

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

April 4, Sunday.—Easter Sunday.
 „ 5, Monday.—Easter Monday.
 „ 6, Tuesday.—Easter Tuesday.
 „ 7, Wednesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 8, Thursday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 9, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 10, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

Easter Sunday.

“The festival of Easter,” writes St. Gregory, “is the solemnity of solemnities, because it raises us from the earth into eternity, which it enables us to enjoy beforehand by faith, hope, and charity. ‘You shall rise again!’ This is what the Church says to us by the eloquent voice of her ceremonies. From the holy temple all signs of mourning have disappeared. The altars are decked out with extraordinary magnificence. Ornaments of gay color and rich embroidery appear. Every face is bright. The bells are all in motion. The song of joy—the Alleluia—that word of the language of heaven, fallen on earth for our festive days, resounds on all sides, is repeated every moment; is varied again and again, is modulated into every key; and when thereto are added the rays of a beautiful sun, you cannot fail to experience those feelings of hope and delight which it is the mission of this great day to inspire.”

Easter Monday.

“The contemplation of Christ's glorious Resurrection and the eternal joys of heaven ought particularly to occupy our souls at this season.”—Butler.

GRAINS OF GOLD

E A S T E R T I D E.

An Easter thought! Forget the night of sorrow,
 Forget the weary vigil, sad and long;
 Oh, hail the dawning of the promised morrow,
 And list in silence to the angel song.

An Easter message! O'er the earth is shining
 The wondrous glory of the day-dawn bright;
 Oh, let it hush all doubts and vain repining,
 It comes to cheer thy longing, anxious sight.

An Easter wish! Oh, may the morn of gladness
 In beauty rise within thy waiting heart,
 Its heavenly joy will banish fear and sadness,
 Its golden beams will make the clouds depart.

An Easter song upon the breezes swelling,
 Its echoes from the shadowy long ago,
 “The Lord is risen!” the happy notes are telling,
 Then hush'd be ev'ry strain of grief and woe.

An Easter hope! That resurrection glory
 May bless the whole world with its fadeless rays,
 That every human heart may hear the story
 And join the anthem of eternal praise.

—B. Bell.

I N T H E L I G H T.

There were long days of doubting and of pain,
 There were long nights when whirls of wind and snow
 Hid the fair stars, and, as weird witches go
 Across the sky in dreams, rode hill and plain;
 Who could still hope that the sweet-scented rain
 Would touch once more the peony's roseate glow,
 Or that the purple flower-do-luce would blow,
 Or that the wild azalea was not slain?

Yet through the days of doubting there did run
 The Law of Love that binds the Christ-blessed earth,—
 This Law immutable we could not see;
 The Promise blooms; O Life turn to the Sun,
 Here are the Summer and the Easter birth
 Out of the dark; the Risen Light is He!

—Maurice Francis Egan.

If it were necessary that Our Lord should be expert in the science of addition, do you not think that, confronted with our many sins, He would send us back to our nothingness? But His love for us makes Him actually blind.—The Little Flower.

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

In the course of half an hour the Red Rapparee came in, dressed in his uniform. On looking about him he exclaimed with an oath:—

“Who in hell's fire is here?”

“Why,” replied Mary Mahon, “a poor ould man that axed for charity and a lodgin' for the night.”

“And why did you give it to him?”

“Bekaise my charity to him may take away some of my sins.”

“Some of your devils!” replied the savage, “and I think you have enough o' them about you. Didn't you know I was to come here to-night, as I do every night?”

“You wor drinkin’,” she replied; “and you're drunk.”

“I am drunk, and I will be drunk as often as I can. It's a good man's case. Why did you give a lodgin' to this ould vagabone?”

“I tould you the reason,” she replied; “but you needn't care about him, for there's not a word of English in his cheek.”

“Faith, but he may have something in his purse, for all that. Is he ould?”

“A poor ould man.”

“So much the better; be the livin' I'll thry whether he has any ould coins about him. Many a time—no, I don't say *many* a time—but twis't I did it, and found it well worth my while too. Some of these ould scampers die wid a purse o' goolden guineas under their head, an' won't confess it till the last moment. Who knows what this ould lad may have about him? I'll thry, anyhow,” said the drunken ruffian; “it's not aisy to give up an ould custom, Molly—the sheriff, my darlin', for that. I axed him of his fines, and was near strikin' a double blow—I secured his pocket-book, and made a good attempt to hang Willy Reilly for the robbery into the bargain. Now, d—n it, Molly, didn't I look a gentleman in his clothes, shoes, silver buckles, and all? Wasn't it well we secured them before the house was burned? Here,” he added, “take a suceshin of this,” pulling at the same time a pint bottle of whisky out of his pocket; “it'll raise your spirits, an' I'll see what cash this ould codger has about him; an' by the way, how the devil do we know that he doesn't understand every word we say? Suppose, now—(hiccough)—that he heard me say I robbed the sheriff, wouldn't I be in a nice pickle? But, tell me, can *you* get no trace o' Reilly?”

“Devil a trace; they said he has left the country.”

“If I had what that scoundrel has promised me for findin' him out or securin' him—here's—here's to you—I say, if I had, you and I would—” Here he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, as much as to say they would try another climate.

“And now,” he proceeded, “for a search on the shake-down. Who knows that the ould fellow has the yellow boys (guineas) about him?” And he was proceeding to search Fergus, when Mary flew at him like a tigress.

“Stop, you cowardly robber!” she exclaimed; “would you bring down the curse and the vengeance of God upon both of us? We have enough and too much to answer for, let alone to rob the ould an' the poor.”

“Be aisy now,” said he, “I'll make the search; sure I'm undher the scoundrel Whitecraft's protection.”

“Yes, you are, and you're undher my protection, too; and I tell you, if you lay a hand upon him it'll be worse for you.”

“What—what do you mane?”

“It's no matter what I mane; find it out.”

“How do I know but he has heard us?”

We must now observe that Fergus's style of sleeping was admirably adapted for his purpose. It was not accompanied by a loud and unbroken snore; on the contrary, after it had risen to the highest and most disagreeable intonations, it stopped short, with a loud and indescribable back-snort in his nose, and then, after a lull of some length, during which he groaned and muttered to himself, he again resumed his sternutations in a manner so natural as would have imposed upon the very devil himself, if he had been present, as there is little doubt he was, though not actually visible to the eyes of his two agents.

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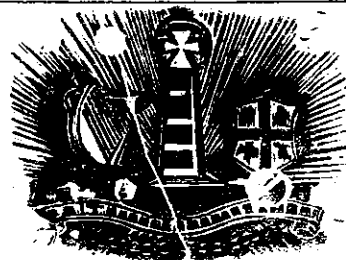


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"Listen to that," replied the woman; "do you think, now, he's not asleep? And even if he was sitting at the fire beside us, devil a syllable we said he could understand. I spoke to him in English, when he came in, but he didn't know a word I said."

"Well, then, let the old fellow sleep away; I won't touch him."

"Why, now, that's a good boy—go home to your barracks, and take a good sleep yourself."

"Aye, yes, certainly; but have you Reilly's clothes safe—shoes, silver buckles, and all?"

"Aye, as safe as the head on your shoulders; and, upon my soul, a great dale safer, if you rob any more sheriffs."

"Where are they, then?"

"Why, they're in my flat box behind the bed, where nobody could see them."

"Very well, Molly, that will do; I may want them want more," he replied, pointing again with his thumb over his shoulder, towards Whitecraft's residence; "so good night, be a good girl, and take care of yourself."

"No," she replied; "but you be a good boy, and take care of yourself." And so they parted for the night.

The next day, Fergus, possessed of very important evidence against the Rapparee, was travelling along the public road, not more than half a mile from the residence of Sir Robert Whitecraft, when whom should he meet but the identical sheriff, on horseback, whom the Rapparee had robbed. He put his hand to his hat, and asked him for charity.

"Help a poor ould man, for the love and honor of God?"

"Why don't you go work—why don't you go work?" replied the sheriff.

"I am not able, sir," replied Fergus; "it wouldn't be good for my health, your honor."

"Well, pass on, and don't trouble me; I have nothing for you."

"Ah! thin, sir, if you'd give me a trifle, maybe I'd make it worth your while."

"What do you mean?" asked the sheriff, who knew that persons like him had opportunities of hearing and knowing more about local circumstances, in consequence of their vagrant life, than any other class of persons in society. "What do you mean by what you have just said?"

"Aren't you the sheriff, sir, that was robbed some time ago?"

"I am."

"Ah, sir, I see you are dressed in black; and I hard of the death of the mistress, sir."

"Well, what has that to do with what you have just now said—that you would make it worth my while if I gave you alms?"

"I said so, sir, and I can, if you will be guided by me."

"Speak out; I don't understand you."

"Would you like to see the man that robbed you, sir? And would you know him if you did see him?"

"Unquestionably, I would know him. They say it was Reilly, but I have seen Reilly since, and although the dress was the same which Reilly usually wears, yet the faces were different."

"Is your honor goin' far?" asked Fergus.

"No, I am going over to that farmhouse, Tom Brady's. His family are all ill of fever, and I wish to do something for him. I am about to make him my land bailiff."

"What stay will you make there, your honor?"

"A very short one—not more than ten or fifteen minutes."

"Would it be inconvenient for your honor to remain there for an hour, or maybe a little longer?"

"For what purpose? You are a mysterious old fellow."

"Bekaise, if you'd wish to see the man that robbed you, I'll undhertake to show him to you, face to face, within that time. Will your honor promise this?"

The sheriff paused, upon this proposal, coming as it did from such an equivocal authority. "What," thought he, "if it should be a plot for my life, in consequence of the fines which I have been forced to levy upon the Catholic priests and bishops, in my official capacity? God knows I feel it to be a painful duty."

"What is your religion?" he asked. "And why should a gentleman in my condition of life place any confidence upon the word of a common vagrant like you, who must necessarily be imbued with all the prejudices of your creed—for I suppose you are a Catholic?"

"I am, sir; but, for all that, in half an hour's time I'll be a rank Protestant."

The sheriff smiled, and asked, "How the devil's that?"

"You are dressed in black, sir, in mournin' for your wife. I have seen you go into Tom Brady's, to give the

sick creatures the rites of their Church. I give notice to Sir Robert Whitecraft that a priest is there, and my word to you, he and his hounds will soon be upon you. The man that robbed you will be among them—no, but the foremost of them; and if you don't know him, I can't help it—that's all, your honor."

"Well," replied the sheriff, "I shall give you nothing now, because I know not whether what you say can be relied upon or not. In the meantime, I shall remain an hour, or better, in Brady's house; and if your words are not made good, I shall send to Sir Robert Whitecraft for a military party to escort me home."

"I know, your honor," replied Fergus, "that Sir Robert and his men are at home to-day; and if I don't fulfil my words, I'll give your honor lave to whip me through the country."

"Well," said the sheriff, "I shall remain an hour, or an hour and a-half, in Brady's; but I tell you that if you are deceiving me you shall not escape me; so look to it, and think if what you propose to me is honest or not; if it be not, woe betide you."

Fergus immediately repaired to Sir Robert Whitecraft, to whom he represented himself as a poor Protestant of the name of Bingham, and informed him that a Popish priest was then in Tom Brady's house, administering the rites of Popery to those who were sick in the family.

"I seen him, your honor, go into the house; and he's there this minute. If your honor makes haste you'll catch him."

In less than a quarter of an hour, Sir Robert and his crew were in stirrups, and on their way to Tom Brady's; and in the meantime, too, the sheriff, dressed as he was in black, came outside the door, from time to time, more in apprehension of a plot against his life than of a visit from Whitecraft, which he knew must end in nothing. Now, Whitecraft and his followers, on approaching Brady's house, caught a glimpse of him—a circumstance which not only confirmed the baronet in the correctness of the information he had received, but also satisfied the sheriff that the mendicant had not deceived him. Rapid was the rush they made to Brady's house, and the very first that entered it was the Red Rapparee. He was about to seize the sheriff, whom he pretended not to know; but in a moment, Sir Robert and the rest entered, when, on recognising each other, an explanation took place, with all due apologies to the functionary, who said:—

"The mistake, Sir Robert, is very natural. I certainly have a clerical appearance, as I am in mourning for my wife. I trust you will neither hang nor transport me."

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Oxley; but I only acted on information received."

"And I don't doubt, Sir Robert," replied the sheriff, "that the person who gave you the information may have been deceived himself by my ecclesiastical dress. I am sorry you have had so much trouble for nothing; but, upon my soul, I feel extremely delighted that I am not a priest."

In the meantime, the sheriff had recognised the Rapparee, by a single glance, as the man that had robbed him. He was now certain; but he took care not to bestow the least sign of recognition upon him; so far from that, he appeared to pay no attention whatsoever to the men, but chatted with Sir Robert for some time, who returned home deeply disappointed, though without imputing blame to his informant, who, he thought, was very naturally misled by the dress of the sheriff. Fergus, however, apprehensive of being involved in the prosecution of the Rapparee, and thus discovered, made a point to avoid the sheriff, whose cross-examination a consciousness of his previous life led him to dread. Still, he had, to a certain extent—though not definitely—resolved to become evidence against him; but only on the condition of previously receiving a full pardon for his own misdeeds. For upwards of a month, however, the sheriff was confined to his bed, having caught, whilst in Brady's, the malignant fever which then raged throughout the country.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SOMETHING NOT VERY PLEASANT FOR ALL PARTIES.

The position of England at this period was anything but an easy one. The Rebellion of '45 had commenced, and the young Pretender had gained some signal victories. Independently of this, she was alarmed by the rumor of a French invasion on her southern coast. Apprehensive lest the Irish Catholics, galled and goaded as they were by the influence of the penal laws, and the dreadful persecution which they caused them to suffer, should flock to the standard of Prince Charles, himself a Catholic, she deemed it expedient, in due time, to relax a little, and accordingly she "checked her hand, and changed her pride." Milder measures were soon resorted to, during

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this crisis, in order that, by a more liberal administration of justice, the resentment of the suffering Catholics might be conciliated, and their loyalty secured. This, however, was a proceeding less of justice than expediency, and resulted more from the actual and impending difficulties of England than from any sincere wish on her part to give civil and religious freedom to her Catholic subjects, or prosperity to the country in which, even then, their numbers largely predominated. Yet, singular to say, when the Rebellion first broke out, all the chapels in Dublin were closed, and the Administration, as if guided by some unintelligible infatuation, issued a proclamation commanding the Catholic priesthood to depart from the city. Those who refused this senseless and impolitic edict were threatened with the utmost severity of the law. Harsh as that law was, the Catholics obeyed it; yet even this obedience did not satisfy the Protestant party, or rather that portion of them who were active agents in carrying out this imprudent and unjustifiable rigor at such a period. They were seized by a kind of panic, and imagined that a broken-down and disarmed people might engage in a general massacre of the Irish Protestants. Whether this incomprehensible terror was real, is a matter of doubt and uncertainty; or whether it was assumed as a justification for assailing the Catholics in a general massacre, similar to that which they apprehended, or pretended to apprehend, is also a matter of question: yet, certain it is that a proposal to massacre them in cold blood was made in the Privy Council. "But," says O'Connor, "the humanity of the members rejected this barbarous proposal and crushed in its infancy a conspiracy, hatched in Lurgan, to extirpate the Catholics of that town and vicinity."

In the meantime, so active was the persecuting spirit of such men as Whitecraft and Smellprie, that a great number of the unfortunate priests fled to the Metropolis, where, in a large and populous city, they had a better chance of remaining *incognito*, than when living in the country, exposed and likely to be more marked by spies and informers. A very dreadful catastrophe took place about this time. A congregation of Catholic people had heard Mass upon an old loft, which had for many years been decayed; in fact, actually rotten. Mass was over, and the priest was about to give them the parting benediction, when the floor went down with a terrific crash. The result was dreadful. The priest and a great many of the congregation were killed on the spot, and a vast number of them wounded and maimed for life. The Protestant inhabitants of Dublin sympathised deeply with the sufferers, whom they relieved and succored as far as in them lay, and by their remonstrances Government was shamed into a more humane administration of the laws.

In order to satisfy our readers that we have not overdrawn our pictures of what the Catholics suffered in those unhappy times, we shall give a quotation from the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, themselves fair and liberal men, and as impartial as they are able and well informed:—

"Since the pacification of Limerick, Ireland had been ruled exclusively by the Protestant party, who, under the influence of feelings arising from local and religious antipathies, had visited the Catholics with many severities. The oath which had excluded the Catholics from office had been followed, in 1698, by an Act of the Irish Parliament, commanding all Romish priests to leave the kingdom, under the penalty of transportation, a return from which was to be punishable by death. Another law decreed forfeiture of property and civil rights to all who should send their children abroad, to be educated in the Catholic Faith." (*History and the Present State of the British Empire.*)

Can any reasonable being doubt for a moment that those laws were laws of extermination?

(To be continued.)

He who knows how to laugh, when to laugh, and what to laugh at, has achieved a philosophy all his own.

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XLIX.—(Continued.)

Early in August, Mountjoy had arranged what he hoped might prove the finishing stroke in the struggle; Downra from Derry, Chichester from Carrigfergus, Danvers from Armagh, and all who could be spared from Mountjoy, Charlemont, and Mountnorris, were gathered under his command, to the number of eight thousand men, for a foray into the interior of Tyrone. Inisloghlin, on the borders of Down and Antrim, which contained a great quantity of valuables belonging to O'Neill, was captured, Magherlowney and Tulloghoge were next taken. At the latter place stood the ancient stone chair on which the O'Neills were inaugurated, time out of mind; it was now broken into atoms by Mountjoy's orders. But the most effective warfare was made on the growing crops. The eight thousand men spread themselves over the fertile fields, along the valleys of the Banu and the Roe, destroying the standing grain with fire, where it would burn, or with the *praec*, a peculiar kind of harrow, tearing it up by the roots. The horsemen trampled crops into the earth which had generously nourished them; the infantry shored them down with their sabres; and the sword, though in a very different sense from that of Holy Scripture, was, indeed, converted into a sickle. The harvest moon never shone upon such fields in any Christian land. In September, Mountjoy reported to Cecil 'that between Tullaghoge and Toome there lay unburied a thousand dead,' and that since his arrival on the Blackwater—a period of a couple of months—there were three thousand starved in Tyrone. In O'Case's country, the misery of his clansmen drove the chief to surrender to Downra, and the news of Hugh Roe's death having reached Donegal, his brother repaired to Athlone, and made his submission to Mountjoy. Early in December, O'Neill, unable to maintain himself on the river Roe, retired with six hundred foot and sixty horse to Glencanean, near Lough Neagh, the most secure of his fastnesses. His brother Cormac, McMahon, and Art O'Neill, of Clandeboy, shared with him the wintry hardships of that asylum, while Tyrone, Clandeboye and Monaghan were given up to horrors, surpassing any that had been known or dreamt of in former wars."

By this time O'Sullivan had bravely held his position in Glengariffe for full six months against all the efforts of the Munster army. That picturesque glen, whose beauty is of world-wide fame, was for Donal a camp formed by Nature, within which the old and helpless, the women and children of his clan, with their kine and sheep, were safely placed, while the fighting force, which, with Tyrrell's contingent, did not exceed 800 men, guarded the few passes through which alone the alpine barriers of the glen could be penetrated. Here the little community, as we might call them, housed in tents of evergreen boughs, lived throughout the summer and autumn months, "waiting for the news from Spain." They fished the "fishful river" that winds through that elysian vale, and the myriad confluent streams that pour down from the "hundred lakes" of Cahah. They hunted the deer that in those days, as in our own, roamed wild and free through the densely wooded craggy dells. Each morning the guards were told off for the mountain watches; and each evening the bugles of the chief, returning from his daily inspection, or the joyous shouts of victory that proclaimed some new assault of the enemy repulsed, woke the echoes of the hills. And perhaps in the calm summer twilight, the laugh and the song went round; the minstrels touched their harps, and the clansmen improvised their simple rustic sports, while the Chief and Lady Aileen moved through the groups with a gracious smile for all! For they nothing doubted that soon would come the glad tidings that King Philip's ships were in the bay; and then!—Bears would be swept of the hated foe, and their loved Dunboy

... again would rise
And mock the English rover!

Alas! this happy dream was to fade in sorrow, and die out in bitterest reality of despair! News came indeed from Spain at length; but it was news that sounded the knell of all their hopes to O'Sullivan and his people! O'Donnell was dead, and on hearing of the fall of Dunboy the Spanish Government had countermanded the expedition assembled and on the point of sailing for Ireland! This was heart-crushing intelligence for Donal and his confederates. Nevertheless they held out still. There remained one faint glimmer in the north; and while there was a sword unsheathed anywhere in the sacred cause of fatherland they would not put up theirs. They gave Carew's captains hot work throughout Desmond for the

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remainder of the autumn, capturing several strong positions, and driving in his outlying garrisons in Muskerry and the Carberies. But soon even the northern ray went out, and the skies all around were wrapt in cimmerician gloom. There was room for hope no more!

What was now Donal's position? It is difficult adequately to realise it! Winter was upon him; the mountains were deep in snow; his resources were exhausted; he was cooped up in a remote glen, with a crowd of helpless people, the aged and infirm, women and children, and with barely a few hundred fighting men to guard them. He was environed by foes on all hands. The nearest point where an ally could be reached was in Ulster, at the other extremity of Ireland—two or three hundred miles away—and the country between him and any such friendly ground was all in the hands of the English, and swarmed with their garrisons and scouring parties.

The resolution taken by O'Sullivan under these circumstances was one which has ever since excited amongst historical writers and military critics the liveliest sentiments of astonishment and admiration. It was to pierce through his surrounding foes, and fight his way northward inch by inch to Ulster; conveying meantime the women and children, the aged, sick, and wounded of his clan—in fine, all who might elect to claim his protection and share his retreat rather than trust the perils of remaining. It was this latter feature which pre-eminently stamped the enterprise as almost without precedent. For 400 men, under such circumstances, to cut their way from Glengariffe to Leitrim, even if divested of every other charge or duty save the clearing of their own path, would be sufficiently daring to form an episode of romance; and had Donal more regard for his own safety than for his "poor people," this would have been the utmost attempted by him. But he was resolved, let what might befall, not to abandon even the humblest or the weakest amongst them. While he had a sword to draw, he would defend them; and he would seek no safety or protection for himself that was not shared by them. His own wife, and, at least, the youngest of his children, he left behind in the charge of his devoted foster-brother, Mac Swiney, who successfully concealed them until the chief's return, nearly eight months subsequently, in an almost inaccessible spot at the foot of an immense precipice in the Glengariffe mountains, now known as the Eagle's Nest. Many other families also elected to try the chance of escape from Carew's scouring parties, and remained behind, hidden in the fastnesses of that wild region.

(To be continued.)

YOUTH AND AGE.

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

You have a garden, wondrous grown
With blushing blooms, and birds, and bees.
I dream beneath your whispering trees,
Enrapt with elfin mysteries,
And waving grasses—petal strown—
But why sit you forlorn and lone,
With head bowed low upon your knees,
And eyes bent on the red rose blown?
Grieve not for that brief glory flown,
And fragrance shattered in the breeze,
As life's sweet transient memories
Of joys conceived, but hardly known—
Come! Share this golden hour of ease
With me, 'mid summer ecstasies;
Do not regret the joy that flees,
Nor brood upon the harvest mown—
Why is your heart a font of stone
In such a garden of your own?

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THE WOMAN WORKER

(By JOSEPH HUSSEIN, S.J., in America.)

Side by side with man, woman is pictured walking with uplifted head towards the dawn of economic independence. To some this is an inspiring sight. To others, not so. Naturally, Catholics turn to the Church to find her attitude towards this important subject. No one has been so consistently devoted to the unfolding of woman's powers and the promotion of her temporal and spiritual welfare as the Catholic Church. We need but point to the brilliant galaxy of learned women who flourished in the cloisters of the Middle Ages or to the marvellous activities displayed by such great Catholic heroines as St. Catherine of Siena, Blessed Joan of Arc, or St. Teresa, to whom even the non-Catholic world turns for inspiration and encouragement. The Church is no less interested in the women of our day, and particularly in the millions whom economic circumstances have driven from the home into the open mart, the busy shop and factory.

That woman, no less than man, should be devoted to a useful occupation is a first principle of Christianity. Even in the literature of the Jewish Talmud there is a wise saying that if a woman has a hundred servants, it should not dispense her from personal work. Idleness is the mother of vice, and the proverb holds as true of woman as of man. There is no reason and no excuse for an existence of mere leisure and social functions. The woman who lives but to be served, whose time is given to pleasure and "society," whose sole ambition is to be a thing of useless preciousness, envied or admired, is a human parasite who thrives upon the toil and blood of others.

How dignified and noble by the side of this scented creature, whose only worth is in her silks and satins, her lap dogs and her limousines, is the true Christian working girl! In her Christ lives again. Her soul is pure from the taint of sin. Beneath her drawn and tired features, wearied after the long day's toil, is hidden, though not all concealed, the presence of the Living God who tabernacles in her breast. Who that has learned to know her does not honor and respect her? Yet what power has been able thus to uphold her dignity and preserve her purity amid the world's allurements but that of the Catholic Church which is her comfort, her glory, and her joy; within whose sanctuary she can find her truest rest, and at whose altar she partakes of the Bread of Life?

But if the Church acknowledges the need of woman's work, both within and without the home, and has no blame to cast upon the Christian woman worker, whom she ever fosters and protects, it does not therefore follow that she approves of the condition of society in which millions of women, married and unmarried, are driven forth into the field of the world's industrial competition. Much less does the Church consider this an ideal state. Such indeed is the fallacy of that typical Socialist philosophy which would constrain all alike, irrespective of sex, to take their place at the wheel of industry or in the booth of commerce. It is in a measure likewise the error of that modern feminism which demands for every woman complete economic independence, while denying to man the Divinely-assigned leadership of the family. Both these systems are equally repugnant to Christianity and to the Catholic Church which will safeguard, at every cost, the right and dignity of womankind.

The Church has not failed to understand the economic exigencies of our time, both as they apply to the legions of women who must earn their livelihood in industry or commerce, and to the commonwealth which may stand in special need of their service in times of national crisis. Yet neither does she ever lose sight of woman's normal purpose in life. Spiritually it is the same as that of man, but in the material order it differs from his in many respects, even as in structure, function, character, and aptitude woman was created different from man: "For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." Neither training nor education can ever make her the same as man, nor ever should strive to do so. There is an ideal of womanliness and an ideal of manliness, and both are perfect in their way; but there is no sadder spectacle for angels and for men in this sublunary world than the womanlike man or the manlike woman.

"Male and female He created them," the Scripture tells us. This difference is again brought home to us in the consequences of the Fall. To man God said: "Cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." But to woman He said: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children." Here, therefore, are clearly defined the normal occupations of both sexes for which the Almighty has especially fitted them. The hard and burdensome toil of the outer

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THE DEPENDABLE

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world is, so far as possible, to be the portion of man, while the gentler, but even more heroic sacrifices of home and motherhood fall to the part of woman. Hence in his great Encyclical on "The Condition of Labor" Pope Leo XIII. has this to say of woman, which briefly sums up the entire doctrine of the Church on the important question of woman labor:—"Women are not suited for certain occupations; a woman is by Nature fitted for home-work, and it is that which is best adapted to preserve her modesty and to promote the good upbringing of children and the well-being of the family."

Yet of the women who are engaged in wage-earning occupations outside of the home, many have not made the choice of their own heart. Others have freely chosen the state of virginity to preserve their purity for God alone, and are working out their salvation in the world rather than within convent walls. Both classes may be doing God's will according to their best lights and both classes must seek to earn their livelihood as best they can. A. E. Mahuteaux in the *Liverpool Catholic Times* thus summarizes the problem:—"Many women fortunately will always find their happiness in receiving shelter and comfort from a father's or a husband's love. No one wants to change that. It is both the normal and the ideal. But what must happen to the large number of women who have neither father nor husband? From whose kindness and solicitude will they receive the necessary means of subsistence? And if in honor a woman may not receive them from any other, how can she procure them except by her own skill and effort? And how, in the present state of our social economy, can that skill and effort be exercised except in competition with her fellow-beings, men and women alike?"

Woman's place, therefore, as the writer observes, is wherever Providence has given her duties to perform; for no woman's hands may be idle, whether she labors for herself or for others. Some have their duties in their own home or in the home of others, and some have their duties in hospital, workshop, school, or office. There are certain classes of work which should be restricted to men, and there are others which women can perform as well or perhaps far better. The domestic sphere is hers by nature. For the rest it matters not what we do, provided we do well what God's Providence assigns us. It is the love of Him that gives to every act its highest value and it is this alone that can raise to a fine white flame of devotion these little lives of ours, whether they burn in cloister, home, or workshop. Nothing of all this conflicts with the Holy Father's teaching, that woman is by Nature fitted for home-work and that it is this which is best adapted to preserve her modesty and prepare her for her normal duty as wife and mother. It is in the latter function that she can render to society her greatest service, unless indeed she choose for her sole Spouse Christ the Lord, that she may become the spiritual mother of souls.

Clearly, then, it is the duty of the State to provide, so far as possible, that woman shall be enabled to follow her primal vocation of motherhood. If already a mother she must be given the opportunity to devote to her children all that attention and care which make industrial occupations in shop or factory impossible. Her place is now in the home, with her little ones. This, as we cannot too frequently repeat, is one of the most urgent reasons obliging the State to secure an adequate family wage for every adult male laborer. Thus will he be able, in the early years of his manhood, to offer a home to the woman of his choice where she can happily perform the duties of a Christian mother, undisturbed by the struggle for existence whose weight should rightly fall upon the husband's shoulders. Her own duties, if conscientiously performed, may far more than balance this burden, while the claims of charity will leave no moments idle on her hands.

Both statistics and experience show conclusively that, in general, married women will gladly withdraw from industrial and commercial life if a suitable family wage is paid their husbands. Their withdrawal, like the prevention of child labor, will in turn react favorably upon the labor situation, will lessen unemployment and tend to raise the wages of the men.

But there is a duty likewise imposed upon the individual man and woman. It is the duty of thrift and moderation, and unless this is better observed by all classes there can be no solution of our problem. We are living in an age of extravagant expenditure. The rich by the neglect of their stewardship, using their surplus wealth as if it stood at their free disposal and were not intended for the common good, are setting an example of lavish living which the poor are imitating in their own degree. The spendthrift young man cannot hope to support a wife, even though an adequate wage be secured for him, while the earnest and ambitious worker will wisely fear

to marry a girl whose extravagance of dress and amusement forebodes disaster to his limited earnings. "I will not be hard to keep," was the assuring remark made by a simply yet faultlessly dressed American girl to the happy young man whose heart and hand she had accepted. There was no thought of narrow parsimony, but of that wisdom which builds a successful home and that motherliness which provides for the little ones who are to be the joy of the parents' youthful days and the glory of their declining years.

Until, therefore, every man is assured a family wage, and rich and poor alike return to the simplicity of Christian life, it will be futile to hope for a satisfactory solution of this particular phase of the problem of the woman worker. The wage-labor of countless women is to a great extent unnatural, because unnecessarily enforced upon them through capitalistic greed, through inadequate legislation, and through personal habit of thriftlessness and excess. The luxury of the rich is even far more culpable in the example that it sets. At present we must not base our judgment upon the abnormal conditions existing in time of war, but prepare for a future reconstruction in which woman will be given ampler opportunities to promote both her own happiness and that of the race.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few!
Some lie far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite—
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

Learn the luxury of doing good.—Goldsmith.

Reverence is the chief power and joy of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot die.—Ruskin.

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(Next Evening Post)

Wellington

FATHERED BY SATAN—MOTHERED BY BIGOTRY

(By T. J. McG., in New York Truth.)

We have but too much reason to know that the "Orange fiend" is active both in this country and in Ireland. Here it raises its hideous head in the form of anti-Catholic and pro-English propaganda societies; there it stirs up religious strife and murders peaceful citizens.

Orangeism is an anomaly in this twentieth century, which can only be explained by a reference to its origin. It was born about the end of the eighteenth century, having the devil for a father and religious hate as a prolific mother. The avowed object was the maintenance of the principles of 1688 and Protestant ascendancy. It was a secret society, admission being by oath, the members being known to each other by signs and passwords. No one was admissible save a Protestant, while not alone does conformity to Catholicity exclude from membership, but a similar punishment follows marrying a "Papist." King William and the principles of the revolution, his creed and colors, were symbolised by the Charter toast of "The Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory," and by the war cry "No Surrender." Training to the use and the possession of arms have ever been a leading article in the political faith of the Orangemen. A grand Central Executive, with local lodges over the whole country, officered and directed by the nobility, gentry, and magistracy, including high sheriffs and leading Crown and county officers, with a graduated staff of chaplains, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, make up the fighting strength of the Orange organisation.

One of their earlier secret articles was: "That we will bear true allegiance to his Majesty, his heirs and successors, so long as he or they support the Protestant ascendancy," proving the qualified and conditional loyalty of an Orangeman. And among the other secret articles is: "An Orangeman is to keep his brother's secrets as his own, unless in case of murder, treason, and perjury, and of his own free will."

Daniel O'Connell said, reviewing these oaths:—"See what a crop of crimes the Orangeman is bound to conceal for his brother-Orangeman. Killing a Papist may, in his eyes, be no murder, and he might be bound to conceal that; but he is certainly bound to conceal all cases of riot, maiming, wounding, stabbing, theft, robbing, rape, house-breaking, house-burning, and every other human villainy, save murder, treason, and perjury. These are the good, the faithful, the loyal subjects. They may, without provocation or excuse, attack and assault—give the first assault, mind, when they are certain no brother can be brought to trouble. They may feloniously and burglariously break into dwellings, and steal, take and carry away whatever they will please to call arms and ammunition. And, if the loyalty of a brother tempts him to go a little further, and to plunder any other articles, or to burn the house, or to violate female honor, his brother-spectators of the crime are bound by their oaths to screen it, for ever, from detection and justice.

The Orangeman of to-day, who is placing obstacles in the way of Ireland's right to self-determination, whether in the United States, Canada, or Ireland, is just the same bigoted brute as he was in the days of the great liberator, Daniel O'Connell. His objects are the same, and his motives not different. Utterly irreclaimable, dead to every feeling of true citizenship, decency, and charity, the lower class of Orangemen, with the degenerate, money-grasping Carson standing at the head of the lowest, carry on, as of old, their dirty work with diabolical ingenuity.

The Orange Society is the one discordant faction in Ireland that is opposing self-determination. The morality of factions is never better, generally worse, than that of the individuals who compose them; indeed, men acting in masses, with a diminished responsibility, are always more cruel, more vindictive, and more wicked than when acting in their individual capacities. A faction, like a Chicago, Washington, or Omaha mob, has no heart, its grand principle is selfishness, and the mortar which cements it together is chiefly compounded of hatred and hypocrisy. Hence, if it be true of individuals, that they cherish an unforgiving spirit towards those whom they have injured, it must still be more so of factions or parties, who have a common interest in the perpetuation of wrong, and whose selfishness is often envenomed by civil, political, and religious animosity. The sense of their own iniquity is absorbed in the bitterness of that hatred which it engenders; and such is the depravity of the human heart that men so circumstanced come at length to consider themselves as entitled and warranted to prosecute the very system which is pillared and buttressed by injustice, tyranny, and oppression. It is the unhappy condition of those of the class whom we have described, that they can-

not retrace their steps if they would, and that they would not if they could.

This appears to the writer to be pretty near a description of the relation in which the Orangemen, considered as a faction, at present stand to the Irish people. In the excess of their hatred they have thrown aside the cloak of hypocrisy, and have exhibited themselves to the civilised world in all the naked deformity of their real character. Of their own maxims and motives they have approved themselves the ablest and most fitting expositors. They have extracted from Machiavelli's *Manual of Tyranny* the blackest chapter to be found in that infamous book, and blasphemously sworn on the Gospels that it contained their true creed.

It is well that Ireland should know her enemies as well as her friends; and it is still better that the former should make this open and unreserved proclamation of their real character and designs. By this means, the possibility of mistake, on either side, is completely obviated. The Irish people now know, with whom and with what they have to contend; and we observe with satisfaction that they have made their preparations accordingly. Their leaders are well aware of the nature of the resistance to be overcome. Experience has taught them that they have nothing to expect from a sense of justice or of right; and that it would be as vain to imagine that a hungry lion would relinquish voluntarily the prey he was devouring, as to dream that the Orange-Tory faction would voluntarily recognise a principle involving the impeachment of their whole system. It will be through the bringing of American opinion to bear on the English Government that the Irish will obtain what justice and wisdom should at once concede—self-determination for Ireland.

Onehunga

(From our own correspondent.)

March 23.

Last Sunday afternoon the annual meeting of the Children of Mary took place in the schoolroom, Father O'Byrne presiding. After a few preliminary remarks by the rev. chairman, the balance sheet was read and adopted. There were 20 Children of Mary and 13 aspirants present. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—President, Miss B. Greenap; vice-president, Miss Annie Simmons; secretary, Miss Lisa Simmons; treasurer, Miss Muriel Murdoch; sacristan, Miss Blanche Mitchell; councillors, Misses M. Hotchin, E. Murdock, and N. Wade. Father O'Byrne then advised the members on their duties and obligations, and promised to deliver a lecture to them at their meeting every month.

A new feature of the 10 o'clock Mass on Sundays is a considerably augmented children's choir, under the direction of one of the Sisters of Mercy. The singing is very much appreciated by the usually large congregation, and great credit is due to the Sister for the interest she is taking in the choir's training. Congregational singing is also heard every Sunday evening, and tends to augment the already large congregations at these devotions. Every first Friday there is a short lecture, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for the children, given by Father O'Byrne, at which they consecrate themselves, their families, and parish to the Sacred Heart.

WAS LAS CASAS THE FIRST PRIEST ORDAINED IN AMERICA?

Was Father Las Casas, the defender of the Indians, the first priest ordained in America, as has frequently been asserted? (says the *Fortnightly Review*, U.S.A.) One of the latest to make or repeat the statement is the Rev. James Higgins, a priest of the archdiocese of Boston, in a book for Catholic schools, entitled *Stories of Great Heroes*, published with the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Boston. But if Father Las Casas was ordained in America before 1514. The *Review* writer thinks that he was ordained "toward the end of 1510," but this can hardly be, for, as the *Catholic Historical Review* pointed out a year or two ago, "we know of no bishop in Spanish-possibly Las Casas said his first Mass here, "but an authentic record of his ordination is not forthcoming." If a new edition of Father Higgins' book should appear, it is to be hoped that either the chapter title, "The First Priest Ordained in America," will be changed, or that the authority for the assertion will be given. It serves no good purpose to teach children in Catholic schools "facts" of history which they may have to unlearn later.

Current Topics

Sinn Fein Outrages Again

Recently a deputation of English Laborites went over to Ireland in order to see for themselves how the beneficent and kindly rule of Muck the moralist was exercised. One day they went to Thurles, and there, says the *Manchester Guardian*, they had a good view of English rule. British fair play in all its glory, Saxon chivalry, John Bull's love for small nations were revealed to them, naked and unabashed. They saw a gang of soldiers and policemen running riot through the town, smashing windows, breaking heads, and sparing neither age nor sex in their laudable efforts to uphold the glorious traditions of the British army. Doubtless if they had not seen, and had not told what they saw, the whole story would have been cabled out here as another Sinn Fein outrage: just like the rest of them! A few days ago we had a letter from a well-known Irish priest. He told us that the outrages were the work of a gang of returned soldiers, many of whom had an English accent. In his opinion they were even encouraged by the moralist Muck. Now, if that statement of an Irish priest came alone, it would be discounted by many people who will never believe anything wrong of John Bull until he smashes their own heads. But it does not, fortunately, stand alone. It is corroborated by the testimony of a judge. In the *New Leader*, January 24, we read that when Judge Wakely was discharging the grand jury at Sligo he said:—

"I want it to be known all over Sligo County that where a man has served and has been discharged it does not follow that he can do what he likes on his return, on the assumption that if he is taken to court for a crime committed he will be leniently dealt with. As you will see by the press, a great deal of crime is being committed all over the country, and I am sorry to say that a big number of the men committing those crimes are ex-soldiers."

Thus are upheld the glorious traditions of the British army. Thus too are Sinn Fein crimes manufactured for the fools that read Granny D.T.'s and similar hirelings.

The Spirit in Ireland

Life and property are not safe from the soldiers and police in Ireland at present. Boys of tender years have been kidnapped, others sent to gaol for singing a song, policemen charge innocent men playing skittles, if a motor tire bursts every soldier who hears it will probably fire off his rifle and kill a comrade—an event that will be duly cabled to us later as a Sinn Fein outrage. Every prominent man who encouraged the Kaiser to come and kick the King's crown into the Boyne has been promoted to a Government billet, while every prominent leader of the people who are asking for the fulfilment of British war pledges is sent to gaol. British justice is a mockery. British chivalry a thing to make the devils laugh. To be Irish and Catholic is almost criminal, to be Orange and Hunnish is almost as sure to lead to promotion from Muckpherson or Welsh George. Bishops' letters are opened and their contents stolen by British officials. Bishops may not publish letters in the press. It is still permitted to go to Mass and to bury the dead, but a gathering for almost any other cause is sure to lead to a baton charge and to brutal murders by the police and soldiers. Thus it goes on in the one white nation under the heel of a tyrant to-day. And the wonderful thing is that the people keep smiling all the time. The boys and the girls are not one whit afraid of anything that can happen them. They are ready for gaol, or ready for death, satisfied so long as it is all for Ireland. French and Muck issue orders suppressing everything, but nothing is suppressed. Sinn Fein holds meetings, conducts courts

of justice, organises and directs and controls the people, and beats the Huns at every step; and all the rank and file seem to enjoy it. Does anybody think that nation can be beaten now?

The Huns

There was panic and confusion in the home. The poor, heart-broken mother was too stricken with grief to move from the bedside. The little children had cried themselves sick. The dead man, murdered brutally, lay on his bed. They had killed him as cowards always do, so suddenly that he had not even time to send for his priest. Up and down stairs, through the rooms, tearing blinds and hangings, ripping pictures from their frames, smashing windows and furniture, the Hun soldiers went to and fro, cursing and blaspheming as is their way. They had no respect for the dead; no compassion for the tears of the widow, or for the grief of the fatherless little children. They were Huns; and what to them were widows and children. Imagine, if you can, the sordid brutality of the proceeding! Picture to yourself the baseness of a government of which the troops descend to such practices. Can you recall anything to outdo it, even from the annals of the reign of Henry VIII. or even from the annals of Nero's reign?

In the Reichstag, Herr von Schweinhund, who was the Minister supposed to be responsible for the conduct of the troops in question, was asked for an explanation.

"They went to the house," he said, "in order to investigate the murder. For if they had not gone, the people would blame them for the murder."

Herr von Schweinhund clearly expected that common sense would fasten on his men as the murderers. Why, we wonder.

Now a deputy arose and said to Herr von Schweinhund:

"What you say to excuse your men is not true; for it appears now that before they went into that house, which they sacked and rifled, they did not know of the murder. Therefore, you have told an untruth, and you have given as a statement of fact what was only an invention of your own."

To this Herr von Schweinhund replied:

"I tried to defend my men. I gave an 'inferential explanation.' What would you have? I was in a corner and I had to say something."

And behold, there was great indignation, among the few honest men who are to be found in that assembly, for they knew that von Schweinhund was a prevaricator and that the truth was not in him. And to many it did appear that his lying defence only made it appear more probable that the murder was done by some of his people. That view was supported later by the fact that portions of the uniform of his men—or of a man of his—were found in the house where the murder was done. But those who knew von Schweinhund marvelled not at all.

This incident naturally aroused great and intense feeling among those just men and women who plucked geese to find white feathers to send to men who were slow about going forth to fight the Huns. "What? Are these things still happening, after all we have done? Did we not win a war that freed small nations from their tyrants? Did we not restore the reign of righteousness and justice on earth? Yet here is Hunnishness broken out once more—and as bad as ever. Perhaps the brutes did not kill a defenceless man; but at any rate they terrified his widow and her little orphans, and they acted in a way that no barbarians would have acted. It is sad to think that these things happen even now that we have won the war." In this way, would some of our Imperial patriots and patriotesses speak if they heard that such things were done in Belgium, by the Prussians. What have they to say when they know that these things were done in Cork, and that von Schweinhund was Jock Muckpherson?

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"The Gloomy Dean"

Dean Inge, known to the world better as "the gloomy Dean," has written a book of essays which according to the London *Times* is one of the books of the period. The Dean's thesis is that what may be termed short-term progress is an illusion. He is as gloomy as usual in his views, and he has little joy in the present or hope in the future. "The English populace," he says, "are at present neither Protestant nor Catholic; they are, if we count heads, mainly heathen." He finds the England of our day a benighted place, and the towns the worst of it: "The modern town-dweller has no God and no Devil; he lives without awe, without admiration, without fear." And, bad as the present is, he thinks the coming years will be worse. He foresees a new invasion—"a new barbarian invasion—proceeding this time not from the rude nations of the north, but from the crowded alleys of our great cities—which threatens to plunge us into a new Dark Age." His only hope is that when humanity has tried every wrong path it may perchance strike the right one some day. The book has stimulated much criticism and called forth a great variety of opinions. The one that has attracted most attention is naturally Bernard Shaw's. The wild Irishman writes in *Everyman*:—

"These essays, dazzling as they are, have done much to confirm me in a conviction which has deepened in me for years, that what we call secondary education as practised in our public schools and universities is destructive to any but the strongest minds, and even to them is disastrously confusing. I find in the minds of all able and original men and women who have been so educated, a puzzling want of homogeneity. They are full of chunks of unassimilated foreign bodies which are more troublesome and dangerous than vacancies I find in the minds of those who have not been educated at all.

"I prefer a cavity to a cancer or a calculus: it is capable of being filled with healthy tissue and it is not malignant. In the mind of the Dean, which is quite unmistakably a splendid mind, I find the most ridiculous substances, as if, after the operation of educating him, the surgeon pedagogue had forgotten to remove his sponges and instruments and sewn them up inside."

G.B.S. is certainly hard on the poor Dean, but his criticism of modern education is sound to the core. Just as his prefaces often matter more than his plays, it is probable that his criticism of the Dean's book is better than the book itself, even though the infallible *Times* gives its Imprimatur to the *opus magnum*. The real trouble about modern education is that instead of its being left to men who are qualified and capable it is the plaything of every Tom, Dick, and Harry. A Minister of Education is chosen at random and given almost a free hand to undo the traditions built upon the thought of centuries. A local butcher's opinion may be preferred to a philosopher's; an anonymous writer in a paper like the *Star* will pronounce *ex cathedra* with lightning rapidity and unblushing cheek on a subject that taxes the best thought of men of high education and careful training. And so, the result is exactly what G.B.S. says it is. Boys and girls have their minds smothered by chunks of unassimilated and unassimilable stuff, just as a child's stomach is, about Christmas time, filled with a medley of things ranging from plum pudding to celery. And while the whole land is laid desolate because there is no one who thinks in his heart, our teachers take very good care to make it impossible for the young generation to think here or hereafter. New Zealand suffers most of all countries in this way. You have only to listen to the number of infallible people you meet in a day to be sure of it. True learning begets humility; and when you have everybody infallible it is a sign that there is no education in the country.

The Catechism

The penny catechism is, all things weighed, the most important book for ordinary Christians. It is a little book, so simple that a child is able to learn it, but it contains in it the whole fabric of doctrine on which salvation hereafter and social order here depend. It contains deeper wisdom than was known to the greatest thinkers of antiquity, the answers to the riddles that baffle statesmen, the solution of problems that agitate men of learning, and the only true explanation of the mysteries of life and death. The Church has always insisted on the necessity of teaching the catechism to the young, and she imposes on all pastors a solemn obligation of instructing personally the children under their care. Nobody can teach the catechism as well as the priest: his studies during his years in the seminary were all a development of the elementary truths found in the catechism, and the better theologian he is the better he will be qualified to make clear to young minds the meaning of those short sentences in which such great truths are condensed. The priest cannot do all he might like to do, and he has invaluable helpers in the devoted nuns and Brothers who, under God, have done so much to spread the faith and to keep its sacred torch burning throughout Christendom. Besides the nuns and Brothers, pious lay people are always found ready to assist in this apostolic work, and the priest is always glad to have their aid. To remind all such how great and how important is their work, we here repeat a few thoughts of Monsignor Dupanloup, the learned French prelate whose name is forever associated with the apostolate of the catechism.

"Children are the men of the future. There is a very simple sentence, but it expresses an incontestable fact on which we can never ponder enough if we would stir up our zeal and enter thoroughly into the work of catechising, like true servants of Christ and serious workers of the Gospel.

"We grieve for the sad state of the poor people of our villages and towns whom a century and a-half of impiety brought to such misery. We say that all the work for souls has to be begun again; that the labors of the Apostles and of the first preachers of the faith in our country must be undertaken anew; that a task of regeneration is before us, and that it is almost like a resurrection from the dead. It is true. Nothing less than that must be done. If anybody does not think so, it is because he has not an elementary grasp of the facts and not a right idea of the work to which God calls us.

"But what are we to conclude from the situation?

"The most infallible means for the prompt regeneration of our parishes is, without a doubt, the work of catechising. Yes, if this work is well organized, well done, conducted with zeal and perseverance, however great the evil may be, we may have confidence that we will yet make all safe.

"Let us then look to the children who are at hand, whom Providence causes to be born and to grow up under our eyes; let us turn towards those dear young souls, so easy to win; let us train them up under the eyes of the Lord; let us make them good Christians, and we will have effected a radical change in the present and saved the future.

"For the children will become men soon, and they will be the future Christian people.

"The Holy Spirit has said, *A young man according to his way, and even when he is old he will not depart from it.* It is very difficult for a man to be good in his old age if he has not learned how to be good in his youth.

"Therefore, when you are asked to undertake the work of catechising with zeal, there is no question of a work of supererogation: no, it is a question of life or death for souls. Heaven or Hell for ever, there is what it means, neither more nor less, for millions of souls, even for the whole Church. So much is at stake when it is a question of teaching catechism well or badly."

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OUR SAINT AND HERO

AND ANOTHER

(By T. P. CUMMINS.)

I tell a tale and no lying tale, with mine own eyes it was clear to me, with mine own ears I myself heard it, The thing I speak I speak aloud.

There are few records in the wide range of history, sacred and profane, that command such attention and have evoked more inquiry and contention as the life and labors of the apostle of the Irish nation. In the realm of Irish history, I venture to assert, he is the outstanding figure, by reason of his personality, mentality, and genius. The marks he impressed upon his adopted race, through his missionary labors and the revision of the Brehon Laws, have made Catholicity in Ireland not only a spiritual but an intrinsic national asset. His mission and successes flame into a volcanic awesomeness not surpassed by the acts of the chosen Twelve, and resembling in many respects the wonderful works of Christ, his Lord and Master, Who indeed promised as much, did He not, when He said at the Last Supper, ". . . he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do."

In the history of civilisation, which, when carefully analysed, is in great part the history of God's Church, Patrick fills a niche beside which the shrines of Constantine and Charlemagne loom not more glorious. He was the Moses of the West, the servant of God, and the Thaumaturgus of the Gael. Ecclesiastic and lawgiver, seer and champion, Patrick is the greatest heroic personality in the records of the Irish. His labors, spiritual and temporal, redeemed and released a latent force, the full fervor and power of which has not spent itself yet. This force, pre-eminently spiritual, assailed the fabric and very foundations of heathenism, purged a great deal, obliterated much, and, for nearly 1500 years across the world, has grappled with every enemy—heathen, infidel, and pseudo-Christian—of the Cross. This great force not only purged the minds of our forebears and rejuvenated the souls of the people, but set its seal on the national aspect, becoming in time the major factor in moulding, guarding, and emblazoning the ideal of independence. Patrick is not only a saint but a heroic figure as well—points in his personality deserving more consideration at the present day by those of us who can only recall for the time being a far-away saint. Looking at the saint we must not ignore the natural man; and, by surveying relatively and studiously the saint and man, and not losing one in the other, we arrive at a correct estimation of his sainthood and a true conception of his heroic qualities. As apostle of the Gael he is the first and most eminent of our holy men, and not by any means a vague wonder-worker of a dim and distant age. As purger and collaborator of the makers of the Brehon Laws, as one who wrote, chanted, and preached in the Gaelic language, as the inspirator of saints, scholars, poets, storytellers, and soldiers, Patrick is the most heroic figure in the story of our race. There is no hero, ancient or modern, can dim his heroism. The Gallo-Roman, the swineherd, the

priest who "heard the voice of the folk who were near the wood of Fochland nigh to the Western Sea," is the greatest of our saints and the noblest of our heroes.

Patrick lives in history not only from the facts of his life and mission, but mainly, I should say, as a force, the only force that won the soul of a great people and has never vacated the citadel. Therein Patrick is with us to-day, looming larger than ever, more powerful, fearless, and restless than when he confronted King Laighaire at Tara, and became the companion of kings, and the friend and adviser of the Brehons. The mind of Irish Ireland is Catholic. The intense earnestness of her teachers, singers, preachers, and heroes indicates the strength of the spirit-force infused into the national being by the Gallo-Roman missionary. So intense is the fervor and vision of the race that at home the faith of Patrick is a bulwark of national solidity, and abroad a beacon of splendor. Down the long centuries this spirit-force has come, combating armies, invigorating the race, foiling stupendous menaces, scattering hellish conspiracies, permeating Europe, and overflowing into the marts and desert places of the world. To-day we have it struggling and conquering on foreign fields, and at home bracing the nerves of the people against a mighty combination of hate, savagery, and greed. When Patrick prayed on Crohan Aigh that the faith of Eirinn might never fail, and when he rose up from his knees and looked out over Clew Bay and the great Western Sea, he had won from the Most High the fairest gift the Creator could give to a people. There is no other gem in the crown of Eirinn that sparkles so brilliantly and attracts so powerfully. From her brow the pearl has never been torn; and to-day millions the earth over salute the Everlasting Throne with the assurance of the Gael—a salutation that voices the flaming soul of a faithful people—*Credo!*

Good people, of course, who can derive more satisfaction and consolation from a smart novel or musical comedy than from the lives of great men, will see in Patrick, as in most of the saints, a mere name, or, probably, a national symbol to be passively respected or wrangled over. Yet, it is from such moderns—cultured and uncultured—that the criticisms and speculations, born of pride and ignorance, stream forth, assailing the personality, labors, miracles, and conquests of the saints. In a world uneasy, visionless, and materialistic, the plain facts of sainthood cannot be focussed, and criticism and speculation incidental to such failure are natural enough. With many of us one must see and read and think to understand, and comprehend to appreciate, and believe to accept. The apostle of Ireland has come in for his share of criticism: his life and mission have been questioned. Even pseudo-Christians of the Luther order have bravely attempted to weave his personality and mission into the warp and woof of their Wittenberg fabric! And a few Irish writers of our day have essayed to join the sceptics and purblind students by sneering at the giant flower that blossomed on Irish soil from the mustard seed as an "exotic bloom!" Christianity remoulded, rejuvenated, and strengthened the soul and body of Ireland. The seed fell on fertile ground, and good ground and good seed maintain the tree in natural health, vigor, and beauty.

One of our brilliant critics and essayists, Mr. John Eglinton (another of the "Dublin mystics"), pays a dry

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compliment to Patrick, by the way, but adopts the precautionary measure, careful person that he is, of sneering at Patrick's gift. However, it is good to have the compliment and the sneer, for thereby one is enabled to plumb the writer's depth. This mystical critic has said of our saint: "His figure so far from shrinking into insignificance under the application of the higher criticism stands out all the more impressively and honorably when the story is told as it probably happened." There is something here approaching a compliment from one such as John Eglinton. Honest criticism is seldom complimentary; it is usually severely analytical. Compliments are bits of the stock-in-trade of the hired or inspired reviewer. John Eglinton is a brilliant critic, and, perhaps, honest enough. Therefore, it is probable, one can palliate his indiscreetness when he says in *The Island of Saints* that Irish Catholicism is an exotic wholly out of sympathy with the natural aspirations of the Irish race. In writing thus he merely theorises, but bald theories of the kind are the result of narrow observations and superficial thought on the subject, an explanation that is supported by the crude evidence he adduces to inflate his contention. It is interesting to note that this mystical Dubliner rejects the Irish language on aesthetic grounds! A weakness, by the way, that supplies the key to the many superficialities that mar the brilliancy of his prose.

Catholicity is as essential to the spiritual and national fibre of Ireland as rain to the garden, as water to the mill. Her literature, art, national and natural aspirations, foreign spiritual conquests; the purity and beauty of her daughters; the vigor, valor, and devotion of her sons—all, all would have been blasted had she for a moment bent the neck to the yoke accepted by perfidious Albion and canny Caledonia. Bloody but unbowed, naked, shelterless and hunted, she fought the savages and storms of centuries; friendless, except for her own soul, her saints, and her God, she confronted a terrific world of infamy and hate. Robbed, raped, and reviled, she retained her soul unscathed. Erect she stood bleeding but believing; and the hosts of darkness, after the most hellish onslaughts a people could experience, were vanquished. "They folded their tents like Arabs, and as silently faded away." Exotic indeed! Nothing that comes from the hand of God is foreign. Catholicism is a natural bloom, in the sense that it flourishes naturally and vigorously in any good soil where the gifts of God are welcomed and respected. And the soul of Ireland has been tenacious of the gifts of God. The great prayer that assailed the Most High from the lonely mountain in Mayo was not breathed in vain. The pearl of great price had been won, and, I believe, won for ever. Nothing can dim its lustre, but the exotic growths of heresy, unbelief, and materialism—truly foreign hemlocks of poison and putrefaction. There is little to fear from heresy; the victory achieved in the night of the Penal Days has settled that ghost. Ireland's only descent can be from belief to unbelief. The half-way, makeshift tenements of heresy and schism are but obstructions in the area of conflict, and already are being blown to atoms by one or other of the contending forces of faith and infidelity.

As the finale in the spiritual combat saw the banners of the saint crown the hill-crests of the Gael, may we not piously hope that the valor and moral worth of our national heroes shall be crowned with decisive victory in God's good time. It is to Eirinn's steadfastness in the combat for the pearl of great price that the fibre of the national being guarded itself, developed, and eventually flamed into action in these our own days. Patrick and Pearse! What a glorious vista of historic pageantry these names envision to the thoughtful Irish mind. Men and women of the Gael look down the long years and behold Patrick and his brethren before the Ard-Ri and his host at Tara. Behold the battle between saints and druids, the conquest, and the golden age of our Christian era. Step forth with your fathers and Brian under the crucifix at Clontarf, and later with them enter into the awful gloom and terrors of the long night of the Penal Days. From the furnace of thralldom leap with them into the sunrise of victory. The soul had conquered, but the iron of the invader still shackled the body. Girded and steadfast march aside into the arena of physical effort. Down, down the banners go, but the combat never lessens. The cause moves on through weal and woe. The soul that won through saves and invigorates the body. The physical conflict continues, culminating in 1916 in the supreme triumph of a crowning failure. The swords of the invaders were buried in the breasts of our heroes, but the arms that wielded the weapons are withering under the flaming purpose of the people, as grass frizzles up and decays under the colonial sun. Patrick and Pearse! Giants in the worlds of spirit and matter, may we not remember you to-day, not for the beauty that passes, but for the things ye prized, the things that are God's.

FATHER O'DONNELL AND THE BRITHUNS

Giving his verdict on British sincerity, Father T. J. O'Donnell in a letter to a friend in Melbourne, and published in the *Tribune* (a portion of which we reproduced in last week's *Tablet*) in the following terms comments on the methods of justice meted out to him:—

"Now to show the lengths to which these people went, allow me to set out these facts. The prosecutor was permitted to ask me about my SENTIMENTS as regards the rising of Easter Week and Sinn Fein, etc. He deliberately said that he desired to show that if I had certain sentiments then it should be concluded that I had expressed them at Killarney. Such a thing was never heard of. But the Judge Advocate permitted it. And the reason! It was this: the prosecutor had some documents in my handwriting which it was said had been obtained by a raid on the Sinn Fein quarters at Kerry and Cork, and these established me as a most dangerous person. If I had admitted certain things about the rebellion and the Sinn Fein party these were to be produced; and then it would be contended that I was indeed as guilty as my sentiments and these documents showed. OF COURSE, THE SAID DOCUMENTS WERE FORGERIES MADE IN AN IMITATION OF MY HANDWRITING BY STEALING MY LETTERS WHEN IN THE PRISON. COULD PRUSSIAN BEAT THAT?"

What scoundrels they are, and to what depths they will go in their villainy. Spies broke into my lawyer's office in Dublin and stole his papers. Another came dressed as a priest and pretended to be a friend of mine, and another said he was my cousin from New York and wanted to see all the papers in the case. They tried to get the police to work up some other charge against me; but the police refused. We got much information from the Secret Service Department, and they were thus beaten at their own game. But I most certainly ran a great risk, and did a daring thing when I determined to fight this brood of liars, perjurers, murderers, and Prussian demons. I beat them, and the world has had a good sample of what goes on in Ireland. The case attracted much interest here, in Canada, and America, as well as elsewhere. It cost me over one thousand pounds, and there does not seem much chance of getting any of that back. But I have had the pleasure of showing up the English Huns in Ireland, who are doing these dark deeds so shameful that the Prussians in Belgium would never dare to attempt. WHAT HYPOCRITES THEY ARE. THESE ENGLISH! WHAT FOUL DEEDS DISHONOR THEM EVERYWHERE. IN INDIA WITH THEIR MASSACRES, IN EGYPT AND IRELAND. SURELY THE WORLD IS HORRIFIED AT THE ATROCITIES COMMITTED BY THESE PEOPLE, WHO SAID THEY WENT TO WAR FOR LITTLE NATIONS. HYPOCRITES! VIPERS! HOW SHALL THEY ESCAPE THE JUDGMENT OF HELL?"

A prediction that 1920 may see the recognition of the Republic of Ireland by the United States was contained in a New Year's message cabled to Arthur Griffith, Acting-President, by Eamon de Valera. The message follows:—"Greetings to the persecuted people of Ireland from the many millions of Americans who love liberty and admire people everywhere who will not be denied liberty. Endure yet a little while. You will be sustained. The year 1920 may see the Republic of Ireland officially recognised by the United States and then final victory after 750 years. Work and pray, everyone, colleagues and self are doing our duty. We send our regards to every Irish citizen."

G.



R.

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IRELAND'S RIGHT TO SELF-DETERMINATION

Speaking at the St. Patrick's Day celebration at Wai-kiwi, the Rev. Father Eceleton, S.M., in the course of his remarks, said the claim of Ireland for inclusion in the application of the principles of self-determination and of government only with the consent of the governed, is addressed not to blind prejudice, not to insane passion, but to the court of cool, balanced reason. The aim of all exposition, as of all discussion, is to evolve not heat, but light.

The Irish people are a separate race. They are Celts, one of the earliest peoples that swept across what is now Europe from the depths of the mysterious East. Their advent was much anterior to that of the Teutonic race. With the coming of the Teutons, they were pressed out on to the very edge of the then known world, and found their habitat in the islands of the west. In Ireland they remained, and remain but for later Danish and Norman-French infusions in the eastern and southern seaboard, Celtic.

They were among the first of peoples to embrace modern civilisation. The earliest records speak of Ireland as the schoolmaster of the western world when the peoples around Ireland were sunk in barbarism. Their division into septs or clans was the weakness that worked for their undoing. Powerful enemies from without skilfully applied the ancient doctrine of *divide et impera*—divide and rule. For 750 years the fight of the Irish people for the retention of their right to self-determination has gone on, and the conflict was never more determined than it is to-day.

Every weapon has been used to crush the Irish race. Penal laws, in their savage ferocity the most terrible instrument ever created by the perverted ingenuity of man, famine artificially created, and ruthless extermination by the sword have all been employed. The Irish were denied education, and then jeered at as ignorant. They were robbed of their lands, and then had the bog-lands and bleak mountain-sides let to them by foreign land sharks. They were rack-rented. As they improved their poor holdings—they were merely tenants at will—their rents rose, and they were thrust back into dull and hopeless destitution. The ready gibe then came from the heartless creators of their condition that they were improvident and unclean. In millions they, ardent lovers of their country, were driven forth to find sanctuary on the continent of Europe, in the colonies, and in the great Republic of the West. Thousands of Irish boys and girls were shipped in Cromwell's time as slaves to the West Indies.

The whole reason of Ireland's sufferings is economic. Her lands were depopulated to make room for cattle, her industries were, and are, crushed: her trade was, and is, deliberately strangled because the moneyed classes—not the mass of the English people across the Irish sea—would, and will, brook no rivalry from the quick-witted and virile people across the water. The religious issue is a lying and contemptible subterfuge. The crux of the matter is to be found in economics.

It was stated by the *Times*, during the terrible famine of 70 years ago, with a whoop of devilish exultation, that the Irish were going with a vengeance. The word vengeance was unfortunate. That vengeance they have and hold—light-hearted and readily forgiving as they are—because the same causes operate and the same weapons of oppression are in use. The world may see it to-day in the wrecking of the League of Nations by America. An Irishman, it was also piously hoped by the same "Thunderer"—more correctly a "Squeaker"—would soon be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan. G. K. Chesterton, in scorn, asks the world if a Red Indian in New York has ever attained to eminence in government in the senates of the world, in the learned professions, in art, in science, as the hunted Irishmen from the banks of the Shannon. For the *Times*, and for the caste it represents, the only good Irishman was a dead or exiled Irishman, that the pride of grass might grow and the flocks might increase in a fertile desert labelled Ireland. The record of Ireland is an appalling story of blood and tears and unmerited suffering, a story that sickens decent men and that brings the blush of shame to the cheeks of honest Englishmen.

Ireland seized her opportunity during the Napoleonic wars. Under Grattan, she formed her volunteers. England's difficulty had become Ireland's opportunity. In the face of armed men, the Tory rulers of England granted her her own parliament—an undemocratic parliament, but yet a government of Ireland by Irishmen. The country at once jumped into prosperity. Pitt and his advisers set to work to wreck the Parliament, and by the lavish distribution of wretched titles, of money and of place, they

brought about the suicide of this parliament and consummated the infamous Union that still endures.

The names of Butt, O'Connell, Parnell, and Redmond are outstanding names in the long fight for the repeal of the Union. At times the people, deliberately goaded into rebellion and maddened by incessant wrong, broke out into armed revolt. Through the years the Irishman of to-day reads with swimming eyes the names of Emmet, Wolfe Tone, John Martin, John Mitchel, Smith-O'Brien, McCracken, the brothers Sheares, Davitt, Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Harvey, Stephens, Pearse, Connolly, Plunkett, MacDonagh, de Valera. We are told that we live in the past and brood on the wrongs of the past. It is foreign to the Celtic temperament to brood and to nurse wrongs. Their nature is not the dour, hard nature that does so. The wrongs of Ireland still endure, and are more intense to-day than they have been for long years. The wrongs of Ireland are not in the past only. They are very much in the living, palpitating present.

W. E. Gladstone, a great and just Englishman, sponsored Ireland's cause because her case is unanswerable. In the teeth of Tory opposition, bitter and unrelenting to this hour, he showed the English people—a just and generous people—the justice of the claims of the Irish people. He showed the people of England, as distinct from the Tories who still hold the reins of government in England, that their cause was Ireland's cause, that Ireland's cause is the cause of freedom, that Ireland must live if democracy is to endure on the earth. Each time that he, given a mandate therefor by the people of the three Kingdoms, sent a Home Rule Bill through the Commons, he found in the gilded Chamber, the stronghold of Toryism, the hereditary privilege, the House of Lords, an impassable barrier.

In 1914 the Asquith Government took up the Gladstonian Liberal tradition and sent a Home Rule Bill through the Commons. It was a poor measure of Home Rule, with nothing in it of the broad freedom that Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand possess under the flag of the Empire. Yet John Redmond, weary with the strife of years, with memories of centuries of titanic effort teeming in his brain, accepted it as at least an instalment of justice. Once more the Lords refused Ireland her right conferred on her by the democracy of England. The Parliament Bill was introduced, for the first time in history clipping the wings of the Lords. It provided that the Lords might twice reject a Bill passed by the Commons, but that on its third passing through the Commons it would become law automatically. The Lords fought for their privilege, and so vociferous did they become that they earned for themselves the scalding scorn, uttered in immortal verse, of G. K. Chesterton. They were threatened with a creation of peers sufficient to ensure the passage of the "clipping" Bill. They were stricken with horror at the prospect of the invasion of plain Bill Smiths into the haunts of the Vero de Veres, and with sore hearts submitted to the demands of democracy. Chesterton had told them that they spoke too freely of the grace and scorn of rank. He challenged them to say whether there was one upstart from whose "filthy face" they would shrink. They were, he said, too, a mob of usurers, idlers, and eads. He further reminded them that if their rank did date from Norman times they should let their Norman fathers sleep.

"Let God's good grass grow above them
Where their pointed pennons blew,
They were thieves and thugs and smiters—
But they were better men than you."

The Home Rule Bill at last received the Royal assent. At once a sinister figure arose. Democracy had spoken and the voice of the people was to be countered. The age-long enemy of free peoples, militarism in its most horrible aspect, civil war, was invoked. From the throats of guns was to come the answer to the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland. Sir Edward Carson, a very able lawyer, became the marionette for the Tories. Mauser rifles were landed at Lorne and other places. The Citizens' Army and the Nationalist Volunteers moved also. At Lorne there was connivance at the landing of arms. At Bachelor's Walk in Dublin men, women, and children were shot down when Irish southern volunteers marched with unloaded rifles. The people were food for cannon. The Tories were using their age-old argument (?).

Then came the war. "Ireland," said Sir Edward Grey, "was the one bright spot." Redmond made his generous and dramatic offer in the Commons. Irish recruits flocked to the colors. At once the hidden hand made its presence felt. Irishmen were refused the right to join Irish regiments. Officers' Training Corps in Ireland were frozen to death. They were thwarted and

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badgered at every turn. The valor of Irish arms at Mons and at the Dardanelles was met with studied official silence. The Irish, for the first time standing side by side with other free peoples within the Empire, were repelled, angered, and maddened. The Home Rule Act—still on the Statute Book—was suspended, and Carson was in the War Cabinet. The Irish were played with, laughed at by their Tory enemies. They are a fiery race, a fighting race, a proud and spirited people. Long centuries of oppression had left them not a cowed or crushed nation, but a nation of buoyant spirit, a veritable marvel in history.

The rebellion of 1916, born of dull despair and of maddening insult, broke out. The members of the Irish Provincial Government found death before firing squads and rest in quicklime in prison yards. The members of the rebellious Ulster Provisional Government found reward in high places. The Tories have place and pelf for its rebels, but the firing squad and the quicklime for men who die for freedom. The lessons of the French Revolution and of the Russian Revolution will never be learned by them—until it is too late.

The Convention served its purpose by throwing dust in the eyes of America.

The aims of President Wilson found an echo in every Irish heart. The world was to be made safe for democracy, government was to be only with the consent of the governed, and all nations, great and small, were to have self-determination. These principles are the principles of Christian ethics first enunciated by Bellarmine and Suarez against Tudor tyrants and Stuart fools. In our day they were re-expressed by Benedict XV., adopted by the British Labor Party, and given once more to the world by Woodrow Wilson. When Wilson spoke them he was listened to, because he was backed by the men and guns and ships of the American Republic.

The principles of Wilson are applicable to Belgium, to Jugo-Slavia, to Bohemia, to Alsace-Lorraine, to Poland, but not to Ireland—so Irishmen are told. They are to be serfs.

Ireland expressed her acceptance of the Wilsonian formulae at the last election, when she returned practically all her members pledged to self-determination—in Gaelic, "Sinn Fein." The Tories would not permit her to live within the Empire, although again and again she has stated her desire to stand shoulder to shoulder with the free dominions beneath the Union Jack. Irishmen were forced into the position they are now in.

The campaign—the ancient campaign of armed repression, of lying, of bogus German and other plots, is now in full blast. Ireland must be blackened in the eyes of the world and goaded into rebellion once more, that the tanks and troops and machine-guns and poison gas and bombs may give their traditional answers to democracy.

The people of England are awake to the position. The great Trades Unions of England, led by J. H. Thomas, M.P., and Robert Smillie; the Labor newspapers of England, led by the *Herald*; publicists like G. F. C. Masterman, Major Erskine Childers, M.P., and G. K. Chesterton, the United States Senate; the legislative assemblies of nearly every State in the American Union; the *Manchester Guardian*, the great English Liberal organ, the Australian Commonwealth Parliament, have all espoused Ireland's cause, have all implored the enemies of democracy to grant Ireland the right to determine her own destiny within the Empire if she may, without the Empire if she must.

The dawn must surely break if freedom is to endure. When it does, we may exclaim with Swinburne—

"Who is this that rises red with wounds so splendid,

All her brow and breast made beautiful with scars:

In her eyes a look as of long pain ended,

And on her lips a song as of the morning stars."

SACRED HEART GIRLS' COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH

Following are the results of the University and Teachers' examinations in connection with the Sacred Heart Girls' College (Sisters of the Missions), Christchurch:—B.A., first section, one candidate; second section, one candidate. Class C., one full pass; in five subjects, one; in four subjects, two; in two subjects, five. Class D., one full pass, partial pass, three; in three sections, four; in two sections, one. The results of the typewriting examination, held in October, have been recently received; 18 candidates sat for the tests given by the Incorporated Phonographic Society, and all were successful. The following is a list of passes:—Intermediate grade: M. Anderson, V. Anderson, O. Goodall; elementary grade: A. Consedine, E. Curtayne, D. Goodall, M. Grimwood, E. Ives, E. James, V. Jones, L. Ledsham, E. Madden, K. Mannion, I. Mannix, F. Nidd, V. O'Donoghue, E. Pearce, J. Sharp.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

The solemnity of the Feast of St. Patrick was observed in the Cathedral on Sunday, March 14. At the seven o'clock Mass, celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop, the members of the several branches of the Hibernian Society—St. Patrick's, St. Matthew's (Ladies'), and Juvenile—to the number of over 300 attended in regalia and approached the Holy Table. Hymns appropriate to the festival were sung by the pupils of the Convent Schools. The Cathedral was thronged, and apart from the societies mentioned, almost the whole of the congregation approached the Holy Table. In the evening the Hibernians in regalia attended Vespers, after which his Lordship the Bishop preached an eloquent panegyric of St. Patrick, and officiated at Pontifical Benediction. The annual breakfast held in connection with the feast by the Hibernian Society took place after the Mass, in the Hibernian Hall, which was fully taxed for accommodation. His Lordship Bishop Brodie presided, Rev. Father Long (chaplain), the president and officers of St. Patrick's branch, Rev. Brother Justin, Sister R. Rodgers (president St. Matthew's branch), Bro. Sheridan, V.P., and Bro. J. Ormandy, P.P. of St. Mary's branch, and Bro. L. Dobbs, president St. Patrick's juvenile branch, being among those present. The arrangements for the breakfast were capably carried out by the sisters of St. Matthew's branch. A lengthy toast list was honored. In responding to the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy," proposed by Bro. J. M. Coffey, P.P., his Lordship Dr. Brodie congratulated the Hibernian Society on the great display of faith witnessed at Holy Mass, when such large numbers of members were united in the great act of faith in the society's general Communion. No society possessed more inspiring ideals than the Hibernian Society, whose motto, "Faith and Fatherland," called up memories of centuries of bitter trials and glorious triumphs in the annals of Catholic faith and Irish nationality. The splendid gathering for the festivities of Ireland's patron saint fully proved that the members of the various branches were actuated by the ideals suggested by their inspiring motto. The Hierarchy and clergy had always looked upon the Hibernians as willing workers in the cause of holy faith, and the Hibernians had always responded nobly and generously. The record of Catholic activities in Christchurch was truly a bright one, and in every work the Hibernians were to be found taking a prominent part. The cause of Catholic education especially had been strengthened by their co-operation and support, and their presence at the various gatherings had been an incentive to generosity and success. His Lordship briefly referred to the history of St. Patrick's and St. Matthew's branches, and assured the members that the good wishes expressed by the president's speech had been quite in keeping with the ever ready and generous support accorded to the Bishop and clergy by the various branches of the city and of the diocese.

His Lordship the Bishop in proposing the toast of "The Hibernian Society," expressed pleasure at the congenial task allotted him. "My heart," he said, "has always been and will always remain warmly Hibernian." Going over the aims, objects, and ideals of the society Bishop Brodie said that this was one organisation which should claim amongst its members every Catholic in New Zealand. He warmly congratulated the Marist Brothers on their very successful efforts in forming the juvenile branch. On behalf of the society Bro. Grimes (secretary) replied, thanking the Bishop for his support and kindly references. He also pointed out the progress made during the year numerically and financially. Sister R. Rodgers, on behalf of St. Matthew's branch, thanked the Bishop, priests, and members of St. Patrick's branch for the help given it in the past, and assured all that her sister officers were looking forward to a period of progress. Bro. L. Dobbs spoke on behalf of the juvenile branch, which now shows a membership of 70, although formed only six or seven months. V.P. Bro. L. Courtney proposed "The Marist Brothers," to whom he said all present owe a debt of gratitude. Rev. Brother Justin, in reply, referred to the grave difficulties and obstacles to which Catholic schools are subjected. Any measure of success attained (he said) depended entirely on the loyal support of a united Catholic people, and amongst them ranked foremost the members of the Hibernian Society.

Rev. Father Long then unveiled a framed portrait of the late Bro. P. Grealey, presented by Mrs. Grealey.

The Shamrock Cup, presented for the St. Patrick's Day sports by Bro. D. Kelleher, was on view, and was greatly admired.

After Vespers the District President (Bro. Kelly), who had just arrived from Auckland, was welcomed in the Hibernian Hall by the president (Bro. O'Rourke), in the presence of a large gathering of members.

On St. Patrick's Day there was Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral. Rev. Father W. O'Sullivan was celebrant, Father Andersen deacon, and Father Long sub-deacon. There was a large congregation, and, as at the earlier Masses, many approached the Holy Table. In the afternoon the Convent School pupils were taken by their teachers (the Sisters of the Missions) for an outing to the various seaside resorts, and Rev. Brother Phelan, with a large party of altar boys, made an excursion to Mt. Pleasant, and home via Lyttelton.

IRISH NATIONAL CONCERT.

The day set apart for celebrating the festival of Ireland's patron saint was marked in Christchurch by a national concert. What the occasion lacked in the way of multitudinous recognition was amply compensated for by the enthusiasm with which the programme presented in the Theatre Royal was received, by an audience that packed the building. Those responsible for the organisation had prepared a series of items truly national in character and presented by performers who knew their business. The Mayor, accompanied by Mrs. Thacker, and his Lordship Bishop Brodie arrived punctually at eight o'clock and, after the Tramways Brass Band had played a selection of Irish airs, the programme proper was entered upon. Every item was doubly encored. Miss Mary O'Connor is a soprano who sings simple songs in a simple way, and, after all, that is how such songs should be sung. Her voice is of pleasing quality and her intonation is perfect. Miss Kathleen Garven was well received, and her rich contralto was heard to advantage in the five numbers which comprised her contribution to the programme. Other well-known performers in the persons of Messrs. Farquhar Young, J. H. Coeks, and J. W. Trewern contributed to the general success of the evening. Variety was lent by a recitation by Miss Kathleen O'Connor, a piano solo by Miss Mina Ward, and an exhibition of physical drill by boys from Nazareth House. Mr. P. Jones was successful in several entertaining items. During the interval Mr. W. E. Simes conducted an auction of a basket of sham-rocks from Ireland, the proceeds of which (£137) will be devoted to the furnishing of the new Nazareth Home for boys at Middleton. The net proceeds of the concert, also, will be applied to the same object.

LEESTON.

The annual picnic of the Leeston Catholic day school took place on St. Patrick's Day at the Ellesmere Domain. A warm summer's day favored the gathering, and a most enjoyable time was spent (says the *Ellesmere Guardian*). The children were accompanied by a large number of parents and other friends from the different parts of the parish. The picnickers went out to the domain during the morning and the greater part of the day was spent in going through a lengthy programme of sports events, in which a great deal of interest was centred. Liberal prizes were given, and the events were all contested very keenly. A strong committee supervised the events, which were got off briskly, thanks largely to the work of Mr. W. O'Boyle, who acted as bell steward. The parish priest, the Rev. Father Creed, was also a prominent member of the sports committee and evinced a lively interest in the day's programme. The other officials were:—Starter: Mr. Martin Slattery; judges: Messrs. R. Twiss, M. Twiss and V. A. Bendall; handicappers: Rev. Father Creed and Messrs. J. McCartin and R. G. Power. Mr. Bendall made a first-rate secretary. Liberal provision in the matter of refreshments was made by the ladies, who extended great kindness to visitors. The Ellesmere Pipe Band attended the picnic and contributed in a very large measure to the enjoyment of the outing. Favorable comments upon the progress made by the band were heard on all sides, and the leader (Mr. F. Marshall) was complimented by many of those who attended the picnic. Amongst the visitors was the Rev. Father Leen, of Lincoln. An interesting event of the day was the tug of war, married v. single, 13 men aside. The single men won the first pull, the married men the second, and the single men the third. There was very little to choose between the teams, the final pull being a very hard battle.

The celebrations were continued at night, when a concert was held in the Leeston Town Hall. The interior of the hall had been tastefully and suitably decorated, and a full house greeted the concert party from Christchurch, the members of which received an excellent hearing. The programme was lengthy and varied, and a good number of encores were given. Mrs. Baxter opened with a pianoforte solo and Mr. Woodham followed with the

songs "River Shannon" and "Colleen Bawn." The same performer contributed two other songs later in the evening. Miss N. Baxter, a clever girl dancer, gave an Irish jig, sailor's hornpipe, and Highland fling in good style. Mrs. Ford sang "Come Back to Erin," "I Know a Lovely Garden," and "The Last Rose of Summer." Mr. McFarlane was very entertaining with his humorous items, and his clog dancing was decidedly good. Mrs. Baxter sang with good effect "Mickey," "Killarney," and "Old Erin, the Shamrock and You." Miss M. Baxter, a youthful performer, sang "Little Drop of Irish Blood" and Mr. S. Jameson gave humorous songs in character. Mr. Fisher's contributions to the programme included "Mother Machree" and "A Nation Once Again." Mr. Williams-Wood proved himself to be a ventriloquist above the average, and his turn created much amusement. Welcome additions to the programme were two recitations given by Mr. P. J. Eccleton. At the conclusion the performers were thanked by Mr. J. P. McEvedy, who also conveyed the thanks of the sports committee and concert committee to the Ellesmere Pipe Band for its services both during the day and again before the concert. The ladies dispensed supper at a social which followed, Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Mercer, and others providing the music. Altogether the St. Patrick's Day holiday passed very pleasantly.

HAMILTON.

That the holding of an Irish national concert appealed to many as a fitting conclusion to St. Patrick's Day was evidenced on March 17, when the Town Hall, Hamilton, was crowded, and many people had to be turned away owing to the lack of accommodation. A very enjoyable programme was presented, and the songs and dances of Erin aroused the audience to enthusiasm. The convent pupils in their drill-dance, "Hoops," went through a number of evolutions with grace and precision, and also sang the chorus "Oh, Erin, My Country," with much success. Miss Cora Melvin's sweet and cultured soprano was heard to the fullest advantage in "Killarney" and "The Last Rose of Summer," and she was warmly recalled. Mr. J. Lonergan quickly became a favorite with the audience, the effectiveness of his fine voice being fully displayed in "The Wearin' o' the Green," "Off to Philadelphia," and other numbers. Mrs. E. Kync sang "Come Back to Erin" and "Where the River Shannon Flows," and Miss L. Murphy, "A Cottage in God's Garden," both being encored. Mr. R. Blackie was heard in a humorous number, Mr. R. P. Donnelly in "An Irishman's Dream," Mr. J. de Silva in a recitation, and Mr. M. Brunette in two well-played clarinet selections. The national dances were a popular feature of the programme, Miss Gladys Denz giving an Irish jig, the Misses Peebles an Irish dance, Mr. M. Halerow a jig, and Mr. J. Budge a clog dance and the sailor's hornpipe. The latter proved himself an exceptionally talented performer. Messrs. J. H. Gittos and Wynyard played the pianoforte accompaniments very sympathetically, and Mr. A. Dickson acted as piper for the dances. An enjoyable concert closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE IRISH SELF-DETERMINATION FUND.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your latest issue there is an editorial on the above subject, which, to many, appears to have an unnecessarily pessimistic ring about it. It may be that your reminder was opportune, for we cannot forget that you saved Dunedin Irishmen from the disgrace of ignoring the historic Convention of the Irish Race at Melbourne in November last. But you undervalue the sterling and practical patriotism of New Zealand's Irish as a whole by your jeremiad last week.

No doubt it is intended to get a move on after Easter and start the fund, wherever it is not yet initiated. What more appropriate day could be selected for the purpose? Easter Monday will live long in the memories of the Irish race as the day of Ireland's resurrection. In America and Australia, as well as at Home, it is commemorated by memorial services for the eternal welfare of the men who died for Ireland. I know of at least one genuine patriot priest in the North Island who every day makes commemoration at the altar for the Easter martyrs.

New Zealand will not allow the well-earned reputation for generosity to Ireland, which she earned in the past, to be frittered away by any paltry considerations or misunderstandings. You, sir, were not here in the past, when New Zealand Irishmen were showing the mettle of which they were made. Had you, for example, been in Dunedin when the centenary of 'Ninety-Eight was being celebrated, you would have been thrilled by the enthusiasm put into that movement by the late Father John O'Donnell and the present revered Bishop of Auckland. The celebration necessitated opening up old sores as well as reviving glorious recollections. It was sad to reflect on Wexford's *scavin* bishop of that time, whose contribution to Ireland's struggle consisted of firing impotent suspensions after the patriotic Wexford priests, who were leading their down-trodden people to victory or death.

No one hesitated in the work of the centenary. The same spirit is still in New Zealand, and priests and people will combine to make a success—and an immense success—of the effort to help Ireland. Undoubtedly it will be the last call on the children of St. Patrick, for the end of the long struggle for justice and freedom is in sight. It would, no doubt, be very desirable to have the funds ready to hand to Archbishop Mannix when he calls at Auckland in a month's time on his way to America and Ireland. But hurry is not essential; it is of importance to make a complete success of it. If I were a betting man I would not mind giving you odds that New Zealand's contribution to Ireland's last appeal will easily top the score.—I am, etc.,

JAMES O'NEILL.

Waikiwi, March 28.

Akaroa

(From our travelling reporter.)

March 24.

A meeting was held in St. Patrick's Schoolroom on Sunday evening, March 14, with the object of forming a Catholic Social Club. Rev. Father Seward presided, and there was a good attendance of senior and junior intending members. Much enthusiasm was shown in the proceedings, and eventually a set of rules and regulations for the conduct of the projected club was framed. With Father Seward as chaplain, it was decided to appoint an executive committee of five. Miss Madge Kerridge was elected hon. secretary and Mrs. Currie treasurer, the other office-bearers to be elected at the next meeting.

It is intended to extend the privileges of the club to all Catholics visiting the district, nominating them as free members during their stay. The formation of such an institution is recognised as supplying a long-felt want, and good results are anticipated.

The members of the Catholic congregation, together with the children attending the convent day school, celebrated St. Patrick's Day by holding their annual picnic. They crossed the harbor in launches, and landed at French Farm, where the day was spent in Mr. Brocherie's grounds. Sports, games, and other amusements, with a bountiful supply of refreshments at suitable intervals, enabled the party, old and young, to put in a very pleasant time. Before leaving, hearty cheers were given for Mr. Brocherie for his hospitality.

The ladies of the parish are industriously preparing for a sale of work, the proceeds of which are intended to augment the fund for the renovation of the presbytery. An art union for the same purpose will be held at a later date.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank Rev. Father Seward for his kind assistance during my stay in his parish.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

March 28.

A most successful concert was held in the Opera House on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. This concert is now recognised as one of the musical treats of the year here, and this time it was well up to its usual high standard. Father O'Connell, the sole organiser, has every reason to be highly pleased with this year's performance, which was a huge success from both the artistic and monetary points of view.

On the Sunday prior to St. Patrick's Day the members of the Hibernian Society approached the Holy Table in a body. Their numbers have been greatly augmented since the mission, and a fine body of men was present on this occasion.

The boys of St. Thomas's Academy had their usual outing to Teschemakers on March 17. This has become an annual treat with the boys, and is eagerly looked forward to by them. This year the day was a glorious one, and the boys had a most enjoyable time.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

March 24.

The Gisborne celebrations of St. Patrick's Day were most enjoyable. A school children's picnic was held at Mr. Con Neenan's beautiful place at Ormond, where the children had a glorious time. The members of the school committee, and a parochial committee, presided over by Rev. Father Brady, had control of the picnic arrangements.

At a meeting on Sunday to make arrangements for the school social on Easter Monday, Rev. Father Lano thanked those who had, under Father Brady's direction, made the St. Patrick's Day celebration so successful.

On St. Patrick's Night an enjoyable concert was given in H.M. Theatre. The Irish songs and dances, also the instrumental items, were greatly appreciated by a large audience.

Hokitika

(From our own correspondent.)

March 29.

On St. Patrick's eve, the annual Irish national concert was held in the Princess Theatre, which was packed by an enthusiastic audience who fully appreciated every item. The Very Rev. Dean Tubman thanked the audience for their attendance, and spoke on the beauties of Irish song and poetry. The promoters have every reason to be proud of the result of their efforts, and are to be congratulated on the general high standard of excellence.

On the evening of the 22nd the parishioners met in the club rooms to elect a committee for the coming bazaar, and also to decide upon the dates on which it should be held. Mr. Jeffries was voted to the chair, and the business of the evening was quickly dispatched. Mesdames McCarthy and Heenan were elected joint secretaries, and strong committees were also appointed to ensure the success of the bazaar. It was decided to hold the bazaar on the evenings of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of June.

An ordinary meeting of the local branch of the Hibernian Society was held in the club rooms on the 26th. Bro. W. Jones (president) presided over a good attendance. The Very Rev. Dean Tubman was also present. After the business of the meeting had been disposed of five new members were initiated into the society by the president. During the evening the secretary (Mr. J. P. Ward) welcomed the new members and also the Very Rev. Dean Tubman, the new patron and spiritual adviser of the branch. Bros. Daly and Brennan, of the Greymouth branch, gave some useful advice and strongly advocated that all the young men of the parish should join the society.

Word was received during the week by one of the parishioners that Father Clancy had arrived safely in Australia. We wish him a very pleasant sojourn in that land.

J. M. J.

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MARRIAGE

LAWRENCE—DRAPER.—On February 17, 1920, at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, by the Rev. Father Kennedy, Arthur Edward, eldest son of Mrs. Lawrence, Palmerston North, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Draper, late of Pahautanui.

DEATHS

BARDEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary, the beloved wife of Andrew F. Barden, formerly of The Hook, Co. Wexford, Ireland, who died at Tirau on February 26, 1920; aged 70 years.—R.I.P. Home papers please copy.

BROSNAHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Denis Brosnahan, dearly beloved husband of Teresa Sophia Brosnahan, who died at his residence, "Beaufort," Konini, Pahiatua, on March 9, 1920, in his 65th year.—R.I.P.

CONNOLLY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edmond Andrew Connolly, husband of Margaret Clefden Connolly, *nee* Cameron, and second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Connolly, Lower Hutt, who died at Whangarei on March 16, 1920, fortified by the sacred rites of Holy Church; aged 35 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

CUTTANCE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Joseph George, second son of Harry and Theresa Cuttance, Ururua, who died on February 28, 1920; aged 21 years and 5 months.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

HOLDEN.—On March 22, 1920, at 3 Josephine Street, Caversham, John Francis, dearly beloved son of John Charles and Honora Holden; aged 2 years and 10 months.

HOLLAND.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Holland (native of Askeaton, Co. Limerick, Ireland), beloved husband of Mary Holland, who died at Gore on March 10, 1920; aged 61 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

LAGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Andrew, beloved husband of Rose Lagan, 5 Edwin Street, Caversham, who died on March 20, 1920.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

McATEER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Josephine, youngest daughter of Margaret and the late Michael McAteer, who died at her mother's residence, Greenforth, Waitohi, on February 20, 1920; aged 28 years.—R.I.P.

McKNIGHT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Gladys Mary, dearly beloved daughter of James and Ellen McKnight, who died at her parents' residence, 45 Prince Albert Road, St. Kilda, on March 27, 1920; aged 20 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy. Deeply regretted.

MITCHELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, dearly beloved son of Mrs. and the late William Mitchell, Stafford, who died suddenly at Wellington on March 14, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul. Deeply regretted.

MULHOLLAND.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Mulholland, beloved husband of Jane Mulholland, who died at Ranfurly on March 25, 1920; aged 81 years.—R.I.P.

MULHOLLAND.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Cornelius Mulholland (dearly beloved father of Mrs. A. M. Gray, Willow Farm, Dallington), who died at "Cangola Moore," Armagh, Ireland.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

CARR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the souls of Edward Martin Carr (N.Z.R.B.), eldest dearly beloved son of Edward and Sarah Carr, who was killed in action in France on March 27, 1918, aged 28 years; Sergt. John Joseph Carr (Main Body), second dearly beloved son of Edward and Sarah Carr, who was killed in action in Palestine on March 30, 1918; aged 24 years; Trooper Owen Patrick Carr (18th Reinforcements), third dearly beloved son of Edward and Sarah Carr, who was killed in action in Palestine on March 30, 1918; aged 21 years and 8 months.—R.I.P.

FAHEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Delia Tynan, beloved wife of Patrick Fahey, who died at Riverton on March 24, 1919.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy. Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for her.—Inserted by her loving sister, brother-in-law, and children (M. and J. Qualter).

FITZGERALD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private Edward Fitzgerald, who died in France from wounds on March 30, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving father, mother, brothers, and sisters.

KITTO.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private Herbert Francis Kitto, who was killed in France on March 28, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving mother and family.

MacGUINNESS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Joseph Augustine MacGuinness (late of Earnsclough), who was killed in action in France on March 30, 1918.—R.I.P. Inserted by his loving brothers and sisters.

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The DRAWING of the above Art Union will now take place on APRIL 11. Holders of blocks of tickets are requested to return same with remittances before that date.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Holy Week Thoughts, p. 25. Notes—Holy Week: The Feast of Love; The First Ordination; The Last Testament; The Cross; The Women of Jerusalem; Sin and Ignorance, pp 26-27. Topics—Sinn Fein Outrages Again; The Spirit in Ireland; The Huns; "The Gloomy Deau"; The Catechism, pp. 14-15. The Woman Worker, p. 9. Fathered by Satan—Mothered by Bigotry, p. 13. Our Saint and Hero, p. 17. Ireland's Right to Self-Determination, p. 19.

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 Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1920.

HOLY WEEK THOUGHTS

ON the afternoon of a day in spring strangers who came up to Jerusalem to celebrate a Paschal Feast, many years ago now, saw three bodies hanging on three rude crosses on a hill outside the Holy City. Did anyone ask who they were, he would be told that on the right and left hung two notorious thieves, justly executed for their crimes, and that between them hung Jesus of Nazareth. We can imagine a man from the shores of the Lake asking in wonder: "What! Have they

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crucified Him? No man ever spoke as He did. We know how He went about doing good—curing the blind and the lame, comforting mourners, bringing peace and repentance to sinners, raising the dead to life. Thousands hung spell-bound on His words of wisdom. No man was like Him—none so gentle, so pure, so noble: to see Him was to love Him. What has He done that they should treat Him like the thieves? The answer would be that He had done no wrong; that justice could find no cause in Him, and the judge who condemned Him had declared Him innocent. There might be found some who could say that it was because He taught as no man had taught before, and because He was pure and good and noble, He now hung there a victim of the jealous hypocrites for whom alone He had a harsh word on His lips. But the man was not yet to be found who would say that He died on the Cross in order to give testimony to the Truth with His Blood, in order to prove that He was the Son of God, and in order to make atonement for the sins of mankind—even for the sins of them for whom He prayed before dying.

*

We all know we must die, but not one of us knows at what hour or where. The Death of Christ was foretold and prepared through long centuries with an exactness that makes the prophecies concerning it read like a page of a Gospel written by an eye-witness after the event. No unbeliever can pretend that the Prophecies were not written long before He came on earth, and none can deny that they are in marvellous accord with what actually happened during the days of His Passion. He was the Promised One whom the Jews awaited. For forty centuries the sacred oracles had prepared them for His coming. His Birth, His Life, and His Death were a wonderful fulfilment of what had been foretold: and yet, so strange is the human heart that His chosen people allowed Him to be delivered into the hands of His enemies, and they themselves actually mobbed Him and ill-treated Him when, bruised and bleeding under the heavy Cross, He tottered through the streets towards Calvary. His nearest friends deserted Him: His chosen apostle denied Him: He was left to die between thieves: and tradition tells us that His Mother Mary, and a poor sinner whom He had won to Himself, were the first to find Him in His loneliness when the end came. Afterwards, the cowardly disciples had their eyes opened and they came back, ashamed and repentant. And in all this, too, was fulfilled the word of the Holy Ghost, known before He came among men. In the Psalms, in the Prophets, it was all foretold. And as it was written so it came to pass: The Kings of the earth rose up against Him: they repaid Him evil for good; He became the Man of Sorrow and was broken for our sins; false witnesses arose against Him: He opened not His mouth: He was led to death as a lamb silent under the hand of the shearer: He turned His cheek to them that struck Him, and was saturated with insults; Israel sold the Just One for a price of gold; He gave His life, and was placed between malefactors; they digged His hands and feet, and they numbered all His bones; they cast lots for His tunic, and they gave Him vinegar and gall to drink: He prayed for his executioners; for our sins He was covered with wounds; and at His Death, the earth trembled and the mountains shook because of the anger of God with His enemies. With detail all this was foretold of old; and it all came to pass exactly on that first Good Friday when Jesus died for us. Neither chance nor human ingenuity could have prepared so wonderful a harmony between prophecy and fulfilment. It was the work of God, Whose Only Begotten Son was to make satisfaction for our sins. And during all His life, as a boy in Nazareth, as a man working at the trade of the carpenter, as a teacher during the Public Life, and especially as the end drew near, it was all before Him, and not one iota of what He was to suffer was concealed from Him. How

vividly He saw it when the Agony was on Him, driving a sweat of blood through His pores and wringing from His humanity that cry of anguish:

Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away from Me!

*

His death was the only reward His love met with: His own deserted Him, and this surely was not the least He had to suffer. In spite of His miracles, in spite of His triumphs, in spite of the fulfilment of the Prophecies, men closed their eyes to the Truth and hardened their hearts, and He died amid the hatred and the insults of mankind that He died to save. Alas, the scenes of Calvary are repeated to-day. He is denied and insulted by those for whom He died; even His own deny Him and fall away from Him; and the world at large obstinately closes its eyes against the light of His Divinity and hardens its heart against His saving grace. He has become an object of hatred and derision again; His disciples are persecuted for His Name's sake; the ranks of the Jews of old have been recruited by the secularists and the materialists and the plutocrats and the sensualists and the Freemasons of our day. He could touch the heart of Magdalene, and win the love of the thief by His side, but the world to-day is full of hard hearts that have cut themselves off from His influence, for whom there is small hope here or hereafter. Save in Him, there is no hope for them or for us; and still, in spite of all the insults and coldness, His dying voice comes down across the ages to us all:

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

NOTES

Holy Week: The Feast of Love

God manifested His love for man by creating him, like unto Himself, and only a little less than the angels. A further proof of Divine Love was the infusion of sanctifying grace into the human soul, effecting a wonderful spiritual union between creature and Creator, and making the soul a thing of beauty far surpassing even the work of creation which covered the earth with waving woods above broad rivers, and elevated the high mountains that teach men to look up to Heaven, and hung the sun and the stars in the skies to reveal the glory of Him Whose handiwork they are. A still further proof was given when God sent His Only Son to redeem sinners by dying on the Cross. Christ became man, taking our nature upon Him and becoming our brother, pouring Himself out and humbling Himself in order to be one with us in our humanity. One more intimate union remained possible. It was achieved in the institution of the Blessed Eucharist in which the Son of God gave Himself to us as the food of our souls, to nourish us and to preserve us to life everlasting. "What more could I have done for My vineyard that I have not done?"

The First Ordination

When He said to His apostles, "Do this for a commemoration of Me," He instituted the Christian priesthood, and gave to them and to their successors the power of consecrating and changing bread and wine into His Body and Blood. On His word and in His name, until the end of time, the priest at the altar, all over the world, would henceforth say, "This is My Body," and "This is My Blood"; and by Christ's command that Body that was broken and that Blood that was shed would be given to the faithful for the life of the world, thus consummating the last close union, thus incorporating us all with Him, and through Him with one another; making us children of God, not only by faith and by redemption, but even by brotherhood with Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of the Father. How well was the Blessed Eucharist named by the Christians of old the Sacrament of Love.

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It is the greatest proof of God's love for us, and it is the greatest bond of love between us and Him and with one another.

The Last Testament

When He Who had taught the apostles to love Him and to despise the world came to take leave of them a great sadness came upon Him. His Public Life was drawing to an end, and only the last great scene of the divine tragedy remained now. He had one final word for them: He did not speak it until Judas had gone out. He had washed their feet; He had warned the traitor in vain: He had given them the Blessed Eucharist. It was the solemnest moment in His Life. When He spoke now, emotion and tenderness made His words vibrant. All that had gone before prepared the apostles to receive His message. It was this:

"I give you a new commandment: that you should love one another as I have loved you:

"By this sign shall it be known that you are My disciples, that you have love, one for another."

The Sacrament of Love was in their souls when He spoke. They knew the love He spoke of—the love that is inspired by the Holy Spirit, that has its origin in grace, that knows no distinction of race or age or sex, but regards all mankind as one great family for the salvation of which He came to die upon the Cross. Where is that love found to-day? Where it is, there He is: where it is not, He is not. For it alone is the sign by which He will recognise His own.

The Cross

The death of the cross was unknown in the Jewish law, except that in the case of great criminals their dead bodies were exposed on a gibbet. The Jews did not crucify. Amongst the Egyptians, the Persians, the Phœnicians, and the Romans crucifixion was practised, but the latter crucified only slaves, rebels, and great criminals. The Roman Governors in the provinces practised crucifixion, and in Syria and Judea they had put to death in this way many Jews. The Jews hated the cross, and death by crucifixion had become for them a symbol of shame and ignominy. It was a cruel death. The sufferer hung in agony a long time—even a day or more—with his body torn and strained, and the blood flowing from the holes in the hands and feet, devoured by thirst and consumed by fever. No crueller torture could be imagined. Yet, it was this death the Jews demanded for Christ, at the instigation of the High Priests and Pharisees. Inspired by diabolical hatred, they cried out:

Crucify Him! Crucify Him!

The Women of Jerusalem

When making the Stations of the Cross, we have often thought of the significance of the representation of that meeting with the women of Jerusalem who wept with pity at seeing the Saviour pass through the streets under the heavy cross. "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me. Weep for yourselves and for your children! Behold, the days will come when it will be said: Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that have not borne and the breasts that have not suckled. Then they will cry out to the mountains: Fall upon us! and to the hills: Hide us." It is a terrible word. Bruised and bleeding, He forgets His own suffering in the foreknowledge He has of the calamities to come upon this people now persecuting Him. If He, the innocent, accused by false witnesses, suffers thus, what will be the fate of the guilty, criminal people who have turned their backs on God and put His Son to death? He looks into the future and He sees what the vengeance of God has in store for them; and, in His pity for the weeping women, He forgets for the moment His own sorrow and pain. That word of His, spoken on the street, had its complement a few hours later when He said again: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Sin and Ignorance

Sin and ignorance keep men away from God. There are those that sin against the Holy Ghost, knowing what they do, but the majority sin because they are ignorant. Woe to them that keep them ignorant! It was for the blind guides and deceivers of the people that the only harsh word He ever spoke was meant. Merciful to Magdalene, He was stern and hard towards the hypocrites and the political leaders who kept the people in darkness and blinded them against the Truth. The hypocrites and the politicians are the same to-day as they were in His day. It is a terrible thought that He never prayed for them; for they know what they do. But for the weak and the ignorant and the tempted He was merciful always. To-day, as on that day when the politicians had their hour and the powers of darkness seemed to triumph, the weak and the ignorant will find His arms open to receive them—as wide as they were on the Cross. It was for them He prayed and for them He died: and in the Cross they have His pledge of mercy and pardon. Father, forgive them! That prayer covers us with a mantle of mercy and gives us hope, no matter how low we have fallen. We have only to get rid of our ignorance and to come to know Him and love Him, and He will save us as He saved the thief who died by His side after hearing the promise: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Mr. Thomas Kelly, district president of the H.A.C.B. Society in New Zealand, left by the second express train for the north on Tuesday morning, after completing a tour of the South Island.

The annual meeting of the Christian Brothers' Association Football Club was held on last Thursday evening, with an attendance of over 60 members and intending members. We are obliged, however, to hold over a detailed report of the meeting till next issue.

The art union in connection with the recent carnival in aid of the Christian Brothers' residence building fund, will be drawn at St. Joseph's Hall on Saturday evening, April 10. The coronation ceremony relative to the carnival queen competition will take place in May, at a date yet to be arranged.

The Marist Missionary Fathers will commence their missions in Dunedin and suburbs on next Wednesday, when their attention will be devoted to the children. On the Sunday following (Low Sunday) missions for adults will be commenced at St. Joseph's Cathedral and the other churches of the city.

The Christian Brothers' School A cricket team succeeded in winning the secondary schools' cup, going through the season undefeated. The most consistent performers in batting and bowling during the year were C. Wynne (captain), H. Baker, and M. Crowley. T. McCarten gave a fine display of batting against High School D in the final match, which the Brothers won by an innings and six runs.

The members of St. Joseph's Glee Club, under the conductorship of Mr. T. J. Anthony, have resumed weekly rehearsals preparatory to the Thomas Moore festival on May 28, when a very complete programme of Moore's melodies will be presented by the Glee Club. New members are cordially invited to join the club, the promoters of which hope to rival, if not excel, the successes achieved in the past.

In the senior grade cricket competition on Saturday Christian Brothers brought the season to a close by comfortably defeating Morningside, last year's champions, the scores being: Christian Brothers 164, Morningside 45. Bowling for the Brothers, Casey secured five for 24 and Bond two for 18. Higgins 63 (including three sixes and six fours), Bond 25, Casey 24, McCarten 16, Tarleton 10, and Hayes 10 batted well for the winners.

HELD OVER.

Owing to extreme pressure on our space, we are obliged to hold over till next week a considerable amount of diocesan news and other matter.

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HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, DUNEDIN

WELCOME TO DISTRICT PRESIDENT.

At a representative gathering of the members of St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society, Dunedin, held in St. Joseph's Hall on Monday evening, Bro. T. Kelly, District President, of Auckland, who was just completing a visit to the South Island, was tendered a very cordial reception. Bro. W. Carr, president of St. Joseph's branch, presided, and in welcoming the District President to Dunedin, said that unlike other officers of the society it had not yet been his experience to attend any of the important meetings and thus meet the executive officers. In this connection, however, two of the local brothers had for many years past attended such meetings and accomplished successful work. It was his (the speaker's) pleasant duty that night, on behalf of the local brothers, to offer a sincere fraternal welcome to Bro. Kelly, the chief executive officer of the society in New Zealand. The members of the executive in Auckland were acknowledged to be true Hibernians and true Irishmen, bearers of important offices who deserved credit for the magnificent way they had managed the affairs of the society and kept the branches together. He would ask Bro. Kelly to assure the executive that Hibernianism was not by any means dormant in Dunedin, and to acquaint his fellow-officers of the fact that the members of the society here were loyal to them.

Bro. O'Connor, secretary of St. Joseph's branch, said he desired to join with the president in extending a hearty welcome to Bro. Kelly. Although at one time favorable to the proposition of removing the District Executive to Wellington so as to centralise the affairs of the society, he had now changed his opinion in this regard, and would not now favor such a move. The executive at Auckland had guarded the interests of the society well, and to his mind little or no fault could be found with its administration. He was not sufficiently conversant with the suggestion to substitute district vice-presidents for district deputies, but he would take the opportunity of placing on record the fact that their local district deputy, who had held office for many years, had done, and was doing, his duty well and conscientiously. More frequent visits of the executive officers were, in his opinion, desirable, as were also the more important general meetings being held at centres more accessible to the average member, where an interchange of views would prove beneficial. He hoped (he said in conclusion) that the visit of the district president to Dunedin would prove enjoyable.

Bro. Leo Marlow, president of St. Patrick's branch, tendered a hearty welcome on behalf of his members to Bro. Kelly. The South Dunedin branch had been formed since the previous visit of executive officers, and he hoped such visits would be more frequent in future, as they were conducive to the solidifying of branches and to the extension of the society.

Bro. J. J. Marlow, District Deputy for Otago and Southland, in adding a few words of welcome to the guest of the evening, spoke interestingly of Hibernian affairs. He had, during his period of office, assisted at the opening of more than half of the existing branches in the district, including the re-establishment of the branch at Invercargill. It was now about twenty years since Dunedin had been favored by a visit of executive officers. Such visits he thought should be more frequent, as they would do much to improve the standing of the society. Under existing conditions the only opportunity branches had of properly discussing matters was at triennial meetings. He certainly favored the idea of holding annual or triennial meetings at some central place, and hoped the district executive would endeavor to bring this about. The war had been a serious handicap to theirs, in common with all other societies, and branches were greatly indebted to the district executive for looking after and managing the affairs of brothers on active service. Every effort should be made to enrol our Catholic young men in their own society, and for this purpose no important meeting, whether annual or triennial, must be allowed to lapse or be deferred. We must be alive to our own interests and to those of our young men, to prevent so many drifting into other friendly societies.

Bro. Kelly very sincerely thanked the Hibernians of Dunedin for the warm welcome extended to him, which he took as a compliment to his fellow-officers of the executive. It was (he said) particularly gratifying to hear expressed such a favorable opinion of the executive. They were doing everything possible in regard to the society's finances. The funds were all soundly invested, and steadily advancing, and if the executive officers were left alone to carry on in the future as in the past the prosperity

of the society would increase. It was understood a triennial meeting would be held next year at Christchurch, and this would meet the wishes of the South Island branches. He invited suggestions to be considered at that meeting, where all matters would be given full discussion. He deeply appreciated the action of the Dunedin Hibernians in determining to support the retention of the executive at Auckland. The idea of substituting district vice-president for district deputies in the four centres would, if adopted, give power to such officials to report direct to the executive as they would have seats on the board. As an indication of the satisfaction felt in the existing conditions in connection with the society no response was made to Bro. Kelly's invitation to put forward questions. Incidentally Bro. Kelly referred to the delegation of two of the executive officers to the recent Irish Race Convention at Melbourne, the reception accorded them there, and to their privilege of meeting his Grace Archbishop Mannix.

The Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm. (branch chaplain), later attended the gathering and joined in the welcome to Bro. Kelly.

DEATH OF SISTER M. REGIS WARD BLENHEIM.

Sister M. Regis, whose death occurred at St. Joseph's Convent, Blenheim, on March 18, was born at Foxly Farm, Shropshire, England, in June, 1846. She was the daughter of the late Mrs. C. L. Ward, one of the pioneers of Marlborough, and a cousin of his Grace Archbishop Redwood. On completing her education, which she received from the Loreto Nuns at the Bar Convent, St. Mary's, York, she came to New Zealand with her eldest brother, Mr. Joseph Ward, and the Hailes family of Kaikoura, the late Mrs. Hailes being her aunt. She came on to Marlborough, and spent some time in attendance on her invalid mother until 1875, when she entered the Convent of Mercy, St. Mary's, Wellington, where she labored during the long years in the interests of the little ones so dear to the Sacred Heart, to which, like the Loved Disciple, she ever clung. She bore her last illness as well as those hidden sorrows and trials of which life is full, with heroic patience and fortitude, for, like all noble souls, she had well learnt the secret of suffering and never forgot the divine beatitude "Blessed are they that mourn." She carried the cross laid on her by the Great Master faithfully to the end. She will be much missed by the members of her community, to whom her kind, amiable disposition rendered her dear. May she rest in peace.

Her funeral took place on Saturday, the 20th ult. The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Henry, S.M., the incidental music being rendered by the Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M., Provincial, assisted by the local clergy and male members of St. Mary's Choir. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, S.M., who also officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

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Previously acknowledged, £715; Mr. and Mrs. McElligott, Kawarau Gorge, £5; Mr. P. K. Rahill, Bald Hill Flat, £10 10s; Mr. and Mrs. McDonnell, Bald Hill Flat, £2; Mr. Dan. Tohill, sen., £5; Mr. T. Hurley, Hampstead, £1 5s;--total to March 28, 1920, £738 15s.

Most heartily thanking all who have so generously subscribed. G. M. HUNT, Alexandra.

In previous acknowledgments the subscription of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neill, £10, was credited to Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Neill; and that of Mr. J. McElligott, £10, to Mr. F. McElligott.

Don't gossip. Of all the mean, contemptible ways of squandering time, gossip holds first place. It is such a lazy, idle occupation that men, women, and children drift into it without effort, and they rarely have character enough left to save themselves from its baneful influence.

kari, 8/8/20; C. F. W., Renwicktown, Blenheim, 15/2/21; J. K., Gasworks, Greymouth, 28/2/21; Mrs. P. F., Hotel Westbrook, Kumara, 30/3/21; J. H., Hapuka, Kaikoura, 8/3/22; Mrs. M. F., 60 Bishop St., Chch., 23/3/20; T. H., Albury, 8/3/21; D. O' C., Cheviot, 30/9/20; J. F., N.Z.R., Hokitika, 15/10/20; J. M., Police Stn., Temuka, 15/3/21; J. P., Temuka, 15/3/21; P. C., Forks, Ashbton, 30/3/21; P. B., Morven, 30/3/21; J. M., Tekapo, via Fairlie, 30/9/20; Mrs. V., Russell Sq., Timaru, 30/3/21; J. P. G., Moana Mara, Ashley, 8/7/21; R. D., P.O., Waibao Forks, 8/6/20; C. O'K., St. Andrews, 15/2/21; Mrs. R., Parcora, 8/3/21; T. D., North St., Timaru, 15/3/21; J. J. C., Royal Htl., Springfield, 8/3/20; Miss P., Golden Eagle Htl., Greymouth, 23/9/21; T. S., Waterloo, Blenheim, 15/2/21; E. B., Mt. Somers, Ashbton, 30/9/20; J. N., Granity, Westport, 30/3/21; K. C. F., East Belt, Rangiora, 8/2/21; P. K., Blackball Htl., Blackball, 15/3/22; H. M., Kaikoura, 8/9/21; A. D., Springfield, Cant., 8/1/21; M. T., Heathcote Valley, Chch., 8/3/21; D. F. McM., Kaipoi, 30/3/21; Mr. W., Titirangi, Pelorus Sd., 30/3/20; T. G., Donnet, Cheviot, 8/9/21; J. K., Church St. W., Timaru, 30/3/21; L. R., Matlock St., Woolston, Chch., 30/9/20; J. O' C., Prince of Wales Htl., Westport, 30/3/21; T. J. H., P.O., Greymouth, 28/2/21; T. J. H., Lincoln, 23/2/21; P. McG., Alexandra Ter., Greymouth, 23/6/20; W. J. J., Maruia, Murchison, Nelson, 15/10/20; M. H., c/o Mrs. O' C., Wilkin St., Temuka, 15/3/21; M. S. G., Cashel St., Chch., 30/3/21; S. C., Kerrytown, 30/3/21; P. O' C., c/o M. G., Trevenna, Temuka, 30/3/21; E. A. R., Temuka, 30/3/20; Mrs. S., Box 35, Temuka, 30/3/21; J. J. C., Winchester, 15/2/21; Sgt. F., Police Stn., Temuka, 8/3/21; J. S., Temuka, 30/3/20; M. M., Clyde St., Chch., 30/3/21; E. McG., Matilda St., Timaru, 8/5/21; F. J. H., Dromore, 15/5/21; J. McG., Studholme, 30/9/20; J. B., Levels, 23/9/20; T. H., Hampstead, Ashbton, 30/3/21; O. McG., Longbeach, 8/12/22; L. O' C., Greenhill Rd., Morven, 30/3/21; H. D., Lichfield St., Blenheim, 15/11/20; B. C., High St., Timaru, 15/3/21; M. N., Trainui St., Greymouth, 15/3/21; J. C., Hotel, Cape Foxwind, 30/3/21; J. McC., Arno, Waimate, 8/6/22; W. F., P.O., Kerrytown, 30/3/21.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. McE., 66 Grove St., Musselburgh, 8/4/21; Mrs. W., 41 Driver St., Kilda, 8/9/20; Mrs. F., 157 King St., Dun., ---; H. W., Wyndham, 13/9/20; J. H. R., Oamaru, 15/10/20; Mr. M., Pt. Chalmers, 30/3/21; Miss C. C., Union St., Milton, 30/9/20; J. H., Kena St., Mataura, 30/3/21; Mrs. C. M. G., Waipiaia, 30/9/20; T. J. McC., Orepuki, 15/3/21; T. MCP., Airedale, Weston, 15/3/21; M. D., Gorton Rd., Gore, 23/8/20; J. F., Pahia, 8/2/21; Mrs. K., Milton, 23/2/21; Mrs. M., S. Dun., 8/6/20; P. O'D., Wynyard St., S. Dun., 15/9/20; Mrs. H., McBride St., S. Dun., 30/9/20; Mrs. M., Fernhill St., Dun., 30/9/20; P. H. McE., Ranfurly, 30/3/21; Mrs. C., 24 Grosvenor St., Kensington, 30/9/20; P. M., Ann St., Roslyn, 30/3/21; Mrs. C. McD., 15 Main South Rd., Cav., 8/9/20; J. J. W., 199 Bowman St., Inghill, 30/9/20; O. D., 39 Pomona Rd., Inghill, 8/9/20; Mrs. O' B., Longbush, 30/3/21; J. C., Wreys Bush, 30/3/22; W. M., c/o S. & Co., Te Tua, 15/3/21; Mrs. P. W., Browns, 30/5/21; M. H., Waikina, 23/2/21; T. D., Moggie, 15/9/20; J. B. F., Heddon Bush, 15/5/21; J. D., 24 Earnslaw St., Inghill, 15/11/20; M. N., Moonlight, 30/9/20; J. B. C., 1 Hardy St., Enwood, Inghill, 15/9/20; Mrs. R., Bluff, 8/3/21; Mrs. B., Sawyers Bay, 30/9/20; Mrs. B., Princes St., Dun., 30/9/20; Mrs. A., Bradshaw St., S. Dun., 30/6/20; Miss M., Town Belt, Roslyn, 30/3/21; D. M. S., Kensington, Inghill, 28/2/21; C. M., Roxburgh, 30/3/20; P. K., Ranfurly, 30/9/21; J. O'M., Drummond, 8/1/21; Mr. F., Bookseller, Gore, 30/3/21; Mr. C., Pt. Chalmers, 15/1/21; Mrs. R., Moray Pl., Dun., 30/8/20; Mrs. C., Smith St., Dun., 30/3/21; Carnegie Library, Dun., 30/3/21; G. B., Goodall St., Cav., 30/9/20; M. H., McMaster St., E. Inghill, 8/9/20; Miss C., c/o Benevolent Home, Cav., 23/6/20; B. C., Macandrew Rd., S. Dun., 30/9/20; D. McC., Young St., St. Kilda, 8/9/20; G. M. P., McKenzie St., Gardens, Dun., 15/9/20; M. F. B., Box 2, Naseby, 30/3/20; M. M., Woodlands, 30/3/21; F. D., Yarrow St., Inaghill, 30/3/21; W. J. B., Mossburn, 23/3/20; D. L., West Plains, 30/3/21; P. J., West Plains P.O., Inghill, 30/3/21; J. S., c/o A. & T. Inglis, Dun., 30/3/21; Mr. M. P. E., Green Island, 30/9/20; P. O'H., Clyde St., Inghill, 23/5/21; M. P. E., Wreys Bush, 23/2/21; D. O'S., Ellis Rd., Dun., 30/9/20; Mrs. F., Town Belt, Dun., 30/9/20; J. N., c/o Mrs. T. Driver St., St. Kilda, 30/3/21; M. R., East Rd., Inghill, 30/3/21; T. R. M., c/o Mrs. M., Irvine St., Lawrence, 30/9/20; C. T., Rattray St., Dun., 30/9/20; Miss O' C., Brown St., Dun., 30/9/20; J. T. G., Wetherstones, 15/10/21; Mr. A., Otago, Inaghill, 23/5/21; J. T., Wyndham Ridges, Wyndham, 30/4/20; J. B., Clyde, 23/4/21; J. A. G., Railway Htl., Kuroo, 30/3/21; J. H., Gore, 28/2/22; B. G., Hampden, 15/2/21; G. T. M., Princes St., Enwood, Inaghill, 30/9/20; J. E. Mersey St., Oamaru, 30/9/20; P. M., Criterion Htl., Inaghill, 30/10/20; J. F. K., Gorge Rd., Queenstown, 30/3/21; J. M., Earn St., Inghill, 15/11/20.

W. F. SHORT

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

For a fortnight recently the work of 1000 men in Co. Galway was suspended by a strike of surveyors and clerical workers of the county council. The dispute is now settled, the clerical workers having obtained their terms.

A collection was made in all the churches of the diocese of Meath in accordance with the instruction of the Pope in aid of the starving children of Central Europe.

The *Dundalk Examiner*, which has lately been allowed to reappear after three months' suppression, states that its views are unaltered on the national issue. "The *Examiner* stands to-day," it says, "as it has stood for half a century—for national independence. One limitation only we recognise to the methods which may be employed to the desired end—that they be consonant with God's law."

BISHOP OF MEATH ON A DANGER TO FAITH.

Speaking in the Cathedral, Mullingar, on Sunday, January 11, Most Rev. Dr. Gaughran said there were dangers to the Faith, and secular education was one of them. If the devil could secularise education in Ireland his task could be made light indeed. If the Bill recently before Parliament became law, and he hoped it never would be revived, the devil would be in a fair way towards securing secular education, because then the whole educational edifice would be laid on a Protestant foundation—on three men, the Chief Secretary, the Vice-President of the Department, and one other of whom no one knows anything. These two Scotchmen, and the third who might be a pagan, would have supreme control of education. That was the foundation of the educational edifice provided by the Bill, "and," continued his Lordship, "I hope the Bill will never become law. If it does become law, I ask you to be on your guard, to do your duty, to look to the faith of your children first, and I will leave the rest in your hands."

Church and Labor.

Another danger, said his Lordship, arose from the great war between the masses and the classes, between Capital and Labor, between masters and servants. In this war there are those who would represent that the Catholic Church was not the friend of Labor. There was never anything so false. Was it not the Catholic Church that emancipated the slave? Pope Leo XIII. has given to the world the charter of the working man. Though the condition of the working man is much improved, though he has got new houses, and he hoped they would get a great many more built, his condition is not what it should be.

He hoped the day would come quickly when the laborer could rear his family decently, clothe them, and send them to school. Until that day does come justice will not be done to the working man; but he hoped no one would listen to those who preach that the Church is the enemy of Labor. The strength of the Church is not measured by stone walls or the area of land she holds. Her strength consists of human souls, and the soul of the working man is as dear to her as that of the millionaire.

SUPPRESSION OF THE AONACH.

The action of the Government in prohibiting the annual sale of Irish goods in the Mansion House has aroused general indignation throughout the country.

Mr. A. Griffith states that the English Government in Ireland now stands with the mask wholly off as to the forcible suppression of Irish industry as of Irish national rights, and that England is now dealing with a unified Irish race which will exact a full account for the outrages that are being perpetrated on their Motherland.

The action of the authorities in prohibiting the annual exhibition of Irish goods in the Mansion House has created general resentment, and much sympathy is expressed with the promoters. The Aonach promised to eclipse any previous fixture of the kind, both from the point of view of the number and quality of the exhibits.

An *Irish Independent* representative was shown through the stalls by the Lord Mayor, who strongly commented on the hardship inflicted on those taking part in the Aonach. An outstanding stall, and practically the only one in full working order, is that of the Ballyowen Tobacco Co., conducted by the Rev. J. Sweetman, O.S.B., St. Benedict's, Gorey.

The action of the Government was puzzling everybody, he said. "My own theory," he added, "is that they

simply want to provoke us in order to sit on us more forcibly, or else they hope to so worry us that we will be glad to accept whatever measure of Home Rule they choose to offer." Father Sweetman added that he would continue his stall for the week, unless he was requested to leave by the Lord Mayor, or forcibly removed by the authorities.

Miss McDermott, of 22 Wellington Place, Belfast, stated that she was an exhibitor at the Aonach since its inception (hand-made jewellery, decorated wood pottery, etc.). This suppression would mean a serious loss to her. As the result of the Aonach, she had established a large connection throughout the country generally.

The 50 stalls that had been erected in the Round Room were dismantled yesterday, and all the exhibits were removed. The estimated cost of the erection of these stalls is £150, and the travelling expenses and the cost of transit of goods will come to a substantial figure.

"Instituted to stimulate a demand for the products of our own country, the Aonach achieved a remarkable success," said Mr. A. Griffith to an *Irish Independent* representative. "It caused the expenditure every Christmas of tens of thousands of pounds in Dublin which had previously gone outside the country. The people in the capital yesterday saw the armed forces of the English Government suppressing this purely industrial institution. It, too, has now become an illegal assembly. English Government in Ireland now stands before the world with the mask wholly off, as the forcible oppressor of Irish industry, as well as of Irish national rights. Those Irish Unionists who attended and exhibited each year at the Aonach will have their education speeded up. As to the arrest of the member for St. Stephen's Green, it is natural that Ald. T. Kelly, the most unselfish and honestest man in Dublin, should be obnoxious to those whom our national poet, looking at Dublin Castle in his days, described for all times as—

"The men without ruth,
The hypocrite-haters of goodness and truth,
Who at heart cursed the race of the sun through the skies
And would look in God's face with a lie in their eyes."

The Camarilla.

"The camarilla in Dublin Castle and their political and journalistic associates in London who are trying to goad the Irish people, are living back in the days of the forgery conspiracy against Parnell, in which two of them are implicated. They have succeeded, up to the present, in helping to ruin English financial credit and English diplomatic efforts in America. They have helped to nullify Viscount Grey's mission. The blows they aim at the Irish people become boomerangs. England is now dealing with a unified Irish race, which will exact a full account for the outrages that are being perpetrated on their motherland."

The Lord Mayor intends to appeal to the public to see that the exhibitors do not suffer through a loss of sales (said an exchange at the date of the suppression), and says he will close the Mansion House against all other meetings in future.

In explaining the situation to the exhibitors, his lordship explained that hitherto he had refused to transmit any of Dublin Castle's orders, and had sent the notice back.

In this case the exhibitors might go on with the preparations, and their friends might come there unwittingly and not crediting what might be thought the truly incredible statement that the British Government had proclaimed an exhibition of Irish manufactures and artistic industries. They might persist in entering the Round Room, and before they knew, with the great array of force gathered together to suppress the exhibition, blood might be spilled.

His lordship dwelt on the great success of the previous exhibitions, not merely with regard to sales, but in stimulating sales of Irish goods in the shops by causing inquiry after many beautiful things, and remarked that they did a permanent good to Irish industry. It was shocking to think that that exhibition of Irish industry was proclaimed and suppressed. That shock to many of them, who felt the rough heel of coercion now for the first time, was aggravated by the manner in which it had been done.

The Government that had informed them a short time before of their proclamation, allowed them during all those weeks to carry on their costly arrangements. So far as he was concerned, they were always welcome there, and it was for them to decide whether they would stay and let the British army disperse the exhibition by force, or whether they would close it themselves and go.

An English lady visitor said she had been highly pleased with all she saw until she came to the display of force, of which as an Englishwoman she was ashamed.

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"At any rate," added the Lord Mayor to the exhibitors, "I do not intend to have the Comrades of Ireland, if I might call you so, prevented coming here to-night and to have the Comrades of the Great War coming in here next week. In consequence of the public being prevented inspecting the beautiful exhibition he would close the Mansion House against all other meetings."

COMMONWEALTH NOTES

VICTORIA.

By direction of his Grace Archbishop Mannix, collections were to be taken up in the Catholic churches throughout the archdiocese on Sunday, March 21, in aid of the starving children of Europe.

The Federal authorities are not finding it as easy as they anticipated it would prove to deport the Rev. Father Charles Jerger, one of the priests who was interned in Australia during the war (says the *Tribune*). On Monday, February 23, Father C. Jerger and Dr. Max Herz were brought to Melbourne with a view to being spirited away from the land of their adoption. Father Jerger's sister, Mrs. Ward, who is now in Melbourne, and other friends, went to work at once, and approached certain Federal members, including Messrs. Hugh Mahon (whose disclosures in regard to the atrocious treatment of the interned priests in Australia have been read with such indignant interest), T. J. Ryan, and Frank Tudor, M.H.R.'s. It had been learned that it was the intention of the Government to send Father Jerger to Java, and there leave him to whatever fate might befall him. A strong protest against this iniquitous proposal was made to the Prime Minister, and Mr. Ryan took the legal point that the Commonwealth had no power to deport Father Jerger, he having been naturalised in England long before the war. Mr. Ryan contended that this naturalisation held good throughout the Empire, and that there was no power to deport a naturalised British subject from Australia. It is also understood that the Dutch shipping company objected to being used by the Australian Government to secure the deportation of a priest against his will, and that it would not accept him as a passenger, unless he went voluntarily. The upshot was that Father Jerger and Dr. Herz were during last week sent back to Sydney by the Commonwealth authorities, who are apparently finding themselves in an awkward dilemma.

A crowded and enthusiastic meeting of citizens was held in the Cathedral Hall on Friday night, March 12, to make arrangements for a presentation to his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix). Mr. John Wren was voted to the chair. In the course of a fine tribute to his Grace, the chairman said they had assembled to give a tangible proof of their veneration and esteem for one of the greatest men in the world to-day, his Grace Archbishop Mannix. (Cheers.) Dr. Mannix in all his speeches had never said one word that could bear the interpretation of bigotry. His fault in the eyes of some people was that he consistently and persistently stood up for the freedom and the liberty of his native land—Ireland. He moved: "That this meeting pledges itself to raise the sum of £50,000, in order to present a cheque for that amount to Archbishop Mannix at the Exhibition Building on St. Patrick's night." It was desired that all donations should be by cheque, marked "Not negotiable," and that no money would be collected that night. The motion was carried by acclamation, and donations to the amount of £23,383 were promised at the gathering, including the following:—Mr. J. Wren, £5000; Mr. P. Cody, £5000; Count T. O'Loughlin, K.C.S.G., £5000; Countess O'Loughlin, £500; Messrs. J. J. Liston, R. Roberts, M. Healy, and C. Frilay, £1000 each; Dr. J. Murphy, £1000; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Murphy, £1000. In acknowledging a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Liston, the chairman said the meeting had established a record. The proceedings, which were characterised from start to finish by unprecedented enthusiasm, were finalised by a spirited singing of "God Save Ireland." This remarkable proof of a people's respect for one who has been the subject of vitriolic attacks from press, pulpit, and platform, has given a blow to the Victorian bigots from which they will reel for some time to come (says the *Freeman's Journal*). Money, they say, speaks, and the princely gift to be made to his Grace on St. Patrick's Day in the presence of 50,000 people (a moderate estimate), at the Exhibition, will put the last nail in the coffin of the unholy alliance of Hughes-cum-sectarianism.

Speaking at the annual Communion breakfast of the H.A.C.B. Society in the Cathedral Hall on Sunday, March 14, Dr. Mannix said that he was leaving on a visit to

Rome and the Old Country on May 19, and as soon as his business was done he would come back to Australia by the first ship that sailed. Archbishop Mannix further stated that he was as grateful to his friends as if he had got the £50,000 they proposed to give him; but he could not, consistently with the principles he held, accept their marvellous generosity, and he would decline their generous offer resolutely and absolutely. When he died, as Archbishop of Melbourne, he hoped he would not have a penny in his personal account. Archbishop Mannix has sent the following letter to Mr. John Wren (chairman of the Presentation Committee):—"My dear Mr. Wren,—I wish to convey to you, and through you to those associated with you at last night's meeting, the expression of my deep and lasting gratitude. Your very generosity humbles me and makes me wish that I had indeed been able to render you some notable service. What you did at that meeting and what you propose to do are the outcome of the unrivalled generosity of my friends rather than the measure of any claim that I have upon them. For I have been repaid a hundredfold for anything that I have done or have tried to do, either as an Archbishop or as a citizen. At all events, I have made it a rule for myself not to accept any such personal gift as you propose to offer. When I left Ireland seven years ago my friends there failed to induce me to depart from that self-imposed rule. My friends here will therefore not misunderstand me when I ask them to extend to me the same consideration for my personal wish which I claimed in Ireland, and to abandon this purpose of making me a presentation of any kind. I am more grateful than words can tell, but at the risk of seeming ungracious and unresponsive I must ask this added favor of being allowed to have my own way in a matter on which my mind is quite made up. I trust that you will accept and convey my heartfelt thanks.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wren, sincerely yours, ✠ D. MANNIX."

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A great concourse of Irishmen and Irish-Australians gathered at the Agricultural Grounds on Saturday (says the *Catholic Press* of March 18) to witness the St. Patrick's Day celebrations. It was one of the biggest crowds on record, the attendance being estimated at being at least 1000 in excess of that of the previous demonstration. And what a typically enthusiastic Celtic gathering it was! Not the slightest hitch occurred at any time during the day to mar the pleasure and enjoyment of the occasion. All the arrangements worked with the precision of well-oiled machinery, and the spirit which animated the great gathering was cheeriness and optimism for the successful consummation of Ireland's destiny. The special feature of the demonstration was the oration by Rev. Father T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M., in which he dealt, in an exceedingly able manner with the Irish question. The thunderous applause which so frequently punctuated his splendid address amply proved the intense sympathy of every man, woman, and child in that mighty audience for the cause of Ireland. The celebrations were favored with magnificent weather. The sky remained unclouded during the whole of the day, and a gentle sea breeze wafting over the grounds tempered the brilliant rays of the sun, which earlier in the day threatened to be rather unpleasantly warm.

QUEENSLAND.

His Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane (Most Rev. Dr. Duhig) presided recently at the meeting of the Brisbane Musical Union. His Grace emphasised the desirability of popularising music. In Italy, he said, the best bands in the cities played in the gardens every afternoon. People could not patronise such performances without learning to love good music. One of the finest bands played in the gardens at Rome, and the same thing happened at Milan. The Italians came to love good music because so much music was played in public. It was a strange thing that one seldom or never heard of bequests in Australia for the study of music, yet there were many people in the Commonwealth who were in a position to help the study of music more than they did. He thought that if music was played more in the open the effect would be to raise its standard, and consequently to improve the standard of public morality and clean living.

It is much more easy to find an honest man or a charitable man than to find a man who will be your friend. Every true friend must be an honest man, but every honest man is not a friend.—Father Quadrupani.

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CATHOLIC WOMEN'S HOSTEL, WELLINGTON

A number of friends and supporters of the Wellington Catholic Women's Hostel assembled at the "Knoll," in Thompson Street, on Sunday afternoon, March 14, when the new wing recently added to the hostel was opened and blessed by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea. The new portion of the hostel allows for 12 more boarders, and the wing is a very pleasant part of the building. There are several single bedrooms, and the rest are single cubicles built with beaver board and daintily furnished. New bathrooms have been added also, while upstairs in the older part of the hostel more bathrooms are being added, which will be a great improvement. One of the nicest features of the alterations is the sitting room, which has been made off the dining room.

After the guests had been shown over the new part of the premises and these had been blessed by his Grace, the annual meeting of the board was held in the dining room of the hostel. The secretary read the report for the past year, which stated:—

The hostel year ended in November, but it was considered desirable that the annual meeting should be postponed to synchronise with the opening of the new wing, when an opportunity could be afforded subscribers to view the improvements effected. During the year Miss Wheeler, who had held the office of secretary since the inauguration of the hostel, was compelled by failing health to relinquish that position. The hostel owes a great debt to the zeal and energy of Miss Wheeler, and a resolution expressing appreciation of her services has been recorded in the minutes of the board. Miss Girling-Butcher was elected to the vacant office. Early in the year the purchase of the hostel property was completed. The price agreed upon was £3900, the whole amount being left upon mortgage at 6 per cent. for a term of seven years. It being necessary for the board to appoint trustees to act for it in this regard, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea and the Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M., Provincial, kindly agreed to undertake the office. The property having been purchased, the board was in a position to make urgently-needed improvements, and renewed efforts to raise funds for this object were inaugurated. As a result of personal appeals, and of functions organised by a committee of ladies, headed by members of the board, the sum of £1100 stands to the credit of the extension fund. Plans were prepared by Messrs. Crichton and McKay, architects, for additions, but the lowest tender for the work proposed was beyond the amount the board felt justified in undertaking. An amended plan was adopted, making provision for adequate bath and sanitary accommodation, and a tender was let, the estimated cost of the additions being £2200. The total number the hostel will accommodate when complete is 42. By the efforts of the ladies' committee and the kindness of Mrs. Martin Kennedy and family, a great part of the required furniture was presented at a gift tea. In accordance with the offer made by the hostel residents, a series of dances was held during the winter months, and proved most popular. The proceeds, amounting to £39, have been devoted to liquidating the debt of £42 incurred in the working of the hostel in 1918. Miss Keating, who has been matron of the hostel for nearly three years, and has done excellent work, has tendered her resignation. Considerable regret will be felt at her withdrawal. The board has placed on record its appreciation of her services, and regret at her departure. During the year the hostel has had an average of 29 permanent residents, many more applicants than could be accommodated having been refused. Sixty-four casual visitors have also made the hostel their temporary home. With the additional accommodation the board will be better able to cater for girls travelling, and spending holidays in Wellington. The needs of the many immigrant girls who will arrive in the Dominion in the near future will also be met, and they will be assured of a welcome amongst girls of their own faith. The board regrets that the balance sheet shows a deficit on the year's working. The coming year should show an improvement, and every effort will be made to liquidate the debt incurred in 1919. The board desires to express its hearty thanks to the many who have shown a practical interest in the hostel during the year. The highest appreciation is felt of the generous response made by private individuals, and the several branches of the Catholic Federation, which have contributed to the extension fund. The board desires to thank in a special manner his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, whose efforts on behalf of the hostel have been unremitting, and also Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M., Provincial. To Father O'Connor, S.M., who has been a frequent visitor to the house, the board extends its gratitude also.

The balance sheet was also read and adopted.

The chairman explained that a sum of about £1200 was owing on the alterations, and some plan was needed to liquidate this debt, and also to pay off part of the mortgage.

Archbishop O'Shea, speaking at the meeting, said the additions would supply a great want. Such a hostel was a necessity in a city like Wellington. Nowadays the only alternative for girls was the "rooming" habit, which was a very bad one. Bodily and spiritually girls suffered. They were compelled to seek cheap amusement outside, and meals were a difficulty. He hoped the people all over the archdiocese would assist generously in helping to pay off the debt. So far it had been the people of Wellington who had assisted mostly, but the country people should do so, as the country girls needed it most. Some people, said his Grace, thought the girls should stay in the country, but in a democratic country such as ours the girls had as much right as the boys to choose the avocations they liked, and it was the duty of others to try and provide them with as comfortable a home as possible.

Some discussion took place as to the best means of raising money for the mortgage, it being pointed out that the sum to be paid in interest amounted to about £1 a day, and if the capital could be paid off the working of the hostel would be much improved. It was stressed that the fees charged the girls had to pay the upkeep entirely, but the payment of interest was a heavy load on the finances.

Father Mahony spoke at the meeting, and supported a proposal to circulate all branches of the Catholic Federation in the archdiocese.

Votes of thanks were passed to the chairman, officers, and lady members of the board for the work they had done, also to Miss Keating, the late matron, and to Miss Mulvany, who was acting as matron temporarily. After the business of the meeting was concluded the guests were entertained to afternoon tea by the lady members of the board.

The members of the board for the current year are: His Grace Archbishop O'Shea, the Very Rev. Dean Holley, Mesdames Gleeson, O'Sullivan, and Beauchamp, Misses Kennedy, Cracy, and Girling-Butcher, Colonel A. A. Corrigan, Major T. P. Halpin, Messrs. Dromgool, Johnson, O'Gorman, O'Malley, and Reardon.

The board met subsequently and elected Major Halpin chairman, Mr. W. F. Johnson secretary and treasurer, and appointed Mrs. Le Caldeno matron. The lady members of the board were elected to the House Committee.

K I N G S H I P.

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

The camp fires of the tented line of Pharaoh,
The cressets of Avignon, and old Rome,
Red Aeli's torch, the lamp of Charlemagne,
Alike have flickered down the splendid years,
Till ash and socket now alone remain.
Rulers to-day, content with robes and crowns,
Cringe unto those their sires held feodats,
And conscious kingship weeps its stately loss,
As flagons mourn the ancient, purple wine.
So the court fool might leave in stealth his stool,
To creep into the empty, daisied throne,
Dreaming his motley into cloth of gold,
The twilight walls into a subject world;
And wake to find the air a flower with lights,
Himself still fool in jerkin, cap, and bells,
And courtiers mocking him with mirthful knee.
—E.D.

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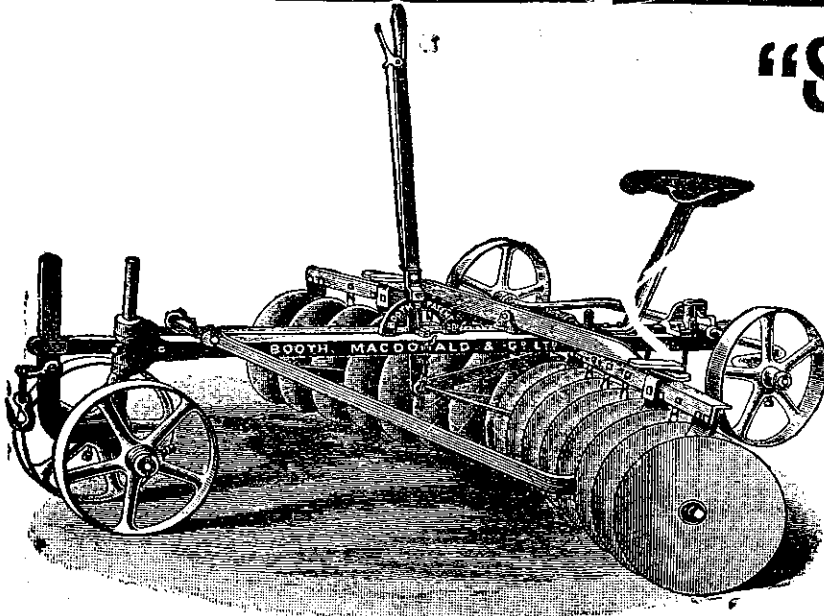
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(From our own correspondent.)

The annual meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association was held in the schoolroom on Wednesday evening, March 10, Rev. Brother Justin presiding. His Lordship Bishop Brodie, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., and Rev. Father Long were present, and there was a good attendance of members.

The secretary (Mr. M. Kennedy) read the tenth annual report and balance sheet. The report congratulated the members on the success achieved on the football field, and on the enthusiasm displayed during the 1919 season. After enumerating the successes scored in the Canterbury Rugby Union competitions, the report refers to the fact that six teams played each Saturday, necessitating at least 90 players taking part, thus showing the numerical strength in the field. The football played was of a very high standard, and the excellent spirit displayed is one for favorable comment. The success of the younger members is most gratifying, and to Rev. Brother Phelan the club owes a debt of gratitude for the attention and interest he has displayed in their welfare. During the season the club was represented by four members in the South Island team, Messrs. Ellis, Brosnahan, Peterson, and McCormack; Messrs. Brosnahan, Fitzgerald, D. McCormack, Peterson, and J. Mullins also represented the province. Towards the end of the season the club sent the first fifteen on a tour to the West Coast, and the success attained both on and off the field made the trip most enjoyable and one which members will be ever anxious to repeat. The team defeated Greymouth by 23 points to nil, Inangahua by 28 points to nil, and Hokitika by 18 points to nil. The committee wishes to place on record its appreciation of the excellent treatment meted out to its representatives by the West Coast people generally. The very keen interest taken in the welfare of the club by its patron, his Lordship Bishop Brodie, is specially appreciated by members, and the financial assistance rendered by the president and vice-presidents has been of great help toward success. The committee wishes to place on record its thanks to the Brothers for the interest they have manifested in their Old Boys, and hope that the conduct of members both on and off the field will be such as to reflect credit on their old school. The receipts from all sources amounted to £57 8s 7d, expenditure £40 4s 6d, leaving a credit balance of £17 4s 1d.

Office-bearers are as follows:—Patron, his Lordship Bishop Brodie; president, Sir George Clifford, Bart.; vice-presidents, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Rev. Father Long; secretary, Mr. Leo Brosnahan; treasurer, Mr. E. Fitzgerald; club captain, Mr. Frank Smyth; deputy-captain, Mr. J. C. Mullins; committee, Messrs. L. Petersen, M. O'Malley, J. Ellis, E. Brosnahan, J. McCormick; delegates to the Rugby Union, Messrs F. Smyth, P. J. Amodeo, J. C. Mullins, George Payne; delegates to Catholic Federation, Messrs. W. Rodgers, M. Kennedy; auditors, Rev. Brother Justin, Mr. M. Garty; coach, Mr. P. Burns.

Rev. Brother Justin referred to the very excellent work accomplished by the late secretary, Mr. P. Greenlees, who, owing to unavoidable circumstances, found it necessary to relinquish the position. Mr. M. Kennedy had temporarily taken up the duties, but did not seek re-election. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded both officers.

His Lordship the Bishop, who was greeted with applause, said it was a source of pleasure for him to be at the meeting, and after complimenting the members on the great measure of success attending their efforts in the past season, advised them to be courageous, good clean sports. Personally he would do all in his power (he said) to further the interests of the association.

My fellow citizens, I believe in Divine Providence. If I did not, I would go crazy. If I thought the direction of the disordered affairs of this world depended upon our finite endeavor, I should not know how to reason my way to sanity. But I do not believe there is any body of men, however they concert their power or influence, that can defeat this great enterprise, which is the enterprise of Divine mercy and peace and goodwill.—President Wilson.

There's gold in the rock where the miners flock,
 There's gold in the sands of the sea;
 There's gold in the very air we breathe,
 Could science but set it free.
 There's hidden gold in the pirate's hold;
 And we'll find it some day, I'm sure;
 There's ease worth gold for a cough or cold
 In Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M.H. (Onehunga).—Many thanks for your kind co-operation. We hope to hear from you frequently.

J.C.—Letter received. Will think over it and let you know later.

RORY has sent no name and address. An article on the subject was published in the *Tablet* about a year ago. The flag is a very old Irish flag, and was used by the United Irishmen. It does stand for the union of Orange and Green and the parties the colors represent.

30 YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Yes, indeed. Doesn't the Order-in-Council remind you of a man falling off a bike and kicking it in his rage? Like yourself, we believe that however low and vile may be the tactics of the P.P.A., the politicians who use that gang are still lower and viler.

R.M.—Please submit your MSS. to an infant teacher in future. Our job is not to teach spelling of ordinary words. W.P.B. by twenty lengths.

SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot recommend you a better model for a short story than O. Henry. His art is marvelous. Kipling is spasmodically brilliant, but he has written a great amount of what is commonly called "tosh."

D.M. (Te Kauwata).—Letter received. We will consult somebody who knows more of the problem involved than we do.

CARO.—The "bog-Latin" tag you want is found in Gerald Griffin's *Collegians*, if we remember right. It runs:

Mea mater mala est sus;

and means "Hurry, mother, the sow is eating the apples." Another of the same sort is:

Flat te canis ter (Flat tay canister).

Others not so well known are:

Reste ici, Joseph,

Saepe sub saepi saepe saepisset,

Je bis a vore.

And there is the mongrel rhyme:

O mare aera si forme, forme ure tonitru;

Olet me mare cum tote, Olet Hygen promptu.

(O, Mary, 'cave a sigh for me, for me, your Tony true, etc.)

WEDDING BELLS

LAWRENCE—DRAPER.

A quiet wedding was solemnised at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, on February 17, when Arthur Edward, eldest son of Mrs. Lawrence, of Palmerston North, and Catherine, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Draper, late of Pahautanui, were united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony. Rev. Father Kennedy officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Edward Draper, wore a gown of cream satin, finished with pearl trimmings, and the usual veil and wreath of orange blossoms. She was attended as bridesmaids by her two nieces, Miss Lilian Draper, who wore a white voile frock and black leghorn hat, and Miss Kathleen Nicol, who was attired in a pink crepe de Chine frock and pink hat to match. Mr. Thomas Draper was best man. Both the bride and bridesmaids carried shower bouquets. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold brooch, and the bride's present to the bridegroom a gold tie-pin; while the bridesmaids received gold brooches. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Balmoral tea rooms, when the usual toasts were honored. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence left for Napier, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue costume and black tulle hat.

"Let me pop it on your finger
 Where the wedding ring will be.
 Will you? Won't you? Will you?
 Honey! will you marry me?"
 That's what Sammie said to Sadie,
 While she sighed in rapture pure;
 Now she's bending over baby,
 Mixing Woods' Peppermint Cure.

History may be defined as an illustrious war against time, taking from the hands of the years their prisoners. Those already slain she recalls to life, passes them in review, and ranges them anew in battalions.—Manzoni.

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OBITUARY

MR. JAMES HOLLAND, SEN., GORE.

Mr. James Holland, sen., for many years a prominent figure in the Gore district, died rather unexpectedly on Wednesday, March 10. The late Mr. Holland was born at Askeaton, Co. Limerick, Ireland, 61 years ago, and arrived in New Zealand when quite a young man. He was a man of boundless energy, and he had not been very long in Gore until he became one of its most successful citizens. He first engaged in contract work, then in hotel-keeping, farming, brickmaking, quarry work, dredging, etc. He built the traffic bridge over the Mataura River in 1895, then erected a large number of prominent build-



ings in the town, of which he was the owner at the time of his decease. Mr. Holland was a loyal member and staunch supporter of every undertaking in connection with the Catholic Church. He was specially helpful in the building of the new Church of the Blessed Sacrament in the town of Gore. He had been in the early days a member of the H.A.C.B. Society, and was to the end a whole-hearted supporter of that society. The late Mr. Holland followed with special interest the political movements in his native country, and finally was in full accord with the policy of Sinn Fein. Deceased was married in 1884, and is survived by his widow and a family of four sons and three daughters—Messrs. Thos. J. (Christchurch), James T., Patrick, and John (Gore). Mrs. H. Windle, Misses Mary and Eileen Holland (Gore). The interment took place on March 12, in the Gore Cemetery, members of the H.A.C.B. Society being the pall-bearers. Very Rev. P. O'Donnell, assisted by Rev. Father Farthing, officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY BARDEN, TIRAU.

On February 28, at her residence, Breezemount, Tirau, Mrs. Mary Barden, wife of Andrew Barden, died after a lingering illness, at the age of 70. Deceased, who was a member of an old Co. Wexford family, was born at The Maudlins, near New Ross. At an early age she was married to Mr. Andrew Barden, Corse, Fethard, Co. Wexford. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barden were well known and widely respected in the south-east of Ireland, and since coming to New Zealand they made many friends. During her last illness, Mrs. Barden was attended by Very Rev. Dean Lightheart. Father O'Callaghan, assisted by Father Taylor, Mata Mata, officiated at the burial in Putaruru. Mrs. Barden leaves her husband and eight children to mourn the loss of a good wife and mother. Her long and saintly life will be to them a comforting memory and an assurance of her eternal happiness.—R.I.P.

MR. JOSEPH G. CUTTANCE, URURUA.

With very deep regret the death is recorded of Mr. Joseph George Cuttance, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cuttance, of Ururua, near Balclutha, Otago, who passed away suddenly from heart failure following on the effects of influenza, in the 22nd year of his age. The late Mr. Cuttance was born at Okura, Westland, and, as an evidence of his grit, he, at the age of only eight years helped, on horseback, to drive a mob of cattle and horses from Westland, through the Haast Pass, and en route across a number of rivers, when the family migrated to the Blackburn Settlement. During the absence of his two elder brothers on active service he managed the farm most successfully. Of an upright, truthful, and generous character, the deceased was much respected by all who knew him, and by the members of his family was naturally regarded with the deepest affection. His sudden passing away came as a severe shock and widespread sympathy is felt for the bereaved family in their sad loss. R.I.P.

MR. DENIS BROSNAHAN, KONINI.

With regret the death is recorded of Mr. Denis Brosnahan, of Konini, in the Pahiataua district. Deceased came out from Ireland to New Zealand when quite a lad, after spending about five years in America. For many years he was a member of the Mounted Police Force stationed in the Hawke's Bay district in the early days, where he was noted for his tact and popularity. He was also clerk of the court at Woodville, and on severing his connection with the Justice Department was made the recipient of a writing desk from the court and an illuminated address from the people as a token of the high esteem in which he was held. For the past 12 years he had devoted himself to farming in the Konini district, where he made a name for himself as a successful and popular farmer. He was also one of the oldest members of the local Hibernian Society, and a very well-known and highly-respected resident. The funeral cortege which followed the remains from St. Brigid's Church to the Pahiataua Cemetery was one of the largest and most representative of Pahiataua and surrounding districts yet witnessed. The members of the Hibernian Society, wearing full regalia, followed next to the hearse. Rev. Father Sanderson officiated at the interment. A widow and two daughters (Kate and Laura) and four grown-up sons (John, Michael, Denis, and Vincent) are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

THE INDISPENSABLE THINGS.

No one asks for a vacation from sleep or from eating; to take a vacation from pastime and pleasure would hardly enter anyone's mind; to take a vacation from breathing would be the height of folly. And no wonder, because all these things, in due measure, are necessary for your life, no matter where you may be. But just as necessary for the life of your soul and for your well-being and happiness in general, are the soul's breathing, food, and medicine; daily prayers, Sacraments, Holy Mass.

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GARDENING NOTES

(By Mr. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

The Kitchen Garden.—Every advantage should be taken of the present weather and soil conditions to keep the growth of weeds in check; this is work that cannot well be done when the soil is wet and cloggy, as it will become with the approach of the rainy season. Dig manure into all vacant plots as opportunity offers, to enable the soil to fully benefit when the winter rains set in. Collect all garden refuse, dead leaves, etc., for the manure heap. Keep planting, if required, vegetables of the cabbage variety—kale, savoy, etc.—to supply the needs later on when garden products are scanty. As the cabbage fly is a great pest to this class of vegetable, syringing with a decoction of quassia chips will be found to be a good preventative. This is prepared by soaking overnight a handful of the chips in a gallon of water, and using next morning. If a considerable quantity is needed, the chips may be boiled with soft soap; 1lb of chips is sufficient for 10 gallons of water. Quassia chips are supplied by seedsmen.

The Flower Garden.—Now is a good time to put in cuttings of most bedding plants. Geraniums will strike freely if placed in sandy soil with a layer of sand on top, planted in a sunny situation, and given a sprinkling of water for a start. Verbenas require sandy soil; plant the young wood and keep shaded from the sun. Heliotrope needs much the same treatment, and they must be protected from the sun. They should be planted in a greenhouse or frame and shaded; a sheet of newspaper answers the latter purpose. With regard to fuschias, the young wood which has not flowered is the best to plant, following the same treatment as applied to the above-mentioned plants. All show and fancy pelargoniums should be cut back, and after a while repotted fairly firm, pressing the soil from around the sides of the pot. Plant all sorts of bulbs, and sow sweet peas to bloom early the next season. Lilies, especially the large white lily, which require to be lifted must be immediately replanted. Chrysanthemums in pots require constant attention; liquid manure should be applied once a week to fertilise the exhausted soil. When showing flower, some of the buds should be thinned off to give the remaining ones a chance to expand. If attacked by mildew, dust with sulphur. Geraniums which need lifting out of the garden must be cut back, repotted, or stored in boxes for the winter.

The Fruit Garden.—Picking and storing fruit will just now be the main occupation in the fruit garden. All fruit intended for keeping requires to be carefully hand-picked. When ripe, it will come off the branch easily, and the stem should come off attached to the fruit. Late fruit may, with advantage, be allowed to remain on the trees as long as possible. Store fruit in a cool, airy room, and carefully inspect to prevent any that may be decaying from damaging the stock.

COLLECT OLD STAMPS.

The Rev. Charles Schoonjans, S.J., Collège Saint-Servais, Liège (Belgium), writes to us expressing thanks to all co-operators in the matter of collecting old postage stamps. He desires to call attention to foreign postage rates. In response to his appeal he has received quite a number of old stamps. The money derived from the sale of these goes directly or indirectly to good works—orphans, asylums, or to the missionaries in foreign countries.

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SONIA—THE WOMAN.

(By CUCHULAIN.)

Two books of the hour are *Sonia* and *Sonia Married*, both works of the able novelist Stephen Mackenna. *Sonia* portrays the artificial upbringing of the girl; *Sonia Married* tells the result. From a man's point of view, the books are first-rate modern novels; from a woman's point of view they are intensely disappointing. Why is this so? Men are interested in the politics, women in the narrative of the books. Women feel that it is unfair for any novelist—especially one of ability—to hold up to the public gaze such a type of womanhood as *Sonia* represents. Perhaps it is hardly correct to say she is a type. Is she not rather a unique specimen? Most certainly there exists in New Zealand no such class of girl as *Sonia*. Of course, it must be admitted that there is a vast difference between the colonial and the Home girl. What we have seen in the form of recent imports makes us inclined to agree with Pope concerning the women of his land:—

“Nothing so true as what you once let fall—
 Most women have no character at all—
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.”

The Home girl is polite—and designing; the colonial girl is blunt—and honest. Girls of the *Sonia* type—intended, we can but suppose, to be the author's representation of the English society girl—seem to be strangely lacking in that invaluable asset, common sense. Not so the colonial girl. You will find that every girl in New Zealand has underneath the crepe de Chine frills a stratum of good, practical common sense. No doubt this is a gift bequeathed to her by her pioneer parents or grandparents.

To return to *Sonia*. It is to be hoped that neither of Stephen Mackenna's books becomes a classic, for would it not be grossly unfair were *Sonia* to be handed down to future generations as the woman of the great war period, the days, the years when so many hundreds of women did work almost as brave and noble as that of the poor suffering soldier in the trenches? *Sonia* is a true daughter of Eve: most women, let us hope, are daughters of Mary. Therefore, like her notorious great-grandmother, *Sonia* is the cause of endless masculine consternation. *Qui se ressemble s'assemble*. Curiously enough *Sonia* herself knows and says that all women detest her. But the men! They fall over one another in their eagerness to attend her. Even one of the few men who dislike her, in order to soothe her, philanthropically kisses her. She is very pretty.

Qui se ressemble s'assemble. The author brings most of his men to the level of this foolish, capricious, fickle, cruel girl. True, she does war-work when all else fails her, but why? Simply to please herself. Were Stephen Mackenna to write a third volume, he would either have to describe O'Rane's utter estrangement from his shallow wife, or else put a halo round his head. O'Rane has the soul of a giant poet; *Sonia*, that of a tinselled doll. It is a most pitiful thing to see a good man tolerating his wife, and in such an uneven marriage as that of David and *Sonia* nothing but toleration could keep the scales steady. There are, it would seem, three kinds of love: first, sensual love; secondly, love of the soul; lastly, for the much-favored few, complete love, love of body and soul. How could a grand soul like David O'Rane's be satisfied with the poor, miserable soul of his wife, *Sonia*?

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

A meeting of the Dominion Executive of the Catholic Federation was held at the Federation Chambers, Wellington, on Saturday, March 20, the Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., presiding. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea was present, also the following members: Major Halpin (Wellington), Mr. F. J. Doolan (Christchurch), Mr. W. F. Johnson (Dunedin), and Mr. P. D. Hoskins (treasurer).

It was resolved to hold the annual meeting of the Dominion Council at Auckland on Wednesday, August 25.

His Grace the Archbishop announced that he had appointed the Very Rev. Dean McKenna to be his representative upon the executive.

The dissemination of Catholic literature came up for discussion, and it was decided to circularise all diocesan councils regarding this matter, asking that parish committees be requested to co-operate with the St. Vincent de Paul societies.

Several applications for the office of general secretary were received, and after consideration Mr. J. A. Carmine, formerly of Westport, was appointed to the position.

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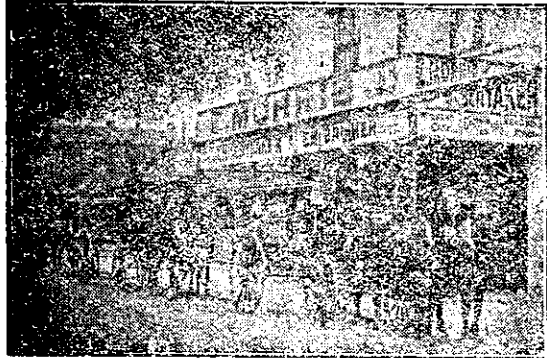
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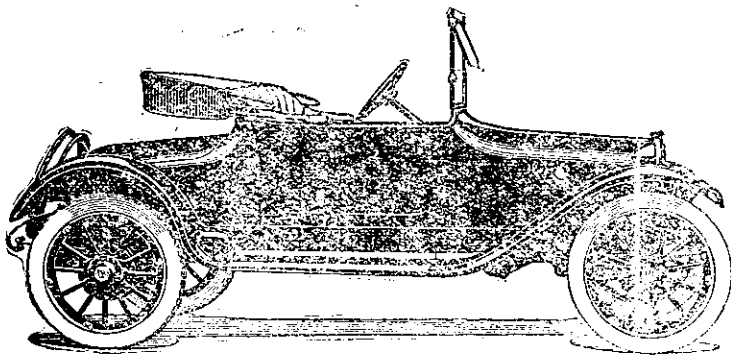
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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Curried Potatoes.

Ten cold potatoes, a large onion, 1oz fat, 1oz curry powder, juice of half a lemon, a little salt, and one gill of stock. Prepare and slice the onion, fry it in the fat. Add the potatoes cut in cubes, toss these in the fat, and add salt to taste, then sprinkle in the curry powder, add the stock and lemon juice. Stew slowly over the fire for 15 minutes. Dish up and serve hot.

Meat Pie with Vegetables.

Tako 1lb beef or mutton, 1 turnip, 6 small potatoes, 3 small carrots, 1 large onion, ½-teaspoon salt. Season with salt, pepper, celery salt, a little chopped parsley. Wipe and cut meat in pieces and put in a saucepan. Cover with hot water. Add seasoning and cook for half an hour. Then add carrots, turnip, and onion cut in pieces, putting in more water if necessary. Boil until vegetables are tender. Add the potatoes cut in quarters, and cook until potatoes are done. Thicken with two tablespoons of flour stirred up with cold water. Turn into a baking-dish and cover with a crust made as follows: 1½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon dripping, 2 teaspoons baking powder, milk to moisten. Bake until crust is done, and serve in a baking-dish.

Stewed Parsnips.

Take 2 parsnips, 1 small onion, ½oz fat, 1 pint water. Scrub, wash, scrape, and cut up in small pieces the parsnips, peel and chop the onion, melt the fat in a saucepan or enamel pie-dish or basin, fry the onion in this, then add the parsnips and fry them for a few minutes, then add the water; season with salt and pepper and a few drops of vinegar if you have any; stew either on top of the stove or in the oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Vegetable Marrow Jam.

Cut the marrow in strips, remove the seeds. To each 1lb of marrow allow 1lb of lump sugar. Lay the marrow and sugar in a pan all night. Add to every 5lb of marrow 2oz of ginger cut into pieces, and three lemons, the thin peel cut into small strips, and the juice squeezed and strained. Put into a preserving-pan, and boil very gently

for four hours. Take care not to let it boil fast or it will crystallise.

Orange Marmalade:

To make good marmalade, take 6lb of bitter oranges and 8lb of good white sugar. Cut the rind of the oranges so that it will peel off in four pieces. Put the pieces of rind in a preserving-pan on the fire, and boil them with plenty of water for two hours; then cut up into thin slices. While they are boiling, press the inside of the oranges through a sieve narrow enough to prevent the seeds and skin going through. Add the sliced peel to what goes through, add the sugar, and boil the whole for 10 minutes. It may then be put up in jars, etc., and covered in the usual way.

Health Hints.

Scalds or Burns.—The former, caused by moist heat, such as boiling water or steam, the latter by dry heat, such as the fire or a red-hot poker. To treat, first of all carefully remove the clothing over the affected part. If stuck to the skin the adhering clothing must be cut around with scissors, and the part that is sticking soaked with oil and left to come away subsequently. Never attempt to drag it off, as the shock may cause death. Do not break blisters; they are Nature's provision to protect the tender new skin underneath. Immediately cover up the part. Soak or smear pieces of lint or old linen with oil or vaseline, lanoline, or cold cream. A small quantity of boracic powder added to these will benefit. The inside of a raw potato scraped out and spread on lint makes a soothing application. If none of these things are available, you can dust the injured part with flour, maizena, or oatmeal. Remember that shock is the usual result of such an accident, the key to which is warmth. Apply externally by means of hot bottles and blankets, and internally by the giving of hot drinks.

Household Hints.

When you find fruit stains on table linen, moisten with a little camphor. If this is done before the stain has been wet with water it will entirely disappear.

To retain the nutrient qualities of meat, plunge it in boiling water, keep it there for a few moments, then simmer until done.

Remove soiled spots from carpets with warm water and a little ammonia in it. Apply with a clean cloth or sponge, and wipe dry.

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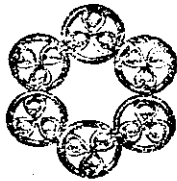
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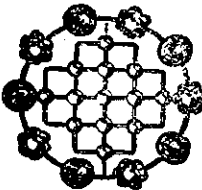
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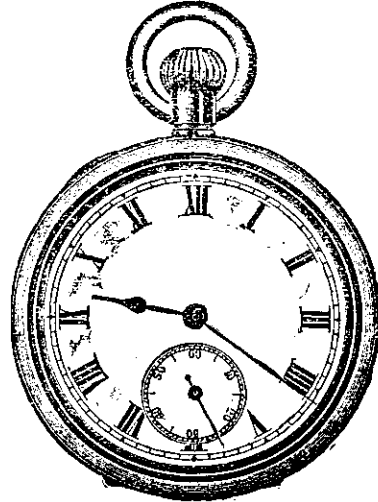
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 224 head of fat cattle were penned. The quality on the whole was only fair. Competition throughout the sale was indifferent. Freezing buyers had the space booked to them filled up previously to the sale, therefore they were not in a position to compete for present offerings. Prime bullocks sold at fair rates; medium bullocks, cows, and heifers showed a decline. Fat sheep: 2215 yarded, the majority of which consisted of medium and poor quality. Very few wethers of prime quality were forward, with the result that these sold well. On the other hand, ewes of all classes showed a decline, this being most noticeable in medium quality. Freezing buyers bought very little of the yarding. Fat lambs: 1424 yarded. The quality on the whole was only fair, several pens being mixed. Competition for freezing lambs was very limited, while graziers were competing for medium and inferior quality at prices fully 3s below previous week's rates. Pigs: There was a full yarding of fats and a medium yarding of store pigs. Prices for fat pigs were practically on a par with previous week's rates; store pigs were a shade firmer.

At Addington market the yarding of fat sheep and lambs was slightly larger than usual, while store sheep were again in over-supply. Fat cattle were also forward in more than usual numbers, and there was a glut of store cattle. The tone of the market throughout was good. Fat cattle: 445 yarded. The market was firm throughout, exporters operating freely. Quotations: Extra prime steers £25 10s to £27 10s, prime £20 to £24, medium £16 to £19, lighter £8 15s to £15, prime heifers £14 to £17 12s 6d, ordinary £7 2s 6d to £13, prime cows £13 to £17 2s 6d, ordinary £10 15s to £12 17s 6d. Fat sheep: A good yarding, which included some prime pens. The market was firm at preceding week's rates. Freezing buyers secured a good proportion of the entry. Quotations: Extra prime wethers 44s to 49s 9d, prime 38s to 43s 6d, medium 33s 3d to 37s, lighter 25s 6d to 32s 6d, extra prime ewes 48s 6d to 55s 6d, prime 36s 6d to 41s, medium 31s 3d to 35s 3d, lighter 25s 11d to 30s 6d. Vealers: A good entry of veal calves, for which the prices were firm, the market being an improved one. Quotations: Runners to £8 2s 6d, ordinary vealers £3 12s 6d to £4, medium 30s to 45s, small calves 7s 6d to 22s 6d. Pigs: A fair entry and an improved demand. Extra heavy baconers to £10, heavy £7 10s to £8 10s, ordinary £6 to £7—average price 11d per lb; heavy porkers £5 5s to £5 15s, ordinary £4 10s to £5—average price 1s 1d per lb; choppers £6 to £9.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report as follows on last week's sale of rabbitskins, etc.:—Only moderate catalogues were submitted. As compared with previous sale, prices were much the same. Quotations: Runners and suckers 50d to 57d, light racks 90d to 93d, prime racks 105d to 107½d, summers 80d to 90d, early autumns 120d to 125½d, winter bucks 130d to 150d, winter does to 150d, springs 100d to 116d, milky 40d to 48d, broken 40d to 60d, fawns 70d to 80d, summer blacks 70d to 76d, winter blacks 100d to 110d, hareskins 40d to 46d, catskins 6d to 1s, horsehair 20d to 25d.

FRUIT PLANTATIONS.

Profitable fruit growing cannot be carried on in a haphazard fashion. It calls for assiduous attention and unremitting activity, and before embarking on it, more than an ordinary amount of forethought is required (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). The improvement of existing orchards and the renovation of old, worn-out trees—or, better still, their replacement by new ones—are perhaps the easiest methods of commencing this new departure; and there need not be the slightest hesitancy in recommending it. Of course, the establishment of a new orchard or plantation is better.

It is always best to select a few good varieties, with an eye to the future disposal of the produce, rather than make the foolish mistake of attempting the cultivation of two many varieties of fruits, or perhaps growing ones unsuited to the requirements of the local market. Nothing is more indicative of bad management, or less likely to find a ready sale, than an ill-assorted sample of fruit. But the well-graded, uniform sample, composed entirely of a few good standard varieties, will invariably find a quick buyer. I must also mention one very common mistake: I mean that of planting varieties of fruit trees wholly unsuited to either soil or district. For this reason, I will here give a few reliable hints which may enable prospective growers to start their plantations judiciously.

Preparation of Ground.—It is very desirable to begin to think about planting well in advance, because the land must be well prepared and the trees selected. When cir-

cumstances permit, no better preparation can be made than by growing a potato crop; if a second early variety is planted the ground will be left comparatively clean and free from weeds. The soil will, moreover, be in good heart, friable in texture, and second to none for the cultivation of all fruits.

In the case of large plantations a subsoil plough should follow the ordinary plough down each furrow, so as to break up the subsoil. If standard trees are to be planted, stakes should be got ready, and should be driven into position before the trees arrive, as it is not a good plan to damage the roots by driving in the stakes after planting. Everything should be ready for a start as soon as the trees arrive, as the less delay between lifting and planting the trees the better.

For mixed plantations 30ft distance is usually allowed from tree to tree, as it then permits of intercropping. Thus, standard apples or pears may be planted 30ft apart, bush or pyramid apples or half-standard plums in rows between them, at 15ft apart, and bush fruits, such as currants or gooseberries, intercropped in turn at 5ft apart.

Apples.—For the growth of apples, medium loamy soils overlying a sandstone or limestone formation are to be preferred. Usually these soils are especially favorable for the growth of oak, elm, and hawthorn, and in many cases are rich and well drained. Dry, sandy soils, and those where early frosts are prevalent, must always be avoided. Situation and aspect are perhaps of more vital importance than the condition of the soil; thus the north-easterly winds are very injurious to fruit trees in spring, and a spot unsheltered from their course should therefore be avoided. Artificial protection may, of course, be afforded, but such is obviously inferior to a natural means of shelter.

These conditions of soil, aspect, and situation are applicable to almost all varieties of fruits generally.

Planting.—Of the details of planting, I can mention none of more importance than the necessity for keeping the roots as close to the surface of the ground as possible. The depth to which the trees are planted should be the same as that of their nursery days; this will be indicated by the soil mark on the stem. To keep the roots close to the surface, give an annual mulching of leaf mould or short, well-decayed farmyard manure; and as soon as the soil is dry enough, keep it well stirred on the surface with the hoe. Once a week is not too often for this, especially in dry, droughty districts. The hoeing prevents evaporation, aerates the surface soil, and so keeps the fibrous roots at the surface instead of their diving down into the subsoil below in search of air and moisture.

The soil above the roots must be trodden down firmly as soon as the roots are spread out in position and covered with soil. It will be advisable to raise the surface level slightly to allow of subsequent sinking.

AN IRISH MAID.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

One time, in an old-world castle,
With turrets and ivied-stone tow'r,
Sat dreaming an Irish maiden,
Alone in her virginal bow'r;
Her hair, a rich, golden cascade,
Was bound with a riband of white,
Her eyes from her open casement
Were stars of mysterious night.
One day, to the close-kept drawbridge,
A wonderful stranger there came,
A knight of the great King Dermod,
Beloved and great was his name;
Love stirred in the heart of the maiden,
Love surged in the heart of the man,
Brought each all the wondrous rapture
That only the greatest love can.
He rode o'er the bridge one morning,
When nigh all the castle folk slept,
And waking, the lovely girl-flow'r
Long years for her lost hero wept;
She knew that he loved her truly,
His eyes had his secret well told,
More eloquently far than kisses
Or arms that the lov'd one enfold.
She pray'd to the Christian Ard-righ,
To Mary, the Christian Girl Queen,
To tell her why, why he came not—
Say what could his strange silence mean;
At last, came the White Dove of Wisdom,
It whispered, instructing the maid,
Who heard, understanding the reason
Why long had her lover delayed.

—ANGELA HASTINGS.

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THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

Have ye looked for My sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have you been in the wild, waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stay?
Have you trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and the darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of My wounded Feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's Name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay His Head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus, make thee whole?"
Have ye told My fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the golden land?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary
To soothe the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt when the glory
Hath streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows
That there I had been before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you
" 'Tis the pathway I often go!"
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,
Can ye dare to follow Me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth
There shall the servant be!

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

The name Easter is Anglo-Saxon, and is probably derived from the old-German of *ostarum*, now *ostern*, being the name of a festival celebrated among the pagan Teutons in honor of the goddess of light. This feast was celebrated in spring in the old lands, and as the Christian feast commemorative of the resurrection of the Lord falls in this season, the name of *Ostern*—or, Anglo-Saxon, *Easter*—was transferred to this feast. In the language of the Church, however, the feast is called *Pascha*—derived from the Hebrew *Passach*, meaning the *Pass-over*. On this day the Hebrews celebrate the commemoration of the miraculous passage of the people of Israel through the Red Sea into the promised land, and their liberation from the slavery of Pharaoh; and then also commemorate the passage of the angel of the Lord who slew the first-born of the Egyptians, whilst he passed over the houses of the Israelites, whose door-posts were sprinkled with the blood of the paschal lamb.

Now, for us too, a *passover* has taken place, of which that of the ancient law was but a figure, Christ, our Lord and Saviour, by the shedding of His precious blood, has redeemed us from our sins, and, as it were, led us forth through His blood from the captivity and slavery of Satan. And if, during the paschal time, we have sanctified ourselves by the grace of the holy sacraments, and have become reconciled with God, then our souls have been in a spiritual manner sprinkled with the blood of the Divine Lamb, so that the prince of darkness has no more power over us.

The festival of Easter is regulated by the course of the moon. Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March, or the vernal equinox. If the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. By this arrangement Easter may come as early as the 22nd of March or as late as the 25th of April. It is always celebrated on Sunday, because on this day of the week the Saviour actually arose from the dead. As God completed His work of creation on the sixth day with the creation of man, so He likewise completed the second creation—the redemption of man—by His death on the sixth day of

the week, or Friday; and as God, after the creation, rested upon the seventh day, so also the Saviour, after completing the work of the redemption, rested upon the Sabbath in the tomb. But on Sunday, the first day of the week, after having rested in the grave from Friday evening till the morning of the third day, He went forth from the same with new glory and splendor. Other feasts of the year, which are called "movable feasts," are regulated according to Easter, so that for instance, the Feast of the Ascension is always the fortieth, and Pentecost the fiftieth day after Easter.

MESSAGE OF THE FEAST.

There are many feasts in the annual cycle of the Church's calendar and each feast brings its own message of warning, of divine mercy, of heavenly grace, or of future blessing, but in richness of gift and in largeness of promise the Resurrection Day surpasses them all. Other feast-days bring light, but their light is followed by darkness; other feast-days bring a reality, but in reality there is a shadow; other feast-days bring enrapturing anthems, but the rich melody of the anthems is hushed by agonising sorrow over the tragedy of Calvary; other feast-days bring life, but the life is vanquished by death.

It is far otherwise with the Easter feast, for it speaks of life without darkness, of reality without shadow, of triumphal music that shall never be stilled by sorrow, of life that shall never know death.

Even as Christ rose from the grave in the majestic splendor of perfect manhood, so shall we if faithful one day rise to enjoy with Him the unveiled Vision of God.

EASTER MORN.

Easter lilies, fresh, newborn,
Blossom for this holy morn.
Christ is risen! Angels sing:
"Glory be to God, our King!
Hail, ye mortals,—hail the day
Angels rolled the stone away!"

Bloom, arbutus, fragrant, sweet!
Lay your blossoms at His feet;
Bloom with rosy-sunrise hues!
Born of forest damps and dews!
Bloom, ye windflower! Lift your head:
Christ is risen from the dead!

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NUMBER FORTY.

Forty is a number that has always, among Christians, been regarded as having a special significance, because of its use in the Scriptures. Thus Moses was 40 days on the Mount; Elijah was 40 days fed by the ravens; the rain of the flood fell 40 days, and another 40 days expired before Noah opened the windows of the ark; 40 days was the period of embalming; Jonah gave Nineveh 40 days to repent; our Lord fasted 40 days and was seen 40 days after His resurrection.

St. Swithen betokens 40 days' rain or dry weather; a quarantine extends to 40 days; 40 days in the old English law was the limit of the payment of the fine for manslaughter; the privilege of sanctuary was for 40 days; the widow was allowed to remain in her husband's house for 40 days after his decease; a knight enjoyed 40 days' service of his tenant; a stranger at the expiration of 40 days was compelled to be enrolled in some tithing; members of Parliament were protected from arrest for 40 days after the House was convened. The ancient physicians ascribed many strange changes to the period of 40 days; the alchemists looked on 40 days as the charmed period when the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life were to appear.

DO IT NOW.

"John," said Dr. Brown to his son, "that grass has needed cutting for some days."

"Yes, sir," replied John. "I am going to cut it to-morrow."

"It isn't very important whether or not the grass is cut," answered his father, "but it's extremely important that you have the right state of mind about getting at what needs to be done. There is a legend that Satan once offered a prize to the demon who should suggest the surest method of damning men's souls. One brought forward a most brilliant argument to demonstrate the futility of goodness. Another most luridly pictured the attractions of evil. Another proposed that the satanic legions should admit the wisdom and the glory of righteousness, but should concentrate their powers on persuading men to put off the day when they should begin to practice righteousness. Satan is said to have awarded the prize to that suggestion.

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"There is no question," continued the doctor, "that the greatest enemy to goodness in the world is procrastination. Every man that lives means *some day* to lead a good life. You have seen that little placard on office walls, 'Do It Now!' It ought to be before our eyes wherever we go. It ought to be written in our minds. Just as soon as we discern the right thing to be done, we ought to set about doing it without delay. If we delay to-day, it's twice as easy to delay again to-morrow. Get the habit, John, in small things. If the grass ought to be cut now, then require of yourself that you cut it now. If your Latin ought to be prepared now, then don't risk the chance of getting the procrastinating habit by putting it off to another time. I don't urge you to plunge into things without thinking. Take all the time you need to come to your conclusions. But when your judgment tells you a thing surely ought to be done, get at it at the first possible moment. Do it now!"

John started for the door. "That grass ought to be cut, that's sure," he said, "and I'm going to do it now!"

FIXING THINGS.

Things weren't looking too bright for the Littlepool Cricket Club, and the captain was trying to buck them up.

"Well, we've got the team," he said to his right-hand man; "that's the great thing. Now, as to bowling. If the wicket's soft, there's you and me; and if it's hard, there—er—well, there's me and you. And if they start knocking us about we can try—"

"A change of ends," suggested the other man, cynically.

SMILE RAISERS.

Nell: "What would you give to have such hair as mine?"

Belle: "I don't know; what did you give?"

"Have you seen my pocket-book?"

"No."

"Well, I've lost it. And I particularly wrote down on one of the pages in it where I'd put it in case I mislaid it!"

"I gave him a hard blow with my left and missed him. Then I gave him another blow in the same place. After that, I gave him another one, and he fainted. And then he gave me one, and I fainted."

A medical officer in one of the suburban councils the other day received the following note from one of the residents of his district:—"Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from measles as required by Act of Parliament."

The teacher had explained to the class that all bodies through which we can see are pellucid or transparent.

"Now," he said to Tommy Todd, "can you mention any transparent object?"

Tommy, beaming with delight, replied: "Yes, sir. A keyhole and a drain-pipe."

Mother: "Did you call Edith up this morning?"

Daughter: "Yes, but she wasn't down."

"But why didn't you call her down?"

"Because she wasn't up."

"Then call her up now, and call her down for not being down when you called her up."

Aunt Jane was desirous of purchasing a gun for her nephew. The shopkeeper produced a couple.

"This one shoots caps and this one slugs," he said.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Tommy's aunt. "I'll have the second one, for we're troubled terribly by those slugs."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

World's Running Record.

Men can run about 32 feet a second, that being the world's best record for a 100-yard sprint. Contrary to common suppositions, skaters are no swifter than runners, the world's record for both being precisely the same—9 2-5 seconds for a hundred yards. Runners on skis have, however, made as much as 72 feet a second, and in leaping on skis more than 100 feet a second is attained.

The Antipodes.

Everyone knows that New Zealand is almost the Antipodes of Britain. It seems to have occurred to somebody in the Railway Department (says the *Christchurch Press*) that it would be useful to know exactly where the map of Europe would receive a projection of New Zealand through the centre of the earth, for the new *Year Book* has as a frontispiece a nice map of Western Europe, prepared by the Department, showing New Zealand as it would be situated if placed in corresponding latitudes in the Northern Hemisphere, and corresponding longitudes (East being changed for West). It seems that our Dominion would stretch across the Western Mediterranean. Invercargill would coincide with the top of the Trentino, Dunedin would be just south of Switzerland, and Timaru corresponds with Genoa, and Akaroa with Nice. Wellington lies between Barcelona and Sardinia. Auckland is on the African coast line, in a line with, and midway between, Algiers and Tunis. Therefore we are some way, off being the Antipodes of Britain. Nice and Akaroa correspond so accurately that Akaroa, with its French associations, may think of doing something about it.

A Wireless Wonder.

The London correspondent of the principal New Zealand daily papers, writing under date January 16, says:—

The first demonstration of a new wireless instrument, enabling the operator in a ship in distress to ring loud alarm bells in all vessels or stations within wireless range, was given at the Marconi works, Chelmsford, Essex, yesterday.

When the Titanic sank, a vessel was within 20 miles, but the distress signals were not heard owing to the operator being in bed.

It is necessary for ships to carry a special automatic transmitter and receiver, and when an emergency arises the operator presses the key of the transmitter, and in the fraction of a minute the signal, consisting of Morse dots, sent at exactly 180 per minute, is being received by every vessel within range carrying a receiver, and a bell is kept ringing until the operator establishes ordinary wireless communication. For the demonstration, a portable wireless was stationed 30 miles away at Shalford, and upon a pressman telephoning by wireless the device was put into operation. The dots could be heard at the receiver, and a bell rang until stopped. The range is not limited, but depends upon the power of the transmitter. Eighty miles is considered a usual and a sufficient distance. During the war, the device was used for exploding mines, etc., and an illustration of its efficacy was made yesterday, gunpowder being fired by wireless sent from 30 miles away.

At the Marconi works at Chelmsford (says the *Morning Post*) there is a wireless mast 450 feet high, or higher than the cross on the top of St. Paul's. A short time ago the highest part of it was broken by a gale, and the question of repairing it arose. Ladders were out of the question. But the difficulties did not daunt one of the workmen, who noticed that the mast was made of quarter-sections bolted together and then fitted one on top of the other. He asked, and was given permission, to try his luck. He made himself a belt, at the two ends of which were rings that would slip over the ends of the bolts. He also made for each hand a ring that fitted the bolts. Thus equipped, he started to mount on high, the belts being his only means of support. On the first day he swarmed up 200 feet, fitted the tackle, and descended to earth, for it was too cold to proceed further. On the second day he was hoisted up the 200 feet, and then, hand over hand, by means of his rings and bolts, he got to the top of the mast, where he effected the necessary repairs. The last 250 feet of climbing was done in an hour. And the man, whose name was Post, was 55 years of age.

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