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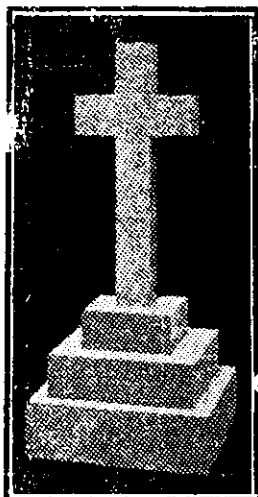
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## FRIENDS AT COURT

PLANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S  
CALENDAR.

- Oct. 25, Sun.—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.  
 „ 26, Mon.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 27, Tues.—Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.  
 „ 28, Wed.—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.  
 „ 29, Thurs.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 30, Frid.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 31, Sat.—Vigil of All Saints.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

The death of St. Evaristus took place in 112. He is honored in the calendar with the title of martyr, but little is known of the events of his life or of his sufferings for the Faith.

SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

After the dispersion of the Apostles, St. Simon preached in Egypt, and then in Persia, where he received the crown of martyrdom. According to the common tradition, he was crucified like Our Blessed Lord.

St. Jude, called also Thaddæus, was a brother of St. James the Less. He was related to Christ by his mother. Nothing certain is known of the later history of this Apostle. Nicephorus tells us that after preaching in Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and Idumæa, he labored in Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in Phœnicia, either at Beyruth or Arad.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

## THE ONE TRUE BARQUE.

The night is dark and the winds are high,

On the face of the angry deep,  
 And clouds look wild in the stormy sky,  
 As tossing in mist they sweep.

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

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

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

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

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

—THOMAS WALSH.

## CATHOLIC LEGENDS

## (3) THE SANCTUARY OF OUR LADY OF THE THORNS.

Not far from the highest peak of Jura there is still seen a heap of ruins, which belonged to the church and monastery of *Notre Dame des Epines Fleuries*. It lies at the very extremity of a narrow and deep gorge, but somewhat sheltered on the north, and so produces every year the rarest flowers of that region. At about the distance of half a league, the opposite extremity affords a view of the ruins of an old seignorial manor, long since gone, like the house of God. All that is known now is, that it was the mansion of an illustrious family, that signalled themselves in arms; and that the last who bore the name of that band of noble knights died fighting for the recovery of the Holy Land, without leaving an heir to hand down the name to posterity. The disconsolate widow did not fly from, but remained about the old grounds which so much afforded food to her melancholy; and the report of her piety and charitable deeds extended far and wide, so that her memory has been handed down to, and respected by, Christian generations. The people, who have forgotten all her other titles, still call her *the Blessed one*.

On one of these days, at the close of winter, when the rigor of the season relaxes under the influence of a genial sky, the saint was taking her usual exercise, by walking along the avenue of her chateau, her mind occupied with pious thoughts. Having arrived at the thorny thicket terminating the avenue, she was not a little surprised at seeing that one of the bushes was already charged with all the decorations of spring. She quickened her steps, to assure herself that this appearance was not produced by any remains of the winter's snow; and, overjoyed at seeing it in reality crowned with a great number of beautiful small stars, she carefully removed one of its branches for the purpose of suspending it in her oratory, before an image of the Blessed Virgin, to which, from the days of her childhood, she was devoutly attached; and then returned, her heart surcharged with joy at being the bearer of this simple offering.

Whether it was that this feeble tribute was really pleasing to the Divine Mother of Jesus, or that a peculiar, undefinable pleasure is reserved for the slightest effusion of a tender heart towards the object of its love, the soul of the lady of the manor never experienced more thrilling delight than on that charming evening. With heartfelt joy, she promised to return every day to the blossomed bush, and from it to bring back daily a fresh garland. That she remained faithful to her engagement who can doubt? One day, however, when the care of the sick and indigent had detained her longer than usual, she was obliged to quicken her steps, to gain her wild shrubbery before nightfall. Her haste was vain, for darkness overtook her; and it is said that she began to regret having entered so far into this dreary wild,

when a clear and softened light, like that preceding the rising sun, displayed at once before her eyes all the thorns in blossom. She arrested her steps for a moment, thinking that this light might proceed from the halting-place of brigands; for that it could be produced by myriads of glow-worms, brought out before their proper time, could not with any possibility be imagined; the season was still too far removed from the calm and close nights of summer.

Nevertheless, the obligation, self-imposed, presenting itself to her mind, and somewhat giving her courage, she advanced slowly with bated breath, took hold with a trembling hand of a branch which of itself seemed to drop into her fingers, so slight was the resistance offered, and re-entered the way to the manor, without once looking behind her.

During all that night the lady reflected on the phenomenon, and yet could find no satisfactory explanation; and as she was determined to unravel the mystery, on the following day, at the same hour in the evening, she repaired to the thicket, accompanied by a faithful servant, and by her old chaplain. The same delicious softened light played about it as on the previous evening, and seemed to become, the nearer they approached, more bright and radiant. They stopped and placed themselves on their knees, for it seemed to them that this light emanated from heaven; then the aged priest arose, alone advanced respectfully towards the flowery thorns, chanting at the same time a church hymn, and removed them aside without the slightest effort. The spectacle then presented to their view so filled them with admiration, gratitude, and joy, that they remained a long time motionless. It was an image of the Blessed Virgin, rudely carved in wood, painted in rather lively colors by an unskilled hand, and dressed in simple attire; and from that it was that the miraculous light, with which the place was filled, emanated. "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" said at length the prostrate chaplain; and the sound of harmony which arose in every part of the wood, when he had pronounced these words, would have induced one to imagine that they were repeated by angelic choirs. He then solemnly recited those admirable litanies in which faith expresses itself, though unconsciously, in the highest style of poetry; and after renewed acts of adoration he raised the image between his hands to bear it to the chateau, where he could find a sanctuary more worthy of it. As he moved on, the lady and her faithful domestic, their hands joined and their heads bowed, followed him slowly, offering up their prayers in union with his.

It is unnecessary to add, that the marvellous image was placed in an elegant niche, that lights blazed around it, that incense curled about its head, on which a superb crown was placed, and that even until midnight the chanting of the faithful offered it

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their greetings. But, strange to say, on the following morning no image could be seen, and a little alarm was felt by those Christians who experienced such unalloyed happiness at finding it. What unknown sin could have brought down this disgrace on the mansion of "the saint?" Why had the celestial Virgin quitted it? What new resting-place had she selected? There could be little difficulty in solving the mystery. The Blessed Mother of Jesus had preferred the modest retirement of her favorite bushes to the grandeur of a worldly dwelling. She returned to the coolness and freshness of the grove, there to taste the peace of her solitude and the sweet odor of her flowers. All the inmates of the chateau repaired there in the evening, and found it there, shining with even greater splendor than on the previous eve. They fell down on their knees in respectful silence.

"Powerful Queen of Angels," said the aged chaplain, "this, then, is the temple that you prefer. Your will be done."

And in a little time after, a temple gorgeous and rich—a temple such as could be erected only by the architects of those grand and glorious times—was raised to cover the revered image. The great ones of the earth enriched it with costly presents: kings endowed it with a tabernacle of the purest gold. The fame of the miracles wrought through it extended far and wide through the Christian world, and induced a great many pious women to fix their abode in the valley, and place themselves under monastic rules. The saintly widow, more touched now than ever with the lights of grace, could not refuse her assent to her appointment of superiress; and after a life of good works and edifying examples, which, like odoriferous incense, ascended at the foot of the altar of the Virgin, she died there full of days.

Such, according to the old records of the province, is the origin of the Church and Convent of Notre Dame des Epines Fleuries.

#### (4) CATHERINE OF ROME.

During the time of the second visit of the great patriarch St. Dominic to the city of Rome, whilst waiting for the completion of the monastery of San Sisto, he was moved by the sight of the great corruption which prevailed among all classes of society; and though his stay there was very short, and had not been made with any intention of pursuing his apostolic labors at that time, yet he could not resist the appeal which the sins of the people made to his heart; and he accordingly commenced the reading of the holy Scriptures in the Papal Palace, with the view of remedying the idleness and vice of those attached to the court; whilst, at the same time, he preached daily in the churches to the commoner sort of people, gaining from both these labors an abundant fruit of souls. He also did much at this time by the preaching and propagation of the devotion of the Rosary; and among the many wonderful effects which followed on the adoption of this devotion, the following story is related.

There was at that time in Rome a woman, named Catherine, who had long lived in the

violation of every law of God, and whose house was the resort of the gayest and most dissipated society of the city, over whom her beauty and talents gave her a fatally powerful influence.

This woman, although she had long neglected every duty of religion, was induced by the novelty which attached to St. Dominic's preaching, to go and hear one of his sermons. It made so deep an impression on her, that she went further; and receiving from his own hands one of the rosaries, which he was accustomed to distribute among the people after his sermons were ended, she kept it about her person, and began the daily recital of it; many years having passed since she had said a single prayer until that time. But long habits of a worldly and sinful life were not to be overcome by a temporary impression such as that effected by the preacher's words; and Catherine's new devotion produced no change in her manner of living. But God designed to make this soul a special monument of His mercy, and at the same time to mark, by the manner of her conversion, the power and efficacy which He is pleased to attach to the devotion of the Rosary. One day, as she was walking near her own house, there met her a young man of noble and majestic appearance, whose aspect filled her with an emotion she had never felt before. Addressing himself to her with a grace which, whilst it wonderfully attracted her heart, filled it at the same time with a certain sensation of awe, he bid her hasten home and prepare supper for him, for he was about to become her guest. Catherine lost no time in making everything ready, and they sat down together at the table. But what was her surprise when she perceived that everything which her new guest touched was immediately tinged with blood! At first she thought he must have cut himself with the knife, and therefore begged him to allow her, if such were the case, to bind up his wound; but he replied, "I have no wound; but do you not know that a Christian should eat no food which he has not first steeped in the blood of his Lord?" "In the name of God," said the terrified woman, "tell me who you are, and what you desire of me?" "That you shall presently know," replied her guest; "but you must first order away these servants and tables, that we may be alone together." The order being duly obeyed, he rose from his seat, and in a moment she saw that his figure changed into that of a little child of surpassing beauty, yet a beauty rather divine than human. His face had all the loveliness of childhood, but the little head was crowned with sharp thorns; on his feeble shoulders he bore a heavy cross; while his hands and feet, beautiful in their childish proportions, bore the marks of cruel wounds, and his whole body was streaming with blood. It was a mixed representation of the two mysteries of the Divine Infancy and Passion. Catherine's heart smote her with a terrible remorse; all the iniquity and forgetfulness of her whole life came before her soul with a vivid intensity which well-nigh deprived her of reason; but the sweet voice of the Child Jesus revived her fainting spirits, as He said, "Enough of sin and

hardness of heart, my sister; look here, and see what thy sins have cost Me, and what I began to suffer even when a little Child, and ceased not to endure up to the hour of My death." Then another change passed over the figure before her, and she saw Him as He appeared when dying on the Cross. Every bloody trace of His Passion was there; His face livid and disfigured, and the whole body bathed in the sweat of death. This vision lasted but a few moments; it changed yet once again, and then she saw Him so glorious and beautiful, that her eyes could not gaze at Him for the excess of light that shone from His person. It was not only from face and form that this glory beamed forth as from a sun, but every wound, which in the former visions had presented so fearful and ghastly an aspect, was now clothed with a wondrous beauty, beyond all human loveliness, and flashing with the brightness of a thousand gems. Then He spoke again: "Look at thyself," He said, "and look at Me. O blind and wandering sheep, return to the straight path and the safe fold: never forget what thou hast seen this day, for in these visions hast thou been shown the way of salvation." And with these words He disappeared.

It is not difficult to see that in these words of Our Lord and the accompanying visions, meditation on the mysteries of His life and death which are given in the Rosary is what is pointed out as "the way of salvation." They had their full effect on Catherine; the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries, thus pictured to her eyes, remained imprinted also on her heart. She determined once more to seek St. Dominic; and relating to him the whole of what had passed, placed the direction of her future life in his hands; for he seemed to her as an angel of God sent to guide her yet further on that way of salvation which his words had been the first to open to her. In his hands her conversion was completed; and the rest of her life was spent in so penitent and holy a manner, that he himself acknowledged that he was filled with wonder at the transformation which, by the merey of God, had been wrought in her soul. Henceforth meditation on those divine mysteries, which seemed in so special a manner to have been given to her for her guidance, was her constant devotion; and at her death (which took place many years afterwards, when she had distributed all her goods to the poor, and had herself retired to a life of strict poverty and continual prayer), it is said the Blessed Virgin appeared to her, and received her soul at the moment that she expired. Her body lies buried in the Church of St. John Lateran.

#### (5) THE MARTYR OF ROEUX.

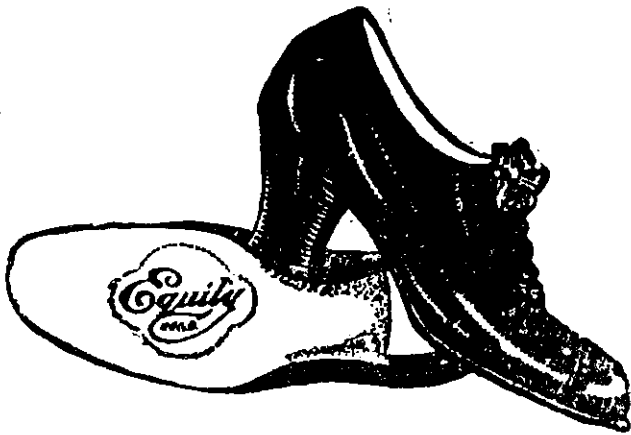
"At the time when the children of Clovis reigned in Gaul," says an old chronicle, "there was in Ireland a king by name Finnloga, who had a brother, the pious Bishop Brendan. Adfin, one of the kings of Scotland, had a daughter named Gelgès, who had embraced the religion of Christ. King Finnloga's son was smitten with her beauty, and married her, but privately, because it was necessary to conceal it from King Adfin,

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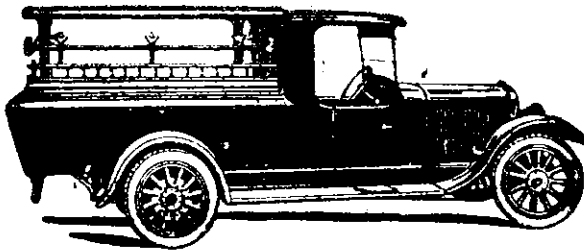
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Timaru

who was an implacable enemy of the faith. He soon discovered it, however, and had his daughter seized and condemned to be burnt. In vain his relations and other persons of influence represented to him that man ought not to separate what God had joined; he ordered the stake to be prepared. But no sooner had Gélgès placed her foot upon the burning wood than it was extinguished. Her father was not convinced by this prodigy, but he consented to spare the life of his daughter, and he condemned her to perpetual exile. She retired with her husband to good Bishop Brendan, her uncle, and there gave birth to three sons—Fursy, Foillan, and Ultan. On the death of their grandfather, Finuloga, their father was raised to the throne; but instead of returning to the court, they resolved, by Brendan's instructions, to devote themselves to the service of God, and they embarked as missionaries for Gaul." So far the chronicler.

Fursy, after many labors and hardships, attained the crown of martyrdom. Foillan, the second brother, was preparing on the 31st October, 655, the day on which our narrative commences, to leave Nivelles, where he had been resting for a short space. Gertrude was at this time the abbess of the convent of Nivelles, and had given to Foillan, in 633, the domain of Fosses, where he had built a church and monastery, the tower of which, in fact, exists to this day. His brother Ultan was now at the monastery of Fosses, and Foillan was about to join him; but before doing so he wished to celebrate the festival of All Saints with his friend the blessed Vincent Maldegher. He took his journey therefore through an opening in the forest by the route of Soignies, where he was to receive hospitality for the night in the monastery of Vincent.

After traversing many intricate paths in solitude and silence, without meeting any living being; and having moreover, as he thought, lost his way, he began to look about for some human habitation where he might obtain shelter and direction. At last he perceived some rude straw-built huts, and thither he accordingly directed his steps. This was the hamlet of Soneffe.

Foillan seeing that it was now late, and that he had not completed half his journey, was glad to enter a hut and ask for a guide. The frightful appearance and fierce looks of the inmates of the cabin would have frightened anyone but the holy missionary. But, like the glass which we read of in the Arabian tale, that did not reflect any deformed object, the heart of the saint suspected no evil, and he at once desired two of the men to accompany him as guides.

Foillan conversed with the men from time to time as they proceeded along the rough and unequal path; but they said little in reply. Finding they were still pagans, he spoke to them of God, His goodness and mercy, of the redemption of man by the blood of the Crucified, and of the paradise prepared for those who believe and do His will. All his words, however, fell unheeded on their ears, and he could only be silent and pray for them. At last the saint arrived with his guides at a part of the forest where an idol was worshipped; and there, whether it was that these pagans wished to

force him to sacrifice like them to their god, or whether they thought only of robbing him, the four men threw themselves upon him and dispatched him with their clubs, heedless alike of his entreaties, or of the prayers which with his last voice he offered up for his murderers.

Night now set in cold and dismal. A violent wind began to howl among the trees; and next morning a thick snow, which lay for several months, covered the face of the country.

Meantime, the companions of Foillan became alarmed at his prolonged absence, and at not having seen him at the feast of Christmas, which he was accustomed to celebrate at Fosses. The most dreadful fears began to be entertained, which were confirmed by several visions. His brother Ultan, as he was at prayers, saw pass before his eyes a dove white as snow, but with wings reddened with blood; a similar prodigy was seen by the abbess Gertrude; and on the 15th January, 656, information was given her in her cell at Nivelles, that in a certain spot of the forest of Soignies the snow was red. Next day she repaired thither, guided by a bloody vapor which hovered in the sky, and discovered the dead body of Foillan. It

was at first carried with pomp to Nivelles, but Ultan desired it might be buried at Fosses, as the martyr himself had requested. In order to arrive at this monastery it was necessary to cross the Sambre, then swollen by the melted snow and ice. Not knowing where to cross, it is related that Gertrude ordering them to leave the horses free, the latter passed, followed by the crowd, through the place which has ever since been called the "Ford of St. Gertrude."

The body of the martyr was afterwards enclosed in a beautiful chapel; and on the same spot, at a later period, was raised a magnificent church, to which was added, in 1123, an abbey of Premonstrantensians. The color of the snow, which had revealed the place of the crime, gave to this place the name of Rood (red), which was afterwards known by the name of Le Roëux, an important barony in the middle ages, and at this day a thriving little village. Soneffe, whence the murderers of the holy Foillan came, continued, and still continues, to bear the marks of the divine malediction; for while all the other hamlets around became flourishing towns, this alone has remained as in the times of paganism, a collection of miserable huts.

## IRISH READINGS

(Edited by A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P., and T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.)

### (7) THE CHARACTER OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(From a Lecture by Henry Giles.)

The lectures on Irish subjects delivered by our countryman, Henry Giles, in various parts of America, are much, and deservedly, admired in that country. They have been collected and published in a volume which has obtained a large degree of popularity. We have already quoted from them some passages descriptive of the oratory of O'Connell; the following, from his lecture on Goldsmith, is also justly conceived and eloquently expressed:—

The character of Goldsmith is one which does not tax analysis; it is felt by instinct; and that happy phrase, "good-natured," defines it with a singular accuracy. Goldsmith's good nature, though it exhausted his purse, did not exhaust itself. It was an un-failing well-spring; it was ever pure and fresh, bubbling from a copious fountain of kindness, and refreshing life around him with streams of gaiety, of fondness, and of pity. There was a benignity in him which gave his heart an interest in the humblest creature. Early in life, in writing home, he says, "If there be a favorite dog in the family, let me be remembered to him." His attachment to children was as strong as it was amiable. The younger Colman speaks in rapture of his acquaintance with Goldsmith, when in infant insolence he used to tweak the poet's nose; and the poet, in return, played thimble-rig with the child. Nor was this merely deference to the son of a rich man and a critic. Goldsmith was an idol, also, to the children of the poor; it was his common practice to go among them with pockets full of gingerbread, and to set them dancing to the sound of his flute. His, in

every scene, was a simple nature, and he, around whom rustics pranced on the banks of the Loire, was the same around whom ragged innocents gabbled and rejoiced in the garrets of Old Bailey. Goldsmith's humanity to the poor, generally, was most courteous and most bountiful. His charity would often have been sublime if the improvidence of his temper did not drive him to contrivances to supply it, which gave it the air of the ludicrous. One morning, towards the close of his college course, a cousin and fellow-student of his knocked at the door of his chamber. No reply. He knocked again. Still no reply. He then broke it open. Goldsmith was in bed, literally in it, for he was stuck bodily into the feathers. Some poor woman had told him a tragical story; he was out of money, so he brought her to the college and gave her his blankets.

Let me take another instance from his later life—an instance which, as I think, is most characteristic of the author and the man. Suppose ourselves gazing into an humble chamber, in the humblest part of London. A ragged bed is in one corner, a broken wash-stand is in another. A crazy table is placed near a small dusty window, and a man sits by this table on the only chair which the room contains. The stature of the man is short, and his face is pale; his position has an air of thought, and his look the glow of fancy. This man, whose forehead bulges out with sentiments and ideas so as to defy all rules of sculpture, is ugly; but he is ugly only to those who cannot see the light of the spirit through the shrine of the countenance. To those who know the touch of nature that

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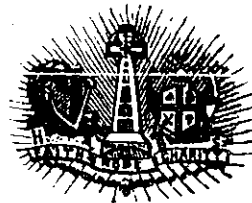
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makes all men akin, he is inexpressibly dear; they love to gaze on his homely portrait, as if it were lovely as ever dawned upon a sculptor's dream. The man is Oliver Goldsmith, and, as we now describe him, he is engaged in writing his *Essay on the State of Polite Learning in Europe*. A knock at his lonely door arouses him, and a visitor enters. The visitor is Bishop Percy, the admirable collector of Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Goldsmith courteously gives the prelate his only chair, and takes himself a seat on the window-sill. They are engaged in an earnest conversation on belle-lettres and the fine arts, when a ragged but decent little girl comes into the room, and, with a respectful obeisance to Goldsmith, says, "My mamma sends her compliments, sir, and begs the favor of you to lend her a pot of coals."

As Goldsmith's fortunes increased, so did his gifts; and food was added to fuel. After he had entertained a large party at breakfast, he distributed the fragments among a few poor women whom he had kept waiting for the purpose. A vulgar guest remarked that he must be very rich to afford such bounty. "It is not wealth, my dear sir," said Goldsmith, "it is inclination; I have only to suppose that a few more friends have been of the party, and then it amounts to the same thing." He was, besides, always surrounded by a circle of needy writers, whom he had not the firmness to refuse, nor the prudence to discharge. He was also beset by destitute countrymen, who found a ready way to his last shilling through his compassion and his patriotism. To such people, bounty was no virtue; but with Goldsmith, pity gave ere charity began, and charity had always the start of wisdom. Much as there was in such actions which implied want of purpose and want of thought, there was goodness, too, upon which no one of distress ever fell in vain. "He has been known," says Prior, the most genial of his biographers, "to quit his bed at night, and even laboring under indisposition in order to relieve the miserable; and when money was scarce, or to be procured with difficulty by borrowing, he has, nevertheless, shared it with such as presented any claims to charity."

This generosity of temper, united with keen observation, enabled Goldsmith to pierce readily through the disguises of selfishness; so that with his comic sagacity, and his genial perception of the ludicrous, no writer can give more amusing pictures than he does of sordid follies. Even in his very youth, we have the narrative of an adventure which promises all the thoughtful drolery that he afterwards exhibited. He had gone in a freak to Cork, mounted on a noble horse, and with thirty pounds in his pockets. It was not long ere he was returning, with merely five shillings, and mounted on an animal which he called Fiddle-back. He was, however, blithe and careless, for near to the city there was a college friend who had often pressed him to a visit. "We shall enjoy," he would say, "both the city and the country; and you shall command my stable and my purse."

Going towards his friend's house, he divided his five shillings with a destitute woman,

and on his arrival he found his friend an invalid; but so cordial was his reception, that remorse struck him for not having given the whole five shillings to his needy sister. He stated his case, and opened his heart to his friend. His friend walked to and fro, rubbed his hands, and Goldsmith attributed this to the force of his compassion, which required motion, and to the delicacy of his sentiments, which commanded silence. The hour was growing late, and Goldsmith's appetite had been long at craving point. "At length an old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid on the table. This appearance," says Goldsmith, "without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with one bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese. My friend," continues the poet, "apologised, that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful. At eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that, for his part, he would lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without that refreshment."

Next morning Goldsmith spoke of his departure. "To be sure," said this munificent friend, "the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her, and your other relatives; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Goldsmith, then, reminding him of former good turns, tried to borrow a guinea from him. "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith," said Solomon the younger, "I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you. Sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on." "I readily," said Goldsmith, "grasped at this proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed pulled out a stout oak stick. 'Here,' said he, 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.'" Goldsmith was about to lay it on his back, but a casual visitor coming in, his generous friend introduced him with eulogium and with enthusiasm. Both of them had an invitation to dinner; for which Goldsmith was quite prepared; and it seemed not less acceptable to the amiable invalid. At the close of the evening, the entertainer offered Goldsmith a bed, who then told his former host to go home and take care of his excellent horse, but that he would never enter his house again.

I have confined my remarks chiefly to a distinctive quality in the character of Goldsmith, universally conceded; but his whole worth was by no means confined to this. No gross vices are recorded against him; his general habits appear to have been comparatively unstained; his general tastes were

simple; he was temperate almost to abstinence; and excess he regarded with abhorrence. To speak thus is to speak negatively; but these negatives, connected with Goldsmith's position and his times, have a value that is positive. But one virtue eminently positive belongs to Goldsmith, and that is his exceeding literary purity; the sacred independence with which he used his talents, and the sacred purposes to which he applied them. Follies were his, which gathered afflictions about his lot, which not all his innocent hilarity could throw off. Carelessness brought misfortunes upon him, which broke at last his elastic capacity of endurance; but no destitution was ever a temptation to his literary conscience, and no pressure ever bent its rectitude. From the beginning, Goldsmith eschewed patrons; he acted, from the first, on the manly resolution of seeking support in the honest exertion of his own powers. The Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, offered him assistance; Goldsmith declined for himself, but requested protection for his brother, a worthy pastor and a worthy man. Sir John Hawkins calls him a fool; but his own words show he was as wise as he was conscientious: "I have," said he, "no dependence on the promises of great men. I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends."

It is true that Goldsmith could not always have an end equal to his genius; but he never perjured his convictions, nor bartered his soul. It is true that his main object was often merely to do a certain quantity of work, and receive a certain sum of wages, and of this he sometimes complains with a sort of melancholy pleasantry. He says, in reference to his *History of England*: "I have been a good deal abused lately in the newspapers for betraying the liberty of the people. God knows, I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make a book of a decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody." But, though Goldsmith had often to think more of sustenance than fame, he merely wrote rapidly, he did not write falsely. Living in an age when a name sold a book, and when patrons made a name, and when dedications earned patrons, Goldsmith passed over titles and gartified his affections. The first of his poems he inscribed to an indigent brother, and the others he inscribed to his immediate friends.

He was ever perplexed with debts and surrounded with difficulties. His heart always craving for money to give, and his supply always far behind his craving, yet he could reject propositions which men who have secured a reputation for more austere virtue than Goldsmith would have found elegant excuses for accepting. The British Cabinet, by a confidential agent, intimated a munificent remuneration for his pen. The poet occupied sordid chambers, and labored like a slave; but here was his answer: "I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance, therefore, which you offer is unnecessary to me."

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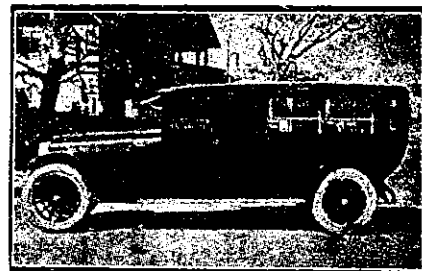
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of a rich Government to a poor writer? Judge Goldsmith, then, by the severity of his trial, and give him the credit of his victory. But he was honest with the public as he was with patrons. Needy though he was, he sought the suffrage of men only by means which tended to make them wiser, and to make them better; and of those compositions which multitudes seek as much as they should shun them, and which it is as easy as it is dishonorable to produce, not one can be laid to the charge of Goldsmith. The spirit of his works is as chaste as their style is classical; and to him belongs the glory of having purified expression, when the phraseology even of women was coarse; and of having consecrated the novel to virtue, when the pen of fiction was dipped in the offscourings of passion.

Goldsmith is one of those whom we cannot help liking, and whom we cannot criticise; yet he is one that should be praised with caution, if in our age there was much danger of his being imitated. We are too busy for meditative vagrancy; we are too practical for the delusions of scholarship; even with the felicitous genius of Oliver Goldsmith, the literary profession would now be an insecure basis for subsistence, and none at all for prodigality. Extent of competition, the rigor of criticism, the difficulty of acting on an immensely reading public, repress the efforts of vanity; yet, except in a few instances, they do not compensate the efforts of power; the vain are driven to obscurity, but the powerful have little more than their fame. And though we possessed the abilities of Goldsmith, and were tempted to his follies, his life is before us for a memento, and his experience is sufficient for a warning. Yet it is agreeable to lay aside our prudence for a little, and enjoy with him, in fancy at least, the advantage of the hour: to participate in his thoughtless good nature, and to enter into his careless gaiety: to sit with him in some lonely Swiss glen; or to listen to his flute among the peasantry of France; or to hear him debate logical puzzles in monastic Latin: to share the pride of his new purple coat, which Johnson would not praise, and which Boswell could not admire. More grateful still is the relief which we derive from the perusal of his works; for in these we have the beauty of his mind, and no shade upon its wisdom; the sweetness of humanity, and its dignity also.

We need the mental refreshment which writers like Goldsmith afford. Our active and our thoughtful powers are all on the stretch; and such, unless it has appropriate relaxations, is not a state of nature or a state of health. From the troubles of business, which absorb the attention or exhaust it; from the activities of society, which exemplify, in the same degree, the force of mechanism and the force of will; from the clamor of politics, from the asperity of religious discussions, we turn to philosophy and literature for less fatiguing or less disquieting interests. But our philosophy, when not dealing with matter, is one which, in seeking the limits of reason, carries it ever into the infinite and obscure: our literature is one which, in its genuine forms, has equal intensity of passion and intensity of expres-

sion— which, in its spurious forms, mistakes extravagance for the one, and bombast for the other. Our genuine literature is the production of natural causes, and has its peculiar excellence. But from the excitement of our present literature, whether genuine or spurious, it is a pleasant change to take up the tranquil pages of Goldsmith; to feel

the sunny glow of his thoughts upon our hearts, and on our fancies the gentle music of his words. In laying down his writings we are tempted to exclaim, "Oh that the author of *The Deserted Village* had written more poetry! Oh that the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* had written more novels!"

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The mail-carrier, riding by in his Ford, hailed Jared Meacham with his usual friendliness.

"Morning, Jared. It's a fine day."

Old Jared, splicing a worn-out bit of harness, looked up dourly and spat into the dust at his feet.

"Ye-ah," he answered, briefly and grudgingly. "But it'll rain before night."

And there you have Jared Meacham. It mattered not that there were no clouds in the sky, that the sun was shining its cheeriest and brightest, nor that old Jared himself didn't believe his own prophecy. Admitting that the weather was fine or that anything else in the world was fine, was foreign to Jared's nature, and called for an instant qualification of prophesied rain or disaster. Perhaps it was his Puritan upbringing—perhaps an inherited trait—perhaps the result of responsibilities thrust upon him by the early death of his parents—or mayhap it was a combination of all three, but if Jared had even worn rose-colored spectacles—and those who remembered him as a gloomy, taciturn boy doubted it—they had been replaced at an early age by the dark blue goggles of pessimism.

It was inevitable that his unfortunate disposition should affect his surroundings and his associates. His sister Mattie, an invalid, was a chronic complainer and her loud and long lamentations filled the cottage. Hilda, who had been the prettiest and gayest girl in the community, had lapsed into a sad, colorless woman, who spoke in monosyllables and went about her work like a well-ordered automaton. Even the house was dark and cheerless—the furniture dull and worn—upholstered in shabby ugliness—the pots and pans darkened with age. The flowers that had once brightened the Meacham dooryard had sickened and died. Even flowers need love and appreciation.

Into this odd household came uninvited and little wanted, bright youth, in the person of Molly Mavis, the child of Faith. There had been four of the Meachams—Jared and Mattie, Faith, next to the youngest, and Hilda, the baby of the family. Faith's name had never been mentioned in the Meacham house since the day she defied her brother and eloped with young Anthony Mavis. There was nothing wrong with Anthony Mavis, save that he was joyous where Jared was joyless—and he was a Catholic. Jared felt that if Anthony's buoyant spirit didn't damn him his religion certainly would. Religion to

Jared meant a strict attendance at the Sunday services, a close acquaintance with Scripture, particularly the Old Testament, a strict abstinence from cards, dancing and other frivolous amusements, and a rigid obedience to the commandment to keep the Sabbath Day holy. He went to great lengths to accomplish the latter, forbidding laughter or music in his house on Sunday, allowing his sisters to read nothing but the Bible on that holy day, and himself preserving a grim silence most of the time he was at home. Anthony's religion was, on the other hand, a glowing and joyful thing. He whistled on his way to early Mass and on his way home. He could not help it, for his heart sang within him. He tussled with the O'Leary pup in the O'Leary front yard—Anthony was an orphan and boarded at the O'Leary home. Once he even presumed to meet Faith after her Sunday school and take her buggy-riding—and by so doing he drew upon her young head a storm of vituperation that made her shiver. But Faith was an intrepid soul, and when Jared not only forbade her marrying the "accursed papist," but even forbade her speaking to him, she listened with head held high and dark eyes flashing—and the next morning she was gone. He never saw her again, though in later years she often wrote to him—long, chatty letters which he burned as soon as he had read them, never showing them to Mattie or the younger Hilda. Faith had been his favorite sister. Deep in his heart he longed for some word or sign that would tell him she knew she was in the wrong—that she regretted the step she had taken—but that sign she never gave. Instead, her letter breathed a quiet happiness. Anthony was so good to her. Anthony had a fine place with the Black people now. She hoped he would let Hilda visit her some time. Was Mattie's health any better? And then after many years there was an abrupt ceasing of her letters. For two years he heard nothing, until one day Sol Peters, driving the station hack, deposited at the Meacham door a fair-haired, merry-eyed slip of a girl, just turned sixteen—a miniature replica of Anthony Mavis, who yet had Faith's dimples and Faith's carriage, and a suggestion of Faith's smile lurking about the corners of her humorous mouth. The girl was Molly, Faith's baby—and Faith was dead, having followed her husband in less than a year after an accident had taken him from her. Dying, she had sent her girl to her only living relatives.

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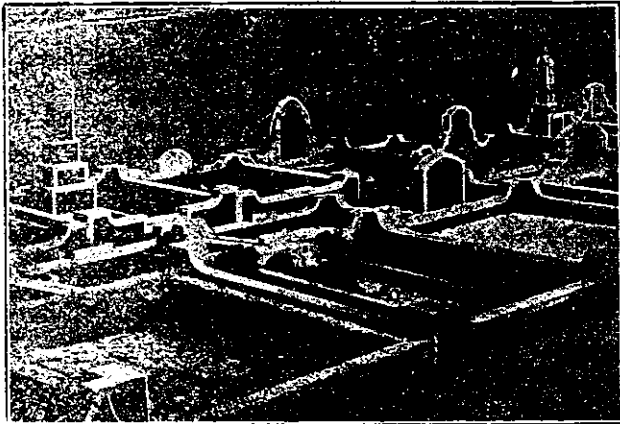
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"Not for what they can give you, darling," she told her. "You are well provided for, thank God, and don't need it but for what you can give them. There's the warmth of the sunshine in your smile, my Molly—and there's many a corner of the old place needs thawing and brightening. Jared needs you, though he may not think so—and perhaps you can brighten Mattie's days as you have ours. But it's mostly for Hilda's sake I'm sending you—my little sister Hilda, who has never had a chance for happiness. They can't hurt you, I know. Your faith is strong and your heart is merry, as was your father's."

Life with her uncle and aunts was worse than Molly had anticipated, and yet she had a feeling that they were glad to have her with them. Mattie grumbled at her unceasingly, but it was always Molly whom she called to turn her pillows and brush her hair. Indeed she seldom had to call her, for Molly danced in and out of her darkened room fifty times a day, coaxing her to have her shades raised, bringing her a bouquet of wildflowers, a glass of sparkling, cold water from the well, a bundle of old snapshots, an interesting poem—anything to vary the monotony of the sick-room.

"I declare—" Mattie would exclaim, petulantly, "you never let a body alone—always bouncing in and out like a six-year-old. How do you think I can get any rest? Pull down those shades—the light hurts my eyes—and the sun fades the carpets."

"But it, kills the germs, Aunt Mattie," protested Molly, the while she serenely obeyed the abrupt command.

"Germs!" bridled Aunt Mattie. "I'll have you know I've nothing catching. There are no germs in here."

"Oh, I don't mean those kind of germs," explained Molly. "I mean the blue germs—what Daddy called the little blue devils. There's nothing like sunshine to drive them away. Aunt Mattie, wouldn't you like a wheel-chair to sit in? I'll get it for you and you can sit out on the side porch every sunny afternoon."

"Go away," said Aunt Mattie, sourly. "You'll be the death of me. I haven't set foot outside this room for twelve years, and I don't ever expect to. I'll not have my days shortened by a whipper-snapper like you dragging me around in a wheel-chair. You'd like to be rid of me, wouldn't you?"

Jared, coming in from the fields hot and tired, found his wash water waiting for him, his easy chair drawn to the coolest spot to be found, his slippers beside it, and on a stand within easy reach, his spectacles, his pipe, his daily paper, his Bible, and a glass of cold buttermilk. He accepted these attentions silently, secretly pleased. But when Molly slipped away to morning Mass in the valley he was wrathful. How dared she forsake the faith of her mother to consort with these foreigners—these ungodly idol-worshippers—these—these—but here he grew apoplectic and spluttered ineffectually.

"But the Catholic Church was my mother's Church, Uncle Jared, just as it was my father's," said Molly, gently. "She embraced it when she married Daddy—and she

had such peace and comfort in her beautiful belief as you will never find in yours. Forgive me for telling you, Uncle Jared, but that is the truth. Her God was a God of love, Who suffered and died for us—a God Who loved life and laughter and little children. Your God is such a stern God, Uncle Jared. Do you really believe He is as you preach Him—hating music and pleasant conversation and innocent games—and even the play of babes on His Sunday? I don't believe He is like that at all, and neither did my mother. She told me once that she had always been half afraid of God until she married Daddy. Imagine being afraid of God! I used to pretend that I had the little Jesus for a playmate and—"

"Silence!" thundered Jared, "I have no desire to know of the foolish things your priests teach you—"

Molly laughed softly. "Oh, they didn't teach me that, Uncle Jared," she said. "But you see Mother taught me such a love for and trust in the Infant Jesus. Did you ever see a copy of Raphael's Madonna, Uncle Jared? Isn't that Baby the sweetest thing you ever saw? And did you ever see a statue of the Sacred Heart? All the love and ineffable tenderness that are glowing in the eyes of Our Lord—"

Jared stalked from the room. After the day of this conversation he argued no more with Molly on the subject of her religion, contenting himself with glowering glances when she made ready to leave for St. Joseph's or returned home.

Her Aunt Hilda was, on the contrary, faintly interested in Molly's religious beliefs and practices. She regarded Molly's medals and scapulars, her holy water and blessed candles as superstitious charms, until Molly explained their use and significance to her, but she often fingered the tiny statue of the Blessed Mother that stood on Molly's bureau and thought it the prettiest thing she had ever seen. When Molly asked her to go to Benediction with her on Sunday evening she refused almost tartly, because she really wished to go, and it made her angry with herself to think that a woman past thirty-five should stand so in awe of her brother that she could not obey the desires of her own heart.

"Indeed, not," she snapped at Molly. "I'll go where I've always gone." But Molly saw her flick the tear from her eye and understood her unspoken thought.

"I'll take you when he doesn't know it," she said. "We have Benediction on the evening of the First Friday, too. If we start taking little walks in the cool of the evening we can slip down to St. Joseph's that night and Uncle Jared will never suspect it."

Aunt Hilda smiled wistfully. "I'm a fool," she told the girl, "to be afraid of Jared. I never did have Faith's or Mattie's spirit, and it seems like he's wrung what little I had out of me. Land! I'm getting on to forty, with an independent interest in the farm, and more than a thousand dollars of my own in the bank—and I earned every cent of that myself with a little sewing and selling chickens and things. There's no reason why I should feel so beholden to

Jared. But of course I couldn't leave Mattie. If I could—or maybe if it hadn't been for Jared, I'd have married Dan O'Leary. He was comely enough—and he liked me—but Jared ordered him out of the house. It was three or four years after Faith left, and I was just in long dresses."

"Goodness!" Molly had all of Youth's love of romance, "tell me about him, Aunt Hilda."

"There's nothing to tell," said Aunt Hilda quickly, her words belied by the flush in her cheeks. "They moved to Saginaw years ago."

"Perhaps he's still single, Aunt Hilda. I don't blame him for loving you. You've got the prettiest eyes and hair—and you don't laugh half often enough to show your pretty dimples—"

"Nonsense!" said Hilda sharply. "There's Mattie calling you." After the girl had gone she scrutinised her countenance in the mirror and tried to rub the glow from her cheeks. "He wouldn't be—after all these years," she mused, "I wonder—I wonder—"

Gradually, in spite of her Uncle Jared, the sunshine that was a part of Molly worked its miracle in the old place. The flowers once more bloomed in the dooryard, and Molly and Hilda spent long, happy hours transplanting and weeding and watering the pretty plants and blossoms, while Mattie, who had not refused to occupy the wheel-chair once it appeared at her bedside, watched in quiet contentment from her nook on the vine-shaded veranda. Mattie would always grumble, but even her grumbling had a good-natured tone these days. Afternoon tea had been introduced by the girl, and the three women enjoyed many a feast of sandwiches and cakes and tea or lemonade in the afternoon before Molly bundled Aunt Mattie indoors for her nap. Aunt Mattie's room was miraculously transformed. A rose-shaded lamp and a rose-silk pincushion relieved the austerity of her bureau, and soft, colorful hangings at the window protected Mattie's aging eyes and at the same time let in the sunshine. The old ingrain carpet had given place to a gay Japanese matting that repelled dust as the old carpet had collected it. A bowl on the low table by the bed was always filled with flowers. Aunt Mattie complained that the odor made her head ache but when Molly neglected to bring her a fresh bouquet, she complained again.

"It seems to me you must be pretty busy. I haven't had a fresh nosegay for two days. Not that I can't do without it, but I wish you wouldn't have that blue bowl cluttering up that table if you don't intend to keep anything in it."

Molly smiled wisely and brought in the flowers. She knew that her Aunt Mattie loved and appreciated the pretty things in her room, even as she loved their donor. It is hard to break the habit of years, and Aunt Mattie had always found fault. Poor Aunt Mattie! There came to be many days when she was not able to occupy the wheel-chair. She was gradually growing weaker. The sun of her life was about to sink in its West, said the old doctor who had been her attendant since her girlhood. One day the

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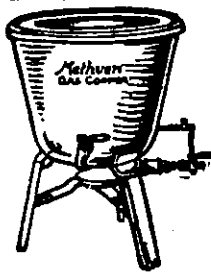
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invalid called Molly to her and whispered:

"Bring me your little black book, Molly, the one you take to church with you."

"My prayerbook, Aunt Mattie?" asked the girl in surprise.

"Yes, if that's what you call it. Seems like I can't get any comfort out of reading any more. I never saw inside one of those books. I'd like something new, Molly—something that I can hang onto when everything else is gone. Don't tell Jared, but I've listened to his preaching all those years—Jared's a great one to get up and talk in church, and he's done a lot of admonishing to the rest of us—and there's so much hell-fire and brimstone connected with it—it makes me scary somehow. Do you think I'm a foolish old woman?"

"No, dear." Molly kissed the old lips that had so often berated her.

"Would you be afraid to die, Molly?"

"No, dear, I don't think so. There's Mother, you know, and Daddy, and all the blessed saints and angels—and the Blessed Mother and Jesus—"

"But are you SURE, Molly?"

"As sure as I am that you're my darling Aunt Mattie. I'll get you the prayerbook, dear."

Mattie's thin, blue-veined hand patted the girl's soft arm.

"I'm a cross old woman, dear," she said, "there's something bright and good about you, and I never thought a Catholic could be either. If it's your religion makes you so I'd like to know a little more about it. I'll read the book, and some day I'd like to have you tell me about that little string of beads you carry in your pocket. It's a right pretty string of beads."

There were tears in Molly's eyes when she went after the little black book—and some of them were tears of sadness and some of them were tears of joy. She had hoped for the conversion of Aunt Hilda, but this sudden softening on the part of Aunt Mattie was wholly unlooked for. She paused before her bureau to kiss her mother's picture, and whisper:

"They are about to be answered, Mother—all those prayers with which you have stormed Heaven these many years—all but those for Uncle Jared. He's hard as flint. But I know you're glad about Aunt Mattie, Mother."

Six months later Mattie Meacham died—a happy and peaceful death blessed by all the rites of Mother Church. Jared, who had said no "papist preacher" should ever set foot inside his doorway, looked on grimly while Hilda telephoned for the priest, and Molly made ready the sick-room for his coming. Then he left the house and did not return until Mattie's eyes had closed for the last time. She asked for him once. "Jared?" she whispered questioningly to Hilda. "He's out," answered Hilda, brokenly. "Do you want him?"

"No," said Mattie, "it's better this way. He doesn't understand. Poor Jared!"

They all pitied him. After Mattie's death he drew still farther into his shell, and his eyes wore a hurt and bewildered look. "Rome" had bewitched his family, he felt—for there was no secret now about Hilda's

attendance at St. Joseph's. She went openly, and her backsliding was the talk of his own congregation. She was subtly changed—more like the Hilda of other days. Lace collars brightened her plain frocks and her hair was dressed loosely and allowed to curl about her temples. She laughed now—as often as did Molly. A new lawyer had come to town and hung out his shingle over Cline Brothers' grocery store. The new lawyer was Cline Brothers' nephew, Dan O'Leary—a tall, well-knit, slightly grey and distinguished Dan O'Leary, and Hilda's school-girl love affair threatened to ripen into a more mature romance. In deference to Jared's wishes, the suitor did not come to the cottage, but he walked home from church with Hilda and took her for long rides in gray roadster—rides from which she returned with her face glowing like a happy child's. Jared's world had fallen about him. Alone, estranged, resolutely aloof, he sat amidst the ruins. It was Molly who finally told him. "Aunt Hilda is going to be married the twentieth of next month, Uncle Jared. Do you care if we plan the wedding breakfast here?"

Then his bitterness broke forth. "Care?" he stormed, "and what good would it do me if I did? The house is as much Hilda's as mine. You women carry on like a parcel of half-wits. Have your Romish friends and your priests and your Pope himself, if you want to. I'll not be here." And he packed his old gray telescope and went to New York, where he mooned around the city until he was quite sure the festivities were over.

"What did he say?" Hilda asked Molly fearfully.

Molly had her Irish father's discernment. "Not much," she said. "Just that we might have the wedding breakfast here. I don't think he's as prejudiced as he used to be. I know he was dying to stay for the wedding but that dear old stiff neck of his won't let him."

Hilda was gone when he returned home, but Molly, who had bribed the station agent to 'phone when he got in, had supper waiting for him.

"You here?" he growled, relief in his voice in spite of himself. "I thought you'd be packing off with Hilda."

"No, indeed," said Molly, cheerfully, "she doesn't need me, and you do."

"Humph!" grunted the old man. "Guess I could get along. I'm 'bout old enough to take care of myself." But she knew he was pleased.

They brought him home one dark, chill day in November. He had driven to the village, and had fallen at the door of the hardware store.

"Apoplexy," said Dr. Stoll, briefly. "He's had high blood pressure this long time. He won't last long."

"Will he speak?" asked Molly, tearfully, clinging to his still hand. "Will he know me again?"

"God knows," said the old doctor. "He may. He may not. I'll send Brother Wesley over. He may want to see him before he dies. Jared was peculiar, but he was a God-fearing man."

When Jared opened his eyes they were all there—the doctor and Molly, Hilda and her husband—and Brother Wesley, who had been his friend and pastor for many years. He smiled wryly at the assemblage.

"This is the end, isn't it?" he asked with an effort. "I'm passing out, ain't I?"

"You are going home, Brother Meacham," said the minister, reverently. "Is it all well with you?"

A spasm of pain crossed Jared's pallid face. "Not yet—" he gasped, "Hilda, girl—"

"Yes, Jared." She bent above him. She looked so youthful that for a moment his mind wandered and he thought he was a young man again and this the little pig-tailed Hilda who had trotted along in the furrows of his plough. Then remembrance came back to him.

"For-forgive me. I-I was wrong. I'm glad you're happy. Dan—"

She kissed him. "It's all right, Jared. We understand."

"Molly—"

"Yes, dear." She, too, was beside him stroking his hair. He reached a quivering hand for hers. "You—you're a good girl, Molly—like your mother. You—I've loved you, Molly. I took a poor way to show it."

"Never mind, dear," she told him, "I knew—"

"Have you prayed for me, Molly?"

"Every day, Uncle Jared."

"I thought so. My soul needs comforting. I—I'm afraid of death, Molly. Molly, have you one of those crosses they put in Mattie's hand? With Christ on it?"

"My crucifix. Yes, yes, Uncle Jared. Do you want it?" She was back with it in a second, pressing it into his hand, while the others looked on silently.

"Send them away, Molly," he said. They filed from the room.

"Now, Molly—" A tear slipped down the furrows of his cheek. "I want to tell Him I'm sorry. Tell me what to say."

"Oh, my God—" began Molly's clear young voice, repeating the Act of Contrition. "I am most heartily sorry for having offended Thee—"

"Most heartily sorry for having offended Thee—". His voice trailed weakly after hers. "And to amend my life. Amen."

The prayer ended "No time to amend—", he said. "No time—what next? Hurry, Molly—it's getting dark."

She pressed the Figure of Christ to his lips. "Say, 'My Jesus, mercy!'" she commanded.

"My Jesus, mercy," he whispered. "My Jesus, mercy"—and was silent. Jared Meacham was dead.

Molly slipped to her knees by his bedside. For just a minute she was a little child again, saying her evening prayer. So plainly she heard her mother's voice—"Now pray for Aunt Mattie and Aunt Hilda and Uncle Jared, dear. We'll say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys for their spiritual welfare. Our Father, Who art in Heaven—". She buried her face in her hands and the warm tears trickled through her fingers—and some were tears of sadness—but more were tears of joy.

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## MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

## ST. MARY'S CONVENT, HAMILTON.

The following are the results of the music examinations held recently at St. Mary's Convent:—

Trinity College (Practical).—Fellowship: Sylvia Dunford (recommended). Licentiate: Marie Dold (gold medalist); Isabel Daldy (singing). Associate: Edna Hickey, Roberta Wilson. Higher Local: Eileen Milne, Lena Uhlenbergh. Senior: Edna Pearce (medalist), Letitia Southec. Intermediate: Margaret Ryan, Alma Vercoe, Alice Conn. Junior: Isabel Tuck, Dorothy Tuck, Thelma Whittington. Preparatory: Iris Woodgate. First Steps: Patricia Stuart.



PATTIE STUART,

A six-year-old pupil of St. Mary's Convent, Hamilton, who passed First Steps in the recent examination conducted by the Trinity College of Music.

## Theoretical.

Art of Teaching and Rudiments: Audrey Edgecombe (honors), Isabel Daldy. Intermediate: Eileen Milne (honors), Kathleen Brewer (honors). Preparatory: Bernard Cox (honors), Thora Orr (honors).

## Royal College (Practical).

Licentiate (Performer's): Edna Langmuir. Advanced Grade: Isabel Daldy (singing). Higher Division: Audrey Howe (violin), Roberta Wilson (senior violin), Josephine McGettigan (senior singing), Irene Babbage (intermediate singing). Elementary: Bernard Cox, Girlie Tuck. Primary: Maisie Magill.

## Theoretical.

Qualifying Examination: Edna Langmuir. Rudiments: Isabel Daldy, Lena Uhlenbergh.

SISTERS OF THE MISSIONS,  
STRATFORD.

The following are the results of the examinations held at the Stratford Convent recently, in connection with the Associated Board and Trinity College, London, respectively:—

Associated Board (examiner, Mr. Egerton Tidmarsh).

Licentiate: Esme Lewers, L.A.B. Advanced Grade: Beryl Masters, Olive Gill, Anita Riera. Elementary: Anita Riera (singing), Hope Grant (singing), Linley Petch, Mona Ford, Marjorie Foley (piano).

Trinity College (examiner, Mr. Elric Cundell).

Associate: Florence Ferguson, A.T.C.L. Higher Local: Betty Copping, Kathleen Gill. Senior: Hope Penn (singing). Intermediate: Dulcie Pearce (honors), Marjorie Mathews (honors), Rita MacDonalld. Junior: Linley Petch, Keitha Wasley. Preparatory: Gordon Kear (honors), Marjorie Foley (honors), Mona Ford (honors), Maisie Smart (honors). First Steps: Molly Mackinnon.

Art of Teaching and Rudiments: Beryl Masters, A.T.C.L., Olive Gill, A.T.C.L., Anita Riera, A.T.C.L., Florence Ferguson, A.T.C.L.

Theory—Higher Local: Betty Copping (honors). Junior: Aldyth Price (honors). Preparatory: Marjorie Foley (honors).

MIDNIGHT VISION AT WELSH SHRINE  
APPARITION OF OUR LADY:  
SIX PILGRIMS' CLAIM.

How a Cardiff woman is stated to have witnessed, with five other pilgrims, an "Apparition of Our Lady" at midnight on the eve of the visitation at St. Winifrede's Hospice, Holywell, the famous North Wales shrine, is described in a signed statement sent by Miss Sarah Leonard, a member of the Children of Mary (a Catholic organisation) to the *Universe*, which publishes the story with due reserve (says the *Cardiff Times* and *South Wales Weekly News* for August 22).

After stating that "I am not a person given to seeing 'visions' . . . nor do I believe in signs of any kind," and explaining that six of them saw the apparition, the writer (who claims to have twice had a bad leg cured after bathing in the well), says that everyone in the hospice had retired to rest at 10 p.m. as usual.

"A lady from Cardiff occupying a bed in the same dormitory as myself found she had forgotten to bring her usual supply of St. Winifrede's water, which she was in the habit of drinking during the night," continues the statement. "She determined to go downstairs for some. I knew she would be unable to get any, as the doors at the foot of the staircase were locked. I was on the point of telling her this, but something stopped me from speaking.

## "A Beautiful Statue."

"It was now about 11 p.m., and nobody in our room had yet settled down to sleep. I was waiting for the lady's return, and prepared to listen to the story of disappointment, when, to my amazement, she came

back in a great state of excitement, exclaiming, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. What is that? There is a beautiful statue, or vision, at the bottom of the stairs. I dare not go any further."

"The younger visitors were up instantly to see what was happening. The first-named lady came to my bed and said: 'I am sure it is the Blessed Virgin. Will you come and see?'

"I replied: 'Your nerves are out of order. There is no room for a statue there, and it must be a light from the fanlight.'

"After much persuasion, to please the lady, I very reluctantly consented to go with her. I really did not wish to do so, as I cannot walk without the aid of a stick.

"When I reached the top of the staircase I was staggered. There was a beautiful, dazzling light, such as could only be Heaven-sent. For a few moments speech left me, but, gathering courage, I went down a few stairs.

"To speak the honest truth, I never thought of the Blessed Virgin. Naturally, owing to the cures wrought at the Well, I thought of St. Winifrede and was looking for the martyred saint of Wales. But there was no staff and no martyr's palm, as we always see in the representations of St. Winifrede.

## The Vision Clears.

"By now six of us were present, and, lo and behold, as I exclaimed, 'This is not St. Winifrede,' the Vision cleared. Slowly came the head and shoulders, then the whole form of Our Blessed Lady. Clinging to the rails, I gazed on the Mother of God!

"One or two of the others said to me: 'Will you be brave enough to go down alone, and we will stay at the top and pray?'

"I went whilst the 'Hail, Mary!' was being recited. Then, as before, the light was blinding, but the vision again cleared, and Our Lady appeared once more.

"The first time I saw Her was with Her head bowed and her hands joined, the whole figure being of purest white. There was no color of any kind.

" 'This is not Our Lady of Lourdes,' I said, but now the hands dropped slowly down and I recognised the Immaculate Conception. From my lips fell the words, 'O Mary, conceived without sin, Thou art all fair, my Mother, and there is no spot in Thee.'

## Gazed in Rapture.

"I gazed in rapture at the beautiful image, so fair to look upon. It was a sight I will never forget. Neither will the other five to whom the privilege was given of seeing the Queen of Heaven. The snow on the mountains is yellow compared with the dazzling whiteness of that glorious Vision.

"I did not remain to see it vanish, but returned slowly up the stairs and roused the other pilgrims. We recited the Rosary and other prayers. Some wept bitterly, others were stunned with awe. The other five pilgrims whom I left behind remained on the top of the stairs and saw the Vision disappear from sight."

The Superior of the Hospice, Sister Mary Patrick, states that "One could not doubt the evidence" given by the lady who first roused the pilgrims, and says the above account is the same as that told to her the morning following the incidents related.

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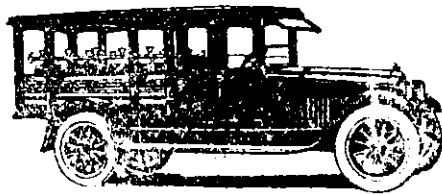
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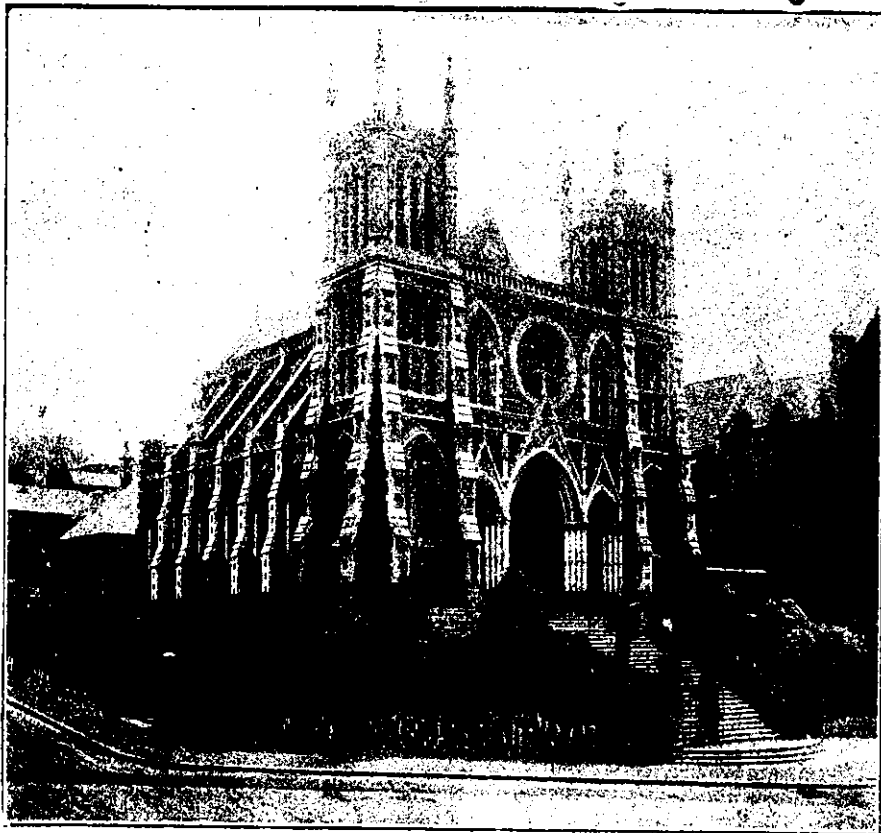
# On Dunedin's Hills

(By "Sydney Towns" for the N.Z. Tablet.)

On a golden sunny day, the mail train ran quickly into Dunedin Station. It was a first visit. I had heard much of the "Edinburgh" of the South and I wondered if all I had heard could be true.

The next day found me climbing up the steep streets to the top of the hills that surround the city.

Above one of these charming spots a stately building stood, and there, I heard, old people were being cared for by the Little Sisters of the Poor; and just as the sun was turning everything into crimson loveliness, Thought—that elusive, puck-like rascal, began to flood every cranny and corner of my mind with its own gold-dusty creations.



ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN.

With a companion who knew the town and its suburbs well, I walked about the hills. It was a pleasant thing to leave the dusty, grey streets behind and, in a few moments, to be walking amid overhanging firs and pines through which, now and then, could be caught glimpses of a land-locked, turquoise sea. For the sun was now drooping in a tired manner to his watery bed, and ere he did so, he flung upon the restless waters his many colored streamers to brighten the bed in which he soon must lie. Then, up and up, we climbed and suddenly at a turning in the road, there burst upon our vision, unimpeded by tree or trellis-vine, the glory of departing day o'er land and sea. We stood, as it were, on the top of the world and looked out over a forest of closely packed houses in which open green glades of loveliness looked shyly at the grimness around. Beyond the houses, the sea lay shimmering, — a pearl-tinted, argent field, and up through the glory came, chugging, a prosaic, tramp steamer, changed now into a golden boat of dreams. Around the harbor's edge, here and there, white beaches sauntered down and made friends with the laughing water which straightway took the strands unto its heart and softly whispered of the dim, mysterious places it had touched in its tidal trips around the world.

"Yes," said Thought, "you are right. Up there live women to whom God has given in abundance the *real* things of life, for He gives unto them the Vision Splendid and He opens unto them the gates of His own Heart. In they enter and there they wander in that smilt garden and gather stars. Back from that prayerful garden reluctantly they come, for they have looked on the Beloved, yet, even so, they resolutely turn to the task, not now of gathering stars, but of tending God's sons and daughters, the aged poor, who have wandered across the dim expanse of years and who are now nearing the gates of God's own Home.

To the right on this side of the bay, just below me, could be seen the Catholic Cathedral standing at a corner, where one street climbed steeply up and others went steeply down, symbolising, maybe, the lives of the passers-by.

There stood the noble, Gothic pile amid the dust and bustle of the city—a graceful tribute to the God of Love from His own beloved ones. Within, beneath the white disguise of the Blessed Eucharist, waited patiently the Weaver of Infinite Things, the Designer of human hearts, and the Mender of broken spirits—the great Creator Who was then flooding with light and glory, not only the sea and land of this His town but

also the hearts and minds of His children busy about His interests therein.

Further off, could be seen the different seats of learning—the University College, the Medical School, the different colleges, convents, and schools—all mute but graceful reminders of the keenness of the southern people for the acquisition of knowledge.

Then as the sun wearily sank into his gaily colored bed we retraced our steps back from the encircling hills with their suggestion of ruggedness and strength, through the Queen's Drive where, after their long winter's sleep, the trees were beginning to clothe themselves in the tenderest of greens. Again we caught glimpses of a sapphire sea, but soon, very soon, the prosaic, rigid lines of the city streets brought the mind back from the enchanted lands of cloud and hill and sea to the matter-of-fact bustle of everyday life.

## BOGUS "CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS"

The Melbourne *Advocate* for October 1 thus comments on a misleading advertising dodge to which we have more than once referred:—

"From various places complaints are made from tradespeople who have been victimised by promoters of various 'Catholic' publications. Money has been paid for an advertisement in the hope of attracting Catholic customers, but the advertisers have been surprised to find, rather too late, that they have been cheated and that the great results promised them have no existence outside the imagination of an unscrupulous canvasser. One such advertiser called on a parish priest last week in the eastern suburbs, and found that, so far from the 'Catholic' calendar being distributed to every Catholic home in the parish, as promised, even the pastor did not know of its existence. We have frequently called attention to the dishonesty of such canvassers, but, unfortunately, our warning does not seem to reach non-Catholic tradespeople. A very obvious check on such dishonest canvassing would be to telephone to the parish priest or to the *Advocate* office. Canvassers for genuine Catholic publications will have no objection to an inquiry of this kind."

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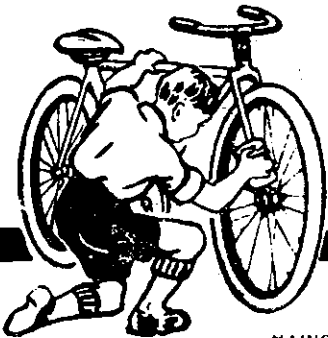
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# The Church in New Zealand

## SOME HISTORICAL NOTES.

### Parish of Waipawa

From the Hawke's Bay edition of the *Cyclopedia of New Zealand*, published in 1908, we extract the following particulars relating to the parish of Waipawa prior to and in that year:—

"St. Patrick's Church, Waipawa, was established in 1874, by Father Regnier. For many years services were held in the district only once in three months, but as time went on and population increased more frequent services were held, and in the year 1880 the first resident priest was appointed. He erected the parish residence, and Father Dawson, who subsequently became priest in charge, built the present church. The church and presbytery stand on a section of one acre. The former is a substantial wooden building, with seating accommodation for about 270 persons, and possesses a good pipe organ. It has also a large metal church bell, weighing 3½ hundred-weight, which was specially made for the church in Dublin. The presbytery is a handsome two-storeyed building, and contains seven rooms. The day school, situated in Church Street, is built on a section of three acres, which was presented by Mr. Sydney Johnston, of Takapau. It is a wooden building, with accommodation for about 130 scholars, was opened in 1895, and has a roll number of about 70 pupils. The Waipawa parish of the Catholic Church is an extensive one, and includes not only St. Patrick's Church, but churches at Takapau, Ormondville, Waipukurau, and Wallingford. The day school and Sunday school are conducted by five Sisters, and supervised by the resident priest."

### Parish of Dannevirke

"The district of Dannevirke," says the authority quoted above, "was constituted a separate and independent parish late in the year 1897, with the late Rev. William McGrath as first resident priest. He was succeeded by the Rev. T. Cahill, and on his removal, in 1901, the parish remained without a rector until the appointment, in 1907, of the Rev. Daniel O'Shea. The church formerly stood at the north end of Dannevirke, but in 1900 was removed to its present central site in Allardice Street by the Rev. W. Cahill. It is a wooden building, and has accommodation for about 400 persons. Considerable alterations and improvements were made in 1906, including the erection of a fine belfry, fitted with a bell specially imported from Dublin. The church has a considerable membership, and there is a Sunday school with a roll of fifty scholars."

### Palmerston North in the Early Days

An esteemed correspondent favors us with the following interesting reminiscences:—

About 50 years ago the first Mass was celebrated in Palmerston North, and simple were the circumstances of its celebration. Not more than twelve worshippers attended, and the priest and people gathered together

in one of the surveyor's slab huts, which stood near the site of the present Union Bank.



FATHER MOREAU, S.M.

By a strange coincidence that Sunday happened to be St. Patrick's Day, and Father Moreau of revered memory was the officiating priest. It was the custom of this French priest to travel on foot from Otaki down the coast with his bundle of vestments and Holy Mass requisites strapped across his shoulders. He walked across swamps and waded through rivers enduring all the privations common to those who fight in the ranks of pioneers. In this way he finally reached Palmerston North, and, finding a handful of Catholics there, he arranged for monthly Mass, which was sometimes offered in one hut or home and sometimes in another, and later in a courthouse. Matters proceeded thus in their humble way until about 1875, when it was thought that a church should be built and consecrated to the service of God. Funds were accordingly raised and the building which for years has done duty as a convent school was erected, and in commemoration of the fact that the first Mass had been offered in Palmerston North on St. Patrick's Day, it was dedicated to Ireland's patron saint.

From Palmerston North Father Moreau would trudge on to Feilding and offer the Holy Sacrifice wherever he could gather a few Catholics. He had no resting place but was grateful for hospitality wherever he

could get it. During his monthly visits he was always the welcome friend and guest of the Hanlon family, and many an interesting anecdote can these old pioneers relate. He would arrive footsore and worn, and it was their pride to house and care for this revered priest of God. When the children were bid be still or run away and play he would say in his broken English, "Let the little ones come round me. Forbid them not."

Here is one story worth handing down: One morning Father Moreau was about to commence Mass. He had come without small particles and there were a number of communicants. Calling Mrs. Oakley he told her to go home and see if she could make some, saying that he would delay the Mass a little, and then proceed slowly if she could be back in time for the Offertory. She was back just in time. She tells us that when she arrived home there were a few glowing embers in the fireplace. On these she placed two old-fashioned flat irons, while she mixed the flour. The difficulty was in propping one iron upright whilst the paste was poured on to be pressed with the other, especially for such an amateur. With a sigh of relief did the worker reach the church just in time for the Offertory.

Then came the first Forty Hours' Adoration when the old pioneers watched the whole night through in turn before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

In the early days of Palmerston North, when no priest was yet available, Mr. John Patrick Hanlon used to gather the Catholics to his house on Sundays and recite with them the Rosary, thus keeping them together till the arrival of a pastor. The Mass prayers were recited these days by him, and all the children gathered together and catechised. So much did these children love to hear him that they used to gather round him at his work to hear him speak of the wonderful works of God. A few coppers or sweets he would give to those who could assure him that they had said each morning on rising: "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul," etc.

We remember a priest saying that Grandpa Hanlon was a real theologian. He knew the teachings of Holy Church from A to Z. His was the first flower garden in Palmerston North cultivated by him solely for flowers for the Blessed Sacrament.

The Catholic teacher rejoices in the glorious inheritance. He is a descendant of a royal and a noble ancestry. He is part of the greatest educational force that history records.

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## Current Topics

### The Church and the Soviets

The Russian infidels are still trying their hardest to destroy religion. In this they show that they are fools, for everyone but the fool knows that it is natural for men to believe in the supernatural. Religion will live and thrive, Karl Marx and his bumptious satellites notwithstanding. A mediocrity, however, may become an intolerable nuisance, and that is precisely what the purveyors of Marxian clap-trap in Moscow are making of themselves. They hate religion with the blind hatred of the ignorant, but they have sense enough to know that the Catholic Church is the only religious institution in existence that will test their strength. There are many considerations to be weighed before they can use the political machine to make an open onslaught on religion, so they confine themselves in the meantime to formulating regulations, ostensibly to prevent the Catholic clergy from conspiring with the Poles against Russia, but really to prevent the maintenance of existing parishes or the creation of new ones. A copy from an American exchange of one of these regulations lies before us as we write. It appertains to the formalities which have been instituted by the Government in the founding of new parishes. Lack of space forbids us to give the complete regulation, but suffice it to say that a priest establishing a new parish must provide the Government with a total of twenty-five sets of papers and twenty-five signatures apiece for each of the fifty founders of the community. These papers, with their thousand or more signatures, are taken by the priest to the local Soviet. After lengthy discussion by the employees of the local Soviet as to the tax to be imposed, the priest may finally have to pay a fee of 1000 roubles and then have his application refused.

### The Inquisition

Some idea of the exasperating policy of interference pursued by the Bolsheviks against religion may be gathered from the appended copy of a registration card which every clergyman must carry upon his person at all times:—

"Registration card No. .... (Those who fill in this card with any false information are answerable to the Tribunal of the Republic) of..... (Give exact name of parish—ecclesiastical community, monastic, religious or sectarian order).

"Family name—religious or ordination name.

"1—Year of birth. 2—Native of ..... 3—Nationality and mother tongue. 4—(a) caste and profession before entrance into religion; (b) caste and profession of parents, their material situation, means of support of each member of the family. 5—Education (give exact name of educational establishments from which you graduated or in which you studied). 6—To which political party do you belong? Since how long? 7—Among your relatives are there any who have been condemned under the authority of the Soviets? 8—Religious belief: cult, sect, tendency. 9—What obligations are you now

fulfilling in your community (give imperarchical (sic) degree, ecclesiastical dignity, monastic order). 10—When, where and from whom did you receive holy orders? 11—When and where have you served since your first ordination? (Mention the Orthodox, Catholic, Protestant churches, the mosques, synagogues, etc.); what duties have you fulfilled in the religious communities and sects in the cities, villages, in the army, private chapels, convents? 12—In what tongue is the religious service celebrated? 13—In what tongue should it be celebrated? 14—To what ecclesiastical group or tendency do you belong? 15—Amount of remuneration received from the community? 16—Have you any additional occupations and what income do you derive therefrom? 17—Material situation. 18—Before the revolution did you own any property? Of what did it consist? If land, how many deciatines did you have? 19—Where have you lived, worked or served? What did you do in general? (give address, name of occupation, business, employment: (a) Before the revolution of 1917, (b) on January 1, 1918, (c) during the stay of Petliura in Ukraine, (d) during the stay of Denikin in Ukraine. 20—Have you served in the Red Army? How long? With what rank? In what corps? Have you a discharge? What is your number? 21 Did you serve in the army of Petliura or that of Denikin? Where? How long? With what rank? 22—Have you any military decorations? Where and why did you receive them? 23—Have you received any punishments of an administrative, judicial or ecclesiastical order? When? Where? How? For what reason? What sort of punishment? 24—(This question applies to Baptists and Evangelists); 25—Do you desire to add any supplemental information?

..... Signature.

..... Exact date, address, date of receipt of registration card.

..... "Second signature."

### Espionage

The Bolsheviks are not at all original in their methods of persecution. Although they boast that they are men born ahead of their time, they have to wander back over the high-ways of history to gather inspiration from every political scoundrel who sought to feather his nest by persecuting religion. It is not easy to punish a man for his religious beliefs; it is much better to punish him for plotting against the State. That plan is as old as Christianity, and the "advanced" thinkers (we nearly said tinkers) from Moscow, finding that the Catholic clergy are not inclined to meddle in politics, borrow duplicity from the ages and manufacture a few conspiracies of their own for which they try to punish the priests. *La Croix* tells of the espionage to which priests are subjected. "Pressure frequently is brought to bear on the parishioners to get them to denounce the priest as a spy in the pay of Poland. The most devious methods are used to accomplish this by the agents of the G.P.U., the successor of the

famous Cheka. An agent goes from the local headquarters to the neighboring communities and forces the Catholics to sign a declaration in which they demand that the priest be made to cease all espionage in behalf of Poland. Sometimes the signatures are given by ignorant people who do not know what they are signing; others are given under protest after many hours of threats by the agents. A few days later the declaration is published in the Soviet papers, where it is presented as a spontaneous contribution of the parishioners, seeking to enlist the aid of the press in proving their loyalty to the Soviets. While foreigners who do not know Russian and who are willing to believe all that they are told and shown are welcome in Russia, others, especially priests, who know the language and are familiar with the country, are undesirable to the Soviet authorities. The agents of the G.P.U. go to any extreme in their efforts to obtain evidence against the priests. Agents provocateurs even enter the confessionals, pretending to be penitents, in order to keep a close watch over them. Efforts frequently are made to bribe them to denounce their friends and fellow-priests to the Pope, a notable instance of this being the case of Father Fedukovitch, whose case was given much prominence in the press. This virtuous, influential, and pious but impressionable priest was arrested at Gitomar on a charge of espionage. Placed in solitary confinement, he was persecuted, tortured, and harassed until at last he wrote a letter to the Pope accusing Polish priests of espionage for Poland. The next day the letter was published in the Soviet papers with many additions not of his writing."

### The Value of the Classics

Of late years the tendency of educationists has been to dispense with the classics, and in this they are aided and abetted by parents and students alike—the latter because they are relieved from a dull grind, the former because they doubt that Latin and Greek can be made to pay a dividend. Judged by modern standards the last objection is fatal, for is it not the whole purpose of secular education to enable the student to rise to the dignity of a cheque-book? Obviously, then, the classics have no practical value; but in this case, according to Anthony Beck, editor of *The Michigan Catholic*, the obvious is entirely wrong. The classics, he says, open up a new world of ideas and culture to the student. Every great nation possesses a certain fund of ideas, certain achievements, virtues, and vices all its own. To know the culture of a country we must know the language of that country; and the more languages we know the broader our outlook will be. As a proof of this, the men who have achieved the greatest distinction in industry, commerce, finance, politics, etc., frankly acknowledge that their success has been due largely to classical training. Some years ago a prominent railway president declared that he would rather employ the young man who knew only his Greek grammar than one who possessed a great deal of technical knowledge but lacked the classical foundation. The latter would give better results in the

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beginning; but the former had a broader foundation and a keener mind, and in a short time would master the technical knowledge and surpass the man who had only a special training. Alba R. Johnson, until a few years ago president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, was not a graduate of any college. His views on the classics were based on forty years of contact with young men, and he says "The commercial necessities of our country at home and abroad require that our young people must be educated to conduct the highly organized and complicated business of the country as well or better than our competitors from England, France, and Germany. . . Business and financial leaders may be evolved from the discipline which is essential to success in business and finance. The leadership of mind and spirit is nurtured in the discipline which is found in liberal studies, in knowledge of the facts of history, in communion with the great minds of the past, in the cultivation of the powers of concentration and reasoning which experience has shown is best derived from a study of the classics, by the toil of mathematics, and the mastery of philosophy." Herbert Hoover, U.S. Secretary of Commerce, expresses the opinion that the value of classical studies is seriously underestimated to-day. Says James Munro, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce: "The old education with its Latin grammar, and more Latin grammar, and still more Latin grammar, produced a hard-headed, hard-fisted, hard-hearted race, but it was in the main a race sound, physically, mentally, and morally." And Harry Towne, of the Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company, New York: "I was fortunate during my school days in being well drilled in Latin and Greek, and during all my life I have appreciated the benefit of this training."

### A Sacrilegious Arrest

The modern thinkers of the advanced school, who despise the Catholic Church because they say she is a hot-bed of superstition, find their level among spiritists, fortune-tellers, and other exponents of Mumbo-Jumbo. From Toronto there comes a story of how two policemen set the gods at defiance during a seance at which a spirit was obliging enough to show itself to some sixty-five intellectual admirers. The medium, one Arthur Heldreth, announced that the hall would be thrown in darkness and a spirit would appear. She appeared all right, a shadowy creature in flowing garments and long hair. Constable Mulholland, with an eye for beauty, wishing to see the mystic lady clearer than he might admire her the more, turned his flashlight on her. Spirit-like, she tried to melt into thin air, but the policeman, like a fierce cave man, started in pursuit. The spirit, of course, was anxious to avoid contact with anything earthly,—especially anything so earthly as a policeman—so she sought safety in flight, but she was unfortunate enough to leave her robe and wig in the hands of the man in blue. She then tried to escape by running into the dark hall, but was promptly apprehended by another policeman. A riot ensued but the police retained their prize, who turned out to be the medium Hildreth. This gentleman

was lodged in gaol, from which the spirits did not rescue him.

### An Editor's Creed

There are instances on record to show that commercial journalists sometimes revolt at the ignominious parts they have to play in order to retain their jobs. Now and again the soul in the man bursts forth in a torrent of self-scorn and tears aside the veil of hypocrisy to give the public a swift glance at the manner in which their "news" is manufactured in the great metropolitan dailies. *Harper's Magazine* quotes a new type of newspaper man—the complacent editor "who sells his race and country for his daily bread," and lacks the grace to be ashamed of himself. He puts his case in this fashion:—

"Look here, if you and I were hired to feed the animals in the park zoo, we shouldn't kick, should we, because we couldn't give them the same kind of eating we have on our own tables? We'd give them the garbage they liked and take our pay on Saturday nights. Well, you and I aren't hired to make the world a better place to live in, or to fight and die for noble causes, or even to tell the truth about this particular main street. We're hired to feed human animals with the kind of mental garbage they want. We don't have to eat it. I don't read my paper for instruction or even for fun. I just read it for errors and to see if we're banding out regularly what the hoobs like for breakfast."

### Anatole France

When Anatole France was in the flesh he was feted, and flattered, and fawned upon by the world he served so well. His epitaph, however, makes unkindly reading. We can hear him crying with Plutarch, "Surely, I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born." Whatever Anatole France might have thought during his lifetime, we believe he would prefer to be unwritten rather than live in memory as the apostle of lewdness. His secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson, in his *Life of France*, gives his candid opinion of the iconoclast, and it does not lift the latter to the gods. France had heard that the Church was about to consider the cause of St. Joan, and he employed Brousson to hunt up learned references to her so that he might anticipate the Church. Author and secretary met at the house of the former in the presence of guests, but the secretary was so much shocked at the impious talk of France that he left the house without presenting his letter of introduction. The letter was delivered later, and on this occasion France "examined a little the innocence of M. Brousson." He wished to know if the young man had been religiously emancipated. His own notion of religion was according to La Bruyere, that "He who is in perfect health doubts the existence of God, but when he gets a drowsy, leaves his mistress and sends for the priest." Later he explained that physical degeneration induces a man to give himself over to drugs and the Deity. He deplored the prudery in literature that prevented him from writ-

ing everything that the "little god" of love inspired in him. His conduct was in keeping with his thoughts, for the translator of Brousson's book terms him an "indulgent and salacious old dog." Notwithstanding his impiety, France feared death, and hated anything that reminded him that life is short. On one occasion the secretary fainted in his presence, and he was so disturbed at the occurrence that he said he should not like the young man nearly so well if he did that kind of thing often. He said he did not care for sick people in his neighborhood. On another day M. Brousson caused him keen distress by suggesting that Anatole France would be the next great man of letters to repose in the Pantheon.

### Look at Both Sides

Not the least of the evils of our modern secular education systems is that history is reduced to mere propaganda in the worst sense of the term. History is a very important subject as it should be a guide to the future conduct of nations, a forewarning and therefore a forearming against the blunders and crimes of our fathers. It should also give us the key to their triumphs so that we might not fail where they succeeded. But history as it is taught in our schools is little better than imperialistic "junk," designed to prevent students from getting a clear view of the past lest they might think ill of the present and challenge the standing of Sir Tite Barnacle. Therefore, when Mr. Hilaire Belloc delivered a lecture to teachers on how history should be taught we hope he was not optimistic enough to believe that actually it would be taught in his way. He said that "in the limited time available in the elementary schools history must, of course, be taught dogmatically, but all the same the teacher should endeavor to put the various views of an historical event before the child. For instance, if one asked what proportion of Englishmen would have been glad if the Spanish Armada had succeeded, the official answer would be 'none.' That answer was nonsense, because a few years before the Armada the whole of the North of England had risen in support of the old religion. Probably at the time out of eight Englishmen about five would have been willing to see the old religion return. The teacher should give the children the framework of history—the dates and the unquestioned facts—and should then (taking the same instance) show that there were two ways of looking at the Spanish Armada, and that the evidence was not conclusive. Another example of this point was the discussion as to when the French language ceased to be spoken in England. I hold that French was in habitual use down to the time of the Black Death. The child was never taught that the English were bilingual at a date long after the time commonly accepted as that at which French died out. The importance of giving children two views on a subject was that otherwise, when they grew up and discovered that the hard-and-fast things they had been taught might be wrong, they would become sceptical about everything that had been taught, as had happened in the case of religion."

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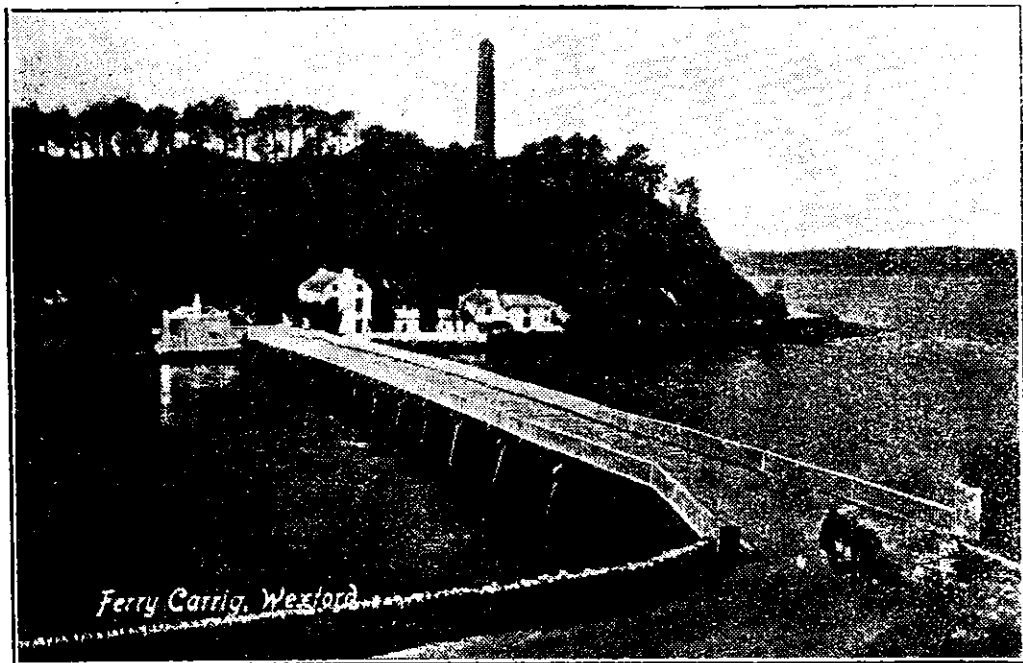
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# NOTES OF TRAVEL

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

(By J.K.)



FERRY CARRIG, WEXFORD.

After a showery April and a wintry May, during which I was often sorely tempted to fold my tent and steal silently away from the green shores of Erin, there came a June such as one dreams of when looking back to the golden days of long ago. The hawthorn was sweet on every roadside, the beeches never had such wonderful foliage, and, as a man said to me, the chestnut trees, with their wax-like plumes, were like Benediction services.

Followed a splendid July, during which the farmers smiled as they watched the long tresses of the meadows ripening for the mower, and as they saw the corn, that had remained so close to the earth till now, shooting up boldly to welcome the warm kisses of the sun. As the cold rains of May succeeded the tearful April, people shook their heads and wondered what was going to happen at all, at all, if we had another bad season. But the long hours of sunshine revived the dying hopes, and for once in a while even the farmers were pleased.

It was ideal weather for a rover like myself, and I enjoyed every minute of it. Once, as I have already written, I escaped to Scotland, and once I went over to London and spent a few days motoring in England. But always I came back to enjoy more than ever *il dolce far niente* by the Wexford shores. The Western Ocean (which, for the benefit of landlubbers, I may say is the Atlantic) is now between me and dear old Loc Garmain, but over many seas and for as many years as God gives me I shall carry the memories of those summer days and of the old friends whom neither years nor distance changes.

Time and again I found myself lying in the sun on the grassy head of Bag-in-Bun Bay, and looking out across the waters over

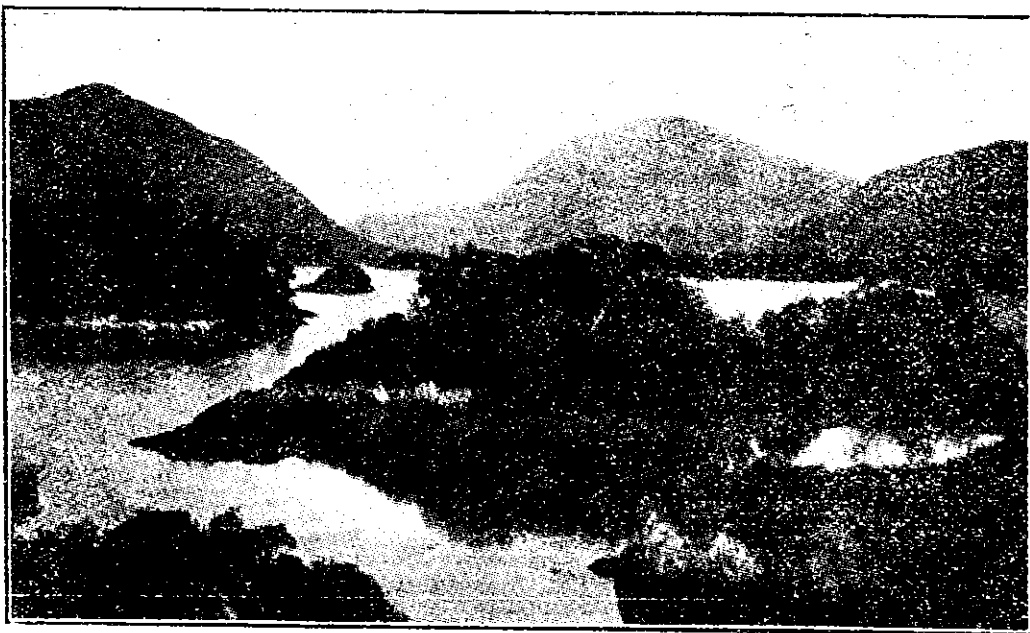
which, on a fatal day, more than seven hundred years ago now, Raymond le Gros and his Norman freebooters sailed for the age-long conquest of Ireland. There below me was the clear water in which their two ships—*La Bague* and *La Bonne*—sailed right up to the cliffs; behind me were the remains of the ancient trenches thrown up for the great battle in which Raymond here defeated the Danes who marched on him from Waterford. Across the Bay was the site of the Buried City of Bannow, of whose phantom bells the fishermen used to tell me years ago when I was learning to love the sea and to handle a sailing boat.

To the left of Bannow was Tintern Abbey,

first built by Fitzstephen, in thanksgiving for his escape from a storm; and beyond it was a great panorama of Wexford county, with its historic hills breaking the skyline. Over there was Forth Mountain, and just behind it lay Wexford town; in the west was Slieve Coyltha, where the big stone fences gave a spice to hunting in the old days; and in the north, beyond Blackstairs and Mount Leinster, was the dim outline of Vinegar Hill, with its memories of the hopeless rebellion of '98.

Looking around, towards the south, I saw the Hook promontory, with the lighthouse at its extremity. It is all historic ground, but it would take too long now to write about it. But I will tell you how it got its name, which is something I learned one day from my friend, Chevalier Gratian Flood.

On the cliffs, near Slade, stand the four bare walls of a very old church. To this day it is called St. Breacan's church, and recently Father Cloney, the P.P. of Templetown, found a fine Ogham stone near it. Breacan was a Welsh prince who came over here before the time of St. Patrick, just as did St. Ibar and St. Vaux and other old Wexford saints. Breacan had a son named Dubhan, who also became a saint. Down there, close to the Hook Tower, you will see, clustering round the grey walls of another ruined church, the little village of Churchtown. The church here was first built by Dubhan, and in old times it was called Kildubhan, or Dubhan's church. Tradition has it that the beacon light on the point was first kindled by Dubhan. There is a State Paper record giving a grant, dated in the twelfth century, for the maintenance of the light kept on the Hook Point by the monks of Kildubhan. But in those days, instead of calling it the Hook Point they called it Rinn Dubhan, or Dubhan's Point. Now Dubhan,



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saint's name, happens to be spelled the same way as the old Gaelic word for a fishing hook; and thus, in the course of ages, among the fishermen, Rinn Dubhan was translated to mean the Point of the Hook.

Another golden memory of the past summer is that of a trip to St. Mullens—the site of the ancient monastery of S. Moling, who was a Wexford Bishop twelve hundred years ago. We went by way of the river Barrow, in a motor boat belonging to an old school-friend of mine. Nothing is done by any authority in Ireland to induce tourists to see the upper Barrow, and only the initiated ever dream of making this delightful pilgrimage. In the old days I used to think there was no river scenery fit to be compared with that between New Ross and St Mullens, and now that I have seen it again, in the glamor of an August evening, my opinion remains unchanged.

There is wonderful variety in the landscapes along the bank. You see ancient castles perched on high rocks; you pass between steep hills, amid which the river winds in a string of landlocked reaches that look like fairy lakes. The blending of colors is enchanting, and the majestic and silent woods are mirrored in the waters that their branches bend to salute. History is not wanting, nor romance. Up there among the trees of MacMurrough, stout old Art, King of Leinster, was poisoned by his English foes: in the ancient churchyard of St. Mullens many Irish fighting men, through many centuries, were laid to rest; and you have still the "pattern," and nobody who comes fails to drink from the waters of Moling's Well, which is still in a good state of preservation. And, over the calm tree tops, as you glide in dreams of ancient days along the river, you can see the ruins of Coolhill Castle, where O'Daly and Eileen Kavanagh first sang the immortal song, "Eileen a Roon."

You know the story of it. She and O'Daly loved, but her father favored an older suitor. O'Daly went to the wars across the seas, and Eileen's father persuaded her he was dead. In time constant pressure won her consent to the marriage he wished for her. A banquet was held in order to announce the engagement. O'Daly came to it, disguised as a harper, and began:—

Do shiúbhlaínn fein i comhuidhe leat,  
Eibhlin a rún,  
Síos go Tiramhlaidhe leat,  
Eibhlin a rún, etc.

Recognising his voice and answering, Eileen replied:—

Tiocfadh me 's ní fhanadh me,  
Tiocfadh me 's ní fhanadh me,  
'S éoloidh lo'm stor.

And then, the triumphant burst of welcome in the last stanza:

Céad míle failte romhat,  
Eibhlin a rún!

It was all so long ago. And it all took place up there in one of these old grey ruins above the river.

One more memory and I have done. I hoped from the first that my boat would delay long enough to let me see once more the Ballsbridge Horse Show, and fortunately it did. So it was that my last week in Ireland was spent in Dunlaoighaire, whence it was but a short run to Ballsbridge every day. The week began with a wonderful motor run from Wexford, through the Wicklow hills and valleys, on an afternoon in early August. Then crowded days in Dublin, watching the trials of those glorious Irish hunters all the forenoon, and sitting on the stand with a dear old friend as the jumpers went round and round, over the hedge, the stone wall, the single and double banks, the water jump and the rails. His Excellency, "Tim" Healy, came and went; the military bands played Irish airs; familiar faces flashed by in the crowd; long-lost friends came along smiling; and people from Dunedin and Wellington appeared out of nowhere. It was a week of great interest for one who loved horses as he loves the sea, and the sun shone all the more brightly for me because I saw it all side by side with a friend of the old days.

And, finally, the good-byes were said, and the light of Tuskar Rock dropped astern one night, as the St. Andrew bore me away from Ireland. Then a couple of days in London, and, on August 15, I saw Southampton fading in the haze as the Ausonia sailed away for Canada.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

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A story full of adventure and mystery concerning three brothers, Englishmen, who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in North Africa. It shows an intimate knowledge of the conditions of life of that polyglot body, and with the variative style developed to the fullest, Captain Wren, is able to make the very best use of the material at his command. The mystery is preserved well to the end, the solution being most unexpected. Almost every page has its thrill and it is easy to understand how the book has already reached its ninth edition in England and its eleventh in the U.S.

*The Round Table*—5/-.

This quarterly is up to its usual high standard. It has articles on many subjects occupying public attention at the present time; e.g., The Security Pact, The Gold Standard, Morocco, Religion and Science in Tennessee, etc. And there are the usual departments of colonial interest for Australians and New Zealanders.

*A Pilgrim's Miscellanea.* By M. D. Stenson.

Our copy from Whitcombe and Tombs—7/-  
A collection of twenty-two accounts of pilgrimages made to different shrines in France, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland. They are at once historical and popular, and what is more, they are written in a devout Catholic spirit. An excellent prize-book.

*St. Francis de Sales.* By Allan Ross, Priest of the Oratory. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd.—3/6.

This is a book about a book. Some time ago Father Ross published a translation of St. Francis's *Introduction to the Devout Life*, and he now gives a history and something more of that work together with a short sketch of the life of the Saint. St. Francis wrote the *Introduction* to show that sanctity is not confined to the cloister, and that the ordinary man and woman in the world could become a saint as well as the monk and nun. Pius XI, speaking of it said among other things: "Would that this book were now read by all, so that then Christian piety might flourish everywhere again, and the church of God rejoice in seeing sanctity common amongst her people." Father Allan Ross's *St. Francis* will help immensely to get the greatest profit out of the *Introduction*, and both books should be in the bookshelf of every Catholic home.

*The Riches of the Poor Man.* By P. O'Connor Duffy. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd.—5/-.

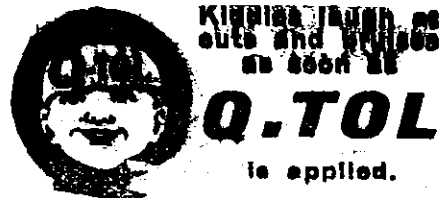
Thirteen short stories delightfully told. They are "little histories," told by Donoch MacLoughlin, "of what was at Lishbeg, and what might be again." Like the stories in *Strings for a Harp*, by the same author, they are of Irish folk and Irish ways, and are most entertaining.

*The Eucharistic Hour.* By Dom A. Green, O.S.B. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd.—2/6.

Those who belong to the Eucharistic League, whether Priests' or People's will find this little book of the greatest use. It tells how the Hour should be ordered, and is a treasure-house of matter for simple and beautiful meditations on the Blessed Sacrament. Each point of the meditations is followed by appropriate Acts.

*The New Zealand Free Lance Christmas Annual* (Wellington).

This popular serial, which has just reached us, right worthily sustains its high reputation. Bound up within a handsome pictorial cover, there are 80 pages of pictures, cartoons, stories, and verse, typical of New Zealand and appropriate to the festive season. Every part of the Dominion gets a "look-in" from the photographer, and all phases of life, sport, and industry are put under the spotlight. This is a splendid gift souvenir to send to friends far and near. For two two shillings its 80 pages certainly afford excellent measure.



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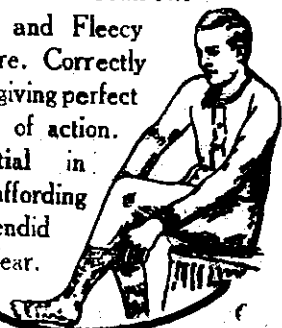
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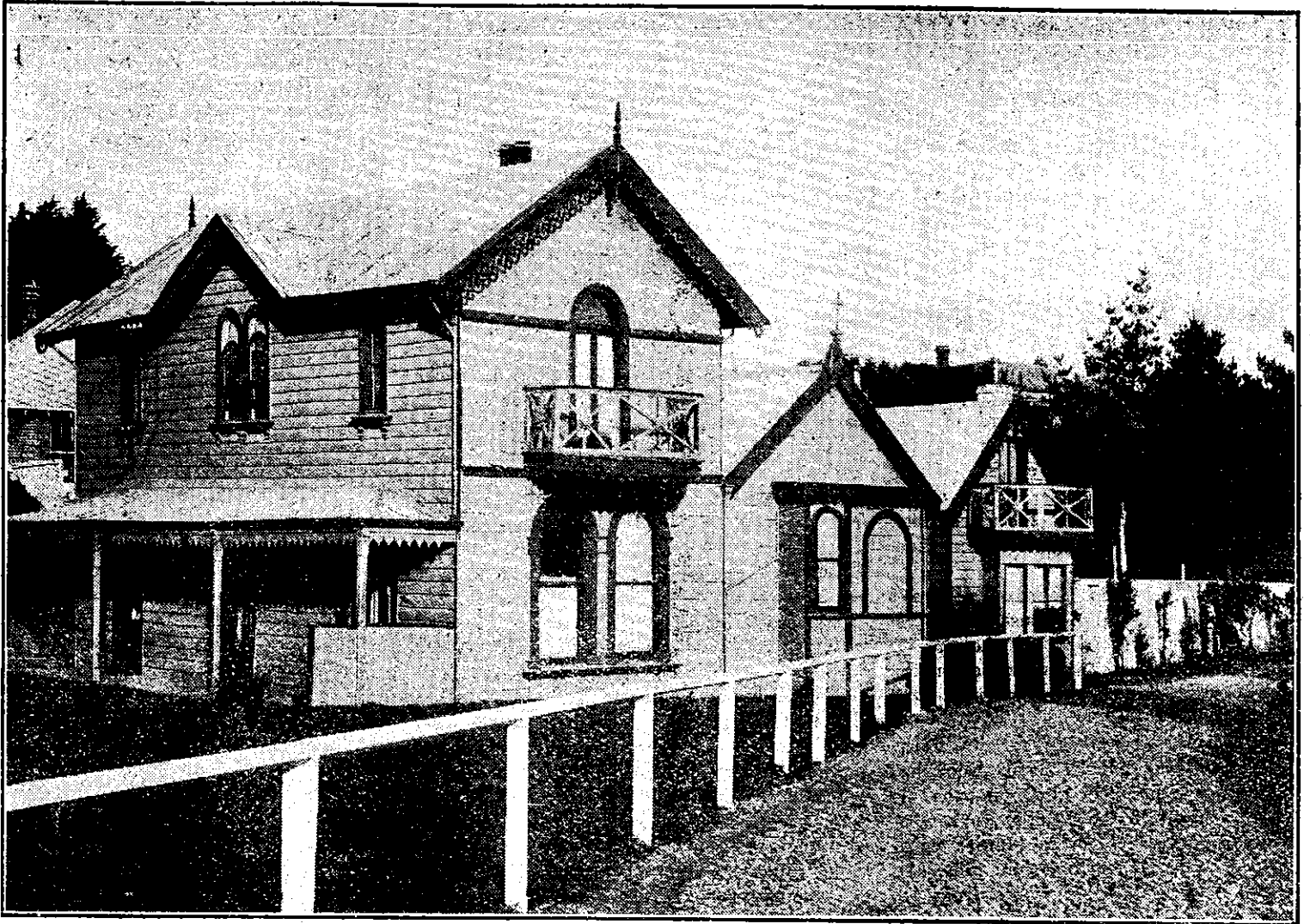
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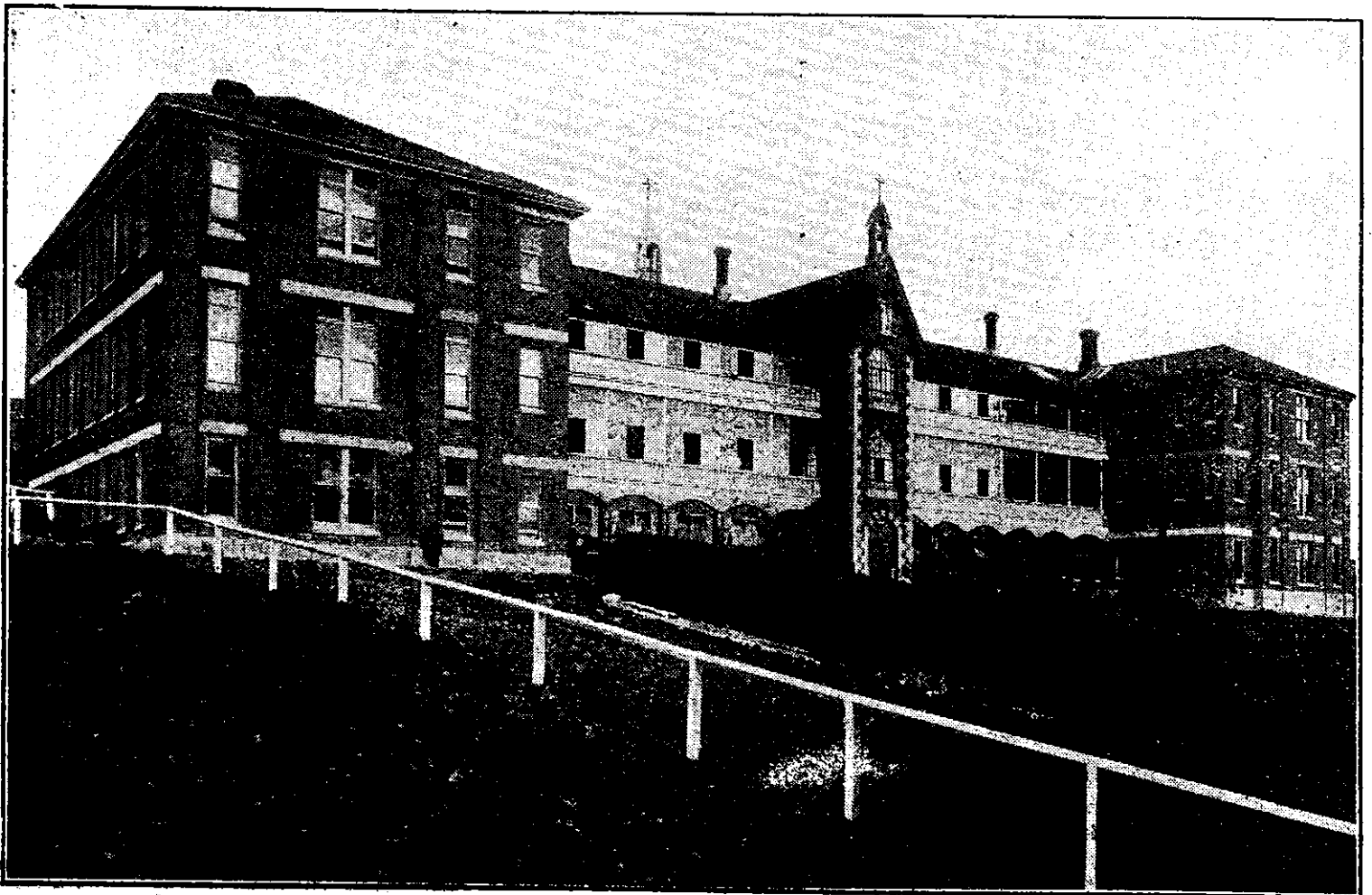
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## Diocesan News

### Archdiocese of Wellington

(From our own correspondent.)

October 16.

Deep sympathy is being extended to the Moran family over the death of their mother, Mrs. Moran, which occurred recently. The family are well-known members of St. Joseph's parish and Mrs. Moran was highly respected by a wide circle of friends.—R.I.P.

The Children of Mary, Buckle Street, are having their annual Retreat. The preacher for the occasion is Rev. Father Gill, C.S.S.R. The Retreat is being attended by numerous others outside the sodality.

News from America gives word of the return of Rev. Dr. Kelly, Editor of the *Tablet*. Rev. Father Kelly of St. Anne's here, and Rev. Father Bowe. They arrive here by the 26th, after an extensive tour. Their friends will be delighted to see them again.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood returned this week from Australia. Australia is always loth to let him go. It showers its highest honors and warmest welcomes on the venerable prelate for whom sea journeyes have no terrors.

The Basilica is preparing for its Forty Hours'. The time of the arum lilies has come round again. The altar on such occasions is a credit to the devoted workers of the Altar Society who go to infinite pains to secure flowers for the occasion. The sermons will be preached by priests from St. Patrick's College.

The bazaar is over, and the proceeds are being reckoned. They come to about four thousand pounds gross. Of course there are the expenses to be considered. The net result will be announced later. The art union of course is not finished yet. The ticket-holders are still hopeful. The committee, and especially the organiser, Mr. Hoskins and his assistants, Messrs. J. J. L. Burke, O'Gorman, and C. Seymour, are to be congratulated on such a pleasing result. The stallholders and all assistants with stall and side-shows, catering, and entertainments also, are to be congratulated. St. Mary of the Angels' headed the list of stallholders when it came to making an aggregate of proceeds. St. Joseph's parish was second. And now everyone is still wondering who will win that thousand.

Buckle Street holds the record for jumble sales. The one they held last week for the Lewisham bazaar brought in £23 odd. A very fine result from old clothes. The two sales together brought in £42 odd, or thereabouts. They are marvelling themselves at the success of the sales. It is an encouragement for folk to give their cast-offs in future. Nothing succeeds like success.

The Irish Club held a "Forty-Five" tournament at the Jewish Ladies' Club, Cuba Street, last night. It was amazing how many turned up to play the game, Ireland's national card-game. "Now men, you'll think you're back in the old land to-night," said the controller of the tournament. It was a success from every point of view. Another will be held in the future.

## Wanganui

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 16.

Rev. Father Flanagan, of Ipswich, Queensland, spent a little time in Wanganui on his way round. Rev. Father Flanagan is holidaying in New Zealand—on a health tour really—and all wish him a pleasant time in our Dominion.

Rev. Father Joyce, Marist Missioner, also was a visitor here while on his way to New Plymouth. Father Joyce was going to preach for the Forty Hours' Adoration at New Plymouth, and give a Retreat to the Children of Mary.

A very successful social and dance was held at Okoia last week, in aid of funds for new vestments. Knowing how urgent the need is, and perhaps, too, feeling just like a glad night, a record crowd foregathered at the Okoia Hall and those interested were hard put to know how to arrange things so that everyone would have a good time. Everything went off well, and those who worked so hard to achieve such a success deserve great credit indeed.

We've still got the weather with us, the Cyrena is no more, but the departed whale has been replaced by a fleet of dead cows. The local papers refer to them as "bovines," but whatever they are, they're quite dead. They were brought down river from somewhere or other, and decided to rest quietly on the mud flats just near the Town Bridge. Fortunately, the arguments to whose privilege it was to dispose of them didn't last long, and they were insinuated, ever so gently, into the river again, with instructions to get themselves hence. There was a vague sort of fear that they might take a look in at Castlecliff, but they seem to have gone for good. There were only seven of them, in all. Far too many for hot days!

## Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

October 16.

Here's a few about-town jottings: the Opera House has been renovated. It looks quite "rejuvenated." Motorists would persist in knocking themselves about on the trees in front of the Opera House, so they were removed. The street now looks second-rate. Next the Broadway trees were the scene of trouble. "Off with their heads," cried the motorists, but they did not have their wish this time. Instead, the trunks of the trees are to be painted white so that they may be easily seen at night. If a motorist crashes into a white tree on a black night what will happen? The sequel would prove interesting.

There are several bazaar items this time: a couple of weeks ago the flower stall ladies held a sale in an empty shop in the Square. They did well. It's understood that the shop wasn't empty when the ladies were there—just before and after. Next Mesdames Hickey and Casey (produce stall) conducted a street stall. The weather treated them decently; so did the public. Last Friday night found the Children of Mary and willing helpers at the Empire Hall. They ran a euchre and dance.

A mighty, though silent sermon on that awful warning: "I shall come like a thief in the night, when I am the least expected," was preached here last Sunday when Mr. Peter Hunt was seized with a severe heart attack, which snapped the slender thread of life with dramatic suddenness. He was a single man and lived with his sister and brothers in Albert Street. The family originally came from Scotland and have been resident here for well over a decade. Sincere sympathy is felt for Mrs. Broderick, Miss Hunt and their brothers in their sorrow. They are members of the Third Order of St. Francis and the Tertiaries did not forget them in their suffering. With the Tertiaries the remainder of the congregation pray: May he rest in peace!

## Masterton

(From our own correspondent.)

October 16.

The Hibernian Cricket Club has commenced activities for the season. No trouble has been experienced in enrolling members and the finances are being generously aided by donations from well-wishers.

The Masterton Catholic Club continues its social activities and already the funds have benefited considerably by the dances that have been held fortnightly.

A most successful children's dance, promoted by Mrs. Eastwood and a ladies' committee, was held on Thursday, the 15th inst., for the purpose of augmenting the funds for the new altar that is to be procured for the Convent Chapel. It is expected a goodly sum will be available as a result of the enthusiasm of the ladies responsible for the function.

## Diocese of Auckland

(From our own correspondent.)

October 15.

The Redemptorist Missioners—Fathers Gilmartin, Gill, and Collins—opened a mission at St. Benedict's last Sunday. The first week is for the children, and the following two weeks will be for the adults of the parish.

The Rev. Brother Denis, B.A., Provincial of the Marist Brothers, returned this week from his annual visit to the South Sea Islands. This comprises the Marist Brothers' schools in Fiji and Samoa.

A successful bridge and euchre tournament took place in the Epsom schoolroom last Saturday evening. It was promoted by members of the local choir under the supervision of Mrs. Cooke. There was a good attendance of parishioners. The proceeds are to be devoted to the flower stall in connection with the forthcoming bazaar which is being organised to pay off the debt on the new church.

Great progress is being made with the alterations and renovations in connection with the new boarding school at Howick, and though the date of opening has not yet been fixed, there is every prospect of the building being ready for occupation in a short time. This school should become one of the most attractive and popular educational institutions in New Zealand. Its picturesque situation and glorious outlook make it unsurpassed

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both from a scenic and health giving point of view. The Sisters of Mercy were fortunate in securing such a delightful spot.

## Diocese of Christchurch

(From our own correspondent.)

October 17.

Rev. Father Gill, C.S.S.R., brought the exercises of the Retreat for the archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament to a close on Sunday evening at the Cathedral. The attendance throughout had been exemplary, and Father Gill expressed his pleasure thereat.

Mrs. J. W. Smith (Woolston) and her assistants are to be commended for the excellent entertainment organised by them in aid of St. Anne's Church which was so well patronised on Thursday night. The Druids' Hall was filled with an appreciative audience. Mr. Lanyon's services were, as usual, most efficient.

The Convent of the Sisters of the Mission has, in appearance, been improved almost beyond recognition. The old fence has been supplanted by a massive wall in chipped brick, whilst the building itself with its newly cemented front looks very imposing.

St. Patrick's branch (No. 82) of the H.A.C.B. Society held its fortnightly meeting on Monday evening, the 12th inst., in the Hibernian Hall, B.P. Bro. Doherty presiding over a good attendance. The regalia was draped out of respect for the late Bro. John McCormick, and the sympathy of members was extended to his relatives, as well as to Bros. J. and W. Griffin, whose mother had died the previous week, to Bro. T. P. O'Rourke on the death of his aunt (Mrs. P. F. Ryan), to Bro. Perkins on the death of his father, and Bro. B. Morahan on the death of his wife. The president and V.P. (Bro. Turner) reported having attended the meeting convened by the mayor for the purpose of devising means for fittingly celebrating the 75th anniversary of the foundation of the province of Canterbury. Thanks to the prompt action of Bro. O'Meara, the branch's delegate at Auckland, the report of the district meeting held in that city was to hand together with a personal resume. A motion of thanks and appreciation was unanimously accorded Bro. O'Meara. Accounts (£15) and sick allowance (£26 6s 8d) were passed for payment.

The young parish of Riccarton is about to hold its first big function in the form of a garden party, on Saturday, November 21. The beautiful grounds at "Villa Maria" will be an attractive setting, and the object—the liquidation of the debt on the presbytery—must commend itself to parishioners. The various stalls are well organised and a strong body of willing workers are banded together in assisting the principals in charge of the various stalls. The refreshment stall is under the supervision of Mesdames Burt, Holmes, Hannifin, Threlkeld, and Misses Mullins; the novelty stall—Mesdames Mullins, Lagan, McKay, and Misses C. Mullins and F. Holmes; Riccarton stall—Mesdames Campbell, Williams, Garrigan, and McGee; Hornby stall—Mesdames Ryan, Allington, Misses C. Crequer and White.

## OBITUARY

### MR. JOHN MORRISS, WAIMATE.

The death occurred recently of one of Waimate's pioneer Catholics, in the person of Mr. John Morriss. The late Mr. Morriss was born in Co. Galway, Ireland, in 1843, and received his early education at the Christian Brothers' School, at Headford. In 1864 he arrived in Lyttelton by the ship Ivanhoe and settled in Christchurch. He was attracted to the West Coast goldfields but returned to Canterbury eighteen months later and had several years experience of station life under Mr. C. Dampier-Crossley. He was farming at Temuka for eight years, and in April, 1881, bought 100 acres in the Waihao district, which he afterwards increased to 1100 acres. The late Mr. Morriss took an active interest in public affairs and served as a member of the Lower Waitaki Irrigation Board for several years, becoming chairman of that Board in 1902. He was married at Lyttelton in 1874, to a daughter of the late Mr. E. Scully, of Co. Galway, Ireland, and leaves a family of two sons and three daughters—Messrs M. and J. Morriss, Misses C. and M. Morriss, and Mrs. M. Leonard (Waimate)—his wife and one son having predeceased him. The deceased was attended in his last illness by Rev. Fathers O'Connor and Knight, and passed away in the presence of his family, fortified by the rites of Holy Church.—R.I.P.

### MR. JOHN SULLIVAN, NAPIER.

(Contributed.)

There passed away at the Napier Public Hospital on Wednesday, the 7th inst., Mr. John Sullivan, who was born at Skibbereen, Co. Cork, Ireland, on March 19, 1848. The late Mr. Sullivan, who arrived in Napier in 1876 by the ship Waitara, had spent all his days in New Zealand in the Hawke's Bay district. He worked as a farm laborer for some years after his arrival, then took up a bush section of 100 acres at Blackburn in this district, worked the same until some ten years ago when he retired to enjoy his well earned rest. He was a man of a very retiring disposition and, in what he considered deserving objects, of a charitable generous nature. He was a widower, his wife having predeceased him some years ago. Under his will, the executors of which are Messrs. Edward Troy and M. L. Gleeson, of Napier, practically the whole of his estate which amounts to over £3000 is left for the cause of Catholic education. The sum of £500 is bequeathed to the Marist Brothers' Juniorate, at Tuakau, Auckland; £100 to the Marist Brothers' School at Napier; £100 to the Home of Compassion, Island Bay; £100 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, Ponsonby, Auckland; £100 to the Far East Mission Fund; £100 each is left to the Convent Schools at Port Ahuriri, Hastings, and Waipawa, Hawke's Bay. The remainder of his estate, amounting to about £1500, is left to the Sisters at Napier towards the erection of a new wing of the convent which is to be erected in the near future. Until a few months ago, when old age prevented him from so doing, he was a regular attend-

ant at early Mass and also at any evening devotions that were being held. He was a man of sterling and upright character and his great consolation in life was his church. He was attended in his last illness, which was of about ten days duration, by the Rev. Father Seymour, S.M., and died peacefully, fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church. The funeral left Saint Patrick's Church, Napier, for the Parke Island Cemetery, on Friday afternoon, the 9th inst., the Rev. Father Seymour, S.M., officiating at the church and graveside.—R.I.P.

### MR. JOHN FLEMING, CROMWELL.

There passed away at his residence Achil Street, Cromwell, on October 4, at the advanced age of 87 years, one of the fine sturdy pioneers of the district in the person of Mr. John Fleming. Born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1838, he came to Victoria in 1860, and the following year came over to New Zealand, where the remainder of his life was spent. In his early manhood he followed mining on the Old-Man Range, Hartley and Riley, Macetown, and Skippers. When mining was booming he conducted an hotel at Kawarau Gorge, but as far back as 1867 turned his attention to the land and took up an area at Kawarau Gorge which, with the aid of a water right from Lowburn Creek he successfully farmed until he disposed of it to the Cromwell Development Company some 12 years ago. It is now widely known as Ripponvale. After that he lived a retired life in Cromwell. He was the pioneer of irrigation in that district, having discovered the value of it as far back as 1867. In his younger days the late Mr. Fleming took a keen interest in many organisations for the welfare of the district, and among his many admirable attributes was the generous hospitality extended by himself and his late wife to the clergy. He was a supporter of the *New Zealand Tablet* since its inception. On the land, deceased was industrious and enterprising and in all walks of life was one of nature's gentlemen, well-known for his honesty and integrity. His wife predeceased him some five years ago; and he leaves a grown-up family of one son and four daughters to mourn their loss. To these the deepest sympathy of all goes out in the passing of a fine old pioneer. During his illness the deceased was constantly and devotedly attended by the Rev. Father Scanlan, and passed peacefully away fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. His remains were removed to the Church of the Irish Martyrs on the morning of October 6, where Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Scanlan, who also officiated at the interment—the funeral taking place in the afternoon.—R.I.P.

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## Selected Poetry

### COUNSEL.

Seek not in others sympathy,  
But dwell  
Alone in your own soul and free.  
For well  
Time teaches that no other mind  
Or heart  
Can with your own its real bliss find.  
Apart,  
Then, wander with your dreams, and know  
As true—  
Only that self within the self can go  
With you.

—MARY DIXON THAYER, in the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

### A WATER-LILY.

Oh! Lily white on you dark pool,  
Serene and queenly fair,  
How camest thou from out the gloom,  
Sail'st thou on morning air?

What holdeth thee so regally—  
Perhaps a fairy stair,  
And on each step, mayhap a bud,  
Awaiting summons there.

Ah! no, like some bright star art thou  
Upon the water's breast:  
Mute symbol of His loveliness,  
God sends to make us blest.  
—M. E. BEYTON, in the *Pilot* (Boston).

### LIGHTS OUT.

I have come to the borders of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest where all must lose  
Their way, however straight,  
Or winding, soon or late:  
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track  
That, since the dawn's first crack,  
Up to the forest brink,  
Deceived the travellers,  
Suddenly now blurs,  
And in they sink.

Here love ends,  
Despair, ambition ends,  
All pleasure and all trouble,  
Although most sweet or bitter,  
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any hook  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown  
I must enter and leave alone  
I know not how.

The tall forest towers:  
Its cloudy foliage lowers  
Ahead, shelf above shelf:  
Its silence I hear and obey  
That I may lose my way  
And myself.

—EDWARD THOMAS, in *An Anthology of Modern Verse*.

### RED CLAY.

God, keep me pleased with simple joys;  
I must not sight the stars too long;  
Nor yet forget that I am flesh,  
Nor strain my ears for seraph's song.  
The orchid is a bloom most rare,  
Frail greenhouse beauty, gaily dressed—  
That blush-rose growing by the gate  
A common flower? I love it best.

Put on my lips a simple lay  
That fellow-men may understand;  
Not all may sense a symphony  
Or fugue of Bach's sublimely grand.  
But all may sing the dear home songs  
And stroke the house cat on the hearth—  
May sniff the scent of burning leaves  
And love the smell of fresh-turned earth.

I am but Woman, born of Earth,  
Fashioned from Adam's good red clay;  
And, though my soul essays the skies,  
My feet must tread the toilsome way  
Of earthly paths: let me not lift  
Learian wings that would not melt  
Were they to soar too near the sun—  
Life must be lived and loved and felt!  
—LUCILLE EVANS, in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*.

### THE ROADSIDE.

They pass me in their seeming endless file,  
Each with his face and figure all his own;  
Age with its weariness, youth with its smile,  
And each himself alone.

They pass on each to his elusive goal,  
Or, maybe, fail and faint upon the way:  
Each was, like me, a pilgrim human soul  
Living his little day.

They all had dreams, like me, and all awoke  
To find that day was made of harder stuff:  
Their bubbles, like my own, when fairest  
broke,  
And all had pain enough.

Across their road some beams of sunshine  
fell,  
Then quick the shadows came and brought  
the dark:  
All pulled their bows and shot their arrows  
well,  
And not one hit the mark.

Now not a footfall on the silent road,  
Here I am left alone beside the way:  
And all I know is, *each had his own load*  
*To carry all the day.*

—A. W., in the *Irish Catholic*.

### DAY-DAWN.

The dawn-winds whispered through the corn,  
Across the dew-drenched fields of morn;  
And then the wild birds, in the trees,  
Awoke to sing their melodies.

And from the foam-pale blossomed hedge  
Dew dripped, and on the river's edge  
Young willows seemed, with glances shy,  
To watch the bubbles sailing by.

The sun rose o'er a dew-drenched world,  
And at his touch the flowers unfurled;  
But some slept on in beds of dew  
Where ferns their faces hid from view.

Along the margin of a field,  
Beneath a hedgerow, half concealed,  
Primroses thrust their faces out,  
As if to hear the cuckoo shout.

On hill and valley sunshine spilled,  
Drinking the dew night had distilled;  
Faint laughter rippled through the morn,  
From the misty hills where streams are born.

The whins were veiled with gossamer,  
And all the hedges were astir  
With wildbird lute and beetles' horn,  
As with fanfare the day was born.

—PARTICK DOHERTY, in the *Irish World*.

### A HYMN.

How fair are the blue hills that call me away,  
The gold of the gorse and the green of the sod!  
If Love lends such splendor to things of a day,  
How fair the eternal must be, O my God!

The jily-faced Dawn with the gold in her hair,  
The call to the soul where the sea maketh moan,  
The birds in their cloisters at evening prayer,  
With echoes responsive in the heart's depths unknown!

The trills of the thrush and the songs of the stream,  
The joy of the lark as it soars to the skies,  
The spires distilled by the roses that dream,  
The roof of the night with its myriad eyes!

The glint where the swallows on swiftest wing fly,  
The gleam of the corn-stalks that whisper and nod,  
The soft colored sign of the arch in the sky—  
How sweet is Thy power and Thy goodness, my God!

The spell of the sunset, the silence that soothes,  
When wake deepest feelings and most solemn thought,  
The hush o'er the hills and the valley that broods,  
When musings eternal come o'er us unsought!

I thought on the wealth of earth's beauties untold—  
God's sweet ministrations—as homeward I trod,  
And cried with a fervor of joy uncontrolled:  
"How fair must Thy home be, my Father,  
my God!"

—J. O'H., in an exchange.

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## FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader, p. 33. Notes, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Complete Story, p. 11. On Dunedin's Hills, p. 19. Church in N.Z., p. 21. Notes of Travel (by J.K.), p. 25. Home of the Little Sisters, Anderson's Bay, p. 29. Faith of Our Fathers (by Mgr. Power), p. 51. Our Lady of Mount Carmel, p. 57.

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

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

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

## The New Zealand Tablet

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1925.

## LIMITATION OF RIGHTS IN THE STATE

THE State arises from the nature of man, and is consequently a natural entity.

More closely, the State is a fellow ship of persons—that is of beings endowed with reason and free will and capable subjects of moral responsibility. As a result the State must not only have an existence, but a reasoned existence, in accord with man's highest attribute, Reason. Thus Aristotle comes to the conclusion that the State was formed that men might not only live, but live nobly. A German puts it in a nutshell in the phrase which describes the State as the realised order of Right. It is an organic being; it is a person—a moral personality "capable of taking up into itself the feelings and thoughts of a people, of uttering them in laws, and of realising them in facts." It is no metaphor to call it a person, for rights and duties and such notes of personality really attach to it. But now if the business of the State is to define, maintain, and secure not only its own rights but those of individuals, this means that both its own rights and the rights of individuals must necessarily limit each other at times.

• • •

The old Schoolmen taught the sound doctrine that kings exist for the people, but Tudor tyrants and sycophant parsons abolished this wholesome teaching and in its place held that the people existed for the kings, whose "right divine to govern wrong" in their wrong-headed way they defended, just as they defend all sorts of stupid and foolish things to-day. It was not until the searing sword of the French Revolution burnt out that sort of moonshine that common people began to realise that they had any sort of rights at all—beyond that of being chattels for some Norman Lord or other tyrant. If the Revolution did nothing else that was good it brought home to men that they had certain natural rights, not accidental but belonging to their very personality and human nature. Among those rights fundamental were and are:—1. The right to live; 2. The right to use the human faculties, or in other words to exercise per-

sonal liberty; 3. The right to possess property, which is the exercise of personal liberty; 4. The right to share in the legislation and to be a vital part in the organisation of the commonwealth. These rights are fundamental but they are not absolute; they are conditioned by duties and are subject to the moral law, and also to limitations arising from relationship to other rights, and particularly to those of the State. It is true that even aboriginal rights are conditioned by duties: even the right to live is conditioned by the duty of living in a rational manner; for, as St. Paul says, "if any man would not work, neither should he eat." Again, personal freedom is to a great extent conditioned by limits which arise from relations with the State. Thus, though thought is free, morality and good order might demand the punishment of a person whose thoughts are expressed aloud, or, though men have a right to meet publicly, they have no right to meet in places where they become a nuisance to others. We cannot, therefore, hold that man's right to personal liberty means a right to do what he likes with his personal faculties of soul and body; and in the same way, though man has the right to possess property, he has not the right to exercise unlimited dominion over it at all times. Not only is man a steward for God in the administration of the goods he holds, but also there is such a thing as the *ultimum dominium* of the State, whereby man's property is fiduciary and held not merely for the benefit of the individual, but also for the commonwealth: hence, the view of Aquinas that the relief of poor members of the community is not only a debt of charity but even a *debitum legale*. The Schoolmen would put this another way by saying that property is a natural right, but only in the secondary sphere of such rights, while the right to live is a natural right belonging to the primary sphere. In conflict the right of property must yield to the higher right to live. Thus, whatever an unjust positive law might declare, a starving man has a perfect right to take from another in order to save himself from dying of hunger. We are aware that this conclusion will not recommend itself to the profiteering class, but it is quite true all the same.

• • •

Human law has wandered from the right road of ethics, and what is right and just comes as a shock to persons who have been imbued with the false notions generated by wrong laws. In truth, rights and duties go hand in hand, though we hear so much about rights nowadays and so little about duties. The dictates of right reason often run counter to the perverted conclusions of the English school of Utilitarian politics, which has so debased the public mind in our time. Laws made in the interests of the rich—and of the unscrupulous rich—are apt to ignore the fact that society, or the commonwealth, for which laws ought to be made, is an organism subject to the same eternal principles of Right and Justice by which rational man is bound and limited. If we examine in this light the right to vote, we must grant that it is limited by the duty to vote rightly. Hence, to sell a vote for money ought to be reasonable enough for depriving a man of his right to

vote for ever; and *a pari* of the man who prostitutes his vote to personal interest, to class interest, or to bigotry is guilty of an unworthy and an immoral action: such a man is a traitor to the commonwealth, and ought to be treated as a traitor instead of being rewarded and promoted as he too often is in corrupt communities in our day.

## THE WAR ON OLD AGE

According to a writer in *America*, an industrious investigator has discovered that the American people spend \$1,250,000,000 per annum in cosmetics, hair dyes, and other such devices with which to repair the ravages of time. This face painting is not confined to the feminine fair, but flappers of both sexes unite in a strenuous war against old age. It is traditional that ladies of uncertain age and those to whom nature has not been generous with the gift of beauty often seek defence in the secrets of the toilet, and it is no longer a matter of conjecture that the faces of many modern beauties literally are works of art. There is a reason, good or insufficient according to the view that is taken of it, why ladies seek to appear young and beautiful, even when old age has already set its gaunt seal upon them. But when men commence to plaster their faces with cosmetics it is a sign that there is a screw loose somewhere. Of course most of the youthful male addicts are drawn from the under-worked and over-financed fillers who have more time and money on their hands than they have brains to enable them to spend wisely. The writer, however, goes on to say that old age is now becoming a rarity, meaning that men and women of all ages are trying to drive the years from their faces with rouge and powder. In one sense this is in keeping with the materialistic training which people receive in the secular schools. To them death is a horror which means the end of all things they hold dearest, and the wrinkles of age are a constant reminder that life is passing with flying feet. Hence, to put the hateful thought of death as far from them as possible they fill the crow's feet with pastes and putties and try to preserve their youth with a coating of rouge. Old age, with its silver crown and kindly puckers commands reverence; but the thing that shrinks in terror behind a wall of powder and dye is a thing of mockery, almost a horror. This vain custom of preserving youth always reminds us of a passage in *Dombey and Son*, in which a foolish old woman is shown upon her sickbed: "The rose-colored curtains blushed, in the course of time, on her bodily recovery—more juvenile than ever to repair the ravages of illness—and on the rouge, and on the teeth, and on the curls, and on the diamonds, and on the short sleeves, and the whole wardrobe of the doll that had tumbled down before the mirror. They blushed, too, now upon an indistinctness in her speech which she turned off with a girlish giggle, and on an occasional failing in her memory, that had no rule in it, but came and went fantastically, as if in mockery of her fantastic self." Old age of this kind is a thing to shudder at: it points to frivolous years skulking ashamed behind the make-up of the clown.

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1925



# NOTES



## Browning

Over no poet have the critics ever wrangled as they do over Browning. He is the greatest poet of the ages for one; for another, the greatest impostor; for a third his verses are the *dernier cri* of art and melody; while a fourth cannot endure his harsh jargon. No doubt he is often involved, and often rugged; he is full of surprises; and he laughs at conventional canons when the humor seizes him. But he is not by any means the obscure poet his hostile critics proclaim, and if it be granted that his lines are not always tuneful, it must also be said that you will find in his work music as sweet as any of our poets have made for us. He is strong and vigorous, he is unusual, he is not commonplace, he demands attention and earnestness from his readers; and these things are in themselves enough to explain why he has enemies. Swinburne tells us that his dominant qualities are decisive faculty of thought, intensity of perception, rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. It is hopeless, says the same critic, "to enjoy the charm or to apprehend the gist of his writings except with a mind thoroughly alert; an attention awake at all points, a spirit open and ready to be kindled by the writer's." And not only is he a rapid thinker, but he is also a complex thinker and involves you in two or three cross-currents of thought before you realise it. This, and his newness, his independence of pre-conceived notions of what poetry ought to be like and what poets ought to write like, is what has come to be called his obscurity. For detailed investigation on that point we refer our readers to Mr. Birrell.

## His Message

Some poets give forth their message more clearly than many preachers who speak *ex professo* from a text. Browning is not of these. His message is beneath the surface and it is not for the casual reader. It must strike the most superficial that Browning was a believer in cheerfulness and healthiness, and that he hated shame. But there was a profounder message than that in his work. Mr. Chesterton tells us that Browning had opinions just as he had a dress suit or a vote for Parliament, and that he did not hesitate to express these opinions any more than he would have hesitated to fire off a gun or to open an umbrella, if he had possessed those articles and realised their value. And according to the same authority the two opinions which he did express most forcibly were bound up with the hopefulness which is based on the imperfection of man. That is a paradox after Mr. Chesterton's heart, but like all his paradoxes it is full of meaning. A cosmos where incompleteness implies completeness is an argument for immortality, and the sorrows and hidden sufferings of man are also his privileges. On these fundamental thoughts the poet works out noble and beautiful sentiments concerning the human spirit and its destiny and its trials. He is an optimist who takes man as he finds him and

feels reason to rejoice about him. He has been described as a barbarian poet by Professor Sanayana exactly because of his healthy optimism and his natural joyousness. Browning's poetry is based on healthy primitive feeling and you feel throughout the work the elastic spirits of a schoolboy who has not yet discovered that he has a digestion. He finds a place in his philosophy for pain and suffering and misery, and he exhorts us to tackle life in reality and to make its defects stepping-stones towards perfection:

The welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but  
go!  
Be our joys three-parts pain!  
Strive, and hold cheap, the strain:  
Learn, nor account the pang: dare, never  
grudge the throe!

And again:

It's wiser being good than bad!  
It's safer being meek than fierce:  
It's fitter being sane than mad.  
My own hope is, that a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud ever stretched;  
That after last returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round he fetched.

## Benson in Rome

In an interesting article in the American *Ecclesiastical Review* Canon Conry writes his reminiscences of days spent with Monsignor Benson in Rome. Benson in those days was a rather untidy cleric—by choice it appears—who for a time at least felt like a fish out of water among the priests and students with whom he was associated. He had the reputation of being very "near." His letters, written in the early days there are not always in the best of taste, and not remarkable as a proof of his sympathy and understanding. About his preaching there can be only one opinion: it was a decided success. During the Lents of 1909 and 1911 he preached Lenten courses at the request of Father Dolan, P.S.M. Father Dolan and Father Benson played chess every evening during these periods: "With amazing regularity the Englishman won every game on two nights each week, namely, Wednesday and Saturday, the vigils of the days on which he was to preach. Few discerned how the blue eyes from Roscommon twinkled at the signs of joy given by the victor on these occasions. What wonder is it, as the author of *My New Curate* asks, that the British Government tries to fill every important diplomatic post from London to Constantinople with Irishmen? On the other five nights of the week Roscommon beat Westminster in almost every game and laughed softly at the end of each."

## Newman's Invective Against Achilli

The famous oration which ended in a libel action against Newman and an adverse verdict which made the *Times* declare that it destroyed all confidence in trial by jury is

not given in later editions of the great Cardinal's works. The following is the passage which annihilated the creature of the No-Popery gang for ever:—

"Ah! Dr. Achilli, I might have spoken of him last week, had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him, because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he has a scandal to reveal, he has an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, a powerful one as far as it goes—and it is one. That argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is indeed our confusion that our holy mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing on him. 'Mothers of families,' he seems to say, 'gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any church live over the imputation of such a sight as I am? I have been a Catholic and an infidel; I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite, I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am that Father Achilli, who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture for an offence which my superiors did their best to conceal. (Here follows an enumeration of abominable crimes.) I am he who was afterwards found guilty of sins, similar or worse, in other towns of the neighborhood. . . . Look on me, ye mothers of England, a confessor against Popery, for 'ye ne'er may look upon my like again.' I am that veritable priest, who after all this began to speak against, not only the Catholic faith, but against the moral law, and perverted others by my teaching. I am that Cavalieri Achilli, who then went to Corfu, made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband, and lived publicly and travelled about with the wife of a chorus singer. I am that Professor in the Protestant College at Malta, who with two others was dismissed from my post for offences which the authorities cannot get themselves to describe. And now attend to me, such as I am, and you shall see about the barbarity and profligacy of the Inquisitors of Rome."

The Cardinal's denunciation finished the work of Achilli in England where the people had enough self-respect to turn their backs on an exposed No-Popery blackguard.

## DEATH OF FATHER MAPLES.

A telegraphic message from Stratford informs us of the death of Rev. Father Maples, parish priest of that town for 13 years, and formerly pastor of Petone, who passed away at an early hour on Friday; aged 81 years. He was educated at Cambridge, was associated with Brompton Oratory, London, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1872 by the late Cardinal Manning, arriving in New Zealand 27 years ago. The solemn obsequies were to take place on Tuesday commencing at 10 a.m. A feeling tribute to the departed priest was paid by the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, before commencing his sermon at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday night.—R.I.P.

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**DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN**

Rev. Dr. Kelly, Editor of the *Tablet*, is a passenger by the Tahiti from San Francisco due to arrive at Wellington on Monday next, the 26th inst.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society propose, about the middle of November, providing the annual "Christmas tree" treat for the poorer children of the district. Contributions of toys, etc., may be left—c/o Nurse Boys—at St. Joseph's Hall, and will be thankfully accepted.

The spacious new wings to the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Anderson's Bay, recently completed, will be blessed and opened on next Sunday afternoon, the 25th inst., at 3 o'clock, by the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of the diocese. The Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, will deliver the occasional address.

We understand that "Hibernian Sunday" proved highly successful, resulting in 19 names of candidates for membership in St. Joseph's and St. Dominic's (Ladies) branches, being received at the Cathedral, and 12 at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin. The returns from the suburban churches are yet to come in, and the officials of the society feel assured that the campaign has aroused a renewal of interest in Hibernianism that will be reflected in a gradually augmented membership roll.

Mr. J. H. A. McKeefry, sub-accountant for a number of years with the firm of Messrs. Mackerras and Hazlett, who has been appointed business manager of Shiel's garage, Stafford Street, was met by his fellow-employees and made a presentation of a handsome cigarette casket and a pipe. Mr. T. Hussey made the presentation, and referred to the excellent relationship which had always existed between Mr. McKeefry and the rest of the staff. He was sure Mr. McKeefry had the best wishes of them all for his success in his new occupation. Mr. McKeefry suitably replied. He was also the recipient of a substantial cheque from his old firm.

On the occasion of her approaching marriage, Miss Gertrude Mills, a faithful member of St. Joseph's Cathedral branch of the Children of Mary Sodality was, at the usual meeting on Sunday last, presented with a handsome framed picture of the Blessed Virgin. The sincerest good wishes of her fellow-sodalists were tendered to Miss Mills, who suitably responded.

**MONSIGNOR COFFEY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS.**

The Principals of the Catholic Schools at Dunedin and Port Chalmers are reminded that recommendations of scholars for the above scholarships are due on November 1. The conditions are printed in our issue for June 10 last, and copies forwarded to each school concerned. Recommendations are to be placed in sealed envelopes and addressed to Mr. J. H. A. McKeefry, hon. secretary, P.O. Box 519, Stafford Street, Dunedin.

**IRISH SOCIETY.**

The Monthly Meeting of the above Society is postponed to MONDAY, November 2, when it will be held in the Waratah Rooms as usual.

**CINDERELLA QUEEN CARNIVAL AT OUTRAM.**

(From our Mosgiel correspondent.)

All portions of the Taieri parish are hard at work in preparation for the Cinderella Queen Carnival which is to be held at Outram on the last two days of October. There are six candidates for the honor of queen in the contest, and various functions have been held during the past few weeks to raise funds. The more recent of these was held last Wednesday when the Allanton Hall was well filled. The whole programme was supplied by Dunedin and Mosgiel visitors. Mr. Walker occupied the chair and introduced the performers. The audience was an appreciative one, and almost every item was enquired. A band of school children from St. Mary's School, Mosgiel, sang several choruses. Master Leslie McGregor and Miss Kovalevski danced national and fancy dances. Mr. Sheehy favored with some guitar music. Misses O'Neill and Scriver sang a duet in character. Master Wilkins and Miss Moira O'Neill each gave recitations, and songs were sung by Miss J. Toomey, Miss B. Gallien, and Mr. Richards. Misses B. and K. Rodgers rendered a vocal duet, and the Misses O'Brien a piano duet. Miss Laura Hawke was accompanist. Before the close of the programme Rev. Father Collins thanked all who had assisted. A short dance followed the concert.

The secretary (Mr. M. Curran, Mosgiel) will be glad to receive goods or donations for the bazaar, and holders of art union tickets are asked to push the sale of them, and send the proceeds and blocks to Rev. Father Collins, Mosgiel, a couple of days prior to the Carnival.

**Invercargill**

(From our own correspondent.)

October 17.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society held its annual meeting in St. Joseph's schoolroom on Tuesday, October 6. The committee reports good work during the year and appeals to all to continue their generosity so that this charitable work may be continued. Seventeen families have been helped in their distress by the distribution of groceries, coal, wood, milk, clothing (old and new); approximately £50 being spent.

Rev. Father McLaughlin, C.S.S.R., commenced a Retreat for the Children of Mary at the half-past seven o'clock Mass on Sunday last. There was a very large attendance of Children of Mary and Handmaids in regalia. During Mass some very beautiful hymns were rendered.

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**Gore**

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 15.

St. Patrick's tennis court was the scene of a very pleasant gathering on Wednesday last, the 14th inst., when the official opening took place. The weather was not ideal owing to a strong wind, which tended to make things disagreeable. Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, after a few suitable remarks, declared the courts open for play. Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, wife of the president, served the first ball and play was indulged in thereafter. The ladies are deserving of thanks for the dainty afternoon tea which they provided and so capably served. The members of the committee also deserve credit for the labor put into the courts, which had a pleasant appearance. Despite the sou'-wester an exceedingly enjoyable afternoon was spent and all went home quite satisfied with the afternoon's outing.

"Town versus Country" was a subject which raised much discussion at the weekly meeting of the Catholic Debating Club on Monday evening last, when Rev. Father Lennon presided over an attendance of some twenty members. Messrs. McGoldrick and Kerr very ably led off for town and country respectively. Some good arguments for both sides were advanced by other members, with the result that a lively discussion ensued. At the conclusion of the debate the chairman complimented the members upon the able manner in which they had handled the subject, and declared the supporters of the "town" to be the winners by a very small margin.

**DUNEDIN CENTRAL.**

**NOTICE OF POLLING DAY.**

In pursuance of "The Legislature Act, 1908," and its Amendments, I, HENRY MAXWELL, Returning Officer for the Electoral District of Dunedin West, Do Hereby Give Notice that, by virtue of a WRIT bearing date the 15th day of October, 1925, under the hand of the Clerk of the Writs, an ELECTION will be held for the RETURN of a QUALIFIED PERSON to serve as Member for the said District, and that the latest hour for receiving NOMINATIONS OF CANDIDATES will be noon on the 27th day of OCTOBER, 1925, and that the POLL (if necessary) will be taken at the several Polling places of the said District on the 4th day of NOVEMBER, 1925.

Every person desirous of becoming a Candidate must be NOMINATED by not less than TWO ELECTORS of the District, by a Nomination Paper as prescribed by Section 105 of the said Act, delivered to the Returning Officer on or before Noon on the 27th day of OCTOBER, 1925.

Dated this 19th day of October, 1925.

H. MAXWELL.

Returning Officer.

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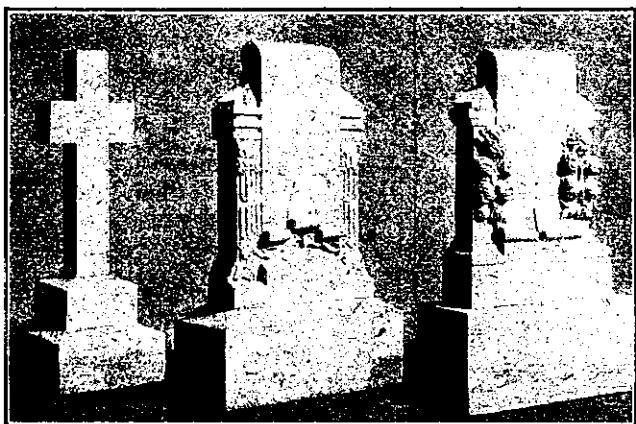
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### "Tablet" Subscriptions.

On account of our annual balance (30th September) it will not be possible to publish our usual acknowledgment of subscriptions received this week.

We regret to hear that some subscribers have not received their copies regularly of late. Where possible we have written separately to each subscriber. But for general information we may state that all copies leave our office, duly checked, not later than Wednesday of each week. (The North Island issue is always sent out on Tuesday night.) Prompt action on the part of our subscribers in letting us know of non-delivery will help us in tracing the trouble.

JOHN P. WALLS,  
Manager.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND ADVERTISERS

We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. E. J. Duggan has been appointed as an additional reporter and travelling representative for the N.Z. *Tablet* Company. During the next few weeks his operations will be confined to the Wellington province.

JOHN P. WALLS,  
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## Hamilton



# A Page for Little People



Conducted by  
ANNE

My dear Little People,

This week I've had a surprisingly good Letter Bag, all sorts of nice things in it. We've got several new Members; stamps for our Orphans' Fund; letters from dear Grown-Ups who like their prizes, and chatty letters from Club Members who just want to say Good-Day to all of us. Really, it's been an altogether wonderful week. I'm waiting now, most anxiously too, to see what happens about our Writing Ladder and the other interesting things you're taking part in. Are you all saying the Rosary? Mind now, you don't forget Our Blessed Mother this month, she doesn't forget you.

As we have so many letters I'll just get right on to them, and if there's any room left over the page, we'll have some poetry and a little story.

## BIRTHDAY MATES and LETTER FRIENDS

I would like you all to get Badges and join our L.P.L.C. before you write to each other, because it will be better that way, you will be a real Family Party. I have received letters from ever so many Little People telling their birthdays and asking for Letter Friends, will they please send for their Badges so that I can call them members of the Letter Club. I'm sure we will grow into a very big Club, some of the letters are such interesting ones that their writers will get Letter Friends. But, be sure you send for Badges all you who have not got them yet. Here are some of the names of the Little People who are going to join us. I'm quite sure:—

Bernard O'Neill, Allandale; Gretchen McGreevy, Kenilworth St., Waipawa; Kathleen Morahan, Clinton; Mary Leydon, Owhango; Eileen Carney, Rakaia; G. Fahey, East Belt, Rangiora; Josephine Buckley, 42 Hogg Crescent, Masterton; Eileen Kotlowski, Main Road, Pahiatua; Marie Gill, Albany, Auckland; Walter Neilson, Hampden; Mattie Nevin, Domain, Westport; Mary Walsh, P.O., Caversham; Maureen Walsh, P.O., Caversham.

Listen, all you Little People. I've kept your letters in my Desk, and as soon as you send me stamps for your Badges you'll see your letters in the *Tablet*. There are Birthday Mates waiting for most of you, and I hope you'll write quite soon.

The following Little People have acknowledged receipt of their Badges and Prizes:—

VERONICA SMITH, Gore, liked her Badge and is writing to her Letter Friends. She is studying for a music exam and is captain of the hockey team. (Hope you and your Mates are good Letter Friends. How is hockey?—Anne.)

PATRICIA ROUGHAN, Lawrence, is proud of her Badge. Patricia wrote to a Letter Friend who did not answer. (Never mind Patricia, but perhaps you've had an answer by now. I think Kathleen Smith, Cronadun, might be a good Friend. She is

same age as you, and her birthday is on the 14th August, just 15 days after your own.—Anne.)

MAGGIE RYALL, Barrytown, is sorry she could not write sooner, but she is very busy with all the cows coming in. That's quite all right Maggie, I would much rather you did your bit than sat writing to me when others are working. That's no good at all.—Anne.)

MARY PUNKE, Waituna P.O., Southland, thanks us for her Badge which she likes very much, also for the name for her kitten. (Glad you're writing to Frances, has she answered yet? Sorry the kitten was lost, but glad you've got a lamb to call "Gay."—Anne.)

MONA COTTERELL, Temuka, writes to thank us for her Prize and is going to send a penny each time she writes. (Glad you like the Prize Mona. Thank you for promising the penny for the Orphans' Fund. I'm sure we'll get a fine Christmas Box for them.—Anne.)

MERCIA GRACE, Mangapiko, liked her Badge but was so busy with home work that she couldn't manage to vote for the Competition. Mercia is going to make a garment for a little child for Christmas. (Good girl Mercia, always get your lessons done even if pleasures have to be put aside for a little time. If you and mother make something for a little Orphan that will be just beautiful.—Anne.)

MARGARET WALKER, Enfield, likes her Badge and wants to put something in the Daydream Mite Box. (Glad to hear from you Margaret, and hope you'll write again soon, because your writing will be sure to get a place on the Ladder.—Anne.)

## LETTERS ABOUT COMPETITION SUGGESTIONS

TERENCE QUINN, Okain's Bay, Banks Peninsula, writes to say he is going to make a toy and will send one penny each week for the Orphans' Fund. Terence thinks he will make some Day Dream Aeroplanes, and pack them in boxes so they won't break. His birthday is on 30th April, he is 10 years old and wants a Mate. (There's a real Birthday Mate waiting for Terence, his name is Paul Porter, Students' Buildings, Union Street, Dunedin. What do you think of that? Thank you for the stamps and for the promise of some aeroplanes for the Christmas stockings.—Anne.)

TREPHERA QUINN, Okain's Bay, Banks Peninsula, writes and encloses four penny stamps for the Orphans' Fund. This is Trephe's subscription for four weeks, and she is going to make a set of underclothing for a little girl. Trephe's is one of our Senior Members, she is seventeen and she thanks all the Little People who voted for her Mother's letter. (So glad to hear from you Trephe's, thank you for sending your exact age. Early next year, if not before, I hope to sort up all the Members into some sort of order, and that's why I'm so anxious for the exact ages—just in case Birthday Mates do not exactly

match in ages. Thank you for stamps and for promise of some sewing. I think dear, if you have not cut out the garments yet, that a little bigger than two years old would be more useful. Glad you and mother like the prize.—Anne.)

LEN McMAHON, Cronadun, sends along six stamps as his donation for six weeks. (Thank you Len, you're a real sport, and you've given so briskly. Do you know old man, that they say, "Who gives quickly, gives twice." Glad to hear from you.—Anne.)

Mrs. COTTERELL, Temuka, writes ever such a nice letter thanking us for the prize. This is what she says:—

Dear Anne and Little People,

I write to thank you all for the trouble you have taken over the competition, and especially to thank the Little People who voted for my letter. It was very kind of them and I appreciated it very much. And just fancy you, "Anne," giving a prize for each letter. Your pocket must be nearly empty now, unless it is a magic pocket. Or, perhaps it is like Mother Baucis' pitcher in the old Greek tale. Do you remember how Mercury with his winged feet and curious staff called on Baucis and her husband Philemon and asked for food, and they in their charity gave him all that they had—a small brown loaf and a pitcher of milk. The more bowls of milk that were taken out of the jug, the more remained in it, until Baucis could scarcely believe her eyes. For their kindness and charitableness, Mercury, on leaving, blessed them and granted to them the dearest wish of their hearts. We are not Mercury, Anne, so are not able to give all that he gave, but we do give you our best wishes. I am enclosing a few stamps to start the fund for the Competitions, for I have just thought of some words of an old song. They are: "Let your watchword be 'despatch and practice what you preach,'" so I am acting on them. Again thanking you all, with best wishes, from Mrs. Cotterell.

P.S. Mona is writing to thank you for the prize.

(Dear Mrs. Cotterell, my pocket is sure empty enough, but the little picture I have sent to each of the dear Grown-Ups who thought enough of my Little People and theirs, to write, is only very tiny. And so, you would like to give me the dearest wishes of my heart, would you? Thank you for that, and also for the stamps enclosed in your letter. So long as my Little People stick to me, my pitcher will never go dry and they'll keep me young.—Anne.)

MISS LILY MULLIGAN, Okato, Taranaki, writes that she received her prize, thanks us for it, and says it is indeed very nice. Miss Mulligan wishes to thank each of the Little People for their votes and wishes our Club every success. (Glad the prize arrived safely and that you like it. Some day we'll ask you to do something else for us.—Anne.)

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## CASUAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, 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.

## MARRIAGE

**O'REILLY—WILSON.**—On September 30, at St. John's Church, Alexandra, by the Rev. Father D. O'Connell, Edward Benjamin O'Reilly, to Evelyne Elizabeth Wilson, of Alexandra.

## DEATHS

**SCANLON.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. M. Scanlon, who died at Westport, on October 1, 1925; aged 54 years.—R.I.P.

**STANTON.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary, relict of the late Thomas Stanton, who died at her residence, Richmond Grove, on Thursday, October 1, 1925; aged 88 years.—May her soul rest in peace.

**SULLIVAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Sullivan (born Skibbereen, Co. Cork, Ireland), who died at the Napier Hospital, on October 7, 1925; aged 77 years.—A lover of faith and fatherland.—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on him.

## IN MEMORIAM

**BROWN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of our dearly loved eldest son Michael L., who died in France from wounds received, on October 24, 1916.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—

**MISCALL.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Susan Miscall, who died at Dunedin, on October 23, 1919.—R.I.P.

**MOYNIHAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Alexandra Moynihan, who was killed at Passchendaele, on October 17, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

**MOYNIHAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Moynihan, killed in action at Passchendaele, on October 17.—Inserted by F. and L. Moynihan, Totara.

**WANTED.**—Two adults engaged during day offer good home in central position in return for services; would suit middle-aged lady with small means. Reply to 74, *Tablet* Office.

## BAXTER'S PHARMACY,

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300 MASSES ANNUALLY!—One alms of 1/- will secure you a share in these during life and after death.—St. Peter Claver Sodality, Gibbons Road, Upper Hutt, Wellington. (Miss) A. MAHER, Promoter.

To our Palmerston Readers.—Our advertisers help in the production of your copy of the *Tablet*. Therefore patronise them and mention to them that you saw their advertisement in the *Tablet*.

## St. Patrick's College Scholarships

Candidates for the above Scholarship Examination are requested to notify the Rector not later than November 10. The examination will be held at convenient centres on Tuesday, December 1.

## St. Patrick's Dominican Convent

TESCHEMAKERS.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT for Ladies (conducted by Very Rev. Prior Doyle, O.P.) will commence on January 2, 1926. Intending Retreatants are requested to apply early to the Mother Superior.

## Outram Cinderella Queen Carnival

(In aid of Building Funds.)

Drawing of Art Union takes place on October 31. Persons to whom books of art union and other tickets have been sent are earnestly requested to purchase or dispose to friends, and to forward returns not later than October 26 to the Treasurer: Rev. Father Collins, Holy Cross College, Mosgiel. Returns for books of tickets sent to friends by stallholders are to be rendered to stallholders concerned, or to Rev. Father Collins.

Mosgiel,

October 10, 1925.

M. CURRAN,

Hon. Secretary.

## Our Lady of Victory Mission

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CHAMPARAN, INDIA.

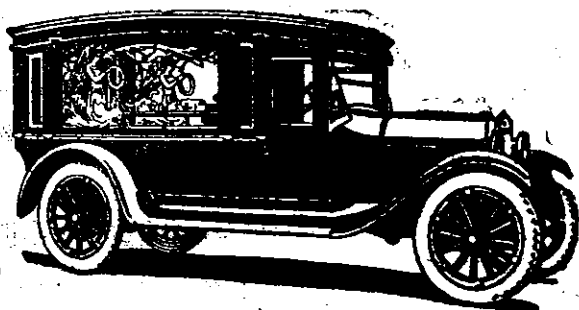
Rev. Father Westropp very gratefully acknowledges the following donations:—Mr. W. Graham, Matiere, £1; Miss O'Rorke, 10/-; T. J. S., Geraldne, 10/-; J. A. F. Howard, Windsor, 5/-; Mr. M. Morgan, Rotorua, 10/-; Miss McTavish, Drummond, 10/-; H. F., Waimate, £1; Ward, Marlborough, £5; Mrs. T. Trye, Opunake, 10/-. Also stamps from the following: E. C., Racecourse Rd., Ashburton; Mrs. M., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dunedin; Brother Hines, Dunedin; Miss M. M., Earn St., Invercargill; Miss M. M. Eureka; Miss W. H., Ahuroa Rd. R. G., 49 Spencer St., Addington; Miss C. Stratford; M. A., Dick St., Dunedin; Miss D., Hyde; M. O'R., Bonny Glen; M. M., Pahiata; J. H. J. C., Te Aroha West; M. K., Outram; Mrs J. C., Ari; Brother Hines, C.B.S., Dunedin; Convent of Mercy, Waverly; Mrs H., Moeraki Estate; Brother Murphy, C.B.S., Dunedin; M. M. Cargill Road; N. H., Clandeboyne; Miss M. H. Anutuna; Miss M. M., Eltham; Mrs McGrath Hataitai; T. P., Oanue; Miss H. O'S., Oamaru; A. F., Opunake; D. R., Masterton;

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The Four Gospels (Callan, O.P.)—17/6.  
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**NEW MEMBERS** who have sent for their L.P.L.O Badges

**EVA CASEY**, Edendale, an old friend, has sent along her Badge Money and wants to join the Club. Eva has a birthday on the 20th November, she will be 12 years old and wants a Letter Mate. (Indeed we have not forgotten you Eva and we're so glad you've joined us altogether. Sorry you've no Birthday Mate, but will you and Phyllis McAuley, Glen-iti, Timaru, be friends? Phyllis has no mate either, is about your age and her birthday is two days after your own.—Anne.)

**JACK HOWARD**, Shiel Street, Reefton, is a nine-year-old who has sent for his Badge. Jack was confirmed by Archbishop O'Shea last month, he goes to the Convent School, and is mad on football, which he plays with Norman Kiely. Jack's birthday is on the 7th May and he is looking for a Letter Mate. (Welcome Jack, I've got a friend for you, although his birthday is four days after your own. His name is Aidan Reilly and his address is 100 Highgate, Roslyn, Dunedin. Aidan is same age as you. Hope you'll be good Letter Friends.—Anne.)

**RAYMOND WILKINS**, Gladstone Road, Mosgiel, thanks us for birthday wishes and for getting him a Letter Mate. Ray and Pat Abbot are writing to each other regularly. (So glad you've sent for a Badge Raymond, and pleased too that you and Pat are writing to each other. Yes, the sixpence you sent is right for the Badge. What sort of stories do you like best, what books do you take out of the school library?—Anne.)

**MOLLY GRIMES**, 14 Walker St., Christchurch, is a new Member, and, dear Little People, she's not very well this long time. Molly is 11 years old, and although she is not able to write in ink, I just wish you could see the nice pencil letter she has written. Her birthday is on the 9th April, and I've no real Birthday Mate for her, so what are we going to do about it? I suggest that every Member of our L.P.L.O. writes a cheery letter to our new Molly. It won't take anyone very long and Molly will know we're all thinking of her. I'm going to write, and am sure you'll do the same. (Welcome Molly. I'm sorry dear you're ill and hope you'll get better soon. You have no real birthday mate, but I'm sure you will get letters from some of the Members. But do not try to answer them all if it makes you tired.—Anne.)

**EILEEN BURKE**, Waituna P.O., Southland, has sent for her Badge, has a birthday on 1st September, and wants a Letter Friend. (Welcome Eileen, yes, I do think it's high time we had fine weather. I've got a real Birthday Mate for you, but, would you believe, I don't know her address. Maybe she'll see this and write to you herself, her name is Eileen Young. If not I'll find you someone else.—Anne.) P.S. for the other Eileen—Will you join us Eileen and let me have your address?—Anne.)

**MONICA McLAUGHLAN**, Edendale, has been reading our page for a long time and has sent for her Badge. Monica's birthday is on 10th August, she was 11 and wants a Letter Friend. (Welcome Monica, and there's a mate waiting for you. Her name is Phyl-

lis Woods, she lives at Norwich Street, Hampden, Otago. I hope you two will be such good Friends.—Anne.)

#### STORY CORNER and POETRY TOO

We've just a wee bit of space left so we'll have a little story and a verse or two. All you Little People who recite should make a point of cutting out or copying any catchy little pieces you see in the *Tablet* or other papers. This is the very best way of getting a good collection together, something far better and more interesting than you could buy in a bound volume in any shop. Try it and let me know how you get on.

#### STORY CORNER

Would you like a little short story, such a short one that you can learn it off by heart, almost.

#### THE SUN AND THE WIND.

The Sun and the wind once had a quarrel as to which was the stronger. Each believed himself to be the more powerful. While they were arguing they saw a traveller walking along the country highway, wearing a great cloak.

"Here is a chance to test our strength," said the wind; "let us see which of us is strong enough to make that traveller take off his cloak; the one who can do that shall be acknowledged the more powerful."

"Agreed," said the Sun.

Instantly the wind began to blow; he puffed and tugged at the man's cloak, and raised a storm of hail and rain, to beat at it. But the colder it grew and the more it stormed, the tighter the traveller held his cloak around him. The Wind could not get it off.

Now it was the Sun's turn. He shone with all his beams on the man's shoulders. As it grew hotter, the man unfastened his cloak; then he threw it back; at last he took it off! The Sun had won.

#### A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a little fish;

She put it in a crystal bowl

Upon a golden dish.

An hour she sat in wonderment

And watched its silver gleam,

And then she gently took it up.

And slipped it in a stream.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a colored bird;

It sang the sweetest, shrillest song

That ever she had heard.

She sat beside its painted cage

And listened half the day,

And then she opened wide the door

And let it fly away.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a winter gown

All stitched about with gossamer

And lined with thistledown.

She wore it all the afternoon

And prancing with delight,

Then gave it to a little frog

To keep him warm at night.

A Fairy went a-marketing—

She bought a gentle mouse

To take her tiny messages,

To keep her tiny house.

All day she kept its busy feet

Pit-patting to and fro,

And then she kissed its silken ears.

Thanked it, and let it go.

#### THE SAD STORY OF A LITTLE BOY THAT CRIED.

Once a little boy, Jack, was, oh! ever so good  
Till he took a strange notion to cry all he could.

So he cried all the day, and he cried all the night,  
He cried in the morning and in the twilight.

He cried till his voice was as hoarse as a crow,  
And his mouth grew so large it looked like a great O.

It grew at the bottom and grew at the top;  
It grew till they thought that it never would stop.

Each day his great mouth grew taller and taller  
And his dear little self grew smaller and smaller.

At last, that same mouth grew so big that—  
alack!—  
It was only a mouth with a border of Jack.

Good-bye till next week,

—ANNE.

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Spring onions are wholesome, but are avoided by many on account of the unpleasant after-effects. The use of **Fluenzol** as a mouthwash, however, is cleansing and cooling, and purifies the breath. A teaspoonful of **Fluenzol** should be retained in the mouth for half a minute or so, and worked round the gums and palate.

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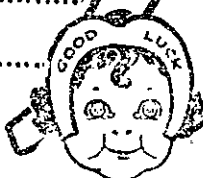
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# First Prize £3,000



**SACRED HEART CHURCH, TIMARU  
EUCHARISTIC PROCESSION.**

The annual eucharistic procession at the Sacred Heart Church was held under favorable circumstances (says the *Timaru Herald* of recent date). Although a cool breeze made its presence felt earlier in the afternoon a large attendance of parishioners and the general public assembled in the convent grounds on Sunday when the procession moved off at half-past two.

With bunting and banners gaily displayed, and artificial flowers and spring blossoms profusely decorating the processional route, the spacious grounds of the convent presented a scene of unusual beauty. In addition to the beautiful floral decorations, sacred statues and pictures also lined the route, while two magnificently candelabred altars provided halting places from where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to the reverently bowed assemblage by the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch.

Punctually at the appointed hour the procession moved off in the following order:—Cross-bearer, school boys, school girls, convent pupils, band, choir, Children of Mary, Altar Society, St. Anne's Guild, ladies of the Sacred Heart Sodality, and Hibernians. The monstrance was carried by the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie under a canopy borne by four of the parishioners, and was attended by the Rev. Fathers Hurley, S.M., P.P. (master of ceremonies), Barra, S.M., Peoples, S.M., Knight (Waimate) and Outtrim (St. Bede's, Christchurch).

Following the monstrance was a lengthy procession of parishioners, and at each altar appropriate music was sung by the choir, to a devotional accompaniment provided by the South Canterbury Regimental Band.

Inside the church, the seating accommodation had to be supplemented in order to accommodate the large congregation, when, at the conclusion of the procession, an eloquent discourse on the text, "Thou shalt do this in commemoration of Me," was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, who also officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Special music contributed by the choir under the direction of Mrs. N. D. Mangos, added considerably to the reverence of the proceedings. Miss B. Meehan sang with fine effect "Ave Maria" by Bach-Gounod, to organ accompaniment and violin obbligato supplied by Mrs. N. D. Mangos and Miss K. Byrne respectively.

At 10.30 a.m. a High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Hurley, at which his Lordship also attended. The choir rendered with effect Silas's Mass in C. Mrs. Mangos presided at the organ.

**MARIST MISSIONS IN QUEENSLAND**

The mission conducted by the Marist Fathers at St. Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, was one that will long be remembered by those privileged to see the extraordinary scenes of Catholic fervor then manifested. Its fame travelled to far-off New Zealand (says the *Catholic Advocate* for September 10). Scarcely less remarkable is the mission conducted by the Marist Fathers at St. Patrick's Church, Toowoomba. This has been characterised as usual by overflowing congregations. A ceremony in connection with the mission unique in the history of Toowoomba, occurred last Thursday night, when a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held. Over 4000 people marched from the church down James Street, Neil Street, Herries Street, and Ruthven Street, back to the church. Prayers were intoned and hymns sung as the procession, preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, followed by about 200 school girls, including Children of Mary, wearing wreaths and veils, 300 pupils of the Christian Brothers' College, and members of the H.A.C.B. Society in regalia, moved through the city. Members of the H.A.C.B. Society formed a guard of honor for the Sacred Host, which was held aloft by Rev. Father McDermott, who was supported by Rev. Father Cleary, deacon, and Rev. Father Burke (Charleville), subdeacon. The canopy-bearers were Alderman A. R. Godsall, Alderman J. A. Herbert, Mr. E. W. Cleary, and Mr. J. J. Lucy. Prior to the departure of the procession from the church Rev. Father Ainsworth, S.M., addressed the congregation. Thousands were unable to gain admission to the church, and from the steps Rev. Father Herring, also one of the Mission Fathers, spoke to the gathering outside. When the procession returned to the church a temporary altar had been erected on the front steps. Benediction hymns were sung and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the celebrant, Rev. Father McDermott.

**Anglicans Uncertain as to Reunion Outlook**

People are asking "How will the Anglo-Catholic movement end?" Father O. R. Vassall-Phillips, a Redemptorist and an authority on the Anglican position, does not hazard a guess, but in a statement he hints that it will end either in another schism or in union with the Holy See.

The spectacle at the Albert Hall when the Anglo-Catholics held their annual congress was an amazing one. The enormous building, the largest hall in London, was packed during two sessions, and a remarkable suggestion by Lord Halifax calling for the Anglican recognition of the Primacy of the Pope went by unchallenged.

The extraordinary character of the meeting will be seen from the fact that it began with the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and a *De Profundis* for the souls of two Anglican bishops not long dead. After that there was a hymn to Our Lady, sung to a Catholic tune.

Lord Halifax, who presided, made an earnest plea for reunion. He had recently returned from Malines, where he took part in the famous conversations. His statement,

however, left Catholics wondering how he could have come away from Malines with so obviously wrong a view of the position of Rome.

Having pointed out the advantages of reunion, he said he was confident that if such a union should take place every care would be taken not to interfere with the position of the See of Canterbury, and to leave the Anglican Church its liturgy and its "matchless" Bible.

Lord Halifax's hope is to see the Established Church link up with Rome as a body preserving its identity. Of course he is very far from the possibility of seeing that. There can only be a large secession from the Anglican body if the Anglo-Catholic movement comes to see, what it does not yet see—that the keystone to the situation is faith, and that all hope of qualified "reunion" is futile.

What will most likely happen is that individuals will continue to enter the Church as faith is vouchsafed to them individually. In High Anglican stores to-day one can buy almost everything that one would seek at a Catholic goods dealer's including pictures of the Pope and statues of the Sacred Heart. The High Anglican is eager for all the externals of Catholicism, but he cannot make his submission to the Church until the faith is given him, though in the meantime he sometimes unreasonably makes it a matter of patriotic pride to cling to the national church.

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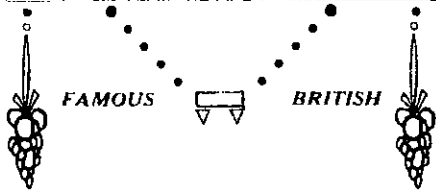
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# Sports and Entertainments

## St. Bede's College Sports

At the invitation of the Rector, teaching staff, and boys of St. Bede's College, Christchurch, a strong contingent of proud parents, admiring brothers and sisters, considerably reinforced by friends and well-wishers of the school, assembled in the college grounds yesterday for the boys' annual sports meeting (says the *Christchurch Press* for October 16). The weather was beautiful and the various events of the long programme succeeded each other with commendable promptitude, so that the interest of the visitors, many of whom had come long distances for the occasion, was maintained throughout.

In the spacious dining-room, where the long table was gay with plum blossom, tea was dispensed to all the guests—no light undertaking, made easier by the helpfulness of the boys, who were most assiduous in waiting upon the visitors.

During the afternoon his Worship the Mayor (Mr. J. K. Archer) attended the gathering and was entertained to tea by the Rector, Dr. Geaney.

[A detailed report of the sports' results will be given in our next issue. —Ed. N.Z.T.]

## St. Bede's College, Christchurch

### THE PAST FOOTBALL SEASON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The 1925 season provided hard but interesting football for St. Bede's first fifteen. Owing to the temporary lapse of the Secondary School Competition, the team was entered in the third grade competition. They succeeded in winning the A section of the third grade, but were defeated by Halswell in the final play off for the President's Cup. Since it was an open grade, the boys met older and heavier players than themselves. It was always a fight against weight and experience but speed and skill enabled St. Bede's to win out. In the A grade eleven matches were played and all were won. During the winter holidays the team lost two games by necessary default. Old Boys had played the full number of games, and had been defeated but once; this meant that St. Bede's had to play and defeat Old Boys twice to win the competition. The first game was very close, ending in favor of the College—3-0. The second game, played under more favorable weather conditions was won by 8-3. During the eleven games played St. Bede's scored 209 points against 30.

The school opened badly in inter-college games. Christ College A won easily by 33-5 when first the teams met. Some weeks later, St. Bede's were able to reverse that result and win 21-3. The following week Boys' High School A were defeated by 15-5, and then followed a victory over St. Andrew's by 21-3. Playing in Wellington the boys were defeated by St. Patrick's College by 3-0.

St. Bede's team, this year was not a heavy fifteen, even for college standard. It was fortunate in having speedy players in both forward and back divisions. The forwards were of the light worrying type that keeps

the opposing backs busy in defence: it was the hard dogged play of these boys that made it possible for the backs to bring off the scoring movements for which this team will long be remembered by the supporters of St. Bede's. O'Neill, Bryce, Head, and Barrett were the pick of a good hard working pack. The backs were well served in having Manuix in the half-back position. He and Doogan at first five-eighth formed the cleverest combination the college has had in these positions. Spring as wing-three-quarter scored more than his share of the points gained, whilst Galvin at full-back always lent a feeling of security to the game especially in critical moments. The team was captained for the second time by Ahearn, a good leader and most opportune try-getter.

The success of the team is due in great measure to the efficient coaching of Rev. Father A. Cullen, whose attention and time were ungrudgingly devoted to the interests of the boys.

## St. Mary's Tennis Club, Christchurch

St. Mary's Tennis Club opened its 1925 season on Saturday, the 10th inst. With fine weather conditions, there was a large attendance of members and friends. The following office-bearers were elected for the season:—Club captain, Mr. J. Lysaght; hon. sec., Mr. S. Ashton; hon. treasurer, Mr. C. Evans; committee, Misses A. Darby, T. Ryan, B. Holley, I. Ashton, Messrs. M. Darby, P. Clarkson, R. Marlow, and N. Daly. The courts have been top dressed and put in thorough order, and judging from the enthusiasm prevailing a very successful season is anticipated. Afternoon tea was served by the committee, and the proceedings proved most enjoyable.

## Catholic Glee Club, Timaru

There was a large and appreciative audience at St. Patrick's Hall, Brown Street, on Wednesday evening (says the *Timaru Herald* for October 9), when the Catholic Glee Club presented their first concert of the 1925 season. Assisting the choir were prominent local artists, and with concerted and solo items pleasingly varied a very acceptable entertainment resulted.

Under the baton of Mr. A. C. McInnes the choir showed excellent control and balance, fine conception of the value of light and shade also being apparent. The programme submitted by the choir was well chosen, and met with universal approval, extra numbers being demanded on each occasion. Perhaps the most popular were "Comrades in Arms," a rousing martial air, "Juanita," and "Rosary." A humorous offering entitled "Fishing" was also delivered with splendid result. For the short time the club has been in existence very encouraging progress has been made, the high standard already achieved reflecting great credit upon all concerned.

Artistic contributions to the programme were the piano duos by Misses E. O'Meehan and W. Harris, "Tarantelle" (Raff) and Kreisler's "Liesbesfreud." Miss B. Meehan

also proved a worthy contributor with "Oh to be a Gipsy," the vocalist responding with "Wai-iti Poi." Later in the evening Miss Meehan was again heard to advantage in "When Song is Sweet" and "Sacrament." Mr. Wilfrid Scott's "Toreador Song" from "Carmen," proved a most acceptable offering. In response to insistent demands Mr. Scott contributed "For the Green," and at a later stage "Cloze Props" and "Heart of Gold," both being warmly received. The elocutionary portion of the programme was consistent with the general high standard that prevailed, a noteworthy contribution being "The Gambler's Wife," delivered by Miss Imelda Collins in a manner necessitating a repeat number. "The Ocean" was suitably given by Mr. B. Dunne, who responded to a recall with "Tangmalangaloo," a humorous item that met with popular approval. The accompaniments to the vocal items, supplied by Miss W. Harris, were by no means a small feature of a very artistic entertainment.

At the conclusion of the programme, the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, expressed his regret at the absence, owing to indisposition, of the Rev. Father Hurley, and voiced his appreciation of the splendid progress shown by the club, and thanked the visiting artists for the assistance so kindly provided.

## IRISH HISTORY COMPETITION

The period to be covered for this year's Competition in Irish History is from the death of Hugh O'Neill to the Act of Union. To facilitate the study of the history of this period we reprinted (commencing in our issue for April 1, and concluding in the issue of the *Tablet* for August 19) that portion of Sullivan's *Story of Ireland* which treats of the subject. The information therein contained may be supplemented by reference to Carey's *Irish History Lessons* or other works obtainable at the *Tablet* Office.

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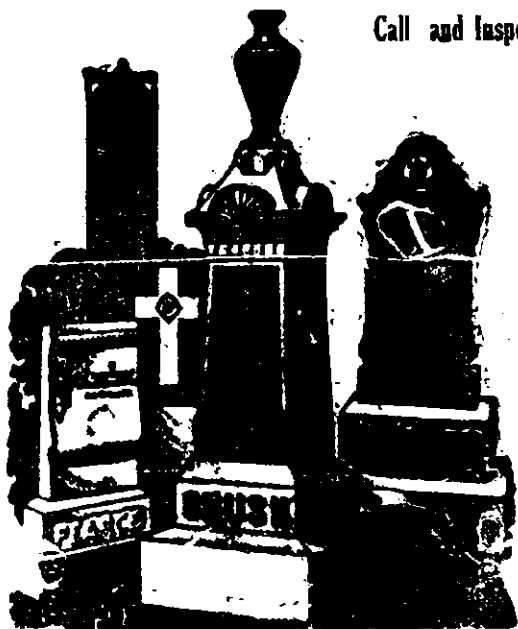
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**Divorce Applicants see Motion Picture by Judge's Order.**—At Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., Judge R. G. Morrow, of the circuit court, adopted an unusual method of dealing with applications for divorce when he had presented in his court room a motion picture, which portrays, in a vivid fashion, the evils of divorce and its adverse effects on society at large. The showing was viewed by 20 applicants for divorce, their attorneys and witnesses, courthouse attaches and visitors. Judge Morrow prefaced the showing of the picture with a lecture on the evils of divorce.

**Historical Fete at Bruges.**—The peace of the romantic "Beguinage" of Bruges, and its quiet little houses, awoke (writes the Brussels correspondent of the *London Times*) to the noisy but happy celebration of an historical fete. Seven hundred years ago Marguerite of Constantinople—who was Countess of Flanders and Hainault—entered the enclosure of the Convent of the Vine, afterwards, in 1245, reviving the privileges accorded to the convent, and the fete, with a feast of color and quaint pageantry, paid honor to her memory. Queen Elizabeth and Cardinal Mercier were present at the ceremony, which was held by the *Las d'Amour*. All the notable families of the town took part in the procession. The Dames of Honor, the knights, pages, and the musicians, all attired in the vivid costumes of the XIII century, gave the impression that ancient Bruges had come to life.

**War-Wrecked B.V.M. Shrine Restored.**—The famous image of Our Lady known as Maria Luschari which formerly adorned the mediaeval shrine of Luschari, in Austria, a place of pilgrimage for many centuries, has been replaced in the new church built upon the site of the ancient building. The old church was destroyed by artillery fire in the Italian offensive on the Carinthian front in 1915. Immediately after the first few shells fell around the old church, the famous image was removed to a place of safety at Seifnitz, where it remained until placed in the new church. This new church has been erected at public expense by the Italian Government, since this part of Carinthia is now under Italian rule as provided by the treaties signed at the conclusion of the World War. It stands upon a commanding summit more than 4000 feet high. Since the Middle Ages the ancient church now replaced has been a shrine of pilgrimage for the inhabitants of Carinthia, Carniola, and Upper Italy. Even after the destruction of the old church and the removal of the image, the pilgrimages continued.

**Priest's Grave Warning.**—At an open-air address to over 3000 Philadelphia, U.S.A., Police, Rev. F. Turner, C.S.S.R., recently delivered a sweeping arraignment of godless education. "What have we to hope," he asked, "from those university graduates

whose minds have been poisoned, and whose hearts have been corrupted with the pernicious doctrine of atheism, agnosticism, materialism, and radical socialism? What trust can we place in a man who scoffs at the idea that man was made to know, love and serve God; whose only ambition is to acquire an abundance of the things of this world, and who treats, with silent contempt, the things of eternity, the things of God? Do you want to stem this raging tide of lawlessness? Then get religion into our halls of learning. Get the knowledge of God into the mind of youth. Get the love of God into the heart of youth. Get the law of God into the life of youth; and then, but not till then, will youth have respect for himself, regard for his neighbor, reverence for authority, and rectitude in public life."

**The Pope as a Linguist.**—His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, the eminent historian of monasticism in England, and now librarian to the Vatican, told some interesting facts concerning the Pope in a recent address delivered at the annual meeting of the Catholic Record Society, held at Westminster. He conveyed the glad news that, in spite of the heavy strain involved by the many pilgrimages from all over the world, his Holiness retains his characteristic vigor. Among other things, the Cardinal spoke of the Pope's adventures in English. Though a profound scholar and an accomplished linguist, his Holiness makes little use of English. On the occasion of the American pilgrimage, under the leadership of his Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, an address was read to his Holiness in English. The Pope, in returning thanks, said that he had understood every word of it, and added that, strange to say, he understood English when spoken by an American much better than when spoken by an Englishman. A party of English pilgrims besought the Pope to address them in English. They were told gently but firmly that his Holiness made no pretence of being a fluent speaker of the Saxon tongue. This, however, failed to satisfy their desire to hear their native language, if only a couple of words, coming from the lips of the Holy Father. As a result of the pressure exercised by the pilgrims, the Pope complied, and spoke the two words they asked for. "All right, good-bye," he said. In the light of the foregoing, it is interesting to learn that while the Glasgow pilgrims were recently received in audience the Supreme Pontiff spoke in Italian, and his Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow translated his words into English. At this audience 550 Scottish pilgrims were present, along with Archbishop Mackintosh, of Glasgow, and Bishop Martin, of Argyll and the Isles.

**Cincinnati's New Archbishop.**—The remarkable missionary spirit of the Irish race throughout the world has received another mark of Papal approval by the elevation of

Most Rev. J. T. McNicholas, O.P., who was born at Kiltimagh in 1877, from the Episcopacy of Duluth to the Archbishopric of Cincinnati, with spiritual jurisdiction over the 12 suffragan Sees (says the *Irish Catholic*). Joy and satisfaction were voiced by all classes in the Archdiocese, the secular Press vying with the Catholic newspapers in paying tribute to the outstanding qualifications of his Grace, because of his zeal, scholarly attainments, powers as a preacher, and his organising and administrative abilities. Most Rev. Dr. McNicholas ranks as one of the youngest occupants of the high office to which he has been called. The appointment of a Dominican as Archbishop of Cincinnati is a further tribute to the wearers of the white robe, its founder's first occupant having been Most Rev. E. D. Fenwick, who was another devoted disciple of St. Dominic. Most Rev. Dr. Purcell an Irishman of great repute in the States, was his successor, and the next occupant of the See was Most Rev. Dr. Elder, whose crozier passed on to the hands of Most Rev. Dr. Moeller. As a professor and writer on Canon Law and Philosophy Most Rev. Dr. McNicholas has shown deep erudition, and a facility for clear exposition. During a period spent in lecturing and teaching at the Washington University an article from his pen in the *Ecclesiastical Review* on the condition of the Italian emigrants in the United States attracted considerable attention. From 1913 to 1916 he discharged with great zeal the pastoral duties of St. Catherine's, New York. In that time he made the Holy Name Society a Catholic organisation of great influence, nationally and internationally. Summoned to Rome, he acted as Assistant to the Master-General of the Dominican Order with an efficiency and distinction which earned for him the esteem of his superiors, as well as the approval of Pope Benedict, with whom he was personally acquainted.

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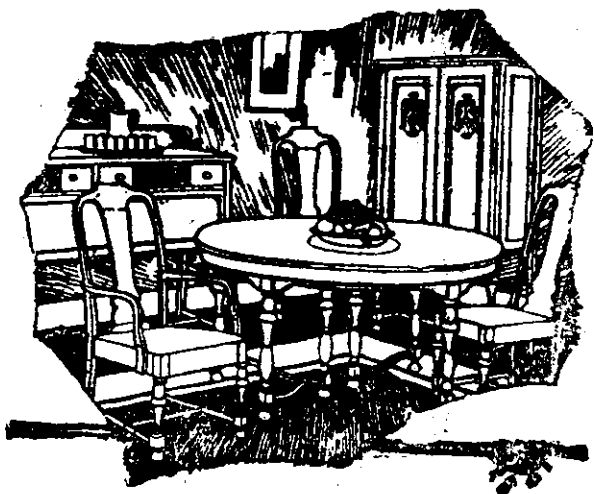
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## Irish News

COMPULSORY EDUCATION—THE STUDY OF GAELIC—BELFAST GIFT TO CATHOLIC HOME—DUBLIN'S GREAT WEEK—IRISH ANTIQUITIES—CATHOLIC TOLERANCE IN THE FREE STATE: PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

The Free State Government of Ireland has introduced, and will attempt to have passed at the next session of the Dail Eireann, a Bill compelling all children between the ages of six and fourteen to attend school. Hitherto education has not been compulsory, but the proposals prescribe heavy penalties for parents who in future neglect to send their children to school. Employment which prevents a child under the age of fourteen from obtaining proper benefit from attendance at school is made illegal. Except in the towns, the authority to enforce the school law will be the new police.

• • •

Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, who was visiting Ireland in August, asked the Irish people to become bilingual, to know both Gaelic and English. Although English is the world's principal business tongue, cultural advantages of Gaelic are immense, said Archbishop Curley. This is proved by the eagerness of other nations, such as Germany, to study Gaelic.

The Irish language, as a great creation of the human mind, compares favorably with all other languages, ancient and modern, his Grace declared.

• • •

Representatives of all creeds were present when the Belfast Sports Gala Committee presented a wireless set to St. Brigid's Home for the Blind, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. J. Devlin, M.P., in returning thanks, said the great work of the Sports Gala Committee was done by some of the busiest members of the community, men of high commercial standing in the city, public representatives upon whom there were constant and ever growing draughts, and those who were occupied in many spheres of public and of industrial activity. All gave their time, like true philanthropists, not only to the work of helping the great hospitals and institutions, but assisting humble and modest institutions of that character that were little known, and therefore not fully appreciated. Even they had a thought for these and their last thought was their sweetest one, and for that he begged to express the warmest gratitude to them. (Applause.)

• • •

This has been a record Horse Show Week (writes the Dublin correspondent of the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald* for August 15). The weather has been almost ideal. The crowds that passed the turnstiles each day were the largest ever witnessed at any previous show. One would have thought that the additional attraction of the Tailteann Games last year would have worked in such a way as to eclipse the present year's show. Never in

the lifetime of this generation were so many visitors from abroad seen in our city as there have been during the past week. Dublin and the whole country are looking at their best, and visitors are favorably impressed with all they have seen. The show given by the Cossacks in Lansdown Road was extremely well attended all the week. The latter is perhaps one of the finest all-round performances ever seen in Dublin.

• • •

Ireland learned with a sense of personal loss of the death of Commendatore Boni, the Italian archaeologist, and the intimate adviser of Pope Leo XIII in that branch of knowledge. In the autumn of 1904 the distinguished Italian antiquary, who was Director of Excavations in Rome, paid a visit to Ireland and made a public statement which aroused keen interest among Irish archaeologists. His studies in Celtic literature had led him to believe that Irish antiquities might possibly throw some light upon the origin of the Roman Forum. His journey to Ireland was undertaken to test this impression. During his stay he met the foremost Irish antiquaries and visited the most important ancient remains, especially those of prehistoric burial places. The results of his visit confirmed his previous impression that Ireland possessed many unexplored traces of the history of early European civilisation.

It was his intention, though he was unable to carry it out, to invite the collaboration of America, in instituting a systematic campaign of research into the Irish vestiges of the past, which, he was convinced, contained sure information about the origin of society as we know it to-day. "The manuscripts of the ancient Irish poems," he said, "first indicated to me the beginnings of the Roman Forum." After his return to Italy he wrote a rather full account of his investigations in Ireland in an article entitled "Hibernica," which was published in the *Nuova Antologia*.

• • •

Whatever may be said against the Free State Government, the charge of bigotry can at least never be laid at its door (writes the Dublin correspondent of the *Melbourne Tribune*).

An attempt to do so was made by a Dublin Protestant minister the other week in the *Record*, organ of the Free Church of Scotland, but it was promptly scotched by two leading Protestant business men, Ald. Hubbard Clark, a Presbyterian, and Mr. C. Eason, a member of the Church of Ireland. They quote a few telling facts. One member of the Free State Cabinet is a Protestant, 12 members of the Free State Parliament are Protestants. There are nearly 30 Protestants in the Free State Senate of 60 members. Of the nine Justices of the Supreme and High Courts of the Free State, four are

Protestants. And all this in a State nearly 90 per cent. of whose citizens are Catholics.

Contrast this with the action of the Six-County Government, which has not given a single seat on its Senate to a Catholic, whose official appointments are exclusively Protestant, who make the Catholic religion a ban even to entrance to their Special Constabulary.

Yet, in the Six Counties the proscribed Catholics number more than a third of the population. Therefore, the most fantastic charge of all against the Free State is one of religious intolerance; whereas in the North-East the Premier himself, Sir James Craig, in his Twelfth of July statement, publicly linked the Government of his British-created "Northern Ireland" with Protestantism, while his Ministers in the recent elections boasted that there were no Catholics employed in the Government offices. Under these conditions a tactful silence might at least be expected from Protestant publicists.

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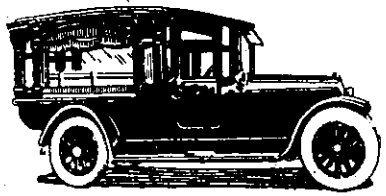
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# Town and Country News

## Eketahuna-Hamua Notes

(From our own correspondent.)

October 10.

Interest in the euchre parties held every Monday evening, is being well maintained. The continued success is largely due to the ladies committee—Mesdames W. J. Minogue, W. Coulton, and J. Harper, and the Misses E. and T. Gooding, A. Whitaker, and B. and M. O'Regan.

A successful dance was held at Newman. Mr. P. Dillon, as secretary, was responsible for the enjoyable evening and the excellent financial return.

Regret is felt that Mr. O'Donnell, of Parkville, is still in indifferent health; a fervent wish is here expressed for a rapid recovery.

The examination in Christian doctrine of the children attending the classes, resulted in prizes being awarded by the Rev. Father Doherty to W. Spring (senior A) and Isobel Spring (senior B), and Rudolph Daube, Norma O'Regan, and B. Harper in the junior class.

The new bridge at Hukamui is now completed, and is a great boon to the Hukamui parishioners in shortening the distance to Mass on Sundays.

Mr. A. Dougherty has been elected choir-master at Hamua. Miss Maureen Mahony, A.T.C.L., is the official organist. Mr. T. Golder is deputy choir-master.

Mr. M. Galvin, of Hamua, has captained the representatives in all the big football encounters this year. The Hamua team again won the shield.

## Rotorua Notes

(From our own correspondent.)

October 10.

The usual fortnightly dance and "500" tournament, which were postponed for a month for various reasons, were resumed last Monday evening in "Dixieland," a very fair crowd attending. The ladies' first prize for the card tournament was won by Mrs. Wiggins; consolation prize, Miss Monk. The gents' first prize was won by Mr. J. Pennington; consolation prize, Mrs. A. Smith (who played a gents' hand). Mrs. Douglas' orchestra supplied very spirited music for the dancers.

Rev. Father Smyers, who has been curate here for the past five or six months, has left for Africa, where he has been transferred to the Belgian Congo Mission. Rev. Father Spierings, of Tokaanu, who will be relieving here pending the arrival of Father Smyers' successor, preached very eloquently at the ten o'clock Mass on Sunday and again at evening devotions.

Considering the inclemency of the weather, the October devotions have been very well attended to date. The local paper credits it with five fine days for the month of September, but this scribe is rather inclined to think that an exaggeration. When will the weather clear up? is a cry heard on all sides.

The drawing of the £500 art union in aid of St. Michael's School has been extended one month.

## Reefton Notes

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 10.

It must have given joy to the heart of Rev. Father Ginisty to witness the number responding to his call for resurrecting Dean Rolland's long lost sodality. The First Friday saw great numbers receiving the regalia of the arch-confraternity. On the first Sunday there was a general Communion of sodalists, and procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening before Benediction. It reminded one of the closing scene of a mission. Father Ginisty preached a beautiful sermon on devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and exhorted his sodality members to live in close communion with Our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His love. At the close of his sermon he feelingly referred to the memory of the late Dean Rolland who had established the sodality, and it was said by the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* at that time to have been one of the best flourishing in the southern hemisphere. Father Ginisty said surely Dean Rolland must have looked from heaven with pleasure on his dear old Reefton and blessed the revival of his old sodality. It is intended to extend the branch to all the outlying districts, and it is hoped the parishioners, in large numbers, will join the big army doing honor to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. At a general meeting that followed evening devotions the director gave a clear statement on the present state of the sodality and practical advice on the establishing of a library in connection with the arch-confraternity. The members will also have a club with now and again "evenings" to foster social intercourse. This information was received with great pleasure and members are eagerly looking forward to the opening of the club. All wish the sodality every success and hope it will double its membership to carry on the good work undertaken. It is Father Ginisty's intention to form a men's branch at an early date.

## OBITUARY

MRS. ELIZABETH MARY RYAN,  
WEEDONS, CANTERBURY.

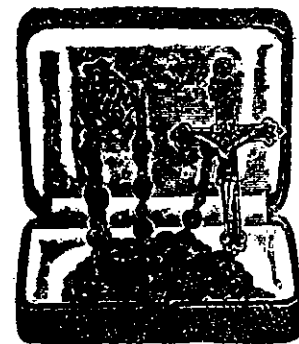
With much regret the death is recorded of Mrs. Ryan, wife of Mr. P. F. Ryan, of "Grasslea," Weedons, well known in Hibernian circles throughout the Dominion through his connection with the New Headford branch of the society. Mrs. Ryan was the youngest daughter of Mrs. Cumneen, of Broadfields, one of the oldest and most respected residents of the district. Mrs. Ryan passed away on September 30 (Feast of the Little Flower), after a long, painful illness, borne with great fortitude. Of a most lovable nature, her cheerfulness, kindness, and practical charity, endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her generous charity made her life a noble one—noble with

ease and grace, with which she so readily assisted in every work that was for the uplift of the individual or the furtherance of the work of God's Holy Church. The late Mrs. Ryan leaves a husband and four children, together with a wide circle of relations and friends, to mourn their loss and respect her memory. The funeral took place on October 2, a lengthy cortege of over 100 cars and other vehicles proceeded to the Lincoln Church, where Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Hare, assisted by Fathers Leen (Rangiora), Creed (Leeston), O'Connor (Addington), J. Hanrahan (Papanui), O'Meeghan (New Brighton), and Lordon (Cathedral). A beautiful tribute was carried out by Mrs. Maganness, representing the Paparua County Council, of which Mr. Ryan is a member; the grave being lined with beautiful white and pink blossoms. The wreaths were sent from all parts. Sincere sympathy is extended to the sorrowing husband and relatives.—R.I.P.

MR. MICHAEL SCANLON, WESTPORT.

The community was shocked on October 1 (writes our Westport correspondent) to learn of the death of Mr. Michael Scanlon, occurring with distressing suddenness and only six months' after that of his brother, Matthew. Deceased had been seriously ill some months back but had apparently recovered, and his rapid decline and unexpected demise came as a shock to all. The late Mr. Scanlon was a native of Charleston, and the second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon. He took a keen interest in all public affairs, being at various times president of the Trotting and Jockey Clubs, and a member of the Buller Rugby Union, White Star Football Club, and the Council of the School of Mines, and was actively interested in all movements for the welfare of the town. His death will be greatly regretted as he was a man of kindly and genial nature, and universally respected. The remains were interred in the Orawaiti Cemetery; Rev. Father Sweeney officiating at the graveside. To the bereaved family the sympathy of a wide circle of friends is extended.—R.I.P.

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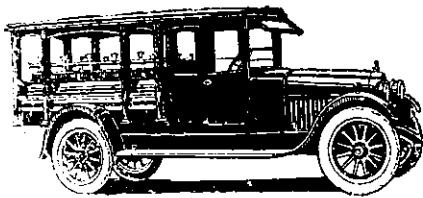
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## FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

(By the RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR POWER, V.F., for the N.Z. Tablet.)

### 16. THE CHURCH A SOCIETY (Continued)

As Original Justice was given to and lost by man as a race, we naturally came to the conclusion in the preceding chapter that, in His work of regeneration, Our Lord would deal with man as a race also, that He would be a Second Adam through Whom and whose Kingdom grace would flow upon all its members. As the first Adam summed up in himself his whole race, and would have transmitted to it Original Justice, so now Christ and His Church would form one body for the transmission of the gift of regeneration. "The whole Christ," says St. Augustine, "is not Christ alone, but Christ and the Church: the whole Christ is made up of the Head and the Body. The Head is the Only-Begotten Son of God, and the Body is the Church, two in one flesh."

This new Society or Kingdom was clearly sketched by the prophets in their description of Christ's triple office of King, Priest, and Prophet. Isaiah writes in his fifty-second chapter: "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace; of Him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion: Thy God shall reign." In the twenty-third chapter of Jeremiah we read: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, and I will raise up to David a just branch: and a King shall reign, and shall be wise: and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In those days shall Juda be saved, and Israel shall dwell confidently: and this is the name that they shall call Him: the Lord our Just One."

But if the Messiah will be a reigning King, He must have a Kingdom. The Prophet Daniel saw many powerful kingdoms crumble to pieces; but one after another they were unconsciously preparing the way for a new Kingdom which he beheld in vision as a spiritual, world-subduing force. After explaining in his second chapter the four kingdoms of Nabuchadonozor's dream, He proceeds to say: "In the days of those kingdoms, the God of Heaven will set up a Kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and His Kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people: and it shall break in pieces and consume all those kingdoms, and itself shall stand forever." The foundations of this new Kingdom were laid by the Son of Man, Whom Daniel beheld in a vision of the night coming with the clouds of Heaven: "And He came even to the Ancient of Days: and they presented Him before Him. And He gave Him power, and glory, and a Kingdom: and all peoples, tribes, and tongues shall serve Him: His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away: and His Kingdom that shall not be destroyed."

When the prophets had done their work, and the Baptist had come as the immediate precursor of the Messiah, he preached the near approach of the Kingdom. And as a proof that it had already come, Our Lord Himself appealed to His power of working miracles and casting out devils: "If I by

the Spirit of God cast out devils, then is the Kingdom of God come upon you." And now, right through the New Testament, the Church is described by Our Lord and the sacred writers as one perfect and independent Society or Kingdom. It is presented as one external and visible community with a compact and definite organisation, a new commonwealth founded by Christ, into which people of all nations are to be called. The beautiful Parables of the Kingdom represent it as a visible society, and predict its internal growth and its outward expansion. It is a building set on Peter, the visible Rock, and composed of visible stones, the Apostles and the faithful; it is a City set on a Hill, to be seen by all, and offering shelter to all. To its ruler is given the power of binding and loosing, a power which will be exercised with divine sanction, and with authority to exclude delinquents that the visible unity of the living organism may be preserved intact.

The inspired book of the Acts, that details the work of the Apostles and the growth of the Infant Church, tells us how the external signs of visible communion and of interior grace were applied to those who came flocking to it: they made their profession of faith, they were baptized, they received the Holy Eucharist, they joined in common liturgical prayer. These were the visible sign and seal in the first age of the Church, as they are to-day, of the external union with one another and of the internal union with God of those who were added to and absorbed by the already existing Church. When Saint Peter, on the day of Pentecost, at the end of his first sermon, had exhorted his hearers to accept his word and save themselves from the perverse generation around them, many were converted, "and there were added in that day about three thousand souls." That is, they were admitted into an already existing Society. Summing up the effect of this first day's preaching the Acts of the Apostles say: "And the Lord increased daily together such as should be saved." He led them for salvation into the one body, the one society which He had set up.

In his various Epistles Saint Paul views the particular churches to which he is writing, as parts of this one brotherhood, as members of this one community called together by Jesus Christ: all are fellow-citizens of one Kingdom, all are members of one household, all are fitly compacted and joined together to form one living temple of God: "You are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in Whom all the building being framed together, groweth up into a holy temple in the Lord."

The Holy Ghost was promised and sent to the Church to preserve her internal unity, for the Church is not a merely material body,

it is a living body, the Body of Christ. It is the Holy Ghost Who controls the working of grace in the Church, preserves its unity, and enables it to bear perpetual witness to the truth. In the twelfth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians Saint Paul enumerates the inward workings and the outward manifestations of the Holy Spirit, in order to impress upon the faithful that the Church is a united organism, a perfect society: "Now there are varieties of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are varieties of ministrations, and the same Lord. And there are varieties of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all. But to each is given the manifestation of the Spirit for the (general) profit. To one through the Spirit is granted utterance of wisdom; to another utterance of knowledge, according to the same Spirit; to another faith, in the same Spirit; and to another, working of miracles, to another, prophecy, to another discernings of spirits, to another, (divers) kinds of tongues, and to another, the interpretation of tongues. But all these are the work of one and the same Spirit, who apportioneth severally to each as He will."

Then in the fourteen following verses he goes on to point out a telling analogy between the functions of the members of the one Mystic Body of Christ and those of the several members of the individual human body. "For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, many as they are, form one body, so also (it is with) Christ. For in one Spirit all we, whether Jews or Greeks, whether slaves or free, were baptised into one Body; and were all given to drink of one Spirit. . . Now you are (together) the Body of Christ, and severally His members."

Saint Paul is very severe with those who would break up the unity of this society: there could be no greater sin. To him the unity of the Blessed Trinity is the pattern of the unity of the Church. Mark how in the fourth chapter to the Ephesians he joins in unforgettable phrase the unity of the body, that is, of the Church, with the unity of the Three Divine Persons whom he mentions in inverse order: "I exhort you, therefore, I, a prisoner in the Lord, to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called, with all humility and meekness, with long-suffering, bearing with one another in charity, careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: one body and one Spirit, as also ye were called in one hope, that of your calling: one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, Who is above all and throughout all and in all."

Thus we see from the teaching of Christ and from the Sacred Scriptures that the Church is a distinct and complete society set up by Christ Himself as the ordinary means of salvation, as the ordinary channel of His graces to the souls of all who would be saved. Those who faithfully adhere to this Society will not be "carried around by every wind of doctrine, through the trickery of men crafty in devising error," but will "grow in all things into Him Who is the Head, Christ. From Him the whole body . . . deriveth its increase, unto the building up of itself in charity."

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# On the Land

## MARKET REPORTS.

There was a medium yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week, 200 head being penned. The quality was only fair, and there were very few pens of really prime bullocks forward, the bulk of the entry comprising cows and heifers of medium quality. Prices opened firm at late rates, and at times there was a very noticeable rise in values, especially for any well-finished light cattle, but, taken all over, prices may be quoted on a par with the previous week's rates. Prime heavy-weight bullocks made up to £31 10s, heavy-weight bullocks £27 10s to £29, light-weight bullocks £18 15s to £23 12s 6d, prime heifers up to £18 2s 6d, medium heifers £11 10s to £14 15s. Fat Sheep.—There was a medium yarding of 1611 penned for last week's sale. The quality was good, and the bulk of the entry comprised wethers of which there were several pens of extra good quality. Prices opened on a par with late rates, and as the sale progressed values for heavy sheep firmed, and at the end of the day prices for this class had risen from 1s to 1s 6d above opening rates. Some of the northern butchers were operating, and naturally this outside competition on a small market kept values firm. Prime heavy-weight wethers made up to 60s, heavy-weight wethers 54s to 57s, light-weight wethers 42s to 45s, prime heavy-weight ewes 45s to 48s 6d, heavy-weight ewes 42s to 44s, light-weight ewes 30s to 33s, new season's lambs 40s to 45s 6d. Lambs.—10 spring lambs were penned of good average quality. Prices were well up to those of the previous week, ranging from 36s to 48s 6d. Pigs.—There were 110 fats and 123 slips. Fat pigs sold at rather less than the preceding week's high rates, and the others showed little change.

Entries were on the small side at Addington last week, and there was a good, sound sale, though fat cattle failed to hold the previous week's rates. Fat Sheep.—There was an average yarding, which included several trucks from the Tapanui district of South Otago. One line of 150 from Heriot made 45s 7d to 60s 1d. The sale generally was a shade dearer than on the preceding week. Extra prime wethers made 57s 6d to 60s 1d, prime 47s to 53s 6d, medium 43s 6d to 48s 6d, light 39s 10d to 43s, extra prime ewes to 46s 4d, prime 40s 6d to 44s, medium 37s to 40s, light 34s 10d to 36s 9d, prime shorn wethers to 36s 10d, ordinary shorn wethers 34s 1d to 35s 6d, prime hoggets to 42s 4d. Fat Cattle.—There was an entry of 412 head, which included 80 head from the North Island, and consignments from the Chatham Islands and the West Coast. Values were down on the previous week by 20s to 30s per head. Butchers complain of the high prices now ruling for meat, in consequence of which consumption is being restricted. Extra prime beef made up to 57s 6d per 100lb, prime beef 52s 6d to 56s, prime heavy 50s to 52s 6d, medium 46s to 49s, light 42s to 44s 6d, and rough down to 27s 6d. Extra prime heavy-weight steers made £27 to £33 12s 6d, prime heavy steers £21 to £24, medium weight £17 to £20 10s,

light £14 to £16 15s, rough £11 to £13 10s, extra prime heifers £18 to £22 5s, prime £12 15s to £15 15s, ordinary £9 7s 6d to £12 10s, light £4 6s to £8 10s, extra prime cows to £19 2s 6d, prime £12 10s to £15 10s, ordinary £9 5s to £12 5s, light £7 15s to £9, aged £4 to £7 10s. Vealers.—There was a good sale. Runners made £8 to £9 17s 6d, good vealers £6 10s to £7 5s, others £4 15s to £6 2s 6d. Fat Pigs.—Choppers made £3 10s to £7 10s, baconers £4 7s to £6 10s; price per lb 8½d to 9½d; porkers 55s to 82s, price per lb 9½d to 10½d.

## MORNING AND EVENING MILK FAT PERCENTAGES.

Where milk producers sell milk that has been drawn in the morning, there is always some risk of it being deficient in fat. Milk drawn from the cow in the morning is invariably poorer in buttermilk than that secreted in the afternoon or evening. Dairy farmers and all who produce milk for human consumption should be fully aware of this fact, and of the reasons which account for it.

It is not because the milk drawn in the morning and in the evening is different, although when a cow lies still the percentage of water in the milk is larger, and that of the solids proportionately small, but the variation is due to the unequal time that elapses between the periods.

If a herd is milked at, say, 6 a.m., and again at 3.30 p.m., the milk secreted in the latter time will be more than 1 per cent. richer than the morning's milk, but if the second period is extended to 6 p.m., the morning's milk will be richer in fat than the evening's by about 0.2 per cent.

We are fully aware of the fact that a six o'clock milking is quite impracticable as far as a town dairyman is concerned. As a rule the afternoon milking is commenced at 3.30 p.m., or earlier, so that in order to make the intervals between milking more uniform the morning's milk must be drawn as early as possible.

There is a great variation between the fat percentages of the first and last drawn milk. The first drawn milk is usually very much poorer in fat than that drawn last, and in milking it is always advised that the "fore" milk, or first few drawings, be allowed to fall into a separate pail. Apart from being of very poor quality, it invariably contains a great number of undesirable bacteria. In some instances variations as wide as 1 to 10 per cent. of fat in the first and last drawn milk have been noticed.

The milk that is drawn first has been in the udder for a considerable length of time, and according to some authorities undergoes peculiar changes during this period, certain organs of the udder exercising a reabsorptive action on the milk, which also tends to make it poorer in fat. Moreover, the larger globules of fat are of nearly the same size as the smaller milk ducts, for which reason they do not pass along these vessels very easily, and are only drawn out with the last milk.

It is for this reason that the "strippings" constitute by far the most valuable portion of the cow's milk, for this milk is the richest in butter fat of any that is drawn.

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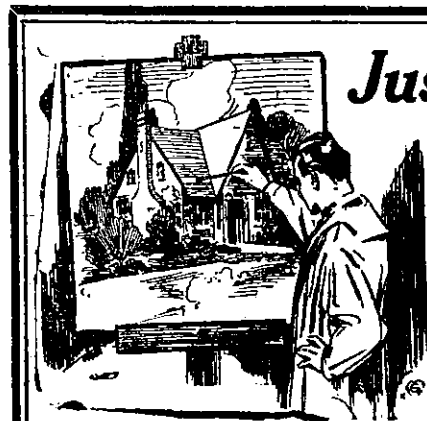
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## Catholic World

### EGYPTIANS MAKE SACRIFICES FOR CATHOLICISM.

Apropos of the pilgrimage which recently visited Rome from Egypt, it is interesting to note the observations made by the Jesuit missionaries who are laboring in that famous region.

"The College of our Fathers in Cairo," writes one of them, "dedicated to the Holy Family has for some time been admitting Coptic Catholic youths destined for the sacred priesthood. Afterward, if it is judged opportune, they are entrusted to the Oriental Seminary annexed to our University of Beyruth in Syria.

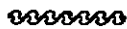
"The Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, of saintly memory, desired to further the formation of the Coptic clergy, placing beneath his august patronage the seminary founded by him in 1899 at Tahtah, an important city of Upper Egypt in the Province of Ghirgheh, distant 200 kilometres from our residence at Minieh.

"As the Catholic ceremonies profoundly impress these Oriental peoples, our Fathers are extremely solicitous in preparing them well. The children are most carefully prepared for First Holy Communion. A Retreat of three days always precedes the great event. A procession to the church is a feature of the ceremonies which always creates a very favorable impression. The little ones carry a lily in their hands, symbolic of spotless innocence.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated in the parish church by the Coptic Bishop, or in his stead by the Vicar-General. The Acts before and after Communion are recited by the children under the form of a dialogue with the Father who has prepared them. This method of reciting draws the attention of those who are present and furnishes them with reflections that are at once instructive and edifying.

Often the conclusion of the pagan parents is: I will be a Catholic with my little one.

"Many sacrifices are made by these poor people for the Faith which becomes so dear to them on acquaintance. Many come over an hour's journey over the roads to receive Holy Communion. Thanks to the devotion, example and prayers of the little children, many of the elders obtain the grace of conversion."



### PILGRIMS FROM AFRICA VISIT ROME.

From all quarters of the globe pilgrimages pour into the Eternal City. Although the summer months are not especially popular because of the heat and other inconveniences of travel conditions, numerous bands continue to arrive daily, and to proceed to pay their homage to the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, either before or after fulfilling the conditions imposed for the Holy Year Indulgences. Two of the most recent to arrive were pilgrim bands from Carthage and from Egypt.

Mgr. Lemaître, Archbishop of Carthage, celebrated Mass for his followers in the Chapel of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Basilica of St. Peter. The pilgrims were divided into two groups, the men occupying the Gospel side and the women the Epistle

side of the altar. Mgr. Tosan intoned the hymns in Latin, and afterward in the French and Italian, the languages known to most of the pilgrims.

General Communion followed. After the Mass the pilgrims were overjoyed to hear that the Holy Father would receive them at midday. Prayers for the first visit were recited in unison. In the afternoon, after the Papal audience, the pilgrims paid a memorable visit to the great Missionary Exhibition.

The pilgrimage from Egypt comprised for the most part citizens of Cairo and Alexandria. Some of them were representatives of the black races. Their visit to St. Peter's Basilica was most picturesque as well as solemn. The *Miserere* was intoned in Arabic as they entered the Chapel of the Most Holy Sacrament. There, before the Sacred Host, the representatives of Northern Africa found themselves, as filled with piety and fervor as were their great ancestors, the fervent Christians of the first centuries, illustrious because of their martyrs. Through the Musselman invasion they have lost a great part of their faith and civilisation. Here, then, was the remnant of them, in the greatest Basilica of all the world, united in faith and in prayer for the Roman Pontiff, the Church, and their own necessities.



### CRUSADE FOR REIGN OF CHRIST.

A great crusade for the enthronement of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in families is being waged throughout Judea, Galilee, and Samaria. The homes are being placed under the royal protection of Jesus Christ, and the image of His Divine Heart has been accorded the place of honor therein, that it may preside over the fortunes and destinies of the Christian inhabitants of Palestine.

In this campaign of filial devotion, the first place is held by the religious communities and Catholic associations, who are doing their utmost to increase devotion to the Divine Heart of the Redeemer among the people.

Bethlehem and Jerusalem, cities so closely identified with the greatest events in the life of Christ, are foremost in this campaign. The ancient city of Joppe, celebrated in Sacred Scripture through the Prophet Jonah and the symbolic vision of St. Peter, during the last Good Friday suspended all business activities within its walls. An entire day was consecrated by the inhabitants to holy prayer. No sound of traffic resounded through its usually busy streets, but all was perfect quiet and calm.

Bethlehem, the Royal City of the Saviour's Birth, was not behindhand in paying homage to the Redeemer of the World during the days of solemn commemoration of His Sacred Passion and Death. The principal function of the week took place in the Church of the Salesian Fathers. In the morning Solemn High Mass was sung by the Custodian of the Holy Land, Rev. Aurelius Marpetta. In the afternoon Mgr. Kean, Auxiliary Bishop, and Vicar-General of the Diocese, presided over the religious functions.

An hour of public Adoration terminated the exercises. A procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament was held.

In Jerusalem Mgr. Barlassina celebrated in his church the Mass for the Confraternity of the Agonizing Hearts of Jesus and Mary. A choir of Brothers sang the music of the Mass very impressively. Solemn Benediction brought the function to a close.

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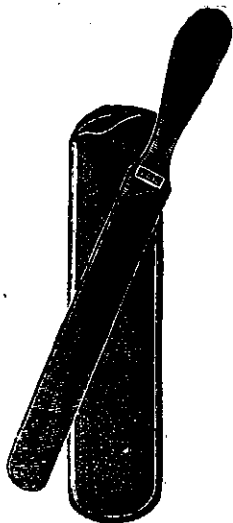
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## Our Lady of Mount Carmel

The angelic youth, St. Stanislaus of Kostka felt a celestial and divine pleasure every time he pronounced this phrase, which filled his lips with sweetness and his heart with love: The Mother of God is my Mother.

The sweet and caressed phrase by the illustrious son of Loyola cannot be more exact and divine. The whole of humanity can repeat it with the same exactitude that the holy novice of the Company of Jesus repeated it.

But from all humanity only the Carmelites may add to that phrase a word which is the blazon of all their greatness and noble titles before the great number of lovers that the Mother of God has in the world. Only the Carmelites may say with all historical exactitude, based even on the Holy Scriptures: We were the first in the world to pronounce this divine and redeeming phrase: The Mother of God is our Mother.

When the great prophet, Elias, on the summit of Mount Carmel brought down the fire from the heavens to destroy all the false prophets of Baal, upon the ashes of that sacred fire and upon the profane ashes of those false prophets, Elias knelt and God showed him in a most beautiful cloud which arose gracefully from the waters as an immaculate tulle that covered the earth, the likeness of Mary, 900 years before this Lady appeared on earth.

From that famous moment in history, Elias, the great Captain of the forces of God, on the same summit of the Holy Mountain of Carmel erected a temple to that gracious Lady that God had shown him, painted on a cloud. That temple which Elias erected on the summit of Carmel to the Mother of God 900 years before she appeared in the world, is the ancestral home of the Carmelites and the sanctuary of their love.

### Sacred Fire.

The ashes of the sacred fire that came down at the words of command of Elias, and the profane ashes of the false prophets which covered the rocks of Carmel do not lack significance and symbolism.

The significance and symbolism of that fire which Elias brought down from heaven and the ashes of the false prophets upon which he erected the first Marian temple the world had is great and sublime. The fire which Elias brought down from heaven symbolises and signifies the perpetual incense that the Carmelites would offer to Mary in the world.

Carmel is the incensory with which the Carmelites have offered incense to Mary, spreading throughout the entire world the soft perfume of her virtues and divine purity.

There on the summit of Carmel was born the first Marian Carmelite monachism, model of all the monachisms of Egypt, of Tebaida, of the shores of the Nile and of all the forests where the disciples of Elias scattered to venerate the future Mother of God and of Man. The profane ashes which remained on the rocks of Carmel symbolise and signify the impieties of the world, burned by the lovers of Mary.

The love and devotion for Mary is a sacred fire which burns all the impieties of the world, and even of the ashes of impiety God makes use to elevate temples to His Mother. This has always been the mission of the Carmelites, since the time of their Father and Founder, the prophet Elias, up to the present time, to venerate Mary, to fill the world with temples, although it be necessary to form their walls with ashes of impiety.

Who is Our Lady of Mount Carmel? The tongue is not able to define her but the heart is. She is the Virgin of first love for men. She is the Virgin that descends to Purgatory to take away the souls that suffer, to rejoice in heaven. She is the redeeming Virgin, because if Christ redeemed the world with a cross, the Virgin of Carmel after the Cross of Calvary aids Christ in redeeming the world with her Holy Carmelite Scapular.

### Carmelite Scapular.

The Carmelite Scapular is the heart of the Mother of God and the Mother of man, who distributes it to the world by means of her favorite sons, the Carmelites, who are her chaplains and apostles. As Christ on the night of the supper distributed His Life and Love among His Apostles by means of the Eucharist, so also does the Virgin of Carmel distribute her Life and Love by means of her Holy Scapular.

There may be those who fear the Cross of Christ; but there is no one who fears the heart of His Mother, which is the Carmelite Scapular. Kissing it we may say: The Mother of God is also my Mother because she has given me her heart with this Scapular which is a pledge of salvation.

Among the thousands of saints, sages, warriors and artists who have adorned their

breasts with the Carmelite Scapular, and have kissed it as a token of salvation, is the most beautiful figure of our own Little Flower of Jesus. A loving Mother, from her Carmel gathered the most beautiful flowers that her most favored daughter might let them fall upon the world as a shower of love. The sweetest day of the life of the Little Flower was the day when the Holy Scapular of Carmel covered the breast of that Little Queen who cherished her Carmelite Scapular more than the kings their royal sceptres, and the warriors their swords of victory. The saintly Virgin of Lisieux without the Scapular of Carmel would not be to-day such a charming Saint, winning the affection of the hearts of all the world.

The Scapular was her lyre, her gospel, her sword of victory, and all her apostolate of love. Greatness draws and conquers hearts. Clothing beautifies and covers. The dress of the Mother of God, which is the Holy Scapular of Carmel, draws, conquers, beautifies and covers with the warmth of glory.—Rev. Richard Planelles, O.C.D., in *Little Flower Magazine*.

## She Went to the Concert

THANKS TO "BAXTER'S."

A lady was rather keen to attend a concert arranged for a local charity, but two days before the event she got a bad cold. A neighbor, who was to accompany her, sent along a bottle of Baxter's Lung Preserver. The result was magical. She attended the concert in comfort.

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Dear Sirs,—Being a large buyer of your Sugar-of-Milk "Kruskits," please forward me your best price for one or two case lots.

My reason for writing you is that my little grandson, Clive Dean, whose photo I enclose, has been brought up on your "Kruskits." He is nine months old, and has been noticed by so many mothers of delicate babies that my sales of your Rusks have increased enormously.

Yours truly,

(Signed) W. E. BUSCH, Storekeeper.

(Original letter and photo may be seen at our office on application.)

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# Domestic

By Maureen

## Delicious Roast Ham.

A roast ham is superior to a boiled one, has a finer flavor, and will keep longer. Soak the ham thoroughly for twelve hours, wipe dry, and cut away rusty parts. Cover the ham with a flour-and-water crust, taking care that it is of sufficient thickness to keep in the gravy. Place in a good steady oven and bake for four hours.

## Pineapple and Rhubarb Conserve.

1 pt rhubarb, 1 pt pineapple cubes, 3 cups sugar, ½ cup water. Shred pineapple and cut rhubarb in dice, add water and cook until very soft and broken. Add sugar and cook slowly for 1 hour. Time in combining 25 minutes. Time in cooking 1½ hours. Recipe makes 1½ pints.

## Rhubarb Jam.

1 qt rhubarb, 1 lb figs, 2 cups cold water, 4½ cups sugar. Soak figs in cold water 2 hours, drain and chop. Cut rhubarb in small pieces, add water drained from figs and cook until tender. Add the figs and cook ½ hour. Then add sugar and cook until rich and thick. Time in combining 20 minutes. Time in cooking 2 hours. Recipe makes 1 quart.

## Rhubarb Conserve.

1½ qts rhubarb, sugar, ½ lb seeded raisins, ¼ cup almonds, 1 orange. Select fine early summer rhubarb and cut in inch pieces. Cut orange in thin slices and quarter. Add with the chopped raisins to rhubarb. Cook over a slow fire until all are tender and pulpy. Measure and add ¼ their quantity of sugar. Cook until the conserve begins to thicken, add the shredded almonds and cook 15 minutes. Pour into glasses and seal when cold. Time in combining 25 minutes. Time in cooking 3 hours. Recipe makes 1 quart.

## Rhubarb Chutney.

2lb rhubarb, ½ lb chopped raisins, ½ lb dates, 2½ cups Tarragon vinegar, 1½ lb brown sugar, 1 tablespoon (loz) chili peppers (dry), 1oz salt, 1 teaspoon ginger cayenne, ½ cup chopped nuts. Chop raisins and dates and soak in vinegar 1½ hours. Cut rhubarb in ¼ in pieces, add with all the ingredients except nuts. Cook slowly 2 hours, then add nuts and cook 15 minutes longer. This chutney may be kept in small crocks or jars. Time in combining 20 minutes. Time in cooking 2½ hours. Recipe makes 2 quarts.

## Stuffed Onions.

Peel very large onions, and soak in cold water for an hour. Parboil for half an hour, drain, and cut out the centres. Chop the centres with a little salt pork or bacon and add enough breadcrumbs to make the required amount of stuffing. Season with

salt, pepper, and mace, and add 1 well-beaten egg. Add enough milk to make a smooth paste. Stuff the onions, and put into a baking dish with enough hot water to keep from burning. Bake for an hour, basting frequently with melted butter. Thicken the pan gravy with flour browned in butter, and add a little cream. Season with lemon juice. Bring to the boil, pour over the onions, and serve.

## Household Hints.

Let steak lie in strong bicarbonate of soda water for ten minutes before frying. This makes it very tender.

If you put too much salt in food, draw it out by placing a cloth over the top of the pan and allow the pan to remain on the stove. You may be surprised to learn that the salt will be drawn into the cloth.

When frying food, take great care to see that the fat does not smoke, as this is an indication that the fat is decomposing. The irritation from which some people suffer when fried foods are eaten comes largely from this cause. Properly fried foods are not indigestible. They are concentrated foods, and require more time to digest, but there is no reason why they should not be eaten in moderation by healthy people who are actively engaged.

## 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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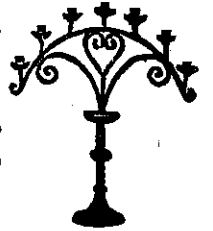
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# The Family Circle

## THE ANGEL AND THE SOUL.

### I.

One day a Cherub thus addressed my soul:  
"Ah! didst thou know how bright the  
Heav'ns shine!

If thou could'st see the floods of light that  
roll

From God's dear Face and thus illumine  
mine!"

I, to the bright Archangel answered then:  
"Thou seest God more brilliant than the day;  
But of His Eucharistic love for men  
What can'st thou say? What can'st thou  
say?"

### II.

He paused and said: "Know'st thou my joy  
supreme

In seeing God, so beauteous, face to face?  
For me the joys of Heaven ever seem  
To be renewed and please with fresher grace,"  
And I replied: "Thou can'st not, Angel, feel  
What we poor mortals feel, who go astray,  
And then before the Tabernacle kneel  
With broken hearts to weep and pray."

### III.

The Cherub gently whispered yet once more:  
"Know'st thou," he said, "what heavenly  
food is mine?"

To love and serve the Great God I adore,  
In this behold my banquet all divine."  
I made reply, thy food, God's Holy Will,  
To be most sweet I always have believed;  
But Jesus in the Host far sweeter still,  
Hast thou received? Hast thou received?"

### IV.

O thou, whose home is pearl and amethyst,  
Unite with me to praise our God so fair.  
To thee the Heav'ns, to me the Eucharist!  
A share to each and each one's share so rare.  
I hope one day to join thy glorious choir,  
But here below I love God's altar throne.  
Behold my lot! To thy joys I aspire;  
Awaiting them, I love my own.

—M. H. McCARTHY, S.C., in the *Salesian  
Bulletin*.



## HEART WORDS OF LIFE.

For the great majority of mankind it can  
be held that life resolves itself quite simply  
and obviously around three cardinal phases:  
love, home, and children—the heart-words of  
life. This is why Christ when on earth gave  
so many touching Gospel stories of home and  
love and children.

Do you remember Galilee's hills, where Our  
Lord gave back the life of a boy to his  
mother? Can you not see again the little  
home at Bethany, where Mary and Martha  
welcomed back the dead Lazarus? Will you  
recall the dutiful Son at the marriage at  
Cana who could not refuse a gentle mother's  
pleading?

At Capharnaum he healed the lowly ser-  
vant of the centurion, and it is always a joy  
to think of the groups of Jewish mothers  
bringing their little children to be blessed at  
His sacred knee. All through Our Lord's  
public life are there instances of interest in  
the heart-words of life, and it is only by

imitating His example that we may hope to  
enter heaven.

Though we cannot perform miracles, we  
can give of our best; charity towards our  
neighbor. Interest in homes less fortunate  
than our own gives us a right to God's in-  
terest in us.



## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

That there is an intimate union between  
Christ and all who believe in Him and follow  
Him is a fundamental point in the teaching  
of St. Paul.

In every living body there is a variety of  
organs and of functions and yet all co-operate  
in one common direction. There must be a  
head and also a soul from which one stream  
of life flows through the whole body.

The essential point to remember is that  
while the parts and their functions are many,  
the body is one and its life is one. St.  
Paul tells us that this variety of members and  
unity of life in the human body is an exact  
illustration of the relations between Christ  
and the Faithful Who united together form  
One Body, i.e., the Church.

In the twelfth chapter of his letter to the  
Corinthians, St. Paul writes: "As the body  
is one, and hath many members; and all the  
members of the body, whereas they are many,  
yet are one body, so also is Christ. For in  
one Spirit we are all baptised, whether Jews  
or Gentiles, whether bond or free; and in  
one Spirit we have all been made to drink.  
For the body also is not one member but  
many. But God hath set the members, every  
one of them, in the body as it hath pleased  
Him; but there are many members indeed,  
yet one body."

St. Paul goes on to point out that the  
various members have different functions,  
but that all are necessary for the complete-  
ness of the whole body; and then he shows  
how dependent the whole body is upon the  
well-being of each of the parts. "If one  
member suffer anything, all the members  
suffer with it; or if one member glory, all  
the members rejoice with it. Now you are  
the Body of Christ and members one of an-  
other."

### Christ the Head.

In many places St. Paul speaks of Christ  
as being Head of all the Faithful. For  
example: "He is Head of the Body, i.e.,  
the Church." God hath made Him (Christ)  
Head over all the Church, which is His  
Body"; and finally a text which sums up  
the whole duty of the Christian Life. "Doing  
the truth in charity, we may in all things  
grow up in Him Who is the Head, even  
Christ." (Col. i., 18; Ephesians i., 22; iv.,  
15.)

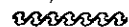
The Faithful as members, united together  
with Christ as Head, form what is known as  
the Mystical Body of Christ. The Soul of  
this Mystical Body is the Holy Ghost. Just  
as in the human body there is a variety of  
members, yet one head and one soul; so in  
the Church there are many members, but One  
Head, Christ, and One Life, i.e., the life of  
Grace which comes from the Holy Ghost.

St. Paul's aim in bringing these truths  
before the Pagans was to convince them  
that through union with Christ their whole  
being would be sanctified and their soul's  
salvation secured.

United with Christ, they were alive; cut  
off from Christ, they were dead, spiritually,  
of course. St. Paul felt that God had laid  
upon him the obligation of making these  
truths known to the Pagans. Then those  
who had good will would be saved; and if  
others refused the grace, it was not his con-  
cern. God had given the opportunity of  
salvation and Paul had faithfully carried out  
His Will.

The case of the Pagans to-day is exactly  
the same. Unless they are united with Christ  
their lot is "hopeless." This is St. Paul's  
own words. (Ephesians ii., 12.) Christ wills  
that those whom He calls go out to make  
known to the Pagans that their salvation de-  
pends upon their being united with Him.

This is why missionaries go to Pagan lands.  
You may not be able to go, but you are a  
member of Christ's Mystical Body, and the  
Will of Christ must be your will, and you  
can pray for and help those who can go.  
—*The Pilot* (Boston).



## LITTLE MINDS.

Little minds are like a looking-glass. They  
reflect everything that passes before them.  
So do we all reflect what we are—either good  
or bad. If we reflect enough, the bad has  
no place in our lives.

When children begin to read for them-  
selves, it is very necessary that mothers know  
absolutely what they read. At school many  
mothers seem to think that the child is safe  
because there the teachers look after the  
matter. It is when the boys and girls get to  
be 12 or 13 years old that the most harm is  
done.

Many of them read greedily the novels  
that are written for grown people. At that  
most of the novels written now are not good  
reading for anybody. They are written with  
the idea of being as bad as possible without  
being denied the privilege of the mails.

It is the children's thoughts that make  
them grow into fine and honest men and  
women. When a child loves to read, his  
future life is apt to be determined by what  
he reads. His mind will reflect it in his  
daily life. Good motherhood is never care-  
less about a child's reading.



## SALUTE D'AMOUR TO BLESSED THERESA.

Friend, when first I knew you,

In the not far past,  
Little things that Jesus loved,

Drew and bound us fast.  
Singing brook and song bird,

And the bough that bends,  
Meadow glow and little paths—

These were our friends.  
Little ones and growing folk

And meek Madonnas grey,  
Simple folks that Jesus loved

In His lowly way.  
Friend of lowly commonplaces,

Friend of little things,  
Friend who showed me God's dear graces,

My salutation rings.

—MRS. GEORGE KALLENBACK.

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Gastritis, Flatulency, etc. PRICE 3/- (postage paid) CHEMIST HAMILTON.

## TOO LATE!

"George! Come! Come!"

What was that? George sprang from his bed at the sound of his wife's voice raised in earnest entreaty.

"George!"

She was in peril. She whom he loved better than life itself; his young wife, his first and only love!

"George! Quickly!"

He scrambled into his clothes. Not a second must be lost. He must save her.

"George! George! George!"

At last he is on his way down, three stairs at a time, to arrive breathless in the dining-room.

"Ah! George, you are too late! Too late!"

"Too late?"

"Yes; baby had his toe in his mouth, and he looked so funny! Why didn't you come when I called?"

## A MATTER OF MONTHS.

"You sold my wife some eggs yesterday," said the angry man to the village grocer.

"Yes," answered Mr. Peavey, genially.

"I believe I did."

"And you told her they were fresh eggs."

"Yes, I did."

"But you had no business to say they were fresh eggs."

"Why not? I bought them fresh from Sam Wiley."

"I don't believe it. Sam Wiley's an honest man."

"Well, Sam said they were all right. He came in here with his basket full of them and put them down on the counter and exchanged them for a box of biscuits."

"When was that?"

"About three months ago, or so, I suppose."

## SMILE RAISERS.

"I suppose you are getting a good fee, doctor, for attending the Smith boy? His father's rich."

"Well, yes. Why?"

"Well, I hope you won't forget that it was my little Ted who threw the brick that hit him."

Bobby came home from his first day at school with the announcement that he could write. Upon being given pencil and paper, he made his usual meaningless scribbles.

"But what," said his mother, "does it say?"

"How do I know?" answered Bobby. "I haven't learned to read it yet."

The office-boy wanted to go to a cricket match, so, approaching his employer at noon, he stammered: "If y-you p-p-pl-please, sir—"

"Hurry up," said his employer. "If you have anything to say, say it. Don't take half a day."

"But that's just what I was going to ask if I could take, sir."

## Science Siftings

(By VOLZ)

## Photographing Sounds.

Sound photographs recording the noises in the cabins of Imperial Airways cross-Channel passenger aeroplanes whilst in actual flight are to be obtained by Professor A. M. Low with a view to locating the actual source of the various sounds.

The big Napier engines used on many of the air expresses have already been silenced to a remarkable degree, but it is found that the propeller revolving at high speed and the vibration of the stay wires produce distinct noises, and it is with a view to tracing and eliminating these that Professor Low is to carry out his experiments.

It is hoped to produce a passenger air express in which the noise inside the cabin is actually less than on the latest express train.

## The Ninth Wave.

The many thousands who will spend some time by the sea during the summer months will have an opportunity, if they care to take it, of investigating for themselves the reliability of the notion that the ninth wave is always the biggest.

Tennyson wrote:—

And then the two

Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,

Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,

Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep

And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged Roaring.

There can be no doubt that a belief prevails that the waves breaking on the beach keep increasing in regular series till the maximum arrives, and then the series begins again.

The fact seems to be that when two waves reinforce each other a big one results, but this does not seem to occur at fixed intervals, and those who prophesy that such and such a wave will reach farther than its predecessors, during the rise of the tide, will prove wrong three times out of four.

## Cool Air and Sunshine.

Professor Leonard Hill has been telling the International Congress of Radiology how health and the clothes we wear are related.

Referring to the habit of wearing far too many clothes, he pointed out that garments except thin zephyr or open mesh material screened off the ultra-violet rays from the body. Artificial silk was more permeable than natural silk; in fact, a zephyr of artificial silk was the least obstructive of almost any material, but even this prevented fifty per cent. of the ultra-violet rays from reaching the skin.

The body ought not to be exposed long to the action of the sun's rays, and exposure should always take place in cool conditions. Hot sun boxes and sunlight treatment under glass in hothouses were wrong. People should not be overheated and exhausted, but stimulated and made happy by cool air and sunshine.



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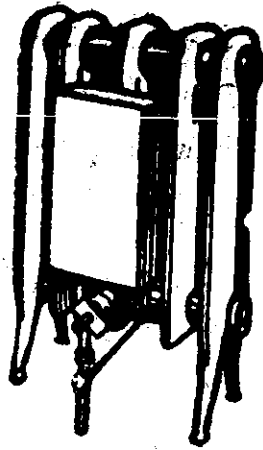
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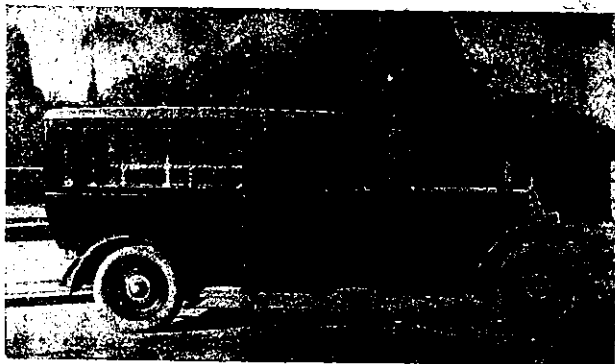
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