Dear Anne.

"Kruskits"

May I become one of your grown-ups? My birthday is on September the 29th; have you a mate for me? I have forgotten how old I am now, because I have had so many birthdays and I am a dunce at arithmetic. I have three rather troublesome, though very lovable pets, and their names are Willie, Cissy, and Johnny. Willie wants to be a sketcher when he grows up; Johnny wants to be an engine-driver, and Cissy is going to "serve behind a counter in a lolly shop." I am enclosing six penny stamps for a badge. Cissy and Johnny have L.P.L.C. badges, and they told me that "Anne" wouldn't sell them to grown-ups. If that is correct, will you kindly send one for Willie? My pets are getting weary of these enforced holidays -and I am just about ready to be taken away over the hills in a green cart myself.

(Registered)

If the schools do not open soon and I have to be teacher any longer I know that I'll be doing 2 times tables backwards and making up essays in a padded cell for the rest of my days. With loving sympathy to all the grown-ups and yourself from Emily Baizeen, Geraldine.

Dear Anne,

Mona has asked me to write to you. So to begin. I like the Little People's Page very much and enjoy reading the letters almost as much as the little folks themselves do. They remind me of times that are past when I, too, used to write similar letters to an imaginary Uncle in one of the weekly papers, and I well remember how eagerly 1 used to look forward to seeing my letters in print. May I be allowed to make one or two suggestions which I think would help to make the page more interesting? Could we not have a little poetry? I am very fond of poetry myself and I am sure many others are too. The Little People themselves could send in any short poem they liked, and you, Anne, could pick out one each week for publication. It would also help them to take a greater interest in good poetry. Now for my other suggestion: All members to enclose a penny stamp each time they write to you. The stamps to go into a common fund to provide prizes for competition which could be arranged from time to time. 1t would not be a great sacrifice and would be a benefit to the Little People, as they would have more competitions, and I am sure they all like them. Even if it is a sacrifice to go without sweets sometimes in order to send the stamp, it is good to learn to forget one's self. All Little People should try to learn that. I am at the bottom of my page now, and as only one is allowed, I must close with best wishes to you Anne and to all the Little People, from Mona Cotterell's Mother.

Rosedeil Farm,

Otokia. May 21, 1925.

Dear Anne,

I note your remarks re the grown-ups making orphans of yourself and the little scribes to your columns. You are not orphans. I can assure you that we grown-ups take a great interest in all we read in your Little People's Page, in fact I think that most of the grown-ups look to your interesting page when they open the Tablet, and as a grown-.

At the write something to your columns. same time it is very hard to find an interesting subject to write about. However, I will write a short note on bird life in the fairyland of South Westland. The bell bird or mocomoc live in large numbers in certain localities in these districts where certain varieties of native bush grow, such as konini, currant wood, white wood, kowhai, pigeon wood, etc. These are some among the many native bush trees that provide nectar in the early spring, and it is here that the bell birds gather in large numbers. The bill of these birds is long and turned with a kind of forked tongue; you will see him flitting from bush to bush driving his tongue deep in and sucking the nectar. This is his chief supply of food in the early spring; later in the season he will suck the juices from the ripe berries. Now the most interesting part of these beautiful birds is their song: that is to the bushman or prospector as the case may be. On the hillside in certain districts before early dawn you will hear one solitary note, and perhaps in about a quarter of an hour you will hear a repeat of the same note, most likely another bird will answer; and all is silent for say ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, then you will have one, two, three birds sounding their clear bell-like notes and as day breaks the number increases until you can imagine that there are thousands of tiny bells ringing, and as the sun rises the bush seems to be one large music hall. As the prospector or bushman rises to make his breakfast he has plenty of company. The gray robin will hop from table or log to the bcd, and so on all around the tent, and pick up crumbs. The weka or Maori hen will also come to inspect and run away with soap, pipes, or anything that he can carry, but they are tales of another day, as I do not wish my note too long as space in the Tablet is limited, at the same time if my notes are of any interest I will be pleased at some future date to write more of the fairyland of South Westland. Goodbye for this time, dear Anne and Little Children.-H. J. Cuttance.

> Pukeatua. Via Te Awamutu, May 24, 1925.

Dear Anne.

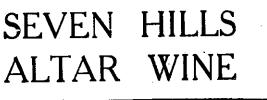
On receipt of Tablet yesterday I was much disappointed to read that not one of the "grown-ups" had written to you and your large family of Little People. I think I up I must thank you for the privilege to might say that it is not for want of interest,

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925

AUCKLAND



CASUAL ADVERTISEMENTS

38

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

MARRIAGES

- EGAN-O'SULLIVAN.-On April 15, 1925, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, by Rev. Father Egan, Thomas Sylvester, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Egan, Timaru, to Mary Colleen, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Sullivan, "Dunboy," Marlborough.
- McCABE—BROSNAHAN.—On April 28, 1925, at St. Joseph's Church, Temuka, by Rev. Father Fraher, S.M., Margaret, eklest daughter of Mr. T. M. Brosnahan, "The Gums," Kerrytown, to Joseph Mc-Cabe, Waitohi.
- MURPHY—O'SHEA.—On April 22, 1925, at St. Joseph's Church, Hawera (with Nuptial Mass), by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, assisted by Right Rev. Monsignor Power, Rev. Fathers Phelan and John Power, Alex, seventh son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Murphy, Mere Mere, to Alice Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Shea, Ohangai.

DEATHS

- DIAMOND.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Brigid Diamond, who died at St. Dominic's Priory, Dunedin, on June 11, in the 73rd year of her age, and the 39th year of her religious profession.—R.I.P.
- DROMGOOL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Charles, relict of Catherine Dromgool, of Tuakau, who died on May 27, 1925; aged 80 years.—R.I.P.
- HALL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Albertus Hall, who died at St. Dominic's Priory, Dunedin, on June 10, in the 78th year of her age, and the 44th year of her religious profession.—R.I.P.
- KINNEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, beloved husband of Margaret Kinney, who died at his residence, "Fillyburn," Hyde, on May 8, 1925; aged 80 years.—R.I.P.

McCARTIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick McCartin, youngest son of John and Ellen McCartin, of "Otoroa," Utiku, Taihape, who was accidentally killed at Pukekou, Hawkes Bay, on May 8, 1925; aged 29 years.—R.I.P.

Specially Prepared

Church

Purposes

for

IN MEMORIAM

- FLEMING.- Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Fleming, who died at New Plymouth, on May 29, 1922. ---Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.
- KANE.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Corporal James Kane (19th Reinforcements), who was killed in action near Messines, June 16, 1917.—Sweet Jesus, have merey on his soul.—Inserted by his loving parents, sister, and brothers.

WANTED

- WANTED.—Position as HOUSEKEEPER in presbytery; every experience. Write— "Housekeeper," c/o Ward's C.D. Farm, Weraroa.
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tion at HOUSEKEEPER in Presbyter, or

as help in good home; fond of children. References. Apply, "Waiting," c/o Tablet.

THE IRISH SOCIETY

The monthly meeting -a "Farewell" to Mrs Carter-will be held in the Waratah Rooms, on Tuesday next, June 23, at 7.45 p.m. Rev. Father Kaveney will lecture.

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- Life of St. Margaret Mary (S. M. Phillip)-6/-.
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- My Changeless Friend (Le Buffe, S.J.); 9 Series-1/6 each.
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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

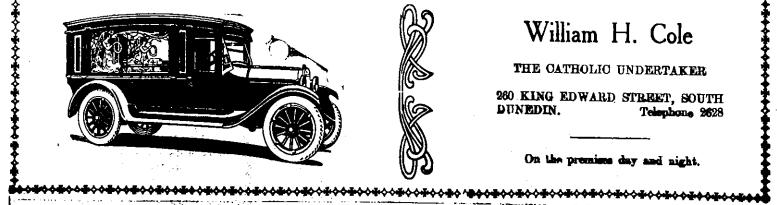
- At the Parting of the Ways (Herbert Lucas, S.J.)-4/-.
- In the Morning of Life (Herbert Lucas, S.J.) 4/-.
- London Streets and Catholic Memories (E. H. Burton)-5/6.
- The Acts of the Apostles (a manual for preparing young Catholics for University examinations and Catholic teachers) by Madame Cecilia-9/-.

The Riches of the Poor Man (P. J. O'Connor Duffy)-5/6.

- Golden Sally (M. E. Francis and Agnes Blunder)-6/-.
- The Sanctuary of Strength: Short Chapters on the Spiritual Life (Robert Eaton)-6/6.
- What Becomes of the Dead: A Study in Eschatology (J. B. Arendizen, M.A., D.D.) 6/6.
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but owing to the average "grown-up" having a rooted objection to letter writing, that you were seemingly neglected. I am sure you would be delighted if you knew the interest that "grown-ups" take in you and your Little People. I consider the idea of the Little People writing to each other a splendid one. If I might add a word of advice it would be that the Little People should be certain to answer letters received, not to write too often to each other, as one or the other might not have too much time to spare for letter writing, and lastly do not give up communicating with each other, even when you reach the "grown-up" stage, except for some very good reason. As "grown-ups," like the Little People, sometimes get sleepy. I think I will say good-night.-A. J. Healy.

Motukaraka, Hokianga.

May 10.

Dear Anne.

As this month is set aside for the grownups-it seems such an unselfish and quite a novel idea-I hope we will all take advantage of the opportunity of expressing our thanks to Anne for all her trouble in keeping the children's page going. Also to thank the little children for their interesting little letters. 1 enjoy reading them very much. 1 have nine little girls and boys in my family; the three oldest belong to the L.P.L.C. and they have quite a few letter friends. I think it is going to be a great thing for children in backblock places like this. As the church we hear Mass at is for a Maori congregation, there is no convent school; and the only Catholic children of their ages are Maori children. So I wish a long life and good luck to the L.P.L.C.. Love from Mrs. Geo. Harding.

Eddystone Street, Kaitangata, May 4, 1915.

Dear Anne,

I now take the pleasure of writing you these few lines to let you know how grateful I am to you Anne for giving Alice and Clara the pleasure of corresponding to L.P.L.C. They are delighted to receive letters from far and near. Dear Anne, some time ago I was reading the L.P. page where you intended to bring them all to a test. Well Anne, how about asking each one of the members of the club to describe each month of the year, and what has taken place, such as month of May for our Holy Mother of God, and also June for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, just to explain all they know about the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Dear Anne, please excuse me if I have said too much. I now conclude. Wishing you and your club every blessing, I am, yours grown-up, Mrs. J. Mundy.

Main Street,

Gore, May 25, 1925.

Dear Anne, Recently I read an account of a "grown-up" children's party, and you seem to have the same idea in asking the grown-ups to write to the Little People's Page. It certainly gives one a very youthful feeling, like trying to squeeze into the kindergarten desk, which

one found so roomy more years ago than one likes to remember! We are supposed to give some practical suggestions-but cudgel my brain as I may, I cannot think of any. The only thing I can do is to encourage my little people to write to their page and to their pen friends, and so help to foster the social spirit among the "grown-ups" of tomorrow. Like the rest of the "grown-ups" I have hung back waiting for someone else to make a start, but feel now that, as far as this family is concerned, I have vindicated the honor of the "grown-ups." Wishing you much success, dear Anne, with your page and your Little People, sincerely yours, M. A. Mulvey.

Okains Bay,

Banks Peninsula, 23rd May, 1925.

My dear Anne,

I hope you have had a good budget of correspondence from the old folks by this time, and here is another to swell the number. I'm not much at letter writing, but am willing to learn. Already two members of my family are writing to you, and if you are not careful the whole family will be doing the same. One of twenty-three suggests that you start a young ladies' page. She thinks she is a bit over the border of little people, and couldn't very well write to a birthday mate of eight or nine. You have quite a large number of little people, so don't you think it would be a good idea that those little people should get you to place a large petrol case (or a piano case would be better) in a corner of one room in the house-boat, and call it the Daydream mite box or some such name, and each little person pay in one penny per week, to be divided among the Catholic orphanages in New Zealand at Christmas time. I'm sure you have one hundred members, and that would mean 8/4 per week. I know how pleased the Sisters would all be to know that Anne's little people were not forgetting the orphans, and it would be doing a good turn two ways, as the little people may then be able to get their acts books filled. If you make it optional that they start off again each New Year, then any lazy little people could drop out if they wished to, but I don't think you would have many of that kind. It is only a suggestion of mine Anne, but if you encourage it your help would be needed during the Christmas holidays, and you would have to start on a second acts book, as you would be the one we would appoint to carry the wealth and good wishes to all the orphanages at Christmas time. So you would need to have the "Daydream" cleaned up and well oiled, as the journey would be a long one and you wouldn't want any mishaps by the way, but if you are feeling tired on your way to Nazareth House, just drop in at Okains, and we shall have a cup of tea ready. Be very careful landing, as the gate posts are large and high, and we wouldn't like you to come a thud when calling here, and don't land in the cow yard, for if it is after rain the "Daydream" may get stuck in the mud. You will sure know the place, as we will have a green flag on the gate, and Terence will be watching for you, if you don't come in the night. We may all take a trip with you as far as Christchurch if you

can find room for us. (I could sit on the mite box). But we couldn't go on to the North Island, as we would have to be home again to milk. Well no more now, Anne. With best love and wishes from the old folk, also from Trephena and Terence. Yours very sincerely, (Mrs.) E. Quinn.

Somewhere in Hawke's Bay,

Dear Anne,

May 28, 1925.

I have been looking in the Tablet all the month for letters from grown-ups, and so far not one. Though not a grown-up, but sadly growing down by the weight of years, and a very bad hand at writing, I will try and scribble one myself and be the "fairy godmother" of the little ones. So here goes-The top of the mornin' to you Anne Asthore, and to all the little ones. I am enclosing a small donation to help with whatever you like to put it to. God bless you Anne, the children too, and don't forget the "fairy godmother." I remain, dear Anne, yours faithfully, The Shan Van Vocht.

c/o Mrs. R. H. Davis, Oxford Road, Okato, Taranaki,

May 27, 1925.

My dear Anne, I hope I am not late with my letter, though I fear I am. However "better late than Mary Boylan (my niece) has been never. tormenting me since 1st May to write you re suggestions for your club. Well Anne dear, my first suggestion would be-To get all the Little People to pay a subscription each month, even if it were only twopence or threepence, and for you Anne to give it at the end of the year to some orphanage. My second suggestion is-For each girl to make a garment for Christmas to be sent to the orphanage, and the boys to make little toys for the same cause, or if they preferred they could increase their subscriptions at that time (Christmas). Now Anne I think I have "done my bit," so will say "good night." Trusting my Irish suggestions will meet your approval. I remain, sincercly yours, Lily Mulligan.

"I'd Like To Live To Ninety-Nine !" Untouched by ills of life's decline, I'd like to stay in perfect health Amid the comforts known to wealth. I'd like to live and not grow old, Immune to sore throat, cough, and cold, I'd like to evermore assure Supplies of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

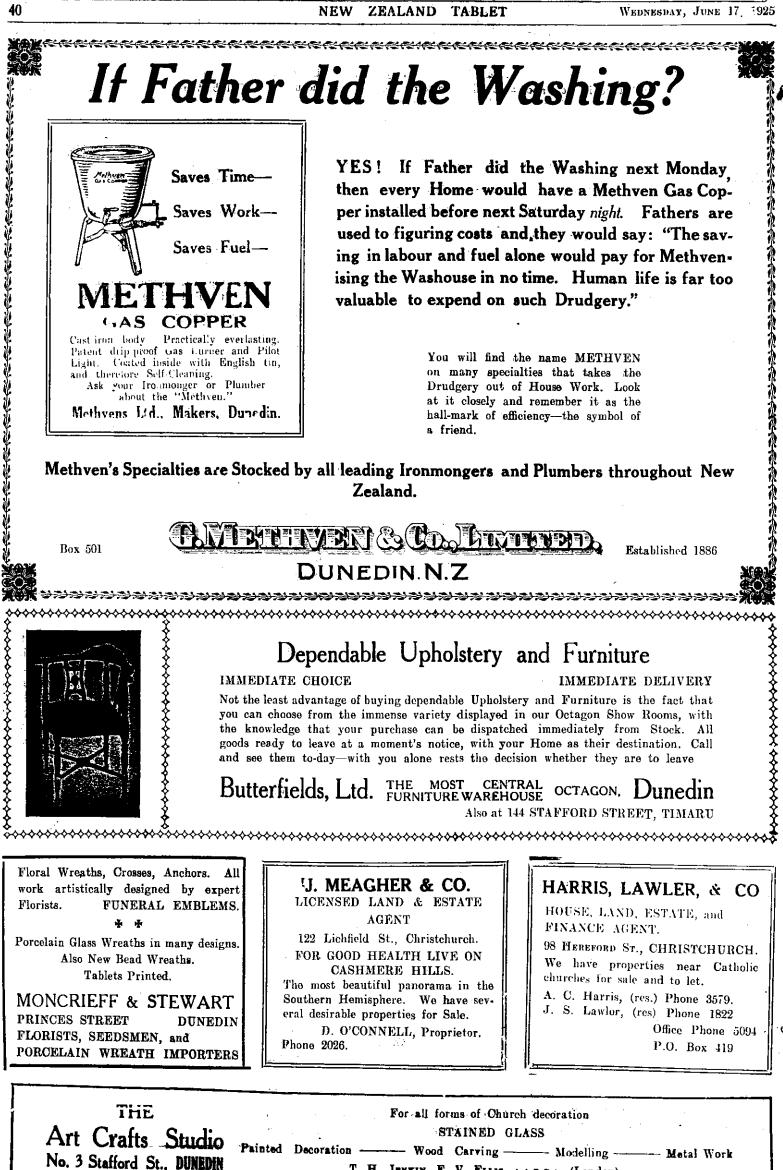
Correspondences and the corres

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SERVICE AND A

Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The fourth annual conference of the Cath-Lic Education Association opened in the most auspicious circumstances in St. Patrick's Hall, Harrington Street, on Thursday last (says the Catholic Press for May 28), and continued until Saturday. As the result of the delivery of lectures by members of the various teaching Orders and the discussions induced thereby, many phases of teaching activity were reviewed extensively, and the deliberations of conference should prove of invaluable assistance to those engaged in the work of Catholic education. Since the initiation of the conferences some four years ago, the exchange of ideas between the teachers has been most fruitful, and the conference of 1925 should add greatly to what now is accumulated knowledge. There was at all sessions of conference a very large attendance of the members of the teaching Orders, which were fully represented. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan (Coadiutor-Archbishop of Sydney) opened the conference, over which Rev. Brother George presided, and delivered a most interesting address. Prior to the beginning of the proceedings, members attended Mass at St. Patrick's Church, where his Grace the Coadjutor-Archbishop presided at the throne, the celebrant of the Mass being the Rev. Father P. Crowley (Diocesan Enspector of Schools),

On Sunday, May 24, the death occurred at the Lewisham Hospital of Thomas Joseph Dalton, K.C.S.G., following on an attack of pneumonia. The late T. J. Dalton was a son of the late Hon. Thes. Dalton, M.L.C., and was chairman of directors of the firm of Messrs. Dalton Bros., of Sydney, Ltd. For many years he filled the post of Vice-Consul for Spain, but latterly had to relinquish that office owing to indifferent health. He was educated at St. Ignatius's College, Riverview, and at Stonyhurst, England. On account of his extensive good works and for services rendered to the Church in Australia, he was some years ago invested as a Knight Commander of St. Gregory at the instigation of the late Cardinal Moran, and the title was one of which he was justly proud. The position of honorary treasurer to the Lewisham Hospital had been held by him from 1903 until his death, and nowhere will his loss be felt so much as at the institution to which he had ever proved himself a faithful and loyal friend and generous benefactor. It is to his never-failing interest, unswerving devotion, and princely munificence that this institution owes much, and his recent gifts of a completely up-to-date X-ray plant (installed at his expense) and a Diathermy apparatus are further evidences of his tender compassion for the sick. The thousands who yearly receive alleviation of their ills by these means (not to mention his numberless other gifts to the institution) are under a deep debt of gratitude to their unknown benefacftor; but a debt such as this is beyond the power of human compensation, and we may now justly say that he is reaping a "golden harvest" of reward. His countless deeds of quiet, unostentatious charity will live long

in the memory of his benefactors. It was fitting, then, that when the last call came, it should be the proud privilege of the Nursing Sisters (or, as they are more familiarly known, "the Blue Sisters") of the Lewisham Hospital, to prepare their lifelong friend and benefactor for the end, and to take their turn in praying by the remains of him who in life held them in such high esteem.

♦♦♦♦♦♦ ♦¥CTORIA.

Our Lady of Victories Church, Camberwell, has been completed and cleared of debt, and on Tuesday, May 26, the solemn consecration of the church and the three altars was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Sandhurst, the Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy, who was assisted by the Rev. E. O'Brien, P.P., Very Rev. J. A. Kindelan, O.C.C., Very Rev. J. S. Bourke, S.J. (rector of St. Patrick's College), Very Rev. P. Meenagh, C.M., and the Cathedral sacristan (Mr. H. P. Cooney). Mass was celebrated by the Rev. E. O'Brien. The ceremonies extended over five hours, and were deeply impressive.

One of the best known priests in the Sale diocese, the Rev. M. Roche, P.P., died suddenly at Warragul in the early hours of Ascension Thursday morning (says the Melhourne Advocate). The annonneement of his death occasioned widespread regret. On the previous evening ho had attended a meeting of the Warragul Golf Club, and was apparently in his usual happy spirits. He made no complaint on reaching the presbytery, and conversed for some time with his assistant, the Rev. R. Buckley. Father Roche had arranged to celebrate the 7.30 Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Warragul, on Ascension Thursday, and a large congregation had assembled. Noted for his punctuality, the congregation was surprised when Father Roche was not present in the church at 7.30, and a few minutes later a member of the congregation made inquiries at the presbytery. There was no response to the knocks on Eather Roche's door, and on entering the room Father Buckley found that death had occurred. Dr. Ley was at once summoned, and after an examination stated that the cause of death was heart failure. As the body was warm, death must have occurred only an hour or two previously. It was Father Buckley's sad task to break the news to the congregation, and there was not a dry eye in the church after he announced the death of the beloved parish priest. The body of Father Roche was later placed in the church, and parishioners from far and near attended to offer their prayers for the eternal repose of his soul. By his parishioners ho was greatly loved, and there were many touching scenes in the church. The Rev. T. Roche, C.SS.R., Ballarat, is a brother, and the Rev. J. A. Roche, P.P., Bombala (New South Wales), a cousin of the deceased priest. Father Roche, C.SS.R., is conducting a mission at Warrnambool, and was unable to attend the Requiem. He and Father J. A. Roche will be present at the Month's Mind.

QUEENSLAND.

A great wave of religious fervor is at present passing over Brisbane, and the enthusiasm among the Catholic people is admirable, indeed (writes the Brisbane correspondent of the Catholic Press). Record attendances are to be found in every centre where a mission is held. Those given at Wooloowin, Bulimba, Rosalie, and St. Stephen's Cathedral surpassed all previous experiences, and those being conducted at Clayfield and St. Mary's, South Brisbane, are exceeding all expectations. The Reclemptorist and Marist Fathers, who are conducting the missions, are untiring in their zeal and devotion, and the results attending their labors must be very gratifying to themselves, and the good people of Brisbane, who are corresponding so faithfully to the interest the Fathers are taking in them. A feature of the missions is the large numbers of converts seeking for instruction as a result of eloquent sermons. The Church in Brisbane is truly flourishing beyond that of any previous period of its history, and it is giving promise of great things for the future. The new ecclasiastical edifices recently constructed, or in course of construction, are fitting expressions of the zeal and generosity of priests and people. His Grace the Archbishop has by his untiring energy and foresight given life and spirif to the general movement of progressiveness, and the monuments that stand out on every hill are enduring records to his gigantic labors, and to the loyalty and faith of his devoted priests and people.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925

Our Sports Summary

FOOTBALL IN SOUTH CANTERBURY. (From our Timaru correspondent.)

The South Canterbury Rugby Union held its 30th annual seven-a-side football tournament on the 3rd inst., in good weather. Seventy-five teams entered for the five grades in the competitions, embracing players from Christchurch, Oamaru, Fairlie, Geraldine, Winchester, Temuka, Waimate, Pleasant Point, and all the local clubs. The preliminary matches were played on four grounds, and the semi-finals and finals were contested on the Caledonian Grounds in the presence of uearly 6000 persons.

The Celtic senior team met Old Boys in the final, and had hard luck, being beaten by 11 points to 8, after a strenuous and exciting game, which roused the enthusiasm of the spectators. The Celtic fifth grade team was successful in winning its matches after giving a splendid exhibition of football. The names of those who will receive medals are Masters Plever, Johnson, Deheery, McArthur, Henry, Fulton, and Quinn.

The Celtic senior team is next in points to Old Boys in the premiership of South Cauterbury at the conclusion of the first round between the six teams in the competition.

The Celtic fifth grade team has won all its matches (4) to date.

The Marist Brothers have entered a senior and junior fifteen for the schools' competition.

ST. PATRICK'S RIFLE CLUB, TIMARU. (From our own Correspondent.)

The St. Patrick's Rifle Club held the first shoot of the season on the 5th inst. The best scores off the rifle 'were :-J. Murphy 69, C. Knight, J. McKeefry, and F. Mangos 68. Mr. G. F. Doyle's trophy was competed for and won by J. Murphy, jun., with a score of 63 (handicap 6.)

ST. JOHN'S TENNIS CLUB, TIMARU. (From our own Correspondent.)

The St. John's Tennis Club held its annual social at St. Patrick's Hall on the 10th inst., when there was a very large attendance of members and friends, including Fathers Hurley, S.M. (patron) and Barra, S.M. (viccpresident). Three vice-presidents, Mesdames Venning, Martin, and Moore, acted as chaperones. The hall was, as usual, most tastefully decorated with red and white streamers (the club colors). The floor was specially prepared, and excellent music was rendered by Campbell's band. Misses Lynch, Sullivan, and Davidson kindly contributed extras. The supper arrangements were in the capable hands of Mesdames McCambridge and Murdoch, Misses Denuehy (2), Costigan (2), and D. Mason.

During the evening the president (Mr. Venning) asked Rev. Father Hurley to make a presentation of a gold medal to Mr. David Marlow (a promising player), who won the club's singles tournament.

The committee are to be heartily congratulated upon the complete arrangements made, as the dance proved one of the most enjoyable ever held by the club, and was a great success in every respect.

M.B.O.B. FOOTBALL CLUB, GREY-MOUTH.

(Contributed.)

League football is the game on the Coast this year, and it will not be out of place to give a brief resume of the above club's operations up to the present. As will be seen the club will be unlucky to lose either of the three cups in the first competition. In the senior division Marists are equal with Runanga, and both teams have six more matches to play. The junior team is leading by a handsome margin of points, but they still have several matches to play. Still I do not think that they will be beaten again. The third grade team is in a winning position, being two points behind the leading team, who have played one more match. This team will surprise me if it is beaten again. Will Skipper Neil Mouatt and Vice-captain Hughie Mears get to Australia with the N.Z. Reps? This scribe does not know football from marbles if they dou't. In addition to Mouatt and Mears, Secretary Tom O'Hallahan has been selected to represent the South Island team. Not a bad record for one club is it? When Inangahua gave our seniors a hiding on Sunday week, and three days later (King's Birthday) Runanga repeated the dose. Father Mac's smile temporarily disappeared. It even failed to come back when Monatt snatched a one point victory over Greymouth. But cheer up acushla, all those cups will be draped with green at the end of the season. The doings of this club will be more fully chronicled in the future, and if space permits, details of interesting matches will be supplied.

In my first notes from this quarter, I must mention the grand manifestation of faith evidenced by the members of the M.B.O.B. Football Association on the occasion of their first annual Communion. At the subsequent breakfast, which was held in St. Columba Club rooms, the Rev. Father McMonagle, who presided, stated that it gave the clergy great pleasure to know that the "Greens" could hold their end up in matters spiritual as well as on the football field. Mr. W. P. McCarthy also spoke, and after congratulating the M.B.O.B. on their fine record this season made a strong appeal on behalf of the St. Columba Club. The speaker pointed out the many benefits the club has to offer its members, and asked for greater support in the future. Rev. Brother Tarsicius and secretary T. O'Hallahan also added a few words. A photo of the gathering was taken after the breakfast. The catering arrangements were in the capable hands of the Children of Mary, headed by Mrs. Donovan. It is hardly necessary to add that they rose to the occasion magnificently. As the rev. chairman said, it is no easy task to prepare breakfast for 200 men. I quite agree with him, and may add that West Coasters have notoriously good appetites.

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.

AN OLD-TIME ATHLETE.

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A Greymouth correspondent writes: ----

A few months ago, a correspondent in the sporting column of the Tablet, referring to Jack Harris, the noted athlete of the early 'seventies, expressed a doubt as to where he spent the last years of his life and where he died

A few days ago I was strolling through the Greymouth Cemetery and came across his grave, the tombstone of which bears the following inscription :- "Sacred to the memory of John Gregory Harris, native of Victoria, who died at Greymouth on June 14, 1912; aged 65 years .--- R.I.P."

Jack Harris spent the last ten years of his life in Greymouth, most of which time he was managing the Albion Hotel for the late Mr. John Gieseking. Mr. Harris took a keen interst in all sports right up to the end, and was a prominent official at the Greymouth Hibernian Society's annual St. Patrick's Day sports. He was nursed with loving care during his long illness by Mrs. Gieseking and family, was attended by Rev. Father Finnerty, S.M., and died a very happy death, fortified by the rites of Holy Church.

As Jack Harris was well known throughout New Zealand and Australia as one of our champion runners, the foregoing will be interesting to not a few of the older generation

"MOTHER MACHREE"

In what is described as "A Great Play by a Great Company" Mr. Denis Kehoe announces the forthcoming first appearance in New Zealand of his own company (with himself at the head) in "Mother Machree," an Irish folk play from the pen of Maurice Whelan. Mr. Kehoe is the son of Mr. Percy Kehoe, whose name is well and favorably known. Mr. Kehoe, jun., has associated with him his wife, professionally known as Miss Frances Kaher, a lady of great charm and distinction, and formerly a member of the Allen Wilkie Shakspercan Company; Misses Gwen Dorise, Muriel Dale, and Helen Fergus-all dramatic artists of established reputation. Messrs, Riley and Maurice Lynch are two gentlemen whose names are familiar to Dunedin playgoers through the Doone productions; Messrs. Chas. Keegan, Lester Carey, and Beeby will soon become equally well known. Mr. Keboe's intention is to tour every portion of the Dominion. "Mother Machree" is a play that has a universal appeal. The theme is one of absorbing interest, and its commendation by eminent churchmen is a just reflex of the reception it has everywhere enjoyed.

Church of the "Little Flower" Tuatapere

At Tuatapere, on SUNDAY, JUNE 21, at 11.30 a.m., His Lordship the Right Rev. J. Whyte, D.D., will solemnly bless the first church dedicated to the "Little Flower" (St. Teresa) in New Zealand.

> FATHER BUCKLEY, Riverton.





Here and There

A Link with Father Faber.—The London Rublet says : - The Brompton Oratory has lost one of its oldest parishioners by the death, on Easter Sunday, of Mrs. Catherine Ludwell, who was one of the very few remaining links with Father Faber and the days of the first London Oratory in King William Street. Mrs. Ludwell was 87 years of age; she had a remarkably retentive memory, and never tired of recalling incidents of the early days of the Oratory and of Father Faber and his first community. From her remarks on the founder of the London Oratory it was easy to gather very definite impressions of his personality, and of the great influence which he exercised over the poor who formed the bulk of his first parishioners; the "Ragged School," one of the first of its kind, and other works which he took so large a part in setting on foot; and the night services, to which she herself remained faithful to the last, insisting on attending them even in the worst weather.

Dominican General Dead.-The death was announced recently of Father Louis Theissling, General of the Dominican Order. Of German extraction (his surname suggests an ancestor who had come from the River Theiss, in Hungary), Father Theissling was born in Holland on January 31, 1856. Entering the Dominican Order, he soon became noted for ability and zeal, and rose to be Provincial of the Dutch Dominicans. For thirty years and more he had been an outstanding figure in his Order. The new Dominican Priory at Zwollo is a monument of his energy. He labored untiringly in many ways for the progress of his Order in Holland. Before 1914 he had spent two or three years as chaplain to the Catholic colouv in the Russian capital. An accomplished linguist, he spoke Dutch, English, French, German, Spanish, Russian, Italian, and Latin. His remarkable gifts as a linguist stood him in good stead, for he was an indefatigable traveller. Before his election as General he had travelled widely in Europe, America, and the West Indies, besides paying a visit to England and Ireland. Elected General on August 4, 1916, he visited nearly all the Provinces of his Order throughout the world. In the last few months his health failed, and he entered the well-known hospital of the "Blue Sisters" (most of whom are Irish nuns) near San Stefano, in Rome.

Mr. Devlin's Attitude.—Mr. Devlin (says the Irish Catholic) is making his presence felt in the Parliament of Northern Ireland in the way that might be expected of so able, courageous, and zealous a champion of the fights of his fellow-citizens and so-religionists. He has just powerfully arraigned Sir James Craig's Government for the way they continue to hold on to St. Mary's Hall, the centre of Catholic social and charitable work in Belfast, so long after the state of things in the Northern Capital which was alleged

Whipp & Coy.,

ET HAT RENOVATORS.

as justification for its seizure has passed away -especially in view of the protestations of the Ministry that none of its members would he guilty of doing anything in the way of humiliating Catholics. Mr. Devlin's demand for giving back to its rightful owners St. Mary's Hall was met with evasions first and then with vindictive innuendoes by Sir Dawson Bates. We think the Irish News is not far wrong in its suggestion that the real object behind the holding on to the Hall is to try to stir up the ashes of dead or dying controversies and so divert attention from the actualities of the present to the futilities of the past. It is an old game, but this time at least it is to be hoped it will not work. The "early date" at which Sir Dawson Bates says he will give up St. Mary's Hall must be made both definite and early.

• • •

A Client of Mary .-- Mr. Tulloch, M.A., formerly a Church of Scotland minister in Mid-Lothian, who became a convert to the Catholic faith last year, lectured in St. Joseph's, Clarkston, on a recent Sunday, to a crowded audience, his subject being, "Why I Became a Catholic." In the course of the, narrative it incidentally emerged that for years prior to his conversion Mr. Tulloch had a devotion to Our Lady, quite exceptionl, it not almost singular, among Church of Scotland Protestants; that he used the "Memorare" in his private devotions, and even the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. The story of his prolonged and toilsome search for truth--pursued largely by way of lifurgical and hagiological study-was profoundly interesting, but probably most of his hearers would conclude that his study could issue only one way, since not even a Presbyterian minister who habitually recited the "Memorare" was likely to be "left unaided."

Passing of a Notable Irish Priest.—The death occurred in a nursing home in Tipperary lately, of Very Rev. M. J. Ryan, President, St. Patrick's College, Thurles, in his 49th year. Born in Cappamore, the deceased went from St. Patrick's College, Thurles, to Maynooth, where he read a distinguished course. Ordained in 1899 he was a professor in Carlow College for some years, and was subsequently recalled to his native diocese, and spent the remainder of his life in St. Patrick's College, Thurles, of which he was appointed President in 1921.

The Late Rev. W. J. Southerden .- The death, in his 70th year, occurred recently at Torquay, of Rev. W. J. Southerden, a convert, formerly Anglican curate at St. John's; Torquay. Father Southerden, upon his reception into the Church by Cardinal Manning, became a tutor in Ireland, being associated in this respect with many notable Irish families. Amongst other of his pupils were the grandchildren of the famous Irish patriot and statesman, the great Daniel O'Connell. For a time he was also a professor at Beaconsfield College, Plymouth, when the Basilian Fathers were there. He had always cherished the desire to become a priest, and on the death of his mother (whom he supported), and after seventeen years of tutorial life, he decided to give up his work in order to carry into effect his long-cherished wish. His eyesight had already become very weak, and when this was raised as a possible barrier he replied: "I shall at least be able to say Holy Mass." He entered the Beda College, Rome, where he was ordained in 1914. He served at Okehampton, Saltash, and Torquay.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925

Irish News

CHARGE OF INTOLERANCE REFUTED—CRAIG'S MAJORITY VANISHING— SIX COUNTY FINANCES—BELFAST AND THE FREE STATE—THE POPE AND IRELAND.

Colonel G. O'Callaghan Westropp, at Ennis, indignantly denied a statement made at a recent meeting of the Co. Clare Board of Health, that in 1914 he said that a Protestant could not go to hed in security in the South of Ireland, as he was liable to have his throat cut. This allegation (said the Colonel) had been extensively circulated in England. He had never at any time said that a Protestant in the South of Ireland was in danger of having his throat cut. His sleep had never been disturbed by fear of his Catholic neighbors, with whom he lived on terms of the closest friendship. Whatever their faults were in Clare, bigotry and religious persecution were not included amongst them. As an instance, he recalled that in 1922 some anonymous rascals issued an order to the Protestants of Kilrush and Kilkee to leave within 48 hours if they wished to live. Forthwith General Simon McInerney, who was in command of the local Brigade of the I.R.A., published a proclamation telling the Protestants to stand fast, assuring them of protection and calling on well-disposed persons to aid in discovering the miscreants responsible for the bogus order. The miscreants removed themselves with speed, but the Protestants remained, and still enjoyed goor health.

* * *

It was stated a week or two ago that the Irish Boundary Commissioners would prohably complete their report within a couple of months. It is now pretty definitely stated that they cannot complete their inquiries before the end of the present year, and that after that some time must elapse for the framing of their report. Meantime it is hoped that the Nationalists in the Belfast Parliament will take up their work there without further delay. The recent opposition to the Craig Government in the Belfast Parliament materialised very strongly. Sir Robert Lynn, who is an official Unionist member, moved for an independent Commission to investigate the staffing of Government offices and the expenditure thereon in "Northern Ireland." Sir James Craig resisted the motion, and offered a departmental inquiry. This was refused, and on the matter going to a vote the demand for independent inquiry was supported by three official Unionists, four independent Unionists, and three Labor members-a minority of ten against the official majority of only 22. It will be seen that if the eight Nationalists elected took their seats in the Belfast Parliament Sir James Craig's majority would be reduced to a very narrow limit.

Sir James Craig is having rather a lively time in his "Parliament" since the recent elections. Sir R. Lynn (official U.), calling upon the Government to make such economies as would result in a considerable reduction in public expenditure, the lowering of prices and the cost of living, stated that the running of the House cost £146 per hour in salaries, or £19,400 per annum. Other figures under the heading of salaries, wages and allowances were: Cabinet Office £10,-500, Finance Department £96,200, Excheqer and Audit £3389, Home Affairs £55,200, Law Charges £9800, Pensions £37,347, Special Constabulary £1,300,000, R.U.C. £692,-000, Labor £156,000.

Warming to his work, Sir R. Lynn said: "I raised the question of expenditure here four years ago, but I was unable to continue to ventilate it because of the gummen. The gummen made it impossible for me, and independent members like me, to take the course we wished to take in those matters, but I tell you now that even though I may be defeated in the Lobby this afternoon the fight is not going to end there, it is going to the country, and I am convinced that in the end it will prevail."

Colonel Woods (Ind. U.), said £10 per head on the population of the province was too much for administration. The officials of the House cost £1 per minute for the time the House sat. A professional soldier might be all right as a soldier, but what qualification had he to place him at the head of their Finance Department?

Turning to the police forces, he said the staff of the Cl class was composed of men from Great Britain, and he did not understand how there could be difficulty in getting the Imperial Parliament to vote money for them, seeing that the force was a home for Englishmen. "We have nothing but scandals in the Cl Division since its formation —it is a home for men who do not want to work, and as long as they are allowed to remain there so long will the scandal last."

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The Ulster correspondent of the Catholic Herald expresses some interesting views with regard to the effect of the Irish Free State Budget on Orange opinion in Ulster. The abolition or reductions in food taxes introduced in the Free State Budget by Mr. Ernest Blythe (who, by the way, is himself an Ulster Protestant) have given Orange wage-earners in Ulster "furiously to think." Our Ulster correspondent says that Mr. Blythe's Budget proposals will considerably modify Ulster opinion with regard to the merging of "Northern Ireland" in the Irish Free State. He adds:—

"The Derry bigots are beginning to realise that. After perusing the Budget proposals, one of them, who is very closely associated with a member of the Belfast Cabinet, admitted that national union was coming. He said that the Six Counties would be in the Free State within seven years. As his formula a short time ago was probably "Never! Never!" there is a big margin for subtraction from his latest figure. His change of tune is not unique. The whole outlook of the Ulsterman towards the Free

State is changed. So dense was his ignor; ance in the past that he believed the South and West of Ireland to be inhabited by an incompetent, half-savage race that dwelt in mud cabins and amused themselves by shoot ing one another. Now he sees a "papist" Cabinet that, having successfully pulled the country through such a crisis as few Governments were ever faced with, has placed the National Finances on a secure basis (as the price of National Loan shows), and is tackling one after another with skill and originality the various problems of reconstruction and development. So he rubs his eyes in wonder, and several times last week we have had the strange spectacle of members of the Belfast Parliament urging on their own Ministers the advisability of taking leaves from the Dublin book. There never was such a chance of bringing real peace to Ireland and such an atmosphere in which to do it as there is now. England can secure a lasting peace between herself and the sister nation, if she will simply refrain from interfering in Irish disputes and refuse to holster up the impossible financial and economic position of Ulster by her subsidies. But if her statesmen think that their policy should be to continue to keep Ireland weak by keeping her divided they are making one of the greatest blunders in history, and they are preparing for themselves such a storm as will eventually burst up the British Empire."

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The following letter has been addressed to the Most Rev. Charles McHugh, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry, chairman of the committee of the Irish National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, 1924, by the Right Rev. Mgr. J. Hagan, Rector of the Irish College, Rome: —

Collegio Irlandese, Rome 3,

April 15, 1925. My dear Lord,—In the course of a recent audience, I presented to the Holy Father the address signed by your Lordship and Father Lockhart on behalf of the committee and members of the Irish National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, together with a replica of the pilgrims' badge in solid gold.

His Holiness directed me to make known that he greatly appreciated the kindly thought, reciprocated the welcome greetings and gratefully accepted the homage of the committee and the pilgrims, to each and all of whom he cordially imparted the Apostolic Benediction.—I have the honor to remain, my dear Lord, your very faithful servant,

J. J. HAGAN.

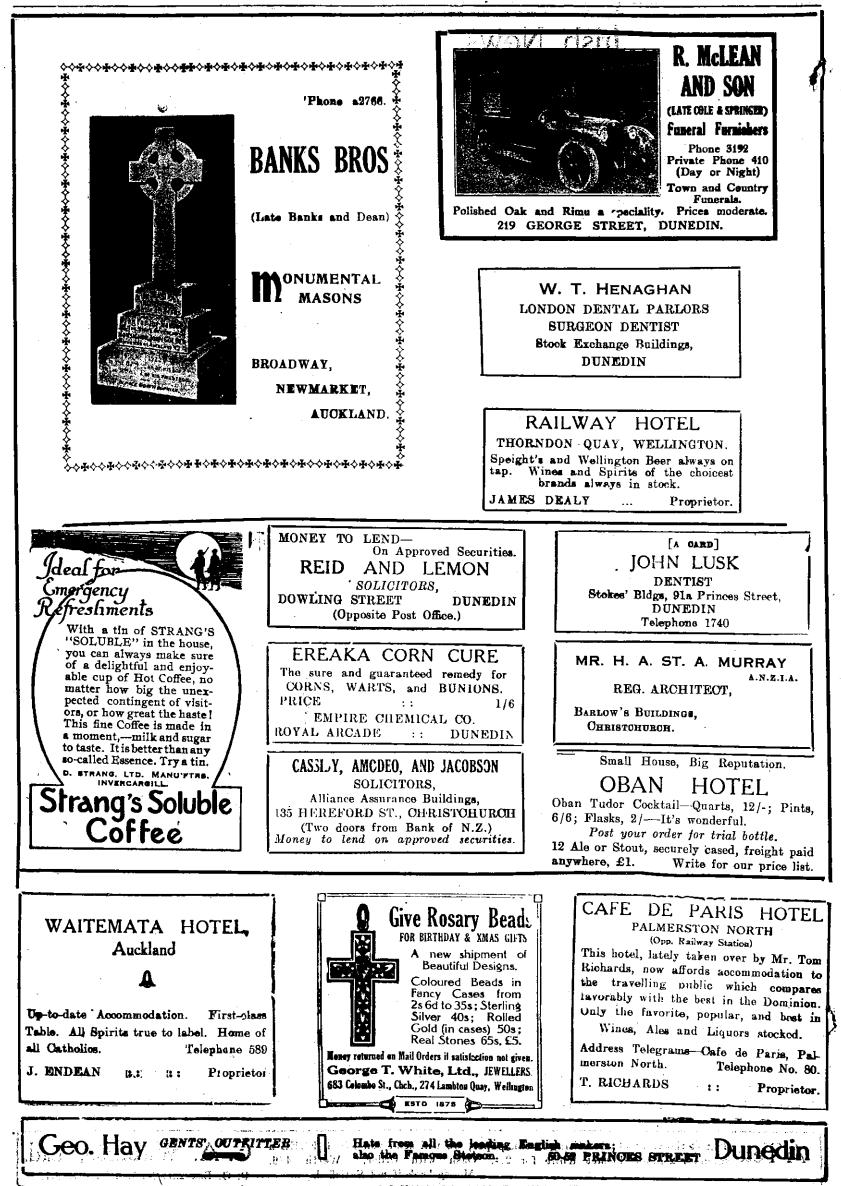
The address referred to was an expression of thanks to his Holiness for the privileges and favors so generously granted to the members and associates of the pilgrimage, including a special remembrance in his Mass, and a plenary indulgence on each of the days of the pilgrimage.

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WANGANUI NOTES (From our own Correspondent.)

June 5.

Castleeliff had its first social of the season one Saturday night lately, a most successful affair, a real night out for everyone, organised by Mrs. H. W. Johnston and a committee consisting of Mesdames Marsden, Dobson, Treader, McKeague, Rogers, Dowdall, and McKenzie. It just happened that five boats, including the Union Co's overseas vessel, the Kaiwarra, were weatherbound at the Cliff on that particular night, and St. Vincent's social came in quite handy. The evening started off with eachre, Mrs. Dobson and Capt. Johnston having charge of the tables. The prizes, given by Mrs. Oliver (ladies'), Mr. McTubbs (gents'), and Mrs. McKeuzie (consolation), were won by Mrs. McDougall, Capt. Williams of the Holmdale, Mrs. Walker, and Mr. Aiken. There was a much-enjoyed and delicious supper, quite up to date with fox-trotting to the sweet music of a gramophone lent by Captain Williamson of the Kaiwarra. After supper there was more dancing, the musicians being Miss Anderson (piano) and Miss Rata Johnston played extras: Mr. Claude Hibbard (string instrument airl Kentucky whistle). Altogether and in every way, the evening was specially good, and a fine start for the season.

Things are not quite so lestive at Castleeliff now, and Capt. Johnston, as Acting **Pilot**, is kept busy with the Cyrena, which met with a masty accident at the entrance to our port. They're very hopeful of getting her off, but the weather is not much good so far. On King's Birthday, hundreds were down watching operations, and they got thrills a-plenty, for someone was washed off a boat, and someone else risked his life in the seething main to rescue the end of a rope. Anyhow, there it is, there's always something exciting happening in or round our little city.

Big football match on King's Birthday, a vilo day, but over 4000 people thoroughly enjoyed the tussle between Taranaki and Wanganui. It was a good match, ending in a draw and a banquet at night, at which our Father Mahony was a guest. Anyone knowing Wanganui will be interested to hear that the three-cornered section opposite the Recreation Ground-it used to be a lupin paddock which went on fire several times every summer-is now all tidied up and turned into a parking ground for motor cars. A decided improvement to the neighborhood and a relief to motorists.

Town and Country News Gonville is busy too, and it's got some-

thing to be busy about now that the churchschool is in working order. Mass is celebrated there regularly on two Sundays in the month, sometimes more, and school every day. The attendance is somewhere about 60, and more are waiting to come along as soon as more desks and things can be bought. The men down there are having working bees to fix up pathways and the grounds generally, and in time they'll have it looking very well indeed. It's a delightful spot anyhow, a beautiful building on an ideal site. Indeed, as one parishioner said quite innocently, "It's just like a bit of paradise to be down there at Mass in the early morning, with that beautiful view of the blue sea through the windows!"

Gone from Gonville lately, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Gordon, to make their home at Frankton Junction, where Mr. Gordon is to be Goods Foreman. Mirs. Gordon has been such a great worker for Gonville, and the old committee felt they could not let her go away without wishing her good luck, so, a "surprise party" made its way round to the residence of Mrs. Capt. Connor, sen., where Mrs. Gordon was (pending her last few days at Gonville. It was a real surprise-some enchre, supper, and then Rev. Father Mahony, on behalf of the committee and himself, presented Mrs. Gordon with a beaded bag and a hand-ome prayer book, saying at the same time some very nice and perfectly true things about her good and faithful work on the committee. Mr. Leo Fromont also spoke, and replies were made by Mr. Gordon, Capt. Connor. Sorry though we are to lose the Gordon family, it is good to know they have moved on to promotion. and that they are so much appreciated by their friends. Incidentally, Mr. Gordon's railway associates presented him with a set of valuable pipes, a silver tea service for Mrs. Gordon, and a silver pencil for Jacky.

Up-river at our Maori settlements, big things are being attempted. On Pentecost Sunday, Rev. Father Venning, amid a concourse of natives, blessed the foundation stone of a new church at Parikino. This is likely to be finished about mid-July, and $\pounds 250$ is still needed to pay for the completed building. The church is to be dedicated to St. Madeleine Sophie Barat, Foundress of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. She has shown already a wonderful patronage. The natives at Jerusalem are working hard to pay off a debt on their church of St. Joseph. They're having a concert and sale of work on June 9. The Kawhaiki Maoris are organising socials to raise funds to build a churchschool and convent there, and they hope to hold a bazaar in February next. Kawhaiki is the first Catholic mission station on the Wanganui River; it was founded by Rev. Father Lampila, S.M. There are 60 children ready for school there. Donations will be received gratefully if anyone wishes to help in this direction.

NEW PLYMOUTH NOTES (From our own Correspondent.)

June 6.

On May 26, Miss Mary Barry left for Wellington, there to join the Athenic, en route for England. Prior to her departure she was the guest of honor at several "farewell evenings" given by friends, and being the recipient of mementos, tangible proof was given of the esteem in which she is held by a large circle of friends. Miss Barry intends to spend some considerable time at Home, including a visit to Ireland and the Continent.

The members of the local branch of the Hibernian Society, by means of their weekly eachre parties and social evenings, continue to swell the bazaar funds. At present they are working in conjunction with the various stall-holders, and their combined efforts are meeting with a fair measure of success.

The opening of the bazaar has been fixed for Monday, August 31. Father Minogue is working very hard to ensure its success. He is organising a tug-of-war competition. full details of which will be given later. It is understood that valuable prizes will be offered, and it is hoped to receive entries from far and wide as well as from local organisations. Intending competitors would be wise to commence training as soon as possible. Rev. Father Minogue, who, by the way, has been appointed treasurer of the bazaar committee, has several other competitions and money-making enterprises in view, details of which shall be given in due course. As mentioned above, the bazaar is not far distant. The necessity of hearty co-operation to ensure its success should be apparent to all. Money is urgently needed, chiefly to obtain satisfactory Catholic educutional facilities.

Mr. E. Whittle, jun., has returned from an extended holiday in Australia.

The members of the choir are holding a social evening in the "Burwood" on June 18. The object is to raise funds to defray expenses incurred in connection with the organ. As they are always ready to assist in all good works, it is to be hoped that they will receive the support of the parishioners in this, one of their few appeals on their own behalf.

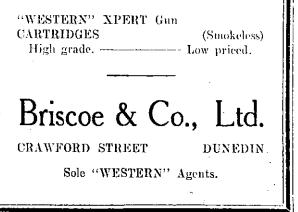
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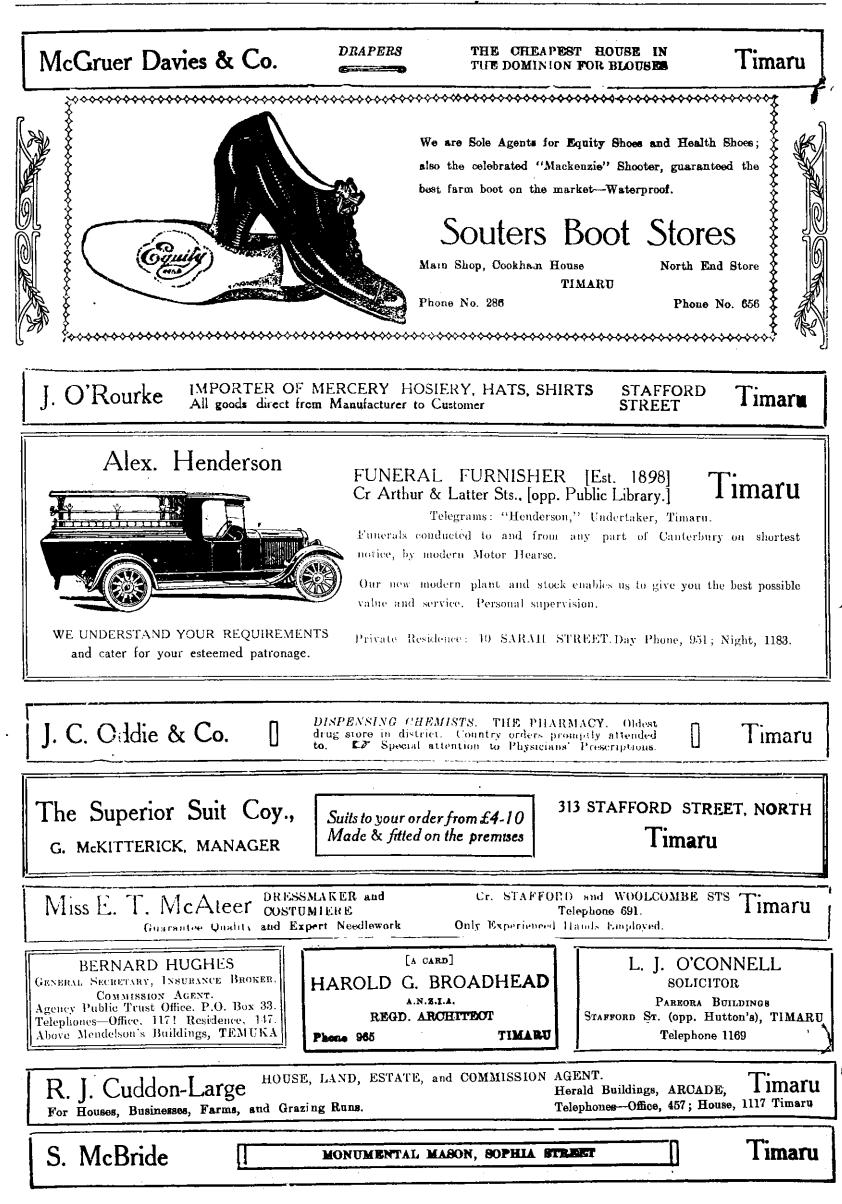
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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1925



Sunday Afternoon Readings

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

XXXII.-FINAL PERSEVERANCE.

One of the first facts that confront a man who is trying to keep in the friendship of God is the weakness and instability of his own will. He has no doubt about God's will, he knows that grace will never be wanting; it is about his own co-operation, about his own continuance in grace that he is distrustful. Now, this distrust, so far from making him displeasing to God, is one of God's greatest mercies towards him. It is intended to establish his life on the stable virtue of lumility, for whoever is humbled under the mighty hand of God, watches carefully over himself, works out his salvation with fear and trembling, and is on the sure road to holiness of life. If the fact or failure of our perseverance is known to God alone, there is a compensating fact that is known to us, and this is that God is our Father and our Friend and our Afnighty Helper. Hope is one of the divine virtues which we must practise, and there is no place for hope where all is certain, for as St. Paul says: "Hope that is seen, is not hope. For what a man seeth, why doth he hope for it?" But where God's will is certain, and our co-operation uncertain, hope comes in far our comfort.

How then shall we secure this crowning gift of final perseverance which no man can First, there must be an abiding nierit? trust in God's patient love. It is the Unchangeable God who gives endurance and vigor to all the works of His hands, and especially to man. But how does God impart this vigor, what means does He place at our disposal to make our election sure? Now, there are some great graces of God which cannot stand alone, but must be supported and kept in vigor by others. Such a grace is final perseverance, which needs the support of the two scemingly opposite virtues of Hope and Patience. Hope is an idealising virtue, lifting our eyes to the stars, while Patience is a common-place virtue, expressing pain and toil, and is concerned with the earth. You think they are opposites; St. Paul did not: "But if we hope for that which we see not, we wait for it with patience."

The surest way to preserve the sturdy virtue of perseverance is to daily watch and tend these two other virtues of Hope and Patience. Fix your eyes upon Heaven, the great prize of life; but remember that you have hands as well as eyes, and that these hands are the instruments of patience, to take up and perform the work that is waiting for you at the dawning of each new day. Your toil must be sustained by hope, like the ploughman's, who grips the plough with strong and firm hands, but sees the sky above him, and hears with joy the skylark's silvery song; your work for Heaven is not a mere plodding for something unseen. You re not a mere dreamer or sentamentalist, living on hope alone; neither is your work grimey and sordid, leading to despair.

LADIES and GENTS TAILOB

R. H. Todd

Now, with these two virtues properly balanced, each contributing its own share to a Godlike work, you will wisely adopt a fixed rule of life; you must be content with no fitful efforts, acting impulsively in moments of spiritual excitement, and in moments of reaction losing ground and scattering all your merits of the past. You may not like the idea of living by rule while all around you live by impulse, but this dislike of rule comes from the fact that you have not tried it. A rule of life is a very simple thing, since it is a rule for each day and there is not much in a day. Perseverance means spending each day well. Surely there is no reason why a Catholic should not be able to spend one day well. What then is the rule?

First, get up early in the morning, and after offering your heart and the new day to God, kneel down in His presence, and say your morning prayers. Frequently renew your morning offering during the day, especially at the beginning of each new work. Hearken at noon for the Angelus bell, and let it bring you into the company of Jesus and Mary; and when at the close of day, you are about to enter into the mysterious land of sleep, kneel down once more, examine your conscience, ask God's pardon, and invoke His angels to watch over your sleep. There is nothing very difficult about this, yet it will infallibly foster in you the spirit of prayer, and whoever has that spirit will save his soul.

There are some days that will have special duties. There is Saturday, every Saturday if possible, the day for Confession, the day on which in a very special manner you will ask Almighty God to pardou all your sins. For this you will make a serious preparation, not making it a matter of mechanical routine. Another special day is Sunday, which you will consecrate to God. On this day you will hear Mass and instruction on the Christian doctrine, and if possible receive Holy Communion ; you will also assist at the evening Benediction, a form of worshipping the Holy Host, which has through the love of her children, become the most popular devotion of the Church.

Finally, you may fall in spite of this simple rule of life, but one fall must not upset your resolution. You must have patience with yourself; Rome was not built in a day, neither was any saint; and through occasional falls Almighty God teaches us that we have no power of ourselves to keep ourselves, and that it is only through Him Who strengtheneth us we have power. If there is natural weakness, there is supernatural strength and our own incapacity should serve, not to make us shirk the good fight, but to warn us where to seek the power and strength we need. I do not say that sin is not a terrible thing, but at the same time I do insist that no matter what the sin may be, no matter how many thousands there may be of

them, God is patiently waiting and longing to welcome back the sinner.

Arise quickly then when you fall, pray to God for more strength in the future, and then, please God, a final day will come when you will see realised in your own crowning the promise of your Saviour:

"Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee the crown of life. Behold I come quickly: hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of My God: and he shall go out no more: and I will write upon him the Name of My God, and the Name of the City of My God, the New Jerusalem which cometh down out of Heaven from My God, and My new Name. To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with Me in My Throne: as I also have overcome, and am sit down with My Father in His Throne."

THE GOLDEN PRISON.

Weep not for me, when I am gone, Nor spend thy faithful breath In grieving o'er the spot or hour Of all-enshrouding death;

- Nor waste in idle praise thy love On deeds of head or hand,
- Which five within the Living Book, Or else are writ in sand;
- But let it be the best of prayers,,
- That I may find the grace, To reach the holy house of toil,

The frontier penance-place-

To reach that golden palace bright, Where souls clect abide,

- Waiting their curtain call to heaven, With angels at their side:
- Where hate, nor pride, nor fear torments The transitory guest,

But in the willing agony

- He plunges and is blest.
- And as the fainting patriarch gain'd His needful halt mid-way,
- And then refresh'd pursued his path, When up the mount lay.
- So pray that, rescued from the storm Of heaven's eternal ire,
- 1 may lie down, then rise again,

Safe, and yet saved by fire.

--- CARDINAL NEWMAN,

The "Tablet" Library LANDED PER LAST MAIL

- "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," by Rosa Mulholland. Tenth edition. 6/-; posted 6/6.
- "Soeur Therese, of Lisieux" (The Little Flower of Jesus). A complete translation of L'Histoire d'une Ame, with an account of some favors attributed to the intercession of Soeur Thérèse. Eighth edition. 9/-; postage 9/6.
- "My Queen and My Mother" (illustrated). 6/-; posted 6/6
- "The Roman Index of Forbidden Books" . (Francis S. Betten, S.J.) 3/-; posted 3/3.

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On the Land

MARKET REPORTS.

There was a medium-sized yarding of et cattle at Burnside last week, 281 head altogether coming under the hammer. The quality taken all round was a shade better than that of the previous week, there being a number of prime well-finished bullocks throughout the yarding, although a number of the pens contained bullocks more suited to the grazier than to the butcher. A fair proportion of the yarding was made up of well-finished cows and heifers. The number forward was just about equal to requirements and prices may be quoted on a par with late rates. Prime bullocks brought from £15 10s to £17, medium £12 10s to £14 5s, light £8 to £10 10s. Extra prime cows and heaers to £13 17s 6d, prime from £S 10s to £11, medium £5 15s to £7 5s, old and inferior from £3 10s to £5 5s. Fat Sheep .---There was a very large yarding-one of the heaviest for a long time, 4485 being penned. By far the greatest proportion of these consisted of medium and light-weight ewes and wethers suitable for freezing, but the number of extra heavy sheep was small. Butchers were good buyers for all prime sheep, and export buyers were operating for all suitable lines. Owing to the large supply the market eased fully 2s per head for all classes. Extra prime wethers brought from 45s to 53s, prime wethers 39s to 43s, medium wethers 35s 6d to 38s, light 32s to 35s, extra prime ewes to 36s, prime 28s to 30s, medium 24s to 27s 6d, old and inferior to 22s 6d. Lambs .- A small yarding, only 543 being offered. Only two pens of these were unfit for freezing, and there was only one pen of extra heavy-weight lambs, the balance being composed of lambs suitable for export. Extra prime lambs 46s, prime lambs 36s to 38s, medium 30s to 34s, others 22s to 28s. Fat Pigs .- A small yarding of 118, including a fair number of good-quality porkers and baconers, which met with a brisk sale at prices slightly in advance of late ruling rates.

Yardings at the Addington market last week were heavier in practically all classes of stock. Store sheep were down in value, as also were fat cattle, but fat sheep sold well. Fat Lambs .- There was a large entry comprising 2000 head. There was a good sale at full schedule rates for prime lambs. Extra prime lambs made 43s 3d, prime 37s 6d to 40s, medium 34s to 37s, light 30s 6d to 33s 6d, store lambs 25s to 29s. Fat Sheep -There was a heavy yarding, but a very brisk sale, values being ahead of those of the preceding week by 1s 6d to 2s a head. Exporters operated freely. Extra prime wethers made 47s 1d, prime 42s to 45s, medium 38s 6d to 41s 6d, light 33s to 38s, extra prime ewes 43s 10d, prime 35s to 38s, medium 31s 6d to 34s 6d, light 26s 6d to 31s, aged (21s' to 25s. Fat Cattle.—The very savy yarding of 650 head was much in ex-

f of requirements. There was a drop on

previous week's prices of 2s per 100lb. tra prime steers made £19 2s 6d, prime £13 15s to £16, medium £11 10s to £13 12s 6d, light £8 5s to £11 5s, rough £7 to £8, extra prime heifers £12 17s 6d, prime £7 15s to £10 10s, ordinary £5 to £7 5s, extra prime cows £12 10s, prime £7 5s to £10, medium £5 5s to £7, light £4 to £5 2s 6d, aged £3 15s. Vealers.—Good vealers sold well. Runners made to £6, good vealers £4 to £5 5s, calves 10s to £3 15s. Fat Pigs.—The entry for fat pigs was heavy, but the sale was slow. Choppers made £3 to £7 5s, baconers £3 10s to £5 11s (average price per lb 6d to 7d), porkers £2 2s to £3 (average price per lb 6½d to 7½d).

ssssss

STRAWBERRY RAISING : A NOVEL METHOD.

A novel method of raising strawberries was described the other day by Mr. G. Me-Indoe, local orchard inspector (says the Poverty Bay Herald). Mr. McIndoe said that where people had but little ground in which to cultivate strawherries, the fruit could be successfully grown in a large cask, the sides of which had been pierced. The cask should be filled with good, free, black soil, and augur holes can be made about six inches apart. A plant can be grown in each hole, while others can be grown at the top of the cask. Mr. McIndoe said that he had seen many surprisingly good crops grown in this manner, and the system should appeal to many people who cannot devote a great deal of time to gardening operations.

rrrrr

FERTILISERS FOR LIGHT SOILS.

Farmers who cultivate light soils will be interested in the following suggestions on the subject, made by Sir John Russell in the *Journal* of the British Ministry of Agriculture :—

The great need of light soils is for organic matter, and farmyard manure therefore stands easily first among the manurial -requirements for this type of land. Of the artificial manures, potassic and nitrogenous fertilisers can be usually relied upon to give good results. Kainit (either French or German) and 20 per cent, potash salts are useful sources of potash for mangolds, peas, and clovers, three crops that respond well to this type of fertiliser; while the muriate or sulphate is better suited to potatoes, the sulphate being preferable where high quality is desired.

Of the nitrogenous manures, nitrate of line is very useful on light soils deficient in line, as many of them are; nitrate of soda, as is well known, is equally rapid in action. Sulphate of ammonia is less useful on these soils in the absence of line, as it may then injure some of the crops, especially clover sown in the barley. If, however, line is added during the rotation, or if the land is well chalked, this difficulty disappears.

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COMPOUND FERTILISERS.

It is generally recognised (says a Home paper) that for most crops, particularly for grass feeding crops, it is desirable to apply fertilisers which supply the three principal plant foods, nitrogen, phosphates, and potash, and the problem which is now occupying the minds of many farmers is the choice of the alternatives—should he buy the ingredients separately and mix them in his barn, or save himself the trouble of doing so by buying the ingredients already blended together in the form of a compound fertiliser?

Before deciding to do the mixing himself, he should ask himself—can he, with the rough appliances available on the farm, and with the aid of unskilled labor, expect to get the ingredients so intimately blended together as is necessary if the full effect of their application is to be obtained? This is easily understood when one reflects that an uneven mixture means uneven application to the soil, with the result that the crop will also be uneven.

It is true that in the past there has been a prejudice against compound manures, arisen partly because the manures were comparatively too dear, but also because some advisers, more theoretic than practical, recommended farmers to do their own mixings.

On paper such advice looked sound, but for a few farmers, quite up to date, it may have been sound, but it was not so for the average farmer who has not the time, often not the technical knowledge, and not the appliances to do the work properly.

So we feel that, considering all the circumstances, farmers can be advised to avoid the trouble and labor of mixing by buying readymade compounds, blended in factories by proper machinery.

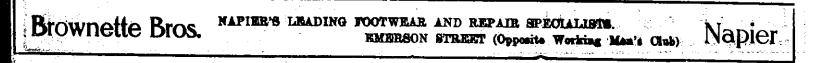
Is is necessary to add that in purchasing compound fertilisers the farmer should deal only with manure agents or manufacturers in whom perfect reliance can be placed, and that he will be wise to draw a sample of the delivery and have an analysis made? This is not to suggest that the agent or maker might be tempted to be dishonest, but there is always the chance of a mistake at the factory during the rush of a number of deliveries, and a farmer should protect himself from being the victim of unintentional error.

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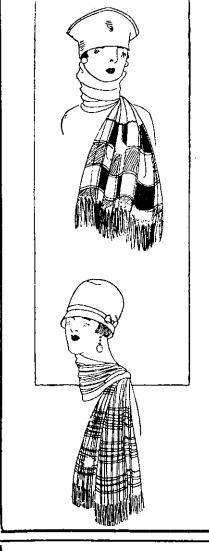
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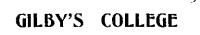
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Catholic World

POPE RECEIVES SCOTTISH PH.GRIMS. A Rome message reports that the Pope on April 29 received 200 Scottish pilgrims (many of them of Irish birth or descent), and gave to each of them his hand to kiss. They were headed by Archbishop McIntosh, of Glasgow. His Holiness distributed to each pilgrim a • Holy Year commemorative medal.

In an address, the Pope congratulated them on their filial picty. He recalled ancient Imperial Rome, which had built a high wall along the Scottish border to keep the Scots out of England, contrasting this with Christian Rome, which has not merely removed obstacles, but has summoned her Scottish children, as well as those of all other countries.

The Pontiff concluded by urging all good Catholics to gather round the chair of Peter in order to enjoy the treasures which God will grant in this Jubilee Year to all the faithful. After imparting the Apostolic Benediction, the Pope left amid loud cheers from the assembled pilgrims.

CATHOLIC NURSING SISTERS.

An important event in Vancouver Catholic circles last week was the graduation of 33 nurses and two Sisters on the staff of St. Paul's Hospital (says the North-west Review, Winnipeg, for May 2). The function drew a crowd of enthusiastic spectators, the large ball-room at Lester Court being crowded for the occasion. Archbishop Casey handed the certificates to the recipients. Dr. E. P. Patterson as chairman, gave an epitome of the work of the hospital from its commoncement in 1894, when there were seven Sisters and 50 beds; now there are 35 Sisters and 100 nurses in training, and 300 beds. In 1924, 6500 patients received treatment.

IRELAND'S CLEAN READING CAMPAIGN.

The great movement in favor of clean reading began its public activities on the first Sunday after Easter. Priests of the religious Orders, at the instance of the Irish bishops, are passing from church to church all over the country, preaching the crusade of the Catholic press.

As a preliminary to the work of the missionaries, a remarkable pastoral appeared in the Irish newspapers from the pen of Bishop Mulhern of Dromore. He pointed out that reading was a necessity, and if the right kind was not provided the wrong kind would have the field to itself. The wrong commodity was not produced in Ireland, but it was freely imported, and the danger if presented to young minds was insidious and fatal. While Catholics had no intention of stopping the printing press, which should be the lamp of the mind, they were determined to end its degradation and devolep its higher uses. The way to do it was simple enough. They had merely to crush the vile thing by opposing to it the rivalry of an interesting, well-informed Catholic

E. Hounsell & Co.,

press, something that could instruct while it entertained. It was the business of Catholic talent to develop Catholic journalism. It was the duty of Catholic readers to give it support.

The Catholic Truth Society is solidifying the work of the missionaries. After each address, when the people are leaving, members of the society invite them to give their names. Later on, each person will be specially communicated with and told where he can keep in contact with the branch of the organisation which is to look after his locality.

AMERICA'S GREAT CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Towards the curl of April Cardinal Hayes of New York laid the corner-stone of the at Catholic University's magnificent new million-volume library, in the presence of a throng which included eminent members of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United annual meeting at Notre Dame de la Pitie. States, high American officials and diplomats of foreign countries.

The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, Rector of the University, declared the occasion the realisation of a dream of 35 years, and the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, who delivered the discourse, said it marked the second great epoch in the history of the University.

Mr. John K. Mullen, a prominent Catholic philanthropist of Denver, is the donor of the new building, and it also is given in the name of his late wife and their four daughters. It will be known as the John K. Mullen of Denver Memorial Library.

\diamond

NOTES FROM PARIS.

It is aunounced from Autum that the conof Langres, will take place on Wednesday, of St. John the Baptist. A number of bish- archdiocese of Rheims. ops have been invited to participate in the ceremony, which will be performed in the ancient Cathedral of St. Lazare.

Since 1848 nuns have been the teachers at. Graffenstaden, an important industrial suburb of Strasburg. Many generations of school children have received instruction at their hands, and, despite the lay laws, all the local inhabitants, with few exceptions, have petitioned for their maintenance.

In spite of this the Mayor of Graffenstaden has issued the following public notice:

"The Municipal Council has decided to replace the teaching Sisters by a lay staff. Henceforth the religious will have no duties to perform at Illkirch-Graffenstaden."

In consequence of the position which has arisen through this action the Catholic Committee of Action has issued the following proclamation:

"We, as citizens and fathers of Catholic families, will not tolerate, under any circum-

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stances, that the Sisters of the school should leave Graffenstaden, and we charge them not to quit the town.

"If they are forced to do so, we shall defend them at the price of our blood.

"It shall not be said, as in the interior of France, that they (the anti-clericals) plunged into misery or hunted into exile our flesh and blood. The Administration is now warned. It is time for us to oppose the foolish plan of the Municipal Council, which

is composed of a fat capitalist and his Communist and Radical lackeys. If the Administration prevents us from doing this we shall oppose them. If they employ violence we shall also employ violence."

Inter-confessional schools have been introduced at Schiltigheim and Strasburg following upon the Easter holidays.

Great Catholic manifestations against the secular laws still continue. On a recent Sunday, the Catholics of Haut-Garonne held Toulouse their general assembly, which was attended by 30,000 men.

On June 4, the Catholic Union of Poitou, which counts 50,000 members, will hold its The death has taken place here of Baron

Edward Kirkpatrick de Closeburn, a wellknown Carlist leader.

Though an American citizen by birth, the Baron, who came of Irish and Spanish stock, lived most of his life in Europe, and played a prominent part in the Carlist movement in Spain. He was a cousin of the late ex-Empress Eugenie and a great personal friend of Don Carlos. He was a firm friend of France, and during the early part of the war conducted in California an energetic campaign in favor of the Allied cause.

There was notable evidence of Catholic piety at Lourdes during Easter. Over 1500 pilgrims arrived from Tarbes, Ossun, and Loubajac, their numbers augmented by 3000 young people from He-de-France, and many students and workmen. A week of processecration of Mgr. Thomas, the Bishop-elect sions and splendid ceremonies fittingly concluded on Sunday with the arrival of Car-June 24, at Autun, this date being the feast dinal Lucon at the head of 550 men from his

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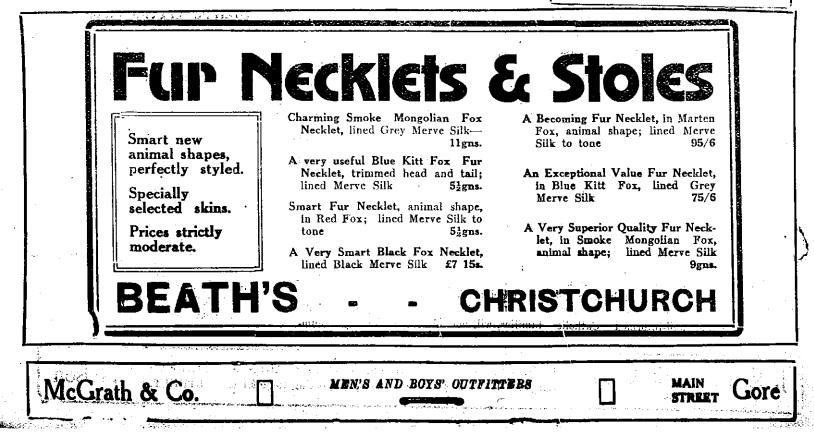
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WHAT ARE MIRACLES?

In these days of scientific endeavor and ogres, there is a tendency for those who nd their lives in the study of the material verse to limit their mental horizons with- \pounds the confines of matter, and to forget that beyond the reach of their investigations there exists another and greater world. This narrowness of outlook is responsible for the widespread denial of supra-material happenings. Our so-called scientists would have us believe that our universe is nothing but matter with its laws and forces, above which nothing exists, or, at least, that nothing is or can be known of an order higher than nature. And, as the miraculous is the clearest manifestation of a force greater than matter, it naturally follows that all miracles are denied as impossible, because they are said to be contrary to the universal laws of the material world.

Let us see in the first place what a miracle really is, what differences exist between the various manifestations of the power of God, and what the Catholic Church believes in this important matter. We will then take up a few objections proposed by materialists, scientists, sceptics, and even some Catholics whose faith is lacking either in strength or clearness of vision.

A miracle is an extraordinary, divine, sensible fact, or, to put it in other words, a sensible work performed by God at least mediately, outside the order of universal narare and particular Providence, and performed in favor of some person or to ratify some truth.

Now, just exactly what do we mean by ilesse rather high-sounding words? A miracle is a furt, that is to say, it is a real, concrete happening, the definite result of a true action, as, for example, the curing of a blind person. It is a sensible fact: that is, we can see it, acquire knowledge of it, as we do of others things around us, of the events of everyday life. this may happen in two ways: we may actually see the miracle taking place, as if, for example, we were present when Jesus told the paralytic to take up his bed and walk; or, we may see the effects of the miracle and, thus, indirectly, the miracle itself, as would have been the case had we known Saul, the persecutor of the Church, and then met him as St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. If this element of visibility is lacking, we may have a supernatural fact, but not a miracle, as this latter must be a sign visible to all: thus, the Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist is certainly a supernatural effect of God's Omnipotence, but it is not perceivable by the senses and cannot be called a miracle in the strict sense.

Furthermore, a miracle must be an extraordinary happening. This does not mean that it should take place but rarely; rather it means that it must be outside the ordinary mode of action of the universe. Thus, the stars in the heavens and their wondrous lerly activity are certainly works far sur-

ing the power of any creature, but there othing strictly miraculous in their operaia, for they follow their ordinary laws. I, however, God intervened directly and sent the Moon off on a visit to the Great

Dipper and brought the North Star to take its place for a few weeks, we should have a miracle, for things do not happen that way ordinarily.

Lastly, this extraordinarily sensible fact must be divine, that is to say, due to the power of God, and above the sphere of action of either man, angel, or infernal spirit. God may act directly Himself, as when, at the baptism of Jesus, He threw open the Heavens and spoke the words: "This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." Or He may let a creature be the only visible agent, while the whole power at work flows from His hand. This happens whenever a saint performs a miracle.

These miraculous happenings are generally divided into different classes to facilitate their study. There is the physical miracle, which surpasses the forces of the material world, either by the effect produced, for example, the raising of the dead, or by the manner in which an effect is obtained, for instance, it a leg with a compound fracture suddenly, in an instant, becomes whole and sound.

Then, there are extraordinary happenings in the mind of man: the intellectual miracle, as, the gift of prophecy or the knowledge of the hidden secrets of the heart.

And lastly, we have acts or series of actions that require heroic constancy, that are so far above the ordinary behaviour of menthat they require a special intervention of God to render them possible; this is called the moral miracle, an example of which is the conduct of the Christian martyrs under persecution. It is so hard, however, to be sure of the miraculous nature of happenings of this character that the Church never counts them as true miracles in the causes of the saints.

Now the Catholic Church believes in an Omnipotent God Who by an act of His will brought forth this universe from nothingness and, being also intelligent, set upon this creature of His hand the seal of intelligent authorship, order, expressed in laws, which we call the laws of Nature. These laws are nothing else but stable modes of action inherem to things, and they remain invariable as long as things continue to be what they are, with this one combition, that God does not interfere with the action of natural forces. But when this Omnipotent God decided from all eternity that such and such a thing should act in such and such a way, He may also have decided that, in such a particular case. He. God, would step in and do things differently. He would produce a different effect or produce the effect of the natural agent in a different manner. These special interventions of God we call miracles, which we believe, therefore, to be perfect vossible.

Furthermore, as God is as present in the world now and as intimately interested in the doings of man as He ever was, and as miracles are interventions of God in the affairs of man for certain well-defined purposes, it is as probable to-day as it was in the time of Christ that miracles may happen at the bidding of the Omnipotent. Whenever

God, in His bounty, condescends to show forth His power in this extraordinary fashion, the result is easily perceived by man, who can then readily conclude that the Creater is in action beneath his eyes, arriving thus at true knowledge of the prodigy. In fact, such cases are by no means rare in the Catholic Church, of which they constitute a very distinctive mark, and, in many a shrine, at Lourdes for instance, and elsewhere, there is no reason to doubt of the existence of real life-sized miracles.

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By Maureen

WAYS OF COOKING VEGETABLES. Boiled Leeks .- When very young trim off the root, the outer leaves, and the green ends, and cut the stalks into six-ince lengths. Tie them in hundles, after washing them, put them into boiling water, with a dessertspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar, and let them boil until quite tender. Drain them, and serve like asparagus, on hot toast, pouring white sauce or melted butter over them. Time, from half on hour to three-quarters. Other sauces may be used with them. Older leeks will take nearly, or quite, an hour and a half. They should be carefully trimmed down to where the green part meets the white, unless the green is liked, then more may be left on. The root must always be cut off. Drain them always upside down; the tube-like green parts will hold the water unless this is done.

Boiled Parsning.- Wash and peel the parsnips if old; if young, scrape them only, and remove the peel with a cloth when done. Take off a little slice from the root end, and cut them through twice, if large, once if small. Boil them precisely like carrots until tender enough for a skewer to pierce them easily. After draining, serve them as soon as possible.

Mashed Turnips. Boil the turnips till tender, take them up and mash with a fork, or pass them through a colander or sieve; put them back into the saucepan, emptied and dried, with a morsel of butter, salt, pepper, and sugar; a grate of nutneg or dash of mustard is an improvement. Stir for a minute or two, then serve. A little flour, stirred in the butter, which should be first melted in the pan, makes the turnips less watery; a spoonful or two of thick white sauce has the same effect. It is a good plan to wring them in a cloth to get rid of some of the water.

Baked Tomatoes.—Take the green stalks from some tomatoes, ripe, and even in size; allow two ounces of butter or clarified fat for eight medium-sized ones; put it in little bits about them, and cook in a moderate oven from twenty minutes upwards. Serve with roast meat, etc. If split through, cook the cut side up. Tomatoes may be sliced for baking if large; put them in a single layer on a baking-tin, first greasing it; brush them over with butter or dripping, and dredge with salt and pepper, and if they are not fully ripe a pinch of sugar. Give them from seven to ten minutes, and serve.

Carrots, Stewed.—Cut the carrots into strips, the size, say, of the finger. Put them in a stewpan, with a morsel of butter and some weak broth; cook gently and thicken with a little flour, and add some chopped chives, or young onions, with a small piece of chopped parsley, a short time before dishing.

Brussels Sprouts and Celery Scallop.—Pick over and wash one quart of Brussels sprouts. Soak in cold salted water for one-half hour, then cook in boiling salted water for twentyfive minutes or until tender. While the sprouts are cooking, wash celery and cut in

Phoenix Thick Peel

small pieces enough to make two cupsful. Melt four tablespoonsful of butter, add the celery, cover closely and cook slowly until tender or about fifteen minutes. Then add four tablespoonsful of flour, and when smooth and well blended stir in two cupsful of milk. Season with salt and pepper and cook until thickened. Drain the sprouts, mix carefully with the celery and pour into a casserole or baking dish. Spread with buttered breadcrumbs and brown in a hot oven.

How to Heal a Sty.

A small child may often have a recurring sty on the eyelid. This may be quite painful and should receive prompt treatment. Continued eye strain or general poor health will cause this trouble. Apply hot boric-acid solution frequently until the sty comes to a head. If this takes some time, great relief may be afforded by lancing the sty; a physician should do this. The eye should be bathed with the boric-acid solution until the pus and the swelling have subsided.

Avoid Eye-Strain.

A child should never be allowed to look directly at a bright light. Even when the child is askep, the face should be in the shadow. A reflected light, such as the sun shining on a white house, on the sand or water at the bench, or on a white rug, is also bad for a young child's eyes. The nursery window should be hung with dark curtains; the baby carriage hood should have a dark lining, and the rug should be of some subdued color, not plain white. The sun shining on snow is trying to a baby's eyes. Of course the baby needs the sunlight, but do not let it shine directly in his face.

Toys tied to a string, or to the top of the baby carriage where they daugle as the carriage moves, are very bad for the eyes. Veils are likely to produce eye-strain in babies and young children.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

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

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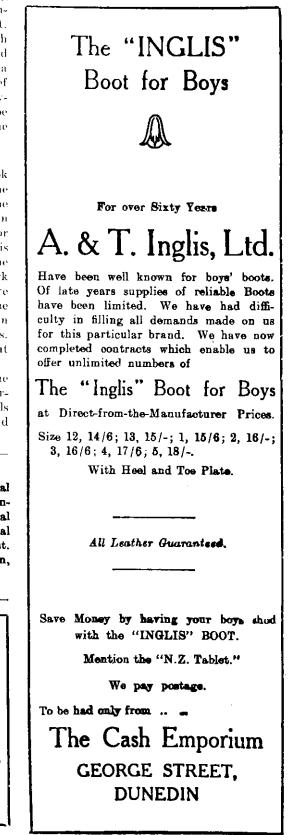
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The Family Circle

POOR MAN'S DAILY BREAD.

- Not only there where jewelled vestments blaze.
- And princely prelates bow before Thy shrine,
- Where myriads line the swept and garnished ways.
- Through which is borne Thy Majesty Di-

O Jesus of the ever-loving heart,

Not only there Thou art.

But where the lowliest church its cross up-

Above the city's sordidness and sin:

- Where all unheeded human wreckage drifts,
- And drowns amid the foulness and the din There, too, enear the very gates of hell,
- O Saviour, dost Thou dwell.
- Oh meet it is that round Thy altar thrones, Thy highest priests should ministering throng
- With silken robe, with gold and precious stones.
 - With solemn chant and loud triumphant song:
- What beauty that the world could give would be

Too heautiful to Thee.

And yet to these that work, with grimy hands

And sweaty brows in ditches and in drains, Thou comest with a love that understands

- Their labor ill requited, and their pains. Who knows so well as Thou what they endure.
- O Father of the Poor?

And so, deep hid in many a city street,

Or far where lonely workers break the soil. Are shrines where Thou the Merciful dost meet,

In love's embrace, the weary ones that toil. For them Thy hospitable board is spread, With Thee, Thy very self, their Daily Bread.

--DENIS MCCARTHY.

YOUR FRIEND.

A friend is a person who is "for you" always, under all circumstances.

He never investigates you.

Ho likes your success, and your failure endears him more.

He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself.

Anybody stands by you when you are right, a friend stands by you even when you are wrong.

It is he that keeps alive your faith in human nature; that makes you believe that it is a good universe.

When you are vigorous and spirited, you like to take your pleasures with him; when you are sick, you want to see him; when you are dying you want him near.

THE CLEAN MOUTH.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution and became a pare-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation by every boy.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course, we cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or teacher or most esteemed friend.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the next thing to "swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills (¹ mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarises and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

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EDUCATION A PREPARATION FOR LIFE.

What is education in the end but the preparation for life? And what is life? Here (says Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, U.S.A.) begins the confusion which ends in the destruction of the very primary principles of education. If life is but the passing chance of material happiness and sensual enjoyment, a materialistic philosophy will frame its base view of education upon that degraded foundation, and the schools will turn out monsters with neither mind nor soul.

If the conception of life be utilitarian, the schools will turn out money machines. If the scope of life be considered merely intellectual acumen, the schools will develope clever crimiuals. All these views of life are radically or essentially false, and therefore every system of education built upon them as a foundation is radically and essentially false. The truest philosophy the world has ever known, after its investigations, its experiments, its reasonings, and its deductions, has always knelt at the feet of religion for its final answer to the all-absorbing question, "What is life?" And religion the world over, under whatever name, in whatever guise, has ever been the only exponent of a sufficient answer to this question.

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A TOUCHING STORY OF A DYING SOL-DIER AND HIS LAST WORD.

A noted speaker recently told this touching story : —

"I am told of a young man in a farmhouse at the base in France dying of his wounds. Beside him was a friend—wounded, too, but not mortally. The dying lad had lived a reckless life, careless and extravagant. He went to the front to fling his life away: he was tired of it.

"Before passing away, he softened and, turning to his friend, who held his hand, he whispered: 'When I die will you shed a tear for me? If you don't no one will. Nobody cares for me.'

"The young officer—a Catholic—drew from his pocket a little crucifix and, holding it before the eyes of his dying friend, he answered: 'Do not say that. See, here is One Who not only dropped one tear but shed all His blood for you.'

"He looked up-that dying man-his eyes glazed in death, and he struggled to say, 'Let me kiss it.' He rose up and kissed it. After doing so he gave a last look at his friend, and as he fell back on his pallet he gasped out the word 'Sweet!' and fell back dead.

"Call it prayer in tabloid form, or what you like be sure before God it was his salvation.

"The last word of the poor soldier before he closed his eyes in death was 'Sweet!' He meant 'Sweet Jesus, have pity on me.' See how the Lord is sweet- sweet as honey fresh from the honeycomb. His mercy, too, is sweet, and may it be your joy and your comfort both in life and death. When you gaze at any time, in any place on the figure of the Crucified, ejaculate with the dying man, 'Sweet, Sweet Jesus, pity me.'"

ssssss

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

Life is a mission. Its end is not the search after happiness, but the knowledge and fulfilment of duty. Duty is not enjoyment: it is devotedness, and devotedness is that gift of God to him who in the spirit of Christ toils for the good of others.

There are saint-like lives and martyr deaths which are not recorded, and are worth all the more in God's sight because unsustained by human admiration. There are men who have given up ambitious hopes because the paths to success were crooked and evil, who, out of their necessities, have still found something with which in Christ's name to help those still poorer. There are gentle and believing hearts that bear for others what they would not for themselves, and multitudes of energetic and heroic souls scattered among a myriad homes whose lives are governed by God's holy law of service to their neighbor.

How like the one described by the **Prophet** Isaias are these: "He took our infirmities and bore our diseases."

TO MY PATRON SAINT.

Twas on your feast some years ago God gave me life and loved me so, He placed an angel by my side To watch and guide His new-born child. My mother gave me to your care That you might with my angel share The love and constant guardianship Of her wee babe, God's latest gift.

So, blessed patron saint of mine, 1 know that you will not decline To teach me greater love and trust In God, most loving and most just, That I may count each sacrifice A warrant of my love for Christ And welcome suffering and death As hast'ning union with our Friend. —CECILIA DEVINE.

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"Is this the field on which the great battle was fought?" asked the tourist.

. "No, sir; that must be at the top of the hill," replied the oldest inhabitant.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the tourist jokingly, "that must be a mile away. Why didn't thy fight it in this field?"

"I suppose because this 'ere field belongs to Farmer Jackson. You'd never catch him lending his field for anything, not even for a village football match."

WAS BOBBLE TO BLAME?

Grandma had just arrived on a visit and to take part in celebrating young Bobbie's birthday on the morrow.

After tea, Bobbie started to fidget round grandma's chair. To the surprise of everyone present, he said :---

"Grandma, which is the right side of you? Mother said if I'm a good boy and keep on the right side of you, you might buy me a hicycle."

www

THE LESSER EVIL.

"I want my daughter to enjoy some kind of artistic education." said the father who had recently made his fortune. "I think I'll let her study singing."

"Why not art or lierature?" suggested a friend.

"No. Art spoils canvas and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

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SMILE RAISERS. "I think the picture lacks atmosphere," said the kindly critic.

"Fact is," said the artist, "I had a hard time raising the wind while I was painting."

He: "It's a most remarkable fact that the first and last carriages in a train are nearly always the ones that come to grief."

She: "Why not leave them off the train?"

A parson wrote to his bishop asking him to come and hold a "quiet day." The bishop declined, saying, "Your parish does not need a quiet day: it needs an earthquake."

Ψ.

Passing a swimming school in a small city one day, two country women read this sign at the entrance:

"25,000 Gals. In and Out Every Minute." "That's all nonsense," said one of the women; "there ain't that many women in this whole town."

Ψ.

"How did you get this speech of Brumpton's?" asked the editor.

"Took some of it down while he was speaking and some I copied from his manuscript," replied the reporter.

"But this reference to loud applause, how did you get that? Was there any applause?" "No, sir; I took it from the manuscript."

For Children's Hacking Cough, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Science Siftings

Invisible Light.

A demonstration of how opaque objects can be rendered transparent by "invisible light" acting through a special instrument called the "super retina" has been given by the famous Indian scientist, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose.

Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose declares that he has perfected his instrument after thirty years' experiment.

"Invisible light" consists of short electric waves having the same properties as a beam of light. These waves are selectively absorbed by different substances. Coal-tar and pitch are transparent, while water is opaque. Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose demonstrated the transparency of a heavy book through the action of "invisible light." He added that plants can "perceive" invisible beams, though human beings cannot.

Desert Worth Millions.

Chile has many thousands of square miles of land capable of cultivation, yet its most valuable asset is a desert where the rainfall is seldom more than half an inch per annum. It does not grow a single tree, or even a blade of grass, except where patches of imported soil have been laid. This is the nitrate country, which employs 50,000 people directly and indirectly five times as many, and in which something approaching forty million pounds is invested.

There are over one hundred and seventy separate workings, each of which is the centre of a busy population. Yet every ounce of food, every yard of clothing, every cog and shaft of its huge machinery, every pint of water even, has to be brought from a distance. For many miles around the country produces nothing but nitrate of soda.

It is an amazing fact that the most valuable fertiliser of commerce comes from a region where nothing will grow, but it is a case of all fertiliser and no soil and no rain. In earlier days water was so valuable that it was a saying that it was cheaper to drink champagne, but now water is carried by pipes from far-off sources, some of which are two hundred miles distant.

Pointers in the Fog.

Travellers in tramears usually find fog a distinct nuisance. It is often so difficult to know exactly where one is.

A new device, now adopted in 150 London cars, and which may shortly be installed in others, overcomes this difficulty. It takes the form of a street chart, with the names of the streets plainly marked, which is suspended from the top of the side of the car.

The chart is connected with the wheels and moves as the tram moves. When the latter stops the chart stops; and when the car turns back the chart turns back, too. A small pointer shows the exact position of the car at any moment.

Village Violin Makers.

Everyone has heard of Antonio Stradivari, the famous violin maker, who constructed some of the funcst violins which have ever been made. He was a simple countryman, living in a humble cottage, but the work of his hands is known the world over.

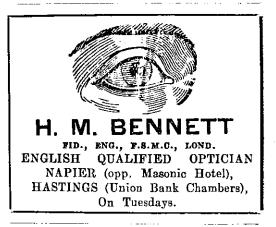
Will a similar fame be won by any of the cottagers of the little village of Markneukirchen, in Saxony? For some generations now the villagers there have been hard at work fashioning hand-made violins. Each instruments is made entirely in one humble home, and it is possible to find three generations at work in the same cottage and at the same bench.

The villagers are artists—they do not care so much about the monetary value of their handiwork as about its quality. But when they carry their products to the market there is never any doubt of their violins commanding a ready sale.

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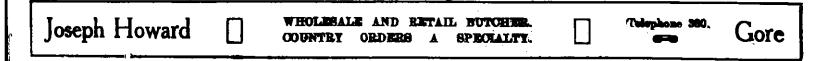
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