

You whom I never knew,
 Who lived remote, afar,
 You died of the grief that tore my heart,
 Shall we live through the ages, alone, apart,
 Or meet where the souls of the sorrowful are
 Telling the tale on some secret star,
 How your death from the root of my sorrow grew—
 You whom I never knew?

Nay, perhaps in the coming years
 Down here on earth again,
 We shall meet as strangers on some strange shore.
 And dream we have known one another before,
 In a past life, weeping over the slain—
 Because of a thrill and a throb of pain,
 And eyes grown suddenly salt with tears . . .
 Perhaps . . . in the coming years . . .

Not orthodox, indeed, but beautiful and tender verses
 all the same.

To the Countess

To that dear sister, who has had her share of Eng-
 lish calumny, who has known the full bitter measure
 of British justice and chivalry, she wrote three path-
 etic little poems, full of sorrow for the sufferings of
 the gentle lady behind British prison bars:—

CHRISTMAS EVE IN PRISON.

Do not be lonely, dear, nor grieve
 This Christmas Eve.
 Is it so vain a thing
 That your heart's harper, Dark Roseen,
 A wandering singer, yet a queen,
 Crowned with all her seventeen stars,
 Outside your prison bars
 Stand: carolling?

TO C.M. ON HER BIRTHDAY IN PRISON.

What has time to do with thee,
 Who hast found the victor's way
 To be rich in poverty,
 Without the sunshine to be gay,
 To be free in the prison cell?
 Nay, on that undreamed judgment day,
 When on the old world's scrap-heap flung,
 Powers and empires pass away,
 Radiant and unconquerable,
 Thou shalt still be young.

TO CONSTANCE IN PRISON.

Outcast from joy and beauty, child of broken hopes
 forlorn,
 Lost to the magic mountains and parted from all
 the flowers,
 Robbed of the harvest moon that shines on far-off fields
 of corn,
 Bereft of raindrops on green leaves, bright wrecks
 of fallen showers.

Nay, not outcast, while through your soul a sudden
 rapture thrills,
 And all your dreams are shaken by the salt Atlantic
 wind,
 The gods descend at twilight from the magic-hearted
 hills,
 And there are woods and primroses in the country
 of your mind.

Yours is that inner Ireland beyond green fields and
 brown,
 Where waves break, dawn-enchanted on the haunted
 Rosses shore,
 And the clouds above Ben Bulbin fling their colored
 shadows down,
 Whilst little rivers shine and sink in the wet sands
 at Crushmoor.

"Dreams," "To Roger Casement," "1916," and
 many other poems tempt us to quotation, but we have

given our readers a taste of the quality of the booklet,
 and if they want more they can get it from Maunsel
 and Co., Dublin, for the modest sum of a shilling.
 As books go nowadays, a very good shilling's worth
 it is, too.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The annual meeting of the Christian Brothers' Foot-
 ball Club will be held this (Thursday) evening, in the
 Christian Brothers' School.

The observances of Holy Week will be commenced on
 Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, with the solemn office
 of Tenebrae. There will be Solemn High Mass on Thurs-
 day morning (Holy Thursday), commencing at 7 o'clock,
 and after Tenebrae in the evening a sermon will be preach-
 ed on the Blessed Sacrament. On Good Friday morning
 the ceremonies, followed by a sermon, will commence at
 9 o'clock. There will be the devotions of the Stations of
 the Cross in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, and in the even-
 ing, after devotions, commencing at 7 o'clock, a sermon
 will be preached. The ceremonies on Holy Saturday morn-
 ing are to commence at 6.30. The sermon on Holy Thurs-
 day evening will be preached by Rev. D. P. Buckley; on
 Good Friday morning by Rev. C. Collins; and on Good
 Friday evening by Rev. D. Silk.

The feast of Erin's patron saint, March 17, was this
 year an especially glad day for the Kaikorai Catholics,
 Holy Mass being for the first time celebrated in their
 midst on the occasion. A general Communion was made
 by the children of the Dominican Nuns' school, and the
 great day was marked by the First Holy Communion of
 a band of little ones. Many of the parents also approach-
 ed the Holy Table in union with them. Father Kaveney,
 who celebrated Mass, spoke earnestly to the large number
 of parishioners present, on the great gift of the true Faith
 and the glorious example left by Ireland's beloved patron,
 St. Patrick. The children were all invited to breakfast
 in the school, and sports in the grounds afterwards, the
 Sisters remaining with them, entertaining their parents
 and friends.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

READER.—You cannot get a better book on Political
 Economy than the text-book of the Stonylhurst series,
 by Charles Devas.

J.F.P.—*The New Witness* was first edited by Hilairo
 Belloc; later by Cecil Chesterton; at present, by G.
 K. Chesterton. It is rather dear at the present time,
 but it is worth the money—a shilling a copy. Any
 news agent or bookseller would order it for you.

E. DE M.—*The Catholic World and America* are two first-
 rate periodicals. Your bookseller would order them
 for you. If not, write to Linehan, Little Collins
 Street, Melbourne.

SUBSCRIBER.—You are quite right. The editors of the Day
 Lies are a class to themselves. When asked what did
 they do in the Great War, only one answer is pos-
 sible: "We told lies and sold our souls." And yet,
 it seems that the National Hymn is "Nearer, My
 God, to Thee"! Indian massacres, Irish brutalities,
 Egyptian devilry are queer steps towards the friend-
 ship of Heaven. But we are a great people all the
 same. Don't you think so? Repentance! My dear
 sir, we have no faults. We are IT.

CRITIC wants a motto for the New Zealand Government.
 We would suggest:

AUT MUDDLE AUT MORI.

That might be interpreted: We will muddle or die.
 Gulliver missed a lot by dying prematurely. What a
 pity he was not on the trip to Samoa with the
 "bboys."

F.H.—We thank you for your letter. For three big
 pennies we send you the paper post free. If you
 don't like it, leave it, old sport. But bear it in mind
 well, meditate on it morning, noon, and night: we
 are not going to run a special *Tablet* for every person
 who sends us three pennies. We are frankly hopeless.
 We are going on exactly on the present lines, even
 if we have to dispense with your distinguished pat-
 ronage and your lordly thruppence. A Happy Easter
 to you, anyhow.

GAEL.—Sergeant O'Sullivan defended Casement when tried
 for his life. The Sergeant is a bitter anti-Sinn
 Feiner and a sturdy Castle-Hack. He was recently

HOPE and KINASTON,

ECONOMICAL UNDERTAKERS.
ALL CATHOLIC REQUISITES AS REQUIRED.
ST. ANDREW STREET TELEPHONE 2620
DUNEDIN