



## NOTES

**The American Language**

For a considerable period during the past year the writer of these notes found himself in countries where he heard and tried to speak foreign tongues all day long. It was natural enough to expect to be called on to answer in Italian, French or Spanish, while on the Continent, and in Ireland one was more or less disappointed at not being given more practice in Gaelic. On arriving in the United States a rest from the efforts of memory necessary for conversation in strange idioms was hoped for, but all in vain. For there is a fearsome and horrible language spoken there and it is the despair of all who try to master it. You hear a boy described as a pilly person; going to school is hiking to the sweat shop; a visit to a gymnasium is a round at the perspiracy; and a stupid youth is dumb—as who should say a boola-vaun! The spoken language is simple compared with the literature. We give you one sample and leave you to recover during the coming week. A lad who was taking a holiday in the country wrote to his friends who were sweltering in the city:—

"Yesterday we buggied to the town and baseballed all the afternoon. To-day we muled out to the cornfield and ge-hawed until sundown. After we had suppered we piped for a little while. After that we stair-cased up to our rooms where we bedstended until the clock sixed next morning."

**Life in New York**

He was merely an average man,

His height was the average height;

He followed the usual plan,

And came home from the office at night.

His wife and his children, of course,

Were about what the average had;

He lost on the stocks on the bourse,

And swore when his golf score was bad.

He kicked at the taxes he paid,

He grumbled at every new maid;

He voted the regular way,

And shaved off the stubble each day.

His morals were good of a sort,

He smoked two for a quarter cigars,

Kent up, through his paper, with sport

And never got seats on his car.

He slept the conventional eight,

He never neglected a meal,

He got bald on the top of his pate,

And was killed by an automobile.

The mention of golf recalls something. Passing by a park in Canada we saw a remarkably large number of men playing golf very seriously. A few perches farther on we came to the gate. It bore a brass plate on which we read the words:

**MENTAL ASYLUM.**

They do things logically in Canada, where the climate keeps their heads nice and cool.

**Canon Sheehan (MWBFE)**

Recently a monument to the memory of Canon Sheehan was unveiled at Doneraile by the Bishop of Cloyne. In the course of an eloquent panegyric, delivered for the occasion, Father Phean, S.J., dealt with the illustrious Canon's writings in a passage which we take the liberty of reproducing in our columns. Readers who love *My New Curate* will appreciate it for the flood of light it throws on the literary work of this great Irishman:—

"The reason he wrote novels is that the novel has become the main channel through which men pass their thoughts into the hearts of others. It is said that one of the greatest achievements of St. Thomas's life was that he seized on the philosophy of Aristotle and converted it to the use of Christian schools. This monument of organised thought he baptised and turned to the service of Christ. Stimulated, perhaps, by the Angelic Doctor, Canon Sheehan laid hold of the novel, and made it an instrument to elevate and spiritualise the lives of men. Thus an instrument used so often to inflame passions, pervert thoughts, and pour vitriolic acid on the very foundation truths of Christian teaching was used by him for a high and holy purpose. He wrote novels, then, for the same reason as he preached sermons—namely, to draw the hearts of men close to the Heart of Christ.

**A.M.D.G.**

"To the Greater Glory of God"—might be inscribed on the cover of every book he wrote.

"Had he neglected this artistic gift with which God had so richly dowered him and sent forth his thoughts in a more prosaic form, his works to-day, instead of being translated into the world's languages, with edition chasing edition, in all probability would be found lying on the top shelves of libraries wrapped in the cobwebs of neglect. Other masters of fiction concentrate all their powers on an individual or group of persons, but you will search in vain through the works of Dickens or Victor Hugo for the life of their respective countries. Canon Sheehan made all his characters subordinate to the grand purpose of flinging on the canvas

**The Inner Life of the Entire Nation.**

Yes, Ireland in sunshine and shade, smiles through her tears out from every page. The aroma of Ireland is everywhere: we meet the scent of the wild woodbine and cowslip and the smell of the turf fires; the immortal hope of a glorious future, the tone of resonant defiance, the sunflashes of humor, and the laughter that trembles on the border-land of tears. As one of his reviewers beautifully put it, 'The fragrance of Ireland's life exhales from his works, pungent as the perfume of thyme from the fingers that rolled it.'

"Before Canon Sheehan's advent into the domain of fiction other writers all attempted to paint the Irish priest, but every picture is disfigured by bigotry or malice. They wrote to gratify the savage racial or religious hate of their readers. But when we turn from the true pictures of clerical life as drawn by your late pastor to those of Carleton or Lever, the latter read like literary nightmares. Yet all his thoughts and toil as an author is pervaded by his priesthood. He never forgot that the hand that held the pen was also anointed with the chrism of ordination. This was especially evident from the manner in which he bore himself when blushing honors were showered upon him. He did not seek fame, but fame sought and discovered him. Yet the incense of flattery and the applause of the world's greatest men failed to disturb his calm equipoise of mind or beautifully balanced character. His gentle, unobtrusive humility was never in danger of being disfigured by arrogant demeanor towards others or a boastful word about his own marvellous triumphs.

"Another Christ-like feature was his charitable forgiveness to those who sought to belittle his works. He could indeed well afford to treat with silent pity the vulgar splutterings of human pride and jealousy. He knew poor human nature, its weaknesses and its limitations, too well to treat them with anything but forbearance."

**AN APOSTOLIC BLESSING**

Apostolic Delegation,  
40 Edward Street,  
North Sydney, N.S.W.,  
November 25, 1925.

Dear Sir,—

For the satisfaction and consolation of the Faithful who have written to his Holiness during this Jubilee Year, I beg you to publish the enclosed letter received from his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I remain,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

\* B. CATTANEO,  
Apostolic Delegate.

The Editor,  
*New Zealand Tablet*,  
Dunedin.

(Translation)

Secretariat of State of his Holiness,  
The Vatican, October 17, 1925.

Your Excellency,—

Numerous letters from pious persons have reached the Holy Father which express the intentions that have inspired their particular prayers. Their having written to the August Pontiff manifests their desire that he should strengthen their prayers with his own, and at the same time shows the confidence and devotion that they nourish for the Vicar of Christ.

His Holiness, delighted with this attestation of reverent affection, fervently prays that God will grant the petitions of these, his good children, who, although materially distant from the centre of the Church, show such faith in the spiritual union of all Catholics.

No Rubbing Laundry Help



FOR WASHING CLOTHES