

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

June 6, Sunday.—Second Sunday after Pentecost. Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

- „ 7, Monday.—Of the Octave.
- „ 8, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
- „ 9, Wednesday.—Of the Octave.
- „ 10, Thursday.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
- „ 11, Friday.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
- „ 12, Saturday.—St. John Fagondez.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Person of Christ, including His human nature, is the object of divine adoration, the worship which is due to His Person is due to all that is united to His Person. For this reason the Fifth General Council condemned the Nestorians, who introduced two adorations as to two separate natures and to two separate persons. The Council affirms that one adoration is to be offered to the Word united to His humanity. The material object of this divine adoration is Christ, God, and man; the formal object or the reason for which this divine adoration is given to Him in both natures is the divinity of the Incarnate Son. Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the human heart which the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, is adored with divine worship in heaven and on earth—at the right hand of His Father and in His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart reveals to us the personal love of Our Divine Redeemer towards each and every one for whom He died. It is a manifestation of His pity, tenderness, compassion, and mercy to sinners and to penitents. Nevertheless its chief characteristic and its dominant note is His disappointment at the return we make to Him for His love."—Cardinal Manning.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE DIVINE SENTINEL.

O Sacred Heart! Thine outstretched arms are waiting
To fold each world-worn wanderer to Thy Breast;
When failing footsteps on life's rough road falter,
Thy wounded Heart wouldst be our shelter blest.

Thy Hand it was that fashioned every flower,
That gave each rose its fragrant perfume sweet,
That painted every glowing golden sunset,
And gave each bird its song and pinions fleet.

Oh, deathless love! that never knew a dawning,
Unwearing through the long eternal years,
Awaiting Time's brief day to win requital,
And give Thy life for us, 'midst pain and tears.

Oh, Sentinel Divine! love's chains fast bind Thee
In snowy Host! Within each holy shrine,
Believing and adoring, Lord! we pray Thee
To make the hearts Thou lov'st entirely Thine.

—FLORENCE MILLER, in the *Advocate*.

RESIGNATION.

There are wrongs that cannot be righted;
There are crosses that must be borne;
There are duties that cannot be slighted;
There are thorn-crowns that must be worn.
There are griefs that cannot find comfort,
And wounds that cannot be healed;
There are sorrows so deep in the human heart
They cannot be half revealed.
But, oh! let us carry our crosses;
We carry them not alone;
Let us tread over earth's rough places
Even as Christ has done.
Let us bury our bitter sorrows
Deep in His Sacred Heart,
And think what a blessed thing it is
To have in his sorrows a part.
Let us think of the wrongs He suffered,
Let us think of the cross He bore;
Let us think of His weary journeyings,
Let us think of the crown He wore.
Surely the pain and the sorrow
Christ chose for Himself must be best;
Let us follow Him then in the way of the cross,
'Twill lead unto heaven's sweet rest.

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE SQUIRE BECOMES THEOLOGICAL, AND A PROSELYTISER; BUT SIGNALLY FAILS.

The next morning he and Cummiskey started for Sligo, and, as usual, when they reached the gaol the turnkey was about to conduct the squire to Sir Robert's room, when the former turned and said:—

"I wish to see Mr. Reilly; lead me to his cell."

"Reilly, sir!" exclaimed the man in astonishment.

"Are you sure, sir, it's not Sir Robert Whitecraft you want?"

"Are you sure, sir, that it's not a cut of my whip about the ears you want? Conduct me to where Reilly is, you rascal; do you pretend to know the individual I wish to see better than I do myself? Push along, sirrah."

The turnkey, accordingly, conducted him to Reilly's cell, which, considerably to his surprise was a much more comfortable one than had been assigned to the baronet. When they had reached the corridor in which it was situated, Folliard said, "Knock at the door, and when he appears tell him that I wish to see him."

"I will, your honor."

"Say I won't detain him long."

"I will, your honor."

"D—n your honor, go and do what I desire you."

"I will, your honor."

Reilly's astonishment was beyond belief on learning that his vindictive prosecutor had called upon him; but on more mature reflection, and comparing what had happened before with the only motive which he could assign for such a visit, he felt pretty certain that the squire came to revive, in his own person, a subject which he had before proposed to him through his daughter. There was no other earthly object to which he could attribute his visit; but of course he made up his mind to receive him with every courtesy. At length Folliard entered, and before Reilly had time to utter a syllable, commenced:—

"Reilly," said he, "you are astonished to see me here?"

"I am, sir," replied Reilly, "very much."

"Yes, I thought you would; and very few persons, except myself would come upon such an errand, to the man that has disgraced my daughter, myself, and my family; you have stained our name, sir—a name that was never associated with anything but honor and purity, until you came among us."

"If you have paid me this visit, sir, only for the purpose of uttering language which you know must be very painful to me, I would rather you had declined calling upon me at all. I perceive no object you can have in it, unless to gratify a feeling of enmity on your part, and excite one of sorrow on mine. I say sorrow, because, on considering our relative positions and knowing the impetuosity of your temper, I am sorry to see you here; it is scarcely generous in you to come for the purpose of indulging in a poor, and what, after all, may be an equivocal triumph over a man, whose love for your daughter; you must know, will seal his lips against the expression of one offensive word towards you."

"But how the devil, sir, do you know what brought me here? I didn't come to scold you, nor to triumph over you; and I have already said the worst I shall say. I know very well that you and Whitecraft will be hanged, probably from the same rope, too; but in the meantime I would save you both if I could. I fear, indeed, that to save him is out of the question, because it appears that there's a cart-load of indictments against him."

"How could you doubt it, sir, when you know the incredible amount of his villainy, both private and public? and yet this is the man to whom you would have married your daughter!"

"No; when I found Helen reduced to such a state the morning on which they were to be married, I told her at once that as she felt so bitterly against him, I would never suffer him to become her husband. Neither will I; if he were acquitted to-morrow, I would tell him so; but you, Reilly, love my daughter for her own sake."

"For her own sake, sir, as you have said, I love her. If she had millions, it could not increase my affection,

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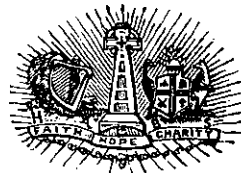
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and if she had not a penny, it would not diminish it."

"Well, but you can have her if you wish, notwithstanding."

Reilly first looked at him with amazement; but he was sufficiently well acquainted with his character, both from what he had seen and heard of it, that his amazement passed away, and he simply replied:—

"Pray, how, sir?"

"Why, I'll tell you what, Reilly; except with respect to political principles, I don't think, after all, that there's the difference of a d—n between the Papist and Protestant Churches, as mere religions. My own opinion is, that there's neither of them any great shakes, as to any effect they have on society, unless to disturb it. I have known as good Papists as ever I did Protestants, and indeed I don't know why a Papist should not be as good a man as a Protestant; nor why a Protestant should not be as good a man as a Papist, on the other hand. Now do you see what I'm driving at?"

"Well, I can't exactly say that I do," replied Reilly.

"Then the upshot of the argument is this, that there is not a toss-up between them, and any man getting into a scrape and who could get out of it by changing one to the other—of course I mean from Popery to Protestantism—would prove himself a man of good sound sense, and above the prejudices of the world."

The truth is, Reilly saw, ere this, what Folliard was approaching, and as he determined to allow him full scope, his reply was brief:

"You seem fond of indulging in speculations, sir," replied Reilly with a smile; "but I should be glad to know why you introduce this subject to me?"

"To you?" replied Folliard; "why, who the devil else should or could I introduce it to with such propriety? Here, now, are two religions; one's not sixpence better nor worse than the other. Now, you belong to one of them, and because you do you're here snug and fast. I say, then, I have a proposal to make to you: you are yourself in a difficulty—you have placed me in a difficulty—and you have placed poor Helen in a difficulty—which, if anything happens you, I think will break her heart, poor child. Now you can take her, yourself, and me, out of all our difficulties, if you have only sense enough to shove over from the old P—to the young P—. As a Protestant you can marry Helen, Reilly—but as Papist never; and you know the rest; for, if you are obstinate and blind to your own interest, I must do my duty."

"Will you allow me to ask, sir, whether Miss Folliard is aware of this mission of yours to me?"

"She aware! She never dreamt of it; but I have promised to tell her the result after dinner to-day."

"Well, sir," replied Reilly, "will you allow me to state to you a few facts?"

"Certainly; go on."

"In the first place, then, such is your daughter's high and exquisite sense of integrity and honor, that if I consented to the terms you propose, she would reject me with indignation and scorn, as she ought to do. There, then, is your project for accomplishing my selfish and dishonest apostacy given to the winds. Your daughter, sir, is too pure in all her moral feelings, and too noble-minded, to take to her arms a renegade husband; a renegade, too, not from conviction, but from selfish and mercenary purposes."

"Confound the thing, this is but splitting hairs, Reilly, and talking big for effect. Speak, however, for yourself; as for Helen, I know very well that in spite of your heroics and hers, she'd be devilish glad you'd become a Protestant, and marry her."

"I am sorry to say, sir, that you don't know your own daughter; but as for me, Mr. Folliard, if one word of yours, or of hers, could place me on the British throne, I would not abandon my religion. Under no circumstances would I abandon it; but least of all, now that it is so barbarously persecuted by its enemies. This, sir, is my final determination."

"But do you know the alternative?"

"No, sir, nor do you."

"Don't I, faith? Why, the alternative is simply this, either marriage or hanging."

"Be it so; in that case I will die like a man of honor, and a true Christian and Catholic, as I hope I am."

"As a true fool, Reilly—as a true fool. I took this step privately, out of respect for your character. See how many of your creed became Protestants for the sake of mere property; think how many of them join our Church for the purpose of ousting their own fathers and relatives from their estates; and what is it all, on their parts, but the consequence of an enlightened judgment that shows them the errors of their old creed and the truth of ours? I think, Reilly, you are loose about the brains."

"That may be, sir; but you will never find me loose about my principles."

"Are you aware, sir, that Helen is to appear against you as an evidence?"

"No, sir, I am not, neither do I believe it. But now, sir, I beg you to terminate this useless and unpleasant interview. I can look into my own conscience with satisfaction, and am prepared for the worst. If the scaffold is to be my fate, I cannot but remember that many a noble spirit has closed the cares of an unhappy life upon it. I wish you good-day, Mr. Folliard."

"By h—s, you are the most obstinate blockhead that ever lived; but I've done; I did all in my power to save you—yet to no purpose. Upon my soul, I'll come to your execution."

"And if you do, you will see me die like a man and a gentleman; may I humbly add, like a Christian."

The squire, on his way home, kept up a long, low whistle, broken only by occasional soliloquies, in which Reilly's want of common-sense, and neglect, not only of his temporal interests but of his life itself, were the prevailing sentiments. He regretted his want of success, which he imputed altogether to Reilly's obstinacy, instead of to his integrity, firmness, and honor.

This train of reflection threw him into one of those capricious fits of resentment so peculiar to his unsteady temper, and as he went along he kept lashing himself up into a red heat of indignation and vengeance against that unfortunate gentleman. After dinner that day, he felt somewhat puzzled as to whether he ought to communicate to his daughter the result of his interview with Reilly, or not. Upon consideration, however, he deemed it more prudent to avoid the subject altogether, for he felt apprehensive that, however she might approve of her lover's conduct, the knowledge of his fate, which depended on it, would only plunge her into deeper distress. The evening, consequently, passed without any allusion to the subject, unless a peculiar tendency to melody on his part might be taken to mean something; to this we might add short abrupt ejaculations, unconsciously uttered—such as—"Whew, whew, whew-o-whew-o—d—n the fellow!—whew, whew-o-whew—he's a cursed goose; but a d—d obstinate—whew, whew-o-whew-o. Ay, but no matter—well—whew, whew-o-whew, whew! Helen, a cup of tea. Now, Helen, do you know a discovery I have made—but how could you? No, you don't, of course—but listen and pay attention to me—because it deeply affects myself."

The poor girl, apprehensive that he was about to divulge some painful secret, became pale and a good deal agitated; she gave him a long inquiring look, but said nothing.

"Yes, Helen, and the discovery is this: I find from experience, that tea and Burgundy—or indeed tea and any kind of wine—don't agree with my constitution; d—n the fel—whew, whew, whew, whew-o-whew; no, the confounded mixture turns my stomach into nothing more nor less than a bag of aquafortis—if he had but common—whew—"

"Well, but, papa, why do you take tea, then?"

"Because I'm an old fool, Helen; and if I am, there are some young ones besides; but it can't be helped now—whew, whew—it was done for the best."

In this manner he went on for a considerable time, ejaculating mysteries and enigmas, until he finished the second bottle, after which he went to bed.

It may be necessary to state here that, notwithstanding the incredible force and tenderness of his affection for his daughter, he had, ever since her elopement with Reilly, kept her under the strictest surveillance, and in the greatest seclusion; that is to say, as the proverb has it, "he locked the stable door when the steed was stolen"; or if he did not realise the aphorism, he came very near it.

Time, however, passed, and the Assizes were at hand; a fearful *Avatar* of judicial power to the guilty. The struggle between the parties who were interested for the fate of Whitecraft, and those who felt the extent of his unparalleled guilt, and the necessity not merely of making him an example, but of punishing him for his enormous crimes, was dreadful. The infatuation of political rancor on one side, an infatuation which could perceive nothing but the virtue of high and resolute Protestantism in his conduct, blinded his supporters to the enormity of his conduct, and, as a matter of course, they left no stone unturned to save his life. As we said, however, they were outnumbered; but still, they did not despair. Reilly's friend had been early in the legal market, and succeeded in retaining some of the ablest men at the Bar, his leading counsel being the celebrated advocate Fox, who was at the time one of the most distinguished men at the Irish Bar, and who subsequently was promoted to the Bench,

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where he administered justice for many years. Helen, as the Assizes approached, broke down so completely, that it was felt, if she remained in that state, that she would be unable to attend; and although Reilly's trial was first on the list, his opposing counsel succeeded in getting it postponed for a day or two, in order that an important witness, then ill, he said, might be able to appear against him.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LII.—(Continued.)

There remains now but to trace the fortunes of O'Sullivan, the last of O'Neill's illustrious companions in arms. The special vengeance of England marked Donal for a fatal distinction among his fellow chiefs of the ruined confederacy. He was not included in the amnesty settled by the treaty of Mellifont. We may be sure it was a sore thought for O'Neill that he could not obtain for a friend so true and tried as O'Sullivan, participation in the terms granted to himself and other of the Northern chieftains. But the Government was inexorable. The Northerners had yet some power left; from the Southern chiefs there now was nought to fear. So, we are told, "there was no pardon for O'Sullivan." Donal accompanied O'Neill to London the year succeeding James's accession; but he could obtain no relaxation of the policy decreed against him. He returned to Ireland only to bid it an eternal farewell! Assembling all that now remained to him of family and kindred, he sailed for Spain A.D. 1604. He was received with all honor by King Philip, who forthwith created him a grandee of Spain, Knight of the Military Order of St. Iago, and subsequently Earl of Bearhaven. The king, moreover, assigned to him a pension of "three hundred pieces of gold monthly." The end of this illustrious exile was truly tragic. His young son, Donal, had a quarrel with an ungrateful Anglo-Irishman named Bath, to whom the old chief had been a kind benefactor. Young Donal's cousin, Philip—the author of the *Historia Catholica Ibernicæ*—interfered with mediative intentions, when Bath drew his sword, uttering some grossly insulting observations against the O'Sullivans. Philip and he at once attacked each other, but the former soon overpowered Bath, and would have slain him but for the interposition of friends; for all this had occurred at a royal monastery in the suburbs of Madrid, within the precincts of which it was a capital offence to engage in such a combat. The parties were separated. Bath was drawn off, wounded in the face, when he espied not far off the old chieftain, O'Sullivan Beare, returning from Mass, at which that morning, as was his wont, he had received Holy Communion. He was pacing slowly along, unaware of what had happened. His head was bent upon his breast, he held in his hands his gloves and his rosary beads, and appeared to be engaged in mental prayer. Bath, filled with fury, rushed suddenly behind the aged lord of Beare, and ran him through the body. O'Sullivan fell to earth; they raised him up—he was dead. Thus mournfully perished, in the 57th year of his age, Donal, the "Last Lord of Beare"; as he is most frequently styled, a man whose personal virtues and public worth won for him the esteem and affection of all his contemporaries.

His nephew, Philip, became an officer in the Spanish navy, and is known to literary fame as the author of the standard work of history which bears his name, as well as of several publications of lesser note. Young Donal, son of the murdered chieftain, entered the army and fell at Belgrade, fighting against the Turks. The father of Philip the historian (Dermot, brother of Donal, Prince of Beare), died at Corunna, at the advanced age of a hundred years, and was followed to the grave soon after by his long-wedded wife—

"Two pillars of a ruined aisle—two old trees of the land;
Two voyagers on a sea of grief; long sufferers hand in hand."

(To be continued.)

The queenly rose knows no decay,
Though spurred and crushed it lies,
And while it slowly wastes away
Its fragrance never dies.
With other gifts that make life glad,
And in our thoughts endure,
It cheers our hearts when sick and sad
Like Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

THE EARLY CHURCH

(A Series of Lectures by REV. P. J. SHEEHY, Manly College)

X.—ST. CYPRIAN, BISHOP OF CARTHAGE: 258 A.D.

The life of St. Cyprian, the martyr-Bishop of Carthage, is associated with some important ecclesiastical events at an important period in the career of the Church of the early centuries, and may perhaps form the subject-matter of a short lecture.

Thascius Caecilius Cyprian was born in Pro-consular Africa early in the third century, of a wealthy pagan family. Carthage was probably his native city; anyhow, he began his public life there as a professor of rhetoric. He taught law and the art of oral delivery of law addresses, but did not himself practice as a barrister in the courts. His style is fluent, lucid, cultivated. In his time, no one wrote such good Latin. He was a brilliant orator and pleader, with much wealth and high position, and probably delivered some of the customary anti-Christian harangues demanded at this time of imperial professors. But he was not a very profound thinker; he lacks the weight and solidity of Irenaeus; he belongs more to the class of episcopal administrators. His biographer, a deacon named Pontianus, who was in his service, describes him as cheerful, but dignified; ever remaining on terms of friendship with many wealthy pagans of Carthage even when he was Bishop; so much so that when the police were on his tracks, these friends offered him the shelter of their country homes. In his 46th year he became a convert to Christianity, thanks to the instructions of an aged Carthaginian priest named Caecilianus; and two years later he was chosen to fill the metropolitan see. His forceful character, his brilliant oratory, his great energy and administrative ability seemed to mark him as an Archbishop suited for strenuous times—the middle of the third century. His election was of course thoroughly in order, but some people could not forget that he was a mere neophyte in the faith, and they resented his appointment to high office and ever remained hostile to his rule. Some four or five priests were the ringleaders of this hostile minority. This was in 248 A.D. In a letter to one Donatus, Cyprian explains the reasons that brought him into the Church. He draws a dark picture of the disorder and licentiousness of the heathen world around him, of the general sense of social insecurity, of the growing gulf between the rich and the poor, of the universal misery of society outside the Church. The gospel of Christ alone will raise men from this sea of wretchedness. His view is that of a statesman who sees in the Church the only hope of regenerating society.

In the year 249 A.D. the horrible persecution of the Emperor Decius broke out all over the Empire. Its special aim was an attack on the Church through its clergy. Its tortures were so fierce that there was everywhere a large crop of apostates. At Rome Pope Fabian was martyred, and Cyprian thought it wise to retire for a time to a distant hiding-place, whence he managed by means of messengers—subdeacons—to keep touch with the administration of his church as best he could. His conduct was not heroic, but it admits of some excuse. Amongst his edited papers there is a letter sent to his clergy by the clergy of the Roman Church, and Cyprian understands it to be an implied reproach on his withdrawal. Even amongst good Christians the martyr spirit is rare, and in Carthage there were several thousand apostates. As the persecution began to wane these "fallen-ones" (*lapsi*) sought reconciliation with the Church. Coming to the confessors in the prisons who were awaiting martyrdom, they asked, and obtained from them certificates of reconciliation—*libelli pacis*—recommending them to the indulgence of the clergy in view of the merits of the martyrs who issued them. This constitutes one of the first instances of the practical application of the Catholic doctrine of indulgences in Church history. But while it was an admitted principle that the intercession of a martyr may shorten with God and the Church the temporal punishment and penance due to a repented sinner of apostasy, yet there were disorders in the granting of these letters which inclined Cyprian and the Roman clergy to strictness of view. Some letters not merely recommended, but demanded that the priests should unconditionally restore the bearers to the communion of the Church. Other letters were blank where names should be mentioned. And there were not wanting instances of traffic in these letters. Some priests in Carthage claimed the right of admitting to the Sacraments people who brought these letters, even though there was no evidence of any change of disposition, and even without the consent of the Bishop. In these disorders Cyprian took a stand on the old vigorous attitude regard-

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ing the forgiveness of certain serious sins, including apostasy. He admits, of course, the principle of the health-giving transfer of satisfaction from one member of Christ's mystical body to another member, but with episcopal sanction and with safeguards.

"The Lord can pardon and show mercy to every man who repents, prays and chastises himself. He can give him the benefit of all that the martyrs have begged, and that the Bishops have done for him." Yet, he writes to the martyrs not to grant the importunate prayers of their clients without great prudence. They must carefully specify the names of those to whom they wished the peace of the Church to be granted. There was no use in granting reconciliation to the fallen ones unless these apostates showed signs of true and sincere repentance. The absolution given by priests, on their own account, and where no penance was done, is void; it is hurtful to the souls of those it is meant to benefit; the martyrs' intercession is of no effect where true repentance is wanting.

"Such as these, having hardly left the devil's altar, approach the sanctuary of the Lord with hands still soiled by incense offered to the gods. They have not yet digested the flesh of victims offered to idols, their very breath is yet tainted with the smell of these poisonous meats, and they would feed at once on the Body of Christ: . . . before expiating their crime, before having even confessed it . . . they do violence to the Body and Blood of Christ, and their hands offend Him now even more grievously than when they denied Him."

The majority of his clergy obeyed him; some few malcontents refused, however, and "with contempt of the Bishop" continued to admit the bearers of "libelli," or "certificates of peace" to communion, without any prior penance. Anxious to have uniformity of discipline on so important a matter, Cyprian wrote to Rome. The learned and austere priest Novatian, who acted during the interregnum as head of the Roman clergy, replied in their name, and on the main issue agreed with Cyprian. So, the Carthaginian malcontents, under the lead of a deacon Falcissimus, and a priest Novatian, organised a schismatical body of followers offering peace to the apostles. At Rome, too, a schism broke out. Novatian sought the papacy, and when in March, 251 A.D., Pope Cornelius was elected "to the place of Peter," Novatian was made an anti-pope by a strong party. Both in Carthage and in Rome the schismatics managed to get some of their party consecrated Bishops; and the Roman Novatian made a great effort to organise a Church spreading through the world. It was to combat this schism that Cyprian wrote his famous thesis on the unity of the Church. His teaching in this magnificent treatise may be thus summarised: The Church is one though it is spread far and wide. As there are many rays of the sun, but one light; many branches of a tree, yet one strength based on its tenacious root; since from one spring flow many streams—yet the unity is preserved in the source. You cannot separate a ray of light from the sun; break a branch from a tree and it will not bud; a stream cut off from its fountain dries up. So the Church is one body of light shining over the world in myriad rays; her branches are over the whole world, her rivers flow abundantly everywhere—yet she is one, one mother, one home, one chaste spouse of Christ. He who forsakes this one Church of Christ cannot attain to the promises of Christ. He is a stranger, an enemy, profane. He can no longer have God for his Father who has not the Church for his mother.

He goes on to show that Christ constituted St. Peter as the principle and source of this unity. "Upon him, being one, He builds His Church, and commits His sheep to be fed. . . . He arranged by His authority the origin of this (Church) unity as beginning from one . . . and the primacy is given to Peter that there might be shown to be one Church of Christ and one See. . . . Does he who strives against and resists the Church, who deserts the Chair of Peter upon whom the Church is built, trust that he is in the Church?"

The first draft of this treatise was directed to Rome to help quashing the schism there, and in this edition the Petrine passages I have just quoted were emphasised. In a later edition addressed to his own Church, which was now suffering from schism also, some of these passages, as not suited to local circumstances, were dropped. And so there is a twofold set of manuscripts of this treatise—one strongly papal in tone—the other less so, and much controversy has centred round this point. The Anglicans are anxious to claim Cyprian for their own, and the late Archbishop Benson denounced the controverted Petrine passages as Roman forgeries. But the manuscript history of this text has been carefully examined since that time by Father Chapman, O.S.B. The great textual critic Harnack agrees with Chapman's conclusion. "In my judgment the author is right . . . the interpolation is

Cyprian's own work. The conclusion forces itself verily upon the critic as the most probable solution. One may not only say that it is unimpeachably certain; but one is justified in saying that it rests on the soundest proof. . . . It is no longer open to anybody to treat the group of passages as a discreditable Roman forgery."

Whatever about the merits of this discussion, other and undisputed passages from the letters of Cyprian leave no doubt at all about his teaching concerning the Primacy of St. Peter. The Roman See in Cyprian's words is the "Chair of Peter," the "place of Peter." Upon Peter the Church is built; from Peter springs the unity of the Church. The Roman Church is the "principal Church," the "ruling Church whence sacerdotal (episcopal) unity has its rise." The Roman Church is the "root and womb of the Catholic Church." Communion with Pope Cornelius is to be in union with the whole Catholic Church. To the Roman Church, no perfidy, i.e., heresy or schism, can have access: If these phrases mean anything, they involve papal primacy.

This brilliant thesis so established the doctrine of the unity of the Church, that it was never afterwards questioned as a principle. It became recognised that for no cause may a man go into schism. Even should one quit the Catholic Church, as did the Reformers, because of alleged abuses within her fold, in his schismatical going-out he does more harm than do the abuses which caused him to separate himself.

Another important matter in the lifetime of St. Cyprian was the question of re-baptism. He fell into serious error on this point and came into conflict with Pope Stephen. It was an error that dims the glory of this great martyr. The question came up for practical discussion amongst the African bishops: "What of the Sacrament of Baptism administered amongst heretics?" Calling together the African Bishops to Synod in Carthage, Cyprian discussed the question, and came to the conclusion that Baptism so administered was invalid. Converts from the ranks of heretics must be baptised again. The Acta of this Synod was sent by messengers to Pope Stephen for confirmation, and Stephen was so displeased that he would not receive these delegates. He reproached Cyprian as a false apostle, a deceitful workman. Only one phrase of the Pope's letter has come down to us. It says: "If, therefore, converts return to you from any heresy, let nothing be done except what tradition sanctions, namely that hands be imposed upon them unto penance." He invoked his authority as successor of St. Peter, who was the rock-foundation of the whole Church. Cyprian's teaching about re-baptism of heretics was thus condemned, and he was angry. He wrote angry letters on the matter and used a few expressions that give joy to our modern non-Catholics. How the matter ended we do not know; relations between Rome and Carthage were strained, but union was maintained. Pope Stephen was martyred in 257 A.D., and in the next year Cyprian himself was joined to the red-robed throng. The papal teaching on baptism prevailed everywhere, and almost at once.

Cyprian's error was the fruitful source of trouble in after ages for the African Church. Big consequences flow often from small beginnings. A century later the greater part of Africa will have gone out from the Catholic Church into a schismatical body called the Donatist Church—and it will be based as a fundamental principle on a logical development of Cyprian's teaching concerning the conditions for valid baptism. Cyprian's error came back to plague his own episcopal see, and to ruin the African Church, of which he was the glory. His arguments were the mainstay of the Donatists; for if heretics may not validly baptise when they use proper matter and form—then even sinful ministers cannot validly administer Sacraments in the Catholic Church itself. Their validity depends on the minister's interior dispositions, which are known only to God.

In the early fifth century the great African Doctor, St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, arguing with the Donatists, comes to discuss the arguments and the general attitude of Cyprian on this re-baptism question. Cyprian, he says, was wrong. The things he poured out in irritation against Pope Stephen were not worth discussing. His one good point in the whole matter was that, differently from the Donatists, he did not break communion with Rome.

On Cyprian's attitude on this question we note the following points briefly:

1. It sprang from his strong detestation of heresy and schism. Only in the Catholic Church are the Holy Ghost and grace and the true Sacraments.
2. He acknowledged that custom and tradition were on the side of the Pope, but he asks petulantly "is antiquity then more precious than truth."
3. He was involved in contradictions. At one time

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he seems to regard the question as pertaining to matters of faith; at another he seems to regard it as a matter of ordinary diocesan administration which is within the authority of each Bishop to arrange as he pleases. But while he thinks each Bishop free in the matter, he seems to think in other places that the Pope's decision was against the faith.

4. Cyprian's error would forbid us to call heretics "Christians" in the broad sense of one baptised.

5. St. Augustine cleared the whole dispute. He distinguished between the Act of Baptism and its peculiar sacramental grace; i.e. between the validity and the liceity of the Sacrament. Heretics and schismatics bring many good things with them out of the Church. The Baptism they administer unlawfully is not theirs, but Christ's; and so it is valid, though perhaps unfruitful. If one receives Baptism from heretics, i.e. knowingly and willingly, he approves of their heresy, and so the Baptism though valid, is sinful and will not give grace. Only on the return of such a one to the Church will that Baptism be of avail to cleanse the soul from sin.

WAS IT FOR THIS THE DIGGERS FOUGHT?

VERY REV. M. J. O'REILLY, C.M., AND THE
MAITLAND DIGGERS.

The following correspondence appears in the *Catholic Press* (Sydney) in its issue of May 20:—
The Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia.

Sub-Branch: Anzac Memorial Institute,
Perkin St., Newcastle,
School of Arts, West Maitland,
May 11, 1920.

The Rev. Father O'Reilly,
Rector St. John's College,
Sydney University.

Dear Sir,

At a meeting of my League, held last evening at the School of Arts, West Maitland, it was reported that you had made the following statement at a meeting held in the Town Hall. The statement is as follows:—"That the Australian did not know what he was fighting for, and that he was being used to further England's own selfish ends." This statement brought forth strong comment from returned soldiers, not only in my own branch but throughout the State, and we feel that no honest man could make these statements in cold blood; therefore we are giving you this opportunity to either publicly affirm or deny the statement. If you do not feel disposed to reply to this letter we will take it that the statement is true and publish same throughout Australia.

Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK FORBES,
Secretary.

Father O'Reilly's Reply.
St. John's College, University of Sydney,
May 13, 1920.

Frederick Forbes, Esq., Secretary Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League, West Maitland.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favor of the 11th inst., in which you take me to task for statements alleged to have been made by me recently in the Town Hall, West Maitland. I note your gentle threat of publishing those statements throughout Australia. I also note your lamentable want of courtesy in communicating same to press, even before your letter could possibly reach myself, much less elicit an explanation.

If I do make a reply, it is not that you can lay claim to any such consideration at my hands, but in the hope—I fear, a vain one—that your sense of fairplay will cause you to publish throughout Australia, together with my alleged statements, this rejoinder.

And, firstly, you make no reference to that portion of my address which should have interested you most nearly—my reference to the 14 Victoria Cross men, four of them Protestants, who, together with 10,000 Diggers, formed portion of the gigantic St. Patrick's Day celebration in Melbourne. That chosen band of "the bravest men God ever made" formed the bodyguard of Australia's greatest democrat, who took the salute from those 10,000 Diggers at the top of Bourke Street. May I ask you whether your society has asked for an apology from the Melbourne V.C.'s and Diggers? I should love to read their reply.

Secondly, perhaps you have not heard that the said V.C.'s sent from Melbourne to Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England, to Mr. H. H. Asquith, Leader of the British Liberal Party, and to Mr. J. R. Clynes, Leader of the British Labor Party, the following cable:—

"That we, 14 Victoria Cross winners, and 10,000 Australian soldiers, urge that self-government on the lines demanded by an overwhelming majority of the Irish people be given to Ireland. We fought for liberty, and we claim that Ireland should not be denied freedom.

"(Signed):

"Sgt. J. W. WHITTLE, V.C. D.O.M.
"Sgt. G. J. HOWELL, V.O., M.M."

Isn't it plain that those men find that they fought for something that they now see is being denied by the Brit-huns?

Thirdly, perhaps you are unaware that both Lloyd George and Asquith declared frequently during the war that England was in the struggle with clean hands, and sought not an acre of territory? And yet, you may have learned that, when the game of loot began, we grabbed Egypt (now a Protectorate), Persia, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Cyprus, the German African colonies, etc., etc.

Fourthly, perhaps you are in sympathy with the floggings by which free Egyptians were compelled to give their forced labor and service. Possibly, too, you favor the massacre at Amritsar, in the Punjab, on April 13, 1919, when 50 Indian and 100 British rifles, with two armored cars, fired, without preliminary warning, upon a square-full of unarmed Indians, and kept firing until their ammunition was exhausted. And then their commander, General Dyer, left 500 dead, as well as the writhing bodies of 1500 wounded on the ground, without even an offer of assistance. Was it for such liberty that the West Maitland Diggers went into action? If so, I owe them an apology.

Fifthly, are you aware that the Armistice with Germany was made on the basis of Wilson's Fourteen Points? If you have read Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace*—and Keynes was the British Treasury expert, and one of the delegation at Paris—you will be interested in his opinion of the Paris brigands:

"Paris," he says, "was a scene of chicane, in which the lives of millions and the fate of humanity itself were gambled with, and the gamblers recked little more of what they were doing than the dice on Calvary. To watch the process of the transforming of the morality of the Fourteen Points into a blasphemous mockery of the peoples' hopes, must have been an unendurable ordeal for Wilson." And again:

"Three men ruined the peace—Clemenceau, George and Wilson. Clemenceau thought of France; Wilson, of abstract morality; George, of himself. Between the fixed idea of the French, the low idea or no idea of George, and the pathetic ineptitude of Wilson, Europe came to grief." Possibly this is what the Maitland Diggers were fighting for?

Sixthly, the Diggers, I presume, fought for the principle of self-determination for all people. From a cablegram in the Sydney press, dated London, April 3, we learn of the Home Rule Bill, now sought to be foisted on Ireland, that "not a single member of an Irish constituency favoured the Home Rule Bill." Is this the kind of self-determination for which the West Maitland Diggers fought? Is this what they want in Australia—a kind of Government for which no vote will be cast by a single representative of the Australian people?

If so, the war has been fought in vain, the Australian dead have died in vain, and I have wronged the Imperial Diggers of Maitland, by supposing that they fought for such a vulgar thing as liberty.

In conclusion, I know that I have only touched the fringe of the subject; but it will be something to go on with. And, as for an apology, I mean to stick to and do now re-assert everything that I am represented to have said in the account of my speech printed in the *Maitland Mercury* of May 4. Yours etc.,

M. J. O'REILLY, C.M.

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STRIKES AND SLAVES

(By IVOR BROWN, in the *New Witness*.)

The Constitution of the United States was couched in terms of Natural Rights and richly upholstered in Liberty fabrics; so well did the makers succeed that the American rich have ever since reposed upon it with perfect comfort and security. The plutocrats of the West have always laughed scornfully at the British monarchy, while espousing the daughters of British Peers, and their laughter has been particularly aimed at the idea of a slowly broadening and evolutionary democracy, which so gratified the late Lord Tennyson and other well-fed British Liberals. Just as Columbia set up an Edison record in all kinds of mechanical hustle, so she claims to have achieved a record in democracy. No "broadening down" for her, but a happy home where

"Freedom swiftly rushes down
From President to President."

True, that a few American Socialists think fit now and then to assert one of their many natural and inalienable rights (see said Constitution *passim*) and are promptly and properly gaoled for their insolence. True, that chattel-slavery lived on in the shores of Freedom, when even the conscience of monarchical England had been touched. True that an English radical, Dickens by name, in a book called *Martin Chuzzlewit*, pricked the bubble of Western Idealism and for this offence was warned to keep clear of the said shores. True, that the same bubble was re-inflated during the war and finally given the knock-out prick by President Wilson at Paris. True, that while Lord Tennyson was ignorantly prattling of "Nature red in tooth and claw," Chicago was giving nature a lesson in the ethics of the Jungle. All true, yet the American plutocrat still, we are told, keeps high the flag of Liberty.

And now, beneath the flag, American "democrats" are leading the movement to make the strike illegal; and be assured there are plenty of eyes eagerly watching for their victory in our land and all over Europe. Let us consider what the prohibition of the strike implies; the answer is as brief as it is brutal: it implies slavery. The slavery of the Southern rich was at least blatant; but the new slavery of the Northern Money-lords will be as silent as disease or death. If an employed person cannot withdraw his labor from his employer (who is a private person and theoretically his political equal) then he is plainly bound to that employer, and so bound that the master can impose what wages and conditions he thinks fit. In other words the worker becomes the employer's property. He is a living tool; and that is how the Greeks defined a slave.

His wage is worked out in terms of the cost of living: i.e., it is a subsistence wage. The implication of the subsistence wage is that if a man gets more than enough to keep him and his family alive he ought to be docked of the surplus. The wage of the medieval worker was supposed to be a "just price"; his descendant gets the just-enough price. The chattel slave was equally given subsistence, which he drew in keep and kind, not in cash. But the chattel slave had this advantage: he was a piece of capital, and capital is sacred. If he deteriorated it was so much the worse for the owner, whose interest it was to keep the slave fit for work. But when the wage-slave deteriorates the employer can get another for nothing. He also makes the wage-slave insure against sickness or unemployment, for which he is not responsible. The master of the chattel-slave has an economic interest in the welfare of the chattel, but the master of the wage-slave has no interest in anything but himself.

Thus, if the right to withhold labor is destroyed, the economic status of the worker reaches its lowest degradation. He has not even the security of a chattel. Very likely he will be told that the impartial State will see fair play, when it has taken his right to strike. A referee might as well guarantee to see fair play when he has tied the hand of one boxer behind his back and filled the gloves of the other with metal. We all know the impartial State with its impartial persons; from the workers' point of view it is the greatest diddling machine the world has ever seen.

It is quite possible to defend slavery. The modern slave-driver proclaims that all men are free and equal, whereas Aristotle had explained that some men were born for slavery, being no better than living tools. This is a ruthless assumption, but, once grant it, and Aristotle's defence of slavery is equally ruthless in its logic. The old philosopher made a false statement about the virtues of slavery and then stuck to it; the new sophist makes a true statement about the villainy of slavery and then sticks to the slaves.

PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Monsignor Pisani, the new Apostolic Delegate for India, has arrived in Bombay. This prelate, who had been designated Nuncio in China before the trouble arose with the French Government about that appointment, is one of the most distinguished prelates of the Roman Curia, a brilliant writer and lecturer, and a zealous preacher. In this he has much in common with the new Archbishop of Bombay, as well as the fact that both were consecrated on the same day last year, the feast of St. Thomas, Apostle of India—Monsignor Pisani in Rome by Cardinal van Rossum, and Monsignor Goodier in London by Cardinal Bourne. Monsignor Pisani has travelled widely, both in America and in Asia, on business for the Holy See, and speaks French, German, and English fluently, as well as his native Italian.

Very Rev. Canon Peter O'Leary, LL.D., P.P., Castlelyon, a famous Gaelic scholar and author, died on March 22. Canon O'Leary was born in 1839 at Clnaindroichid, the most western parish of the diocese of Cloyne. There is no student of the Irish language who is not intimately acquainted with his invaluable works (says the *London Catholic Times*). As examples of modern Irish literature they were incomparable, and as an inspiration and help to the language revival their value can hardly be over-estimated. Among his works may be mentioned *Seadna*, *Niamh*, *Elsirt*, and *Sgoth Bhuualadh*. He was also the author of Irish plays, and translated the New Testament and the *Imitation of Christ*, also *Æsop's Fables*. In recognition of his services to the Irish race and the language, he received, together with the late Dr. Kuno Meyer, the freedom of Dublin on June 26, 1911, and in September of the following year, Cork Corporation conferred a similar high honor on them. The National University granted the Canon the degree of LL.D.

Art O'Brien, the leader of the London Irish and president of the Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain, is a highly skilled electrical engineer. For more than 20 years he has been prominent in London Irish circles and his popularity has been unquestioned. One of his lieutenants tells us that whether you agree with him or not, Art O'Brien is one of those sincere, thoughtful, cultured men whose views you are compelled to respect. A fairer, straighter fighter for the Irish nation does not exist. "There is not a move in the strenuous game of propaganda work unknown to O'Brien's remarkably alert brain," says the London writer. "Art is a widely-travelled man," he goes on, "a fluent speaker of French, and quite at home, too, in Spanish. Born in London of an Irish father and a Continental mother, he speaks the faultless English of Mayfair, while his command of the national tongue of the country (Ireland) he has given so much of his time and thought to, is really splendid. It is noteworthy that the leaders of the Irish to-day, at home and abroad, are men of culture, and that almost all of them, whether Irish-born or not, have a good knowledge of the Irish language. They evidently believe in the truth of Thomas Davis's statement, "No language, no nation."

Recently there died at De la Salle Retreat, Castlelyon, Mountrath, Ireland, a prominent and respected member of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Rev. Brother Kieran Augustine Cumiam. The deceased Brother entered the Novitiate of the Order at Castletown in the year 1886, and was afterwards sent as professor of English to Marseilles, where he spent a term of 10 years. Recalled to Ireland in 1899, he was appointed Superior of the House at Castletown, where he passed a further period of seven years, after which he was delegated to visit the Houses of the Order in the Far East and Australia as Assistant Provincial Visitor. After the death of Rev. Brother Antony Flood, Brother Kieran was recalled to take up the duties of Provincial Visitor for the District of Ireland and England, which position he occupied during 10 years. Many important foundations to-day owe their success to his initiative—In Ireland: Kilmacow, Co. Kilkenny, Wicklow, Ballyshannon, Navan, and Dublin. In England and Scotland: St. Helen's, Market Weighton, Sheffield, Edinburgh (2), and Glasgow (3). The deceased belonged to a well-known Wicklow family.

The saints are always nearest sin,
This world of wickedness within;
And though they claim to be the best,
They're just as wicked as the rest.
Though Pharisees with every breath
Declare they have no fear of death.
When colds are rife they're always sure
To rush for Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Current Topics

Intellectual Riot

Coleridge says, "If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, and understanding, and reason, no other Hell could equal for a spiritual being what we should then feel, from the anarchy of our powers." Hence is every system of education which neglects to put the discipline of the will in the forefront a wrong system and one that leads to anarchy. Dr. Abercrombie insists on the supreme importance of "cultivating in early life the habit of looking within; the practice of rightly questioning ourselves as to what we are, and what we are doing—what are our leading pursuits, and what our mental habits; what are our plans and prospects for life, and what influence over the whole of our moral-discipline have the solemn realities of a life which is to come?" These are grave words, and they have a grave bearing on the whole problem of education. There can be no education without education of the will; the will cannot be educated apart from the solemn consideration of the realities of the life which is to come. There is a radical indictment of the education system of New Zealand, the work of men who are ignorant, as far as one can see, that there is either a God or a life to come. Is it a wonder that the youth of New Zealand is what it is?

The Evil of the Age

The world is sick even unto death. Its malady is really a malady of the will. Secular education has withdrawn men and women from the consideration of the solemn realities of life to come. Anarchy of the mind has set in like a rotteness in society. It is unusual to find men who can think rightly, seriously, co-ordinately. Instead of education we have cramming, instead of study we have desultory reading. Imagination and fancy have dethroned reason. Conscience has lost its grip of men and women. How this comes about is well described in a passage from *Rasselas*: "Some particular train of thought fixes on the mind; all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favorite conception, and feeds on the luscious falsehood, whenever it is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed. She grows first imperious, and in time despotic. These fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinion fastens on the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish."

This, according to Dr. Forbes Winslow, is a perfect diagnosis of the "insidious advances of deranged thought." Among great writers, Rousseau and Sterne are sad examples of the riotous thinking to which such lack of discipline can bring men. Deranged thought, morbid sentimentality, lack of control of the will, the essential notes of the disease of the mind from which the chief evils of the day spring. On this disease, Canon Barry has a weighty word to say:—

"Education (so called) has brought millions of young, unsuspecting souls as far as Rousseau; that is to say, it has made them sensitive while yet ignorant, and thrown open to them gates which former generations found barred, into a realm of passionate fancies turned to flesh and blood. Their day with its poverty, sordid details, and drab uniform hours, may be common-place; but these are their day dreams. For the girl, love and fashion; for the boy, crime and adventure; self-indulgence the aim; self-control forgotten or laughed to scorn. . . . I am compelled to drive this unpleasant truth home. If pleasure and not duty is the keynote of much modern literature, the result cannot fail to be disastrous. Emotion requires a master; when it gains the upper hand it is an explosive force."

Ireland

The cables that tell us of a new dual policy of reconciliation and force for Ireland are quite up to the average. No policy can succeed in Ireland now except Sinn Fein. No policy directed by a savage like French could have succeeded at any time. We know what French is; we know what sort of person Mr. George is; and it seems that the new chief "peeler" is a man of similar promise. Commenting on his appointment, the *New Witness* says that it is the worst possible augury for the future. "It will not be forgotten that it was General Macready who, as Chief Commissioner of the Police, was responsible for the treatment of the men from Woolwich on the occasion when *en route* for Downing Street they were held up and bludgeoned. He is a man of narrow intellect and Prussian determination." The *New Witness* thinks the selection of this fool-general another link in the chain of events prepared by the Government for the express purpose of driving Catholic Ireland to rebellion in order that the brave Brit-huns might mow the people down as they mowed down the defenceless Indians. The sufferings of Ireland are indeed terrible. In a civilised country Mr. George, French, Muck, and the rest of them would certainly be interned as criminals. Indeed verdicts of wilful murder have been time and again brought against them by juries, and we may be sure the juries had evidence enough to satisfy them that they were justified. Terrible as the sufferings are, they have one result that is hopeful: they are driving all classes—even Protestant Unionists—into the ranks of Sinn Fein; and all men and women are joining hands to resist the persecution which spare neither age nor sex and recognises no law, human or divine. The terrorism is fast making for a united Ireland, and even the Laborites in the North are falling into line with their fellow-countrymen in the South. A united Ireland, backed by the whole Irish race abroad, cannot be beaten. The people have only to hold out. If they rise in hopeless rebellion they will play into the enemy's hands, and we are assured that they are now so well organised that they are able to mock at all Bull's efforts to goad them to desperation. They will hold out, we believe; and they will be able to hold out longer than bankrupt and discredited England, whose official beggars were recently driven in scorn from America, through Irish influence. Lloyd George may have been the cause of suffering and bloodshed in Ireland; but he has been the ruin of England. Give him three years more and England will not even be a third-rate Power. At present, owing to his shuffling and trickery, England has not one friend among the nations of the world. Ireland, on the other hand, gains friends in proportion as England loses them. Some day the English people will realise this and demand to be governed in accordance with the will of the people. It may be soon or late, but when the day of retribution for the plutocrats and Germans and Jews who rule England now comes, it will be a good day for Ireland as well as for England. An honest English Government must see that Ireland is right; that the people have the right to self-determination, and that all the lives that were sacrificed for the freedom of small nations and the destruction of tyranny are calling to heaven for vengeance on the international gang of profiteers that run England to-day. Mr. George has wrecked England in order to remain in office, where he is kept by people whom he serves with splendid disregard for law and principles. He has never answered the question asked in a public meeting in London: For what consideration did he make a Cabinet Minister of a man proved to have been trading with the enemy in war time? Irishmen only want justice; but if they want vengeance they need not move a hand or foot: time is avenging them, swiftly and surely.

Scientific Charlatans

We have received from "Evolutionist" a stern and solemn letter in which he informs us that he saw

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a copy of the *Tablet* in which there was an article that spoke of Huxley and Haeckel as charlatans, and expressed some views regarding scientists and atheists, or regarding Science and Faith which did not meet with his approval. He therefore admonishes us never again to dare touch on those subjects which for some reason he seems to claim for his own. We may add that he encloses his name, and that it is not a name found among the lists of world-renowned scholars, nor is it the name of the author of any of the standard books which people of ordinary education might be expected to be familiar with. However, for the purpose of satisfying our courteous and humble monitor we will dwell a moment with him. If he had read even the *Tablet* consistently he would know that Professor Rahilly gave day and date, in a lecture delivered over a year ago now, for Huxley's deceptions of his hearers—giving even in Huxley's own words (from the *Autobiography*) an admission that the famous lecturer had often deliberately proposed to audiences as ascertained facts what he knew to be unproven theories. That, in the mind of most people, establishes the fact that Huxley was a charlatan. It is unnecessary to quote what was thought of Huxley in serious centres of Science, such as Berlin University, where once when he was mentioned as a great scientist the students burst out laughing. As for Haeckel, we did not think that at this hour of the day there was anybody who could be ignorant of the fact that he was a deliberate forger and faker of evidence. His own countrymen long ago condemned him. In English there are at least two works written to show what a charlatan he was. We recommend "Evolutionist" to study Hull's book on the forgeries of Haeckel and Gerard's book on *The Old Riddle*. When he has mastered them he will find that even outside the pages of the *Tablet* there are many things of which he is ignorant. We might also point out that such prominent scientists as Windle, Mendel, Pasteur, Schwann, Linnaeus, Thompson, Buoncampagni, Cauchy, Tycho, Brahe, de Vico, Perry, Heis, and Wasman—to name but a few—are eminent authorities who all differ from our correspondent, "Evolutionist." They find no incompatibility between Faith and Science; they moreover know what Faith is and what Science is; and we have no proof up to date that our correspondent understands anything about the one or the other. If he is really anxious to learn a little, we advise him to buy some good book by an expert. Sir Bertram Windle's work on *The Church and Science* might help him for a beginning. Menge on *The Beginnings of Science* would be illuminating. Donat on *The Freedom of Science* would reveal yet a few more things of which "Evolutionist" has never heard. These books have the merit of being written by men of known learning—not by penny-a-liners and R.P.A. pretenders such as MacCabe, whose ignorance of history, logic, and science is exposed in almost every page he writes. It has been our business for years to study what the best authorities have to say on the subject of Faith and Science, and from all we have read on the matter we can only say that we have learned to say with Pasteur, the greatest of French scientists, that more learning would mean more faith. Our correspondent from the hill country is a long way off from Pasteur's reputation; he is a long way behind Windle in learning; he is not likely to catch up with either of them. But there is no reason why he should not learn from them that true learning and true scholarship make for an increase of Faith. Francis Bacon said very wisely: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." We have humility enough to take the verdict of tried and proven men for our guide. "Evolutionist" volunteers to guide us; but who has tried him and what has he done?

Thoughts About Evolution

For the benefit of our readers, we here briefly summarise a few thoughts about Evolution, and what

ever our gentle critic may think of them, we have no hesitation in saying that we limit ourselves to what is incontrovertible. We do not think it necessary to dwell further on such well-known facts as that Haeckel forged his evidence and that he was soundly rated for it by contemporary scholars, or that Huxley was not himself a firm believer in the doctrine he defended so vehemently. These matters are mere details known to every student of the history of Evolutionary thought. First let us say that Evolution must not be confounded with theories of Evolution. Evolution means that some present day forms of plants and animals are different from their progenitors, and at least unlike some remote ancestor. In other words that they need not necessarily have had ancestors like themselves. A Theory of Evolution is an attempt to explain how the change just described came about. There is only one position regarding the fact of Evolution, but there are many theories, widely differing in themselves and contradictory often. Darwinism, for instance, is not Evolution: it is merely one theory of Evolution. Moreover, Darwinism is not held nowadays by many biologists. Huxley himself, its most strenuous defender, was not a firm believer in it. Of all known theories the one that finds most acceptance to-day is the de Vries Theory of Mutations, which holds that any changes that took place occurred by leaps and bounds rather than by slow and continuous growth. The convenience of this explanation is that it avoids the old difficulty about the Missing Link, seeing that if there were no links in the process there could be no question of a missing link at all. Theorists dogmatically assert that Man came down from the animals, but as a matter of fact modern Science admits that there is not a particle of evidence that he did anything of the kind. All the alleged evidence on this score has been based on purely physical comparisons and has left altogether out of the question the psychical. Practically all animal psychologists are satisfied that the difference between man and animals on the psychical side cannot be bridged by any process known. Haeckel himself remarked the tendency of students of the psychical side of life to reject as they gained experience the purely mechanical explanation of life. And the vitalistic doctrine of a separate Life-Principle is being accepted by an ever increasing number of scientific men to-day. This means that we are as far away as ever from finding a scientific explanation of life and its origin. It means in fact that modern science is declaring against materialism and supporting the Christian doctrine that there is a Creator. In conclusion let us add that the man-in-the-street hears far more about atheists and their theories than he does about those who, like Pasteur, found their faith strengthened by their investigations. This is due to the fact that the Rationalistic Propaganda is always busy pushing its wares while Christians do not urge theirs as much as they ought. Thus we hear Huxley and Haeckel quoted as if they were authorities of the first rank, while most people are completely ignorant of the work, or even of the names, of the men who are the true luminaries in various branches of Science. The ordinary reader takes the verdict of the press for granted, but the man of Science knows that the names of Mendel, Pasteur, Lamarck, Bois-Raymond, Bernard, Schwann, Wasman, and Waagen—all of whom were Catholics—represent far greater scholarship and far larger contributions to Science, than the names of the champions of the R.P.A., which are so widely advertised in pamphlets which have little weight for those who are experts, notwithstanding their wide circulation among the ignorant public.

British Fair Play

Galloper Smith took an active part in organising the Ulster Orangemen for the purpose of "kicking the Crown into the Boyne." Galloper Smith was a rebel and a traitor. But he was also a Protestant and a Tory. He was rewarded by England by being made Lord Chancellor of the Kingdom against which he was guilty of high treason. This, while the men who took

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England's word for a serious word and an honorable word, and asked for Ireland's freedom, were killed. England can never whitewash herself of this criminal hypocrisy; no Englishman who does not blush with shame for his shameful country has the instincts or the principles of a man of honor. Now Galloper Smith, from the snug seat which was the reward of his treason, talks loudly about what he is going to do—with all the armed power of the champion of small nations at his back—to a small nation that made the fatal mistake of believing that at any time or under any circumstances an English promise was more than a "scrap of paper." In the war years, when much was made of alleged Prussian crimes, some Germans and some people of German blood changed their names. In these days of brutal British crime in Ireland any Englishman who has a sense of shame left ought to drop his English name and borrow—for the sake of common decency—an "O" or a "Mac"—provided the latter be not Muckpherson. Galloper's hysterics notwithstanding, Ireland will win. Broken, exposed and derided in every country in the world, the beggar British statesmen have been whipped home from America. The scandalous Peace Treaty has been torn to tatters by America. American journalists are keeping close record of the raids on peaceful houses, of the outrages on women and girls, of the policemen who murder with impunity, of the violation of every law, human and divine, by British minions in Ireland, and all America is aflame with rage because these things are done to a small nation by the arch-hypocrite that wept such crocodile tears over the violation of Belgium. Every American soldier who fell, fell for the rights that are outraged by England; every Irish-American soldier who fell, fell for Ireland. And though Galloper and Carson and Welsh George are making merry and making money America is waiting and watching.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

- N. O'K. writes to tell us how much he enjoys the *Tablet*, and incidentally says we ought to increase the price, as all other papers did owing to cost of paper, etc. We are quite in accord with the views of N. O'K., but the Editor of the *Tablet* is not supposed to have any ideas worth considering on business matters.
- J. K. (Blackball).—We trust the business people of the *Tablet* have set things right for you by now. We have protested about $x+y+z$ times that we have nothing to do with the business department, and yet people will keep on writing to us as if they enjoyed tormenting us. Sometimes we do hand in their letters, but we will faithfully and promptly consign them to the W.P. Basket in future. Ah, yes! the turnabout you called our attention to was remarkable.

Mrs. O'K. (Waitara).—Are you serious in asking us to get the autograph of the recent visitor for you? When Dr. Mannix or de Valera comes along we may be able to do something for you in that line. In any case we understand that he has already been here and departed again.

READER.—If anybody tells you that New Zealand is not still under a regime of militarism, the truth is not in him. We have seen within the past two weeks a letter stamped with the ominous words: "Passed by the Military Censor for N.Z." No matter if every Minister in the Cabinet told you the contrary there is the plain fact.

GARL.—Yes, we think you are right. We heard that one young returned soldier who had fought bravely during the war and had been awarded a distinction was called upon to receive it during the recent visit, and replied that he would accept no honors as long as British soldiers were employed in shooting down his kith and kin in Ireland. That's the right spirit. We have not half enough of it. No true Irishman—no matter what his position or obligations—should have taken any part in the celebrations as long as England is carrying out systematic Prussianism in Ireland. Absolute indifference and stolidity was the correct attitude. It is our personal opinion that, considering the frequent attacks made on our schools by bigots, not a single Catholic child should have taken part. We allowed an opportunity for a striking protest to pass. Mr. Massey, by his silly Order in Council attacking the Irish people in their struggle against Prussianism did all in his power to exasperate us. If we refrained from making any unpleasant demonstration, from motives of courtesy, it is no thanks to Mr. Massey that we did so. He gave us sufficient stupid and unjustifiable provocation. His efforts to oppress the Irish people are about as hopeful as his attempts to tackle the finances of the country he has plunged in debt.

There never was a great saint that lacked a sense of humor.—Dr. Austin O'Malley.

Preparations are being made by the National Catholic Welfare Council for a conference of Catholic charities at Washington, U.S.A., next September, which will be the most complete of its kind yet held. Representatives of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Catholic charitable societies and institutions from all parts of the country will gather at the capital to discuss problems of the moment in connection with their work and to lay out a unified programme. An effort will probably be made to bring about the same co-operation in charitable work that will be applied to other Catholic activities through the central organisation of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

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THE BEATIFICATION OF OLIVER PLUNKET

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND MARTYRDOM.

The Blessed Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, Martyr, was born at Loughcrew, near Oldcastle, Co. Meath, Ireland, in 1629. He was by blood connected with the Earls of Roscommon and of Fingall, as well as with Lords Louth and Dunsany. Till his 16th year his education was looked after by his relative, Patrick Plunket, Abbot of St. Mary's, Dublin, brother of the first Earl of Fingall, and afterwards Bishop successively of Ardagh and of Meath. In 1645 Oliver went to Rome to study for the priesthood. In the Jesuit College there he shone brilliantly as a student, and was regarded by all as a model of gentleness, integrity, and piety. At the age of 25 he was ordained priest, and was deputed by the Irish bishops to act as their representative in Rome. He had perforce to remain away from Ireland, for those were the years of Cromwell's reign of terror in that country. Shortly after his ordination he was appointed a professor of theology at the College of Propaganda, Rome. On July 9, 1669, the Holy See made him Archbishop-elect of his native diocese of Armagh, and three months later he was consecrated at Ghent, in Belgium, by the Bishop of Ghent. Dr. Plunket arrived in his native land in the early part of 1670, and immediately took over the administration of his archdiocese. That he found religious organisation in a most deplorable state is evidenced from his own report to Rome in 1673, in which he wrote that since he came to his See in 1670 he had to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to no fewer than 48,665 persons, some of them being 60 years old.

The Curse of Cromwell.

Education as well as religion was in a deplorable state as a result of Cromwell's regime, and the Archbishop did all in his power to remedy matters. He established a college in Drogheda, and brought Jesuits from Rome to carry it on. There were soon 150 boys on the roll, among them being 40 who were sons of the Protestant settlers. There was also another matter which concerned the welfare and peace of his people, and to which he devoted himself with great self-sacrifice. Cromwell had driven the peasantry from their homes and fields, and had bestowed this stolen property on his virtuous "baby-killers." As a reward for their foolish loyalty to the house of Stuart, Charles II. had also dispossessed many of the "mere Irish" of their lands. There was no emigration from Ireland in those days except forced emigration as slaves of English planters in the Barbadoes. The result was that those who had been robbed of their property were left without means of subsistence. Maddened at their wrongs, and with starvation and death facing them, they banded themselves together to "spoil their spoilers." Those of them who were subjects of Archbishop Plunket had their strongholds in the Mourne Mountains, the Carlingford Mountains, and other fastnesses where they could defy pursuit. A constant guerilla warfare was being waged between them and the settlers, aided by English troops.

The Peacemaker's Reward.

Oliver Plunket offered himself as mediator, and he himself went from outlaw to outlaw among the wild mountains of South Ulster, having been empowered by the Government to offer pardon and hope of subsistence if the "robbers" would cease their reprisals. His efforts were successful. But he was immediately made an outlaw himself; for he was not more than three years in Ireland when a fierce persecution of the Catholics began once more. All the churches in the archdiocese of Armagh were closed, all the schools, scattered, teachers and priests were exiled, and soon the Archbishop himself was a fugitive among the mountains of Armagh and Louth. The former outlaws of the hills would not betray him who now was an outlaw himself, and for five years the hunted Archbishop escaped his pursuers.

His Martyrdom.

At length, on December 6, 1679, he was seized, and sent as a prisoner to Dublin Castle. After being imprisoned there for 10 months without trial, he was removed to London; where, after six months of further detention, he was tried on June 8, 1681. The trial was conducted in defiance of every principle of law and justice. The judges who presided were unable to conceal their hostility to him; he was not allowed the assistance of counsel for his defence; the witnesses and documents necessary to rebut the perjured evidence of his accusers were in Ireland, and he was refused sufficient time to bring them into court. The result was inevitable. After 15 minutes' deliberation a naturally prejudiced jury brought in a ver-

dict of "guilty." The reply of the Primate was sublime—it was a simple heartfelt "Deo Gratias." Chief Justice Pemberton, who tried him, declared, in his judgment, that there could be no greater crime than to endeavor to propagate the Catholic faith, "than which," he said, "there is not anything more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind in the world."

On July 11 the execution took place. The venerable Primate was dragged on a hurdle to a gibbet, where he hung until exhausted. Then his body was ripped open, and his heart and his bowels torn out, his arms and legs chopped off, and finally his head, severed from his body, was held by the hair while the words "So perish all traitors," were uttered.

A contemporary and friend, Dr. Brennan, Archbishop of Cashel, wrote in an official letter to Propaganda, that the great crowd who witnessed the execution was filled with admiration because the Primate "displayed such a serenity of countenance, such a tranquillity of mind and elevation of soul, that he seemed rather a spouse hastening to the nuptial feast than a culprit led forth to the scaffold." Just before his execution he spoke to the vast multitude who surrounded him. An eye-witness of the execution declared that by this discourse and by the heroism of his death, Archbishop Plunket gave more glory to religion than he could have won for it by many years of a fruitful apostolate.

A couple of years after the execution the martyr's body was brought from London to Lambspring, in Germany. There it remained till 1884, when it was transferred to Downside College, England. The head was, from the first, enshrined apart, and has been in the care of the Dominican Nuns of the martyr's own Drogheda since 1722. This relic is in a remarkable state of preservation, and is venerated by great numbers of pilgrims from all parts of Ireland and from distant lands. The martyr's watch and Rosary beads are (says the *Catholic Press*) among the late Cardinal Moran's treasures in the Palace, Manly. The Cardinal labored for the cause of his Beatification and Canonisation, which took place at Rome on Sunday, May 23.

Joseph Mary Plunket, who signed the proclamation of the Irish Republic in Easter Week, 1916, and who was shot by a platoon of English soldiers three hours after his midnight marriage with Grace Gifford, was of the same Plunket family as the Irish martyr of Tyburn.

BY MELLSTOCK CROSS AT THE YEAR'S END.

Why go the east road now?
That way a youth went on a morrow
After mirth, and he brought back sorrow
Painted upon his brow:
Why go the east road now?

Why go the north road now?
Torn, leaf-strown, as if scoured by foemen—
Once edging fiefs of my forefolk yeomen—
Stalwart peers of the plough:
Why go the north road now?

Why go the west road now?
Thence to us came she, bosom-burning,
Welcome with joyousness returning. . . .
She sleeps under the bough:
Why go the west road now?

Why go the south road now?
That way marched they some are forgetting,
Stark to the moon left, past regretting
Loves who have falsed their vow. . . .
Why go the south road now?

Why go any road now?
White stands the handpost for brisk onbearers,
"Halt!" is the word for wan-cheeked farers
Musing on Whither and How. . . .
Why go any road now?

Such are for new feet now;
Hark there to chit-chat, kisses, laughter;
Yea, there be plenty to go hereafter
By these ways, I trow!
They are for new feet now.

—THOMAS HARDY, O.M., in the *Fortnightly Review*.

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AN AMERICAN IMPRESSION OF IRELAND'S LEADER

The following striking leading article appeared in the *New York Evening Journal* of March 1:—

Anyone who talks to Eamon de Valera feels the profound sincerity of the man. He is compounded of candor and integrity. And if ever the fire of enthusiasm for a noble cause burned in a fearless heart and a sane, capable mind, it so burns in the heart and mind of Eamon de Valera.

When the Irish chieftain speaks from the public platform no audience of his is free from the agents of England, listening to every word, in the hope that some careless phrase may be uttered which can be twisted or misrepresented to convey a false impression of the speaker's meaning. It is an old, old trick of politics, at which the English are past masters, and at which many Americans, too, are adepts.

And it is remarkable how the Irish leader has succeeded, in the course of hundreds of speeches, in presenting Ireland's argument for freedom with powerful emphasis, and in avoiding, at the same time, the traps of his enemies, all set to catch a sentence, a clause, a word that might be misrepresented to his disadvantage or used to shake the confidence of Americans and Irishmen in his devotion to the cause of Irish independence.

The only attempt to use one of Eamon de Valera's public utterances to discredit the sincerity of his devotion to Ireland's demand for her complete liberty and complete independence of England, has been very recently made, and, we are bound to say, very cunningly made, and also, we are glad to say, very unsuccessfully made.

The occasion arose in this way:—The only argument made by the advocates of English rule over unwilling Ireland that appeals at all to Americans is the argument that England's security demands English control of Ireland. Replying to that argument, Eamon de Valera very sensibly conceded that no Irish man could reasonably deny that Englishmen acted naturally in wishing to ensure the safety of England, just as any other people naturally desire to ensure the safety of their own country first of all, and proceeded to argue that England's safety would be far better secured by the neighborhood of an independent, free, sovereign, satisfied Ireland, than by the neighborhood of a sullen, resentful Ireland, occupied by an English army, and hating with a deadly hatred, and resisting with every possible device of desperate men and women the alien rule and the alien occupation of their country.

Illustrating this sensible reply and this sensible appeal to British self-interest, the Irish leader cited the first paragraph of the recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Cuba by the United States, and asked why a recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Ireland by England in the words of that paragraph would not afford England security and Ireland her rightful place among the free nations of the world.

We cannot imagine a more statesmanlike or sane suggestion. Yet this very suggestion gave a handle to the British enemies of Ireland, and to some Americans, who were deceived by British cunning, to misrepresent the clear meaning and intent of Eamon de Valera, and to attempt dissension in Irish ranks, which might have been disastrous to the Irish cause in America had the confidence and trust of the mass of Irish-Americans in Eamon de Valera not been so unshakable.

Eamon de Valera quoted only the first paragraph of the recognition of Cuba's independence, which is:—

"That the Government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign Power or Powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorise or permit any foreign Power or Powers to obtain by colonisation of, for military or naval purposes, or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island."

There are other stipulations in the articles of recognition, reasonably applicable to the relations then existing between Cuba and the United States, but *not* applicable to the relations between England and Ireland—and these stipulations which are *not* applicable to Ireland and England, Eamon de Valera did *not* quote or endorse.

Nevertheless, here was an opportunity—no matter how strained—for misrepresentation which his enemies had long sought, and which they temporarily deceived some excellent Irish-Americans.

It was shouted from the house-tops that de Valera was willing "to Cubanize" Ireland; that de Valera was willing to submit Ireland to British suzerainty; that de Valera was willing to sacrifice the substance for the

shadow of independence, and so on and so on, to the end of the false chapter.

Now, Eamon de Valera did nothing of the kind, suggested nothing of the kind, and—if we know him aright—would die as bravely as he fought and risked death in the Easter Revolution before he would even listen to anything of the kind.

The paragraph of the recognition of Cuban independence which Eamon de Valera quoted—and which was the *only* paragraph he quoted—is as full and complete recognition of independence and sovereignty as any nation could grant to another.

The *only* stipulation as to independence is that Cuba shall never agree with any foreign nation "to impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba;" and the *only* condition is that Cuba shall not permit any foreign Power to rule *any part* of Cuba, or to make Cuba a base for foreign military or naval forces. A more complete recognition of independence could not be written.

The United States not only recognises, so far as this paragraph is concerned, the full sovereign independence of Cuba, but stipulates that no future Government of Cuba shall impair that sovereign independence.

It is not only a recognition of Cuba's independence then, but an insistence that Cuba shall *remain* independent—which is exactly what has happened.

The exact words of Eamon de Valera were these:— "On the other hand, if it were really her independence and her simple right to life as a national State that Britain wanted to safeguard, she could easily make provisions for that without in any way infringing upon the equally sacred right of Ireland to its independence and to its life.

"The United States, by the Monroe Doctrine, made provision for its security without depriving the Latin Republic of the South of their independence and their life. The United States safeguarded itself from the possible use of the Island of Cuba as a base for an attack by any foreign Power by stipulating 'That the Government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign Power or Powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorise or permit any foreign Power or Powers to obtain, by colonisation of, for military or naval purposes or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island.'

"Why doesn't Britain do this with Ireland, as the United States did with Cuba? Why doesn't Britain declare a Monroe Doctrine for the two neighboring islands? The people of Ireland, so far from objecting, would cooperate with their whole soul. But there are even other ways in which Britain could safeguard itself if this plea were really an honest plea. An international instrument could easily be framed—as in the case of Belgium—an instrument that meant more for the safety of France, as the last war proved, than the actual possession of Belgian territory, especially if such possession were against the will and despite the protests of the Belgian people. Again, the Peace Conference and the creation of a League of Nations gave England another opportunity, if England or Britain minded to avail of it. In a genuine League of Nations the contracting parties could easily, by mutual compact, bind themselves to respect and defend the integrity and national independence of each other, and guarantee it by the strength of the whole. But England preferred—and prefers—a League of Empires—an unholy alliance to crush liberty, not a sacred covenant to maintain liberty, even when such a covenant will perpetuate her own. No! It is not her national safety nor her legitimate security that England wants to safeguard. By any of the four methods indicated she could have made provisions for these. What she wants to make provision for, I repeat, is the perpetuation of her domination of the seas by her control of the great Irish harbors. From these her ships of war can issue forth on the Atlantic, and in 24 hours can strangle the commerce of any trade rival she may wish to attack, and completely cut the communications between the old world and the new. She wants this and she wants further, as I have said, the perpetuation of the present commercial monopoly through which she exploits Ireland to-day, as she exploited the colonies here until the cup overflowed in '76 and the exploitation was ended for ever.

"England would have Americans believe that Britain's safety would be threatened by the presence of an independent Ireland on her flank. Well do England's statesmen know the contrary. Well they know that this England and Britain would be safer as regards their legitimate national rights than they have ever been since they first started on their campaign of aggression against Ireland."

Eamon de Valera proved his courage and capacity as



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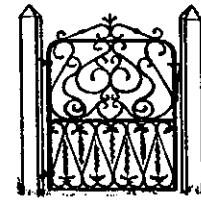
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a fighting man when he faced death for Ireland in that famous Easter Week. And by the statement here quoted he proves his calibre as a statesman and wise leader. No honest man, honestly seeking an honest meaning, can possibly see in Eamon de Valera's words any hint, or suspicion of a hint, of abating Ireland's demand for full independence by so much as the breadth of a hair.

The whole argument is that if England were sincere she could offer a recognition to Ireland and obtain perfect assurance of her own safety in four different ways—and that since England refuses to do this, she is shown to be insincere by her own act, and her argument that Irish independence would be fatal to her own safety is proven to be a subterfuge and a falsehood.

It is fortunate for the cause of Ireland that this unwarranted effort to injure Eamon de Valera, and discredit him with his own people, has only caused all who admire and trust him to admire and trust him still more. If such a palpably false accusation could disrupt the Irish people, the supporters of Irish independence in America would feel much astonished and much disheartened.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 29.

Advice has been received that his Grace Archbishop O'Shea has arrived in Samoa, where he will consecrate the new Bishop.

The parishioners of St. Joseph's met after the evening devotions last Sunday evening for the purpose of organising a scheme wherewith to pay for the improvements to the Marist Brothers' School grounds in Tasman Street, which are estimated to cost £1750. The Rev. Father Bowe, Adm., and O'Connor explained to the meeting the nature and expense of the work undertaken. It was resolved to canvass for donations. A collection at the meeting realised a substantial amount.

The Annual Schools' Social by the combined parishes of Wellington will take place at the Town Hall, on Wednesday, June 23.

The first of the parish socials organised by the Very Rev. Dean McKenna, took place at St. Anne's last Thursday, but owing to the prevailing sickness the function was not so successful as it otherwise might have been.

I regret to record the death of Mrs. Agnes Teresa Reichel, relict of Louis T. Reichel, which occurred at her residence, Island Bay, on May 20. The deceased was an exemplary Catholic, and with her husband took a keen and active interest in the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Mrs. Reichel being a very active member of the Ladies' Auxiliary, to which she devoted much time, and from which she will be greatly missed. The deceased never enjoyed robust health, but her death was not altogether expected, although within the past ten years she had at several times been seriously ill. The late Mrs. Reichel on various occasions, in company with her late husband, visited Europe and America, and devoted much time to acquiring a knowledge of the workings of the different Catholic organisations in which she was much interested. The interment took place last Monday at Karori, prior to which Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of her soul at St. Francis' Church, Island Bay. She leaves no family, but is survived by her mother (Mrs. Scanlon, of Thorndon parish), and sisters and brothers, one of the latter being a student at the Greenmeadows Seminary. To them is extended the sympathy of a large circle of friends.—R.I.P.

A very early resident of Wellington in the person of Mr. James Cotterill, of St. Joseph's parish, passed away at the Victoria Hospital yesterday. Born at Bagnor, Berkshire, England, 66 years ago, he came to New Zealand in the Waikato in 1874. He was one of two brothers—James and Joseph—who were in business in Wellington for many years. The deceased leaves one son (Mr. Charles Cotterill, of Wellington), and one daughter (Mrs. M. J. Reardon, of Wellington).—R.I.P.

The prevailing sickness took rather suddenly from our midst an old parishioner of the Sacred Heart parish, Mrs. Mary Quinn, of Tinakori Road, a staunch Catholic. The deceased came to New Zealand from Victoria in the early days of the West Coast settlement, where she lived for several years. Her husband predeceased her. She came to Wellington 20 years ago with her daughter, Mrs.

Oakley-Browne, who survives her. A Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul by her nephew, Rev. Father H. McDonnell, S.M., Vice-Rector of St. Patrick's College, the school children singing the beautiful hymns for the poor souls during the Holy Sacrifice. She was of a loving and kindly nature, and will be sincerely mourned by all who knew her.—R.I.P.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

May 28.

His Lordship the Bishop will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Joseph's Church, Grey Lynn, on Sunday next at the 9.30 a.m. Mass. The mission, which is being conducted there by the Redemptorist Fathers, will close on Sunday night.

The Marist Missioners, Fathers Herring, Herbert, and Eccleton, will commence a mission in St. Benedict's parish on June 9 for the children, and on the Sunday following for the adult parishioners.

On Sunday, June 6, the Redemptorist Fathers Mangnan and Hannigan, will commence a short mission in the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby. Missions have been arranged for Onehunga and Parnell parishes later in the year.

Rev. Father Duffy (Taumarunui) is on holiday in the South Island. Rev. Father O'Brien, C.S.S.R., is supplying in Taumarunui.

Rev. Fathers Treacy and Ryan, recently ordained in Carlow College, Ireland, arrived in Auckland on Sunday last by the Makura, and left on Tuesday for their diocese, Wilcannia-Forbes, N.S.W.

On Whit Sunday, his Lordship the Bishop pontificated at the 11 o'clock Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He was assisted by Rev. Father Forde, Adm., as deacon; Rev. Father Kelly, subdeacon; and Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, master of ceremonies. The choir gave a devotional rendering of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," and during the unvesting of the Bishop, Mr. Hubert Carter sang beautifully an "Ave Maria."

St. Patrick's grand annual social and euchre took place last night in St. Benedict's Hall. It was under the auspices of the Children of Mary, and was tendered to St. Patrick's Carnival Queen (Miss Erina O'Connor). About 250 couples were present, and to them Rev. Father Forde, Adm., introduced the queen candidate. He asked all present to vote for, not only the City Queen, but to give a helping hand to all candidates, and so secure a great contest. The lady's prize (a gas iron and fittings) was won by Mrs. Miller, and the gent's prize (a pocket wallet) by Mr. McLaughlin.

In connection with the Queen Carnival a "Wonderland" attraction is to be held in St. Patrick's School grounds on Saturday, June 12. All sorts of competitions, games, sales, and musical items will be given.

During the illness of Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett—who has now quite recovered—the Rev. Father Bradley, of the Cathedral staff, supplied at Ellerslie.

At the men's confraternity meeting, held in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Tuesday, May 25, the Rev. Father Brennan outlined the life of St. Hugh of Lincoln.

While Father Dignan is on holiday leave the Rev. Father Brennan will have charge of the Thames district.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie, who is a guest at the Bishop's House, Ponsonby, paid visits to many of his old friends in the city. All were delighted to see him looking so well.

Three postulants left by the Makura on Tuesday to commence their novitiate in Sisters of St. Joseph's Mother House, North Sydney.

It is the intention of his many friends, clerical and lay, to fittingly celebrate the silver jubilee of the Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Provincial of the Mill Hill Fathers, on July 25. The celebrations will take place in the Dean's parish, Dargaville.

The menace of the influenza epidemic has passed, but there is still a considerable number of children suffering from influenza of a mild type. The schools re-open on Monday next, May 31.

Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk is engaged at present making the annual appeal for the Maori missions. On Sunday, May 16, he preached in Otahuhu, and on last Sunday he visited Gisborne, where the collection for the missions amounted to £60. The Very Rev. Dean speaks in high terms of the warmth and enthusiasm of the reception accorded to him. On next Sunday the appeal will be made in Remuera parish.

Rev. Fathers Lagan and Alink, recently ordained in Mill Hill College, London, for the Maori missions, are expected to arrive shortly by the Riverina.

A successful euchre social was held in the O'Neill Street Hall, Ponsonby, on Thursday, May 27, to assist Miss Mavis Grevatt, who is a candidate in the Carnival Queen Contest, to be held in the Town Hall in November. The hall was so crowded that many were unable to obtain admission. Mr. Herbert Culpán was master of ceremonies.

Devotions for the month of May will be brought to a close in the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, on Monday, May 31, when Father Mansfield, of Helensville, will preach a sermon suitable to the occasion.

On Monday, May 21, there passed away at his residence, "The Willows," Otahuhu, one of our oldest pioneers, Owen Curran McGee. Born 83 years ago in the town of Ardee, Co. Louth, Ireland, he came to New Zealand with his parents when only 18 months old. Here he had lived ever since, taking part in the Maori troubles and sharing all the hardships of the early settlers. He followed farming for some time, and also tried his luck with other adventurous spirits on the Goldfields. Being of a sports-loving disposition, he became a horse-owner and breeder, and owned some of the best horses of his time. He also took a keen interest in politics and affairs of local bodies, and was for some time chairman of the Otahuhu Road Board. He was a staunch and practical Catholic, ever ready with a number of convincing arguments to justify his adherence to the Faith of his Fathers. A broad-minded, intelligent man, he was ever willing to give a helping hand to those in need. Having a fine appearance and faultless manners—an Irish gentleman of the old school—Owen Curran McGee's place will be hard to fill.—R.I.P.

The M.B.O.B. senior Rugby football team last Saturday defeated the College Rifles by 14 to 8. The game, fast and clean throughout, was a splendid exposition of the Rugby code. Against Grammar Old Boys the "Tykes" put up another great game, leading at half-time by 12 to 8. The game ended 24-15 against Marists. The *Observer* of May 29 says: "Several times in this way the 'Tykes' were penalised, which seemed quite inexplicable, and certain tries were lost." And again, the referee seemed to get muddled occasionally, and some of his decisions appeared open to be justifiably questioned." And that accounts for the M.B.O.B. defeat. One result of the game was the unearthing of a great half in Early (Marists). In the Auckland rep. team O'Brien, Singe, Early, and Peters, of the Tykes' team, have been selected. The juniors drew with University. The fourths beat—Parnoll (32-0), Ellerslie (13-3), Grammar O.B. (51-0). The fifths beat Telegraph (39-0), the backs showing splendid combination. Amongst the spectators at the big match were the Right Revs. Dr. Cleary and Dr. Brodie.

Rev. Brother Benignus, of the Sacred Heart College, has just returned after a health tour of the South Island.

Rev. Brother Nazarius is about again after a severe illness in a private hospital.

VISIT OF BISHOPS TO HOME OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

May 27 will be long remembered by the Little Sisters of the Poor and their inmates at Ponsonby. On that day their Lordships Dr. Cleary, of Auckland, and Dr. Brodie, of Christchurch, paid them a gracious and most welcome visit in the afternoon, accompanied by Father J. Golden. Having first visited the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful chapel, their Lordships were received by the Sisters in double line along the passage and conveyed to the front room. After the usual formalities, all proceeded to the men's dining hall, where quite a crowd met and greeted the distinguished visitors. Each Bishop separately, Dr. Cleary leading, shook hands all round, asking the name and the nationality of every individual, besides putting many questions of interest to the good old folks, who looked their best on the occasion. Afterwards the invalid men upstairs were visited and treated in like manner, the bedridden included. The Bishops greatly admired Mr. Swallow's master-hand in numerous copies of choir music. Mr. Swallow was formerly organist at St. Patrick's. The same kindly and fatherly ceremonies took place among the old ladies, who showed equal enthusiasm to the men. Of the good dames two made the occasion most interesting for the Bishop of Christchurch; for they related striking incidents of his early boyhood. His Lordship and all others were greatly amused. He will not easily forget the pleasant episode. The visit in question made it a field-day for the old people, and many a hearty blessing was invoked for the prelates as they took their departure from the Home.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 31.

Rev. Father O. Gallagher, Roscommon, Ireland, arrived in Christchurch during the week. He will take up his duties in the Cathedral parish.

Rev. Brother Basil, who has been visiting the West Coast, called at Christchurch on his way back to Wellington.

The many friends of Rev. Brother Siegfried will be pleased to learn that his health is improving. He has been very much missed by his pupils, and all trust that a speedy recovery will be effected.

His Lordship the Bishop presided at the annual meeting held in connection with the Catholic girls' hostel. Mr. T. Cahill gave a resume of the year's working, referring especially to the improvements being effected for the benefit of the resident and prospective boarders, and conclusively showed that this institution was being carried on, not only on economic but on satisfactory lines. His Lordship Dr. Brodie congratulated the committee, management, and all concerned in the progress made, expressing at the same time his regret at the fact that the hostel was unable to meet all demands. During the year (said his Lordship) the matron had been incapacitated through ill-health, but Miss Johnston's place had been filled most efficiently by Miss Beveridge, who had endeared herself to the girls in a remarkable manner. She had shown herself a woman of tact, earnestness, and capability, in whose personality and presence the hostel was exceedingly fortunate. Miss Beveridge is well known in Catholic circles in Melbourne, and joins heartily in the appreciation of Australians for the great Archbishop of Victoria's metropolis. The one unfortunate note struck at the meeting was the inadequate accommodation for boarders in view of the demand. Miss Kathleen Goulding has carried out the secretarial duties in connection with the hostel in a very able manner. Special mention of her work was made by Mr. T. Cahill, but a pleasant surprise was sprung on Miss Goulding by the lady president (Mrs. George Harper), who asked Dr. Brodie, on behalf of the hostel, to present her with a token of recognition for the very valuable services rendered in an unostentatious yet devoted manner. His Lordship the Bishop said he felt proud to accede to Mrs. Harper's request, and congratulated Miss Goulding on the fine report given by the president, the committee, and auditors. In asking her to accept of a gold wristlet watch as a mark of appreciation, he wished her many years of good health to wear it. Miss Goulding thanked the Bishop and the hostel girls for their kindness, assuring them that the gift was unlooked for, and that she valued it the more on account of the spirit accompanying it.

At the literary and musical competitions held recently in Christchurch the following prizes were won by the pupils of the Convent, Lower High Street, conducted by the Sisters of the Mission:—Piano solo (reading at sight): First prize, Elsie Ives. Piano solo (under 18), "Antonina": First prize, Jessie Clark. Piano duet (under 13), "In Merry Society": First prize, Margaret O'Connell and Marjorie Moon. Piano duet (under 16), "Tarentelle": First prize, Helena Keane and Elsie Ives. Piano duet, "Midsummer Night's Dream": First prize, Gladys Gillespie and Rona Hough. Song (under 16), "Rose Softly Blooming": First prize, Elsie Ives. Piano duet (under 10), "Menuet des Enfants": Second prize, Thelma Cusack and Kathleen Pohl. Piano duet (open class), "Overture to Figaro": Second prize, Gladys Gillespie and Rona Hough. Piano solo (under 18): Third prize, Patricia McKendry. Piano solo (under 16), "To the Spring": Third prize, Elsie Ives. Piano duet (under 10), "Menuet des Enfants": Third prize, Mary Martin and Joan Cusack. Piano duet (under 16), "Hungarian Dance": Third prize, Doris Moon and Madge Nixon. Song (under 16), "There are Fairies": Third prize, Elsie Ives. Piano solo (under 21), "Romance": Third prize, Gladys Gillespie.

The juvenile branch of the Hibernian Society is progressing favorably, notwithstanding the fact that owing to the epidemic of mild influenza, meetings had to be abandoned. At the forthcoming meeting a debate will be held on the subject, "Should boys smoke cigarettes?" and judging from the teams selected the debate should prove interesting. Rev. Brother Phelan is pushing things ahead and the boys are with him.

The first match of the schools' football championship took place on Friday last, when the Marist Brothers scored a decisive victory over West Christchurch by 15 points to 3. The Green's line was not crossed, and Rev. Brother

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Marcellin is to be congratulated on the fine display made by his young but good lads. Tries were scored by Amos (2), Mundy, and Galvin, and W. Bagley put the ball over the bar from a penalty.

THE CRIME OF THE POWERS

An appeal has recently been sent to all the bishops of the English-speaking world to aid in saving the German foreign missions (says *America*). A war after the war is silently going on. Catholic missionaries who have not as yet been sent into banishment are quietly being exiled even now, or threatened with this fate. The very mission clause of the Treaty of Peace leaves them at the mercy of "the Allied and Associated Powers." It is not Germany that is being punished in these innocent victims of political intrigue and ambition, but the pagan nations which are ruthlessly deprived of Christ, and the many Christian missions that are in danger of being consigned to spiritual starvation and death. For after France, Germany stood second in the Catholic mission cause.

Not one single complaint has ever been raised and justified against the devoted men and women of German nationality who for years had labored so successfully and unselfishly in more than fifty mission fields. Yet as early as October, 1914, 17 Oblates of Mary were put into concentration camps in Ceylon. The same indignity was soon inflicted upon 25 Jesuits in Bombay. A similar fate overtook many others in the following year. Deportations now began. From India alone 88 priests, 24 clerics and Brothers, and 25 Sisters were carried away on the *Goldconda*. Pressure was brought to bear even upon China by the English Government to expel its missionaries. We thus beheld the almost incredible sight of a Christian Government morally forcing an unwilling heathen nation to declare a new Christian persecution, and to take the most effective means of stamping out the Faith in its dominions, by driving away the shepherds of the flock. Pagan Japan was more merciful to the ambassadors of Christ, who had come to its shores with His commission, than were England, France, Italy, or the United States. We too have shamefully disgraced ourselves by the expulsion of loyal Catholic missionaries from the Philippines.

The godless work now progressed rapidly over all the earth, and is continuing to-day. There followed, we are told by the Fathers of the Divine Word, the banishment of over a hundred Sisters from Egypt; the expulsion of 42 priests, 40 Brothers, and 30 Sisters from the Cameroons, constituting the whole mission force; the removal of 41 priests, 15 Brothers, and 29 Sisters from Togoland, the entire mission staff; and the imprisonment or banishment, all without cause, of 62 priests, 97 Brothers, and 54 Sisters from German East Africa. In the once well-equipped Cameroon missions there are now but eight priests at work, without the aid of a single Brother or Sister. For the effective missionary communities of Togoland but three priests and three Sisters could be found to act as substitutes. It is easy to understand how profoundly the heart of the great Pastor of Christendom is touched.

A dreadful injustice has been committed. The missions, as a Protestant organ has well said, are "supernational." Their consecrated apostles are not mere pawns in the grimy selfish game of international politics, to be cast aside at pleasure, when no offence of any kind has been incurred. Catholic missionaries are sent by the Vicar of Christ, they are laboring in the name of Christ, as His representatives and ambassadors to pagan lands; they have no interest except in the Cross of Christ and are loyal to whatever flag floats over them, teaching always obedience to every lawfully constituted authority.

A great crime has been committed against Christianity. It has been written into the very Treaty of Peace. Nothing less than the combined action of the Catholics of the world is called for, that the rights of our Catholic missionaries may again be acknowledged the rights of our Catholic missionaries may again be acknowledged the rights of Christianity and of the Gospel, that must be placed safely and forever above the intrigues of politics. We need the courage of that speaker at the Congress of Christian Workmen held at Luzerne in Switzerland, March, 1919, when solemnly pointing to the figure of the Saviour nailed to the Cross, he said:

"In the name of the Crucified I conjure this Congress not to separate before turning its attention to the violation of the Congo Act by the Entente and the expulsion of the German missionaries from China, and before trans-

mitting the protest of this meeting to the Paris Conference."

The fruits of that great sacrifice of Christ were wilfully impeded, as this representative of a neutral nation so clearly implied, by the violation of the sacred treaty that was to keep the war from Africa and safeguard the mission interests. They are impeded now by the war after the war that is still continuing in the arbitrary banishment or exclusion of Catholic missionaries.

THEIR MORE PERFECT DAY.

Why bring your hero dead from Franco?
They are not there!
The outer garments of their birth
Lie scattered with the dust of earth,
Nay, they are not there,
But freed from bonds of human care
Still mingle with the living everywhere.
'Tis but a veil divides them from the view;
Our finite senses ne'er can enter through
Save in the quiet of the midnight deep,
When life withdraws its mantle from our sleep.
In that dim borderland where time doth cease,
The spirits of your loved have found release.

Why bring your hero dead from Franco?
They are not there!
The sight of grief o'er mortal clay
But saddens their more perfect day.
Nay, let them lie,
And lift your gaze unto the sunset sky,
Where trails the glory of its rays on high,
Or, where the dome of heaven's starry light
Unfolds its splendor to our earthly sight.
Where sphere on sphere in calm array
A down the ages hold eternal sway,
Or gleams the light of some bright star,
Through time and space reflected from afar—
There with Eternity your loved ones stand,
Held safely in the "Hollow of His Hand."

—ANNA MAY DUDLEY, in the *New York Herald*.

DE VALERA'S REVIEW IN NEW YORK.

Despite showers, Mr. de Valera, the Sinn Fein leader, reviewed a St. Patrick's Day parade from the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, between the twin spires of which floated side by side the American flag and the Irish tricolor.

The parade is said to have numbered 25,000, also including 1000 natives of India. The soldiers in the procession wore the same equipment as in France, including helmets. Wounded soldiers rode in motor-cars.

Every Irish-American organisation in New York was represented in the procession, in which the Irish Republican flag and the Stars and Stripes predominated.

Among the distinguished people in the reviewing stand were Mr. Smith, Governor of New York State; Mr. Hylan, Mayor of New York; and Archbishop Hayes.

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Catholics are respectfully invited to assist in erecting the first church and shrine in New Zealand to be dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes as a memorial to our fallen soldiers.

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No one could lose through what they do for God and His most glorious Mother.

The following additional subscriptions have been received:—

Already acknowledged, £894 2s; a friend, Hawera, £10; Miss M. Condon, Hawera, £1; Mrs. M. J. Taylor, Wellington, £2 2s; "Intentions," 10s. Total to date, May 30, 1920, £907 14s

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Students are prepared for the Intermediate, Junior, and Senior Public Service, Pharmacy Board, Matriculation, Solicitors' General Knowledge, Medical and Engineering Preliminary, Military Scholarship, University Entrance Scholarship, and Music Examinations.

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 Convent Life. (Scott, S.J.) 10/-.
 Conference Matter for Religious. (Girardey.) 2 vols. 17/6.
 Practical Meditations. (Vercurysse.) 2 vols. 25/-.
 Spiritual Exercises for Retreats. (Dunoyer.) 10/-.
 The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged. (Brother Constantius.) 7/6.
 The Catholic Girl in the World. 2 vols. 9/-.
 The World Problem. (Husslein.) 10/-.
 Democratic Industry. 10/-.
 The Catholic's Work in the World. (Husslein.) 8/6.
 Reality and Truth. (Vance.) 10/-.
 French Windows. (Ayscough.) 8/-.
 The Next Time. (Louis Walsh.) 7/-.
 The Villa Rosignol. (Storer.) 7/6.
 The Invincible Irish. (Walsh.) 8/-.
 The Pulpit Orator. (Wirth.) 6 vols. £4 17/6.
 The Promises of the Sacred Heart. (McDonnell, S.J.) 4/6.

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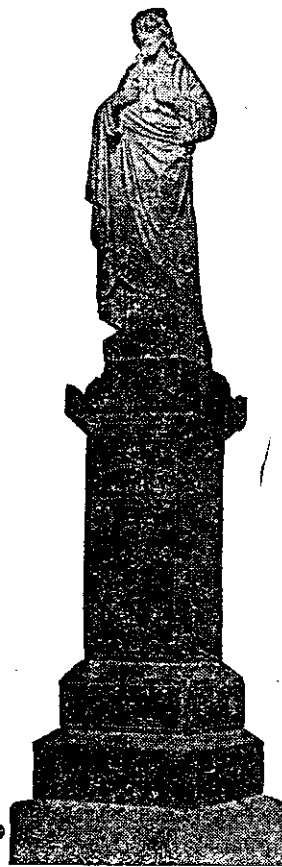
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Candidates for admission are required to present satisfactory testimonials from the parochial clergy, and from the Superiors of Schools and Colleges where they may have studied.

The Pension is £35 a year, payable half-yearly in advance. It provides for Board and Lodging, Tuition, School Books, Furniture, Bedding, and House Linen.

The Extra Charges are: Washing, £1/10/- a year; and Medicine and Medical Attendance if required.

Students will provide their own wearing apparel, including the Soutane, as well as Surplice for assistance in Choir.

The Seminary is under the patronage and direction of the Archbishops and Bishops of New Zealand, and under the immediate personal supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Dunedin.

Donations towards the establishment of Bursaries for the Free Education of Ecclesiastical Students will be thankfully received.

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Wedding reports will not be inserted unless accompanied by a marriage notice, cash paid.

In order to insure insertion in the following issue, the copy for above advertisements must reach the office by noon on Tuesdays.

General advertising rates on application to the office.

MARRIAGES

McDONALD—ANGLAND.—On April 6, 1920, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Patutahi, by the Rev. Father Farragher, Ivon Fraser McDonald, of Auckland, to Ellen Margaret Angland, Patutahi, Gisborne.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

McNAMARA—SULLIVAN.—On May 29, 1870, at the Brackenridge Catholic Church, North Canterbury, by the Rev. Father Chervier, David McNamara to Ellen Sullivan (late Balcairn). Present address: 23 Dickens Street, Addington, Christchurch, N.Z.

DEATHS

BAKER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, relict of Bartholomew Baker, of Pahiatua, who died at the Napier Hospital on May 3, 1920; aged 86 years.—Immaculate Heart of Mary, your prayers for her extol. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

COTTERILL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Cotterill, the beloved father of Mrs. M. J. Reardon, of 22 Wallace Street, Wellington, who died at the Victoria Hospital on May 20, 1920; in his 67th year.—R.I.P.

COUSINS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, relict of James Cousins, who died at her residence, Brunswick Street, South Dunedin, on May 31, 1920; aged 87 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul. Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for her.

DOUGHERTY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Dougherty, beloved husband of Bridget Dougherty, and eldest son of the late Robert and Mary Dougherty, "The Glebe," Castlerock, Co. Derry, Ireland, who died at his residence, "Coleraine," Hakauui, on May 22, 1920; aged 68 years.—R.I.P.

HYNES.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Teresa Cecilia, relict of Philip Hynes, of Tokoitii, who died at Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, on May 27, 1920; aged 77 years.—R.I.P.

MELVILLE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Martin Melville, native of Oranmore, Co. Galway, Ireland, who died at Temuka on May 20, 1920, in his 77th year.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul. Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for him.

QUINN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Quinn, mother of Mrs. Oakley-Browne, who died at her residence, 174 Tinakori Road, Wellington, on May 4, 1920, in her 70th year.—May her soul rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM

BREEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Breen, who died at Levels, Canterbury, on May 23, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

FITZSIMMONS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Terrence Fitzsimmons, who died at Wairio on May 31, 1900.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

McVEIGH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel McVeigh, who died at Weston on June 1, 1919.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

SHEEHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Sheehan, who died at Edendale on June 5, 1919.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

SHEEHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Sheehy, who died at Hawera on June 2, 1919.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his sorrowing mother, brothers, and sister.

ART UNION DRAWING

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Please remember that all Tickets in connection with above Art Union must be returned on or before Wednesday, June 16.

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WANTED for country capable **HOUSEKEEPER**; good wages; comfortable home to suitable person. Apply (enclosing references) to—"Farmer," Post Office, Lumsden.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Walking Tours, p. 25. Notes—Oscar Wilde; A Jester with Genius; Heredity; A Mystery. Topics—Intellectual Riot; The Evil of the Age; Ireland; Scientific Charlatans; Thoughts About Evolution; British Fair Play, pp. 14-15. The Early Church: Lecture by Father Sheehy, p. 7. Was it for this the Diggers Fought? p. 11. Strikes and Slaves, p. 13. Ireland a Nation, p. 33. The Beatification of Oliver Plunket, p. 18. An American Impression of Ireland's Leader, p. 19. The Crime of the Powers, p. 23. Farewell to Dr. Mannix, p. 28.

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, JUNE 3, 1920.

WALKING TOURS



THE easy and rapid ways of locomotion in our time have made for many people walking one of the lost arts. Trains, trams, motor-cars, and the abomination of desolation, the motor-bicycle, have rendered many of us too lazy to enjoy a long walk now, or perhaps too untrained to be able for the task of covering a long distance on foot. Now and then we hear of tourists who in spite of the relaxing effects of modern conveniences for transport undertake the strenuous pedestrian tours which our guide books describe as the finest walks in the world; but oftener we hear of people who propose to spend their holidays in this way and finally abandon the idea in favor of the more luxurious means of locomotion afforded by steam or petrol vehicles. Generally about this time of year a walk among the Southern Alps is keenly discussed; the ways and means examined; the inconvenience weighed against the pleasure and profit; maps studied and routes proposed and

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abandoned for other routes which are again abandoned for no route at all, with the result that most of us accept as an article of faith that the track from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound is the most beautiful walk in the world, and that of the great glaciers around Mount Cook one may say as of Naples, see them and die! To do a walking tour is a temptation that comes to almost all people some time or other in life. Many never do it; and as a rule they who do spend the rest of their lives telling their neighbors wonderful stories of the sights seen and the deeds done during that memorable holiday. No doubt it is largely to the tales of the travellers it is due that so many entertain a vague idea that some day they too will accomplish a walking tour and return to talk of it for the rest of their days.

*

There is also a considerable literature on the subject of walking tours. We have all, in the distant school days when—not in Jean Paul's sense—each day was as long as twenty days are now, read the *Voyage Autour De Ma Chambre*, which proves what a delightful book can be written about a tour that extends no farther than the walls of one's room. To Mr. Belloc we are indebted for a little library about walks, and very pleasant reading his books are. He has written a book about his walk in the Pyrenees which the reader will find fascinating even though he have never seen the Pic du Midi at all; and recalling that on that tour his companion was George Wyndham we are prepared to believe that the tour was ideal in every way. His *Four Men*, telling of a tour in the South-East of England, has had a circulation which is a guarantee of its popularity. And *The Path to Rome* is more than interesting: it is literature. From Goldsmith to Borrow authors have been ramblers, and their rambles and their books are inseparable. The Irish poet, happy-go-lucky on the banks of the Scheldt or the wandering Po; and the half-Irish lover of the gypsies selling Bibles in Spain have left among their writings a lure that will always appeal to their readers to visit the scenes they paint in the afterglow of memory. One class of men still remains to prove that walking is a pleasant way of passing idle days and weeks; but it is a class which we know little of here. A recent book by a young Irish genius assures us that the life of a tramp is not without its attractions, and that many who have the freedom of the highway and who live as the birds of the air—on what they can beg or steal—are among the happiest mortals on earth. And lastly we have now the literature of the war, which deals with marching instead of walking and which, unlike the old books, awakens no desire in most people to make the tours described.

*

There are, no doubt, dozens of "finest walks in the world," and the advocates of each one are intolerant, as the owner of a car is about his own type of motor. For us the "finest walk" remains one and incommunicable, and no other can come near it. The sunrises on the Swiss Alps have their charms; there is fairy music in the "yodelling" among the mountains that look down on Lucerne; a spray of edelweiss is a treasure to carry home and cherish as a keepsake, and the sight of a chamois bounding from crag to crag something to speak about when our wanderings are over. The gigantic glaciers hollowing out valleys and scouring the sides of hills; the torrents that leap a clear thousand feet down the side of a mountain; the immemorial ices that break in the still nights with noises like artillery, will make the New Zealand Alps famous everywhere for centuries to come, until the glaciers are all gone and the falls no more make rainbows in the sunlight. Our friends in far Ohura will sing the praises of the native bush and persuade us to make resolutions to brave the dangers of the mud roads and the wet clouds below and above the pedestrian in the King Country in order to realise the beauty of the mist of greens that clothes the gorges and the hills in

that still lonely land between Whanga and Mokau. But for us the walk of walks will always remain the road that leads up the valley of the Aniene past Vocovaro, close to Horace's villa, through Subiaco, to Olevano and Gennazzano, and then under Palestrina over the plain to the Alban Hills and up to Frascati, beyond which lie the lakes of Albano and Nemi, and the towns of Castell'Gondolfo, Albano, Ariccia, and Nemi, and over which rises Monte Otondo looking down on distant Rome to the north, on the blue Mediterranean to the west, and on the Abruzzi hills in the east. On that road one walks among changing vistas of beautiful scenery and with the spirits of the forgotten dead whose names still belong to the towns and hills on the way. Tivoli will suggest Horace, Subiaco Benedict, Palestrina Pier Luigi, Tusculum Cicero, Monte Rotondo Hannibal, and Lake Albano washing the site of Alba Longa will murmur memories of old Rome and of battles long ago. "We too were in Arcadia!" Probably that is why we have hitherto been successful in resisting invitations to join a party that proposed to walk half way over New Zealand but postponed the tour for another Summer.

NOTES

Oscar Wilde

Wilde's life, up to the time of his sentence, is well known to most readers of current literature. About the years that intervened between his release and his death most people have vague and incorrect ideas. To know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about Wilde's life and death you must read Frank Harris's wonderful biography of the man whom he championed while he believed in him and after he could no longer believe. Wilde came forth from prison a chastened and a purified man. His real friends—Frank Harris and Robert Ross—induced him to go over to France and to settle down in a quiet country spot where he could take up the broken threads of his life and devote himself to art and literature. Wilde meant well then; and all would have been well had not his evil genius sought him out and lured him away to Naples. To Lord Alfred Douglas Wilde himself attributed his first fall and his punishment; to the same decadent noble may be attributed his ultimate ruin. It is true that he did come back from Naples and Douglas; but he came back a broken and a ruined man, incapable of further work, too weak to make a fight against temptation, shattered and undermined by disease. The most wonderful thing about those last years is the unselfish devotion of his true friends, who never deserted him until the grave closed upon him. One of them, at least—Frank Harris—believed in Wilde almost to the end. Even when his eyes were opened, even when the now debauched and ruined man confessed his guilt, Harris still made heroic efforts to save him. There have been few tests of friendship like that one.

A Jester With Genius

Wilde's reputation is an elusive thing still. It is difficult to fix his place in literature. In Germany he is known as the author of *Salome*; to the French he is a poet and a critic; in England he is the author of many brilliant plays, and of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. By that ballad, with its strange weft of realism and romance, he will be best known to future readers. His essays are ephemeral and dazzling, but they will not live; his plays will be revived from time to time; *De Profundis* will be discussed in literary circles and men will wonder how much of it is sincere and how much a pose; but the *Ballad* will remain as one of the great ballads of the English language. What a wonderful thing it is, and what a variety of emotions it arouses. See the picture of the murderer:—

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DUNEDIN

He did not wear his scarlet coat,
For blood and wine are red.
And blood and wine were on his hands
When they found him with the dead.

And the grim, bitter swarm of criminals at work:—

We tore the tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails,
And, rank by rank, we soaked the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

And hear the haunting refrain of the paradoxical lines:—

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.

The *Ballad of Reading Gaol* has poignant notes that ring true; so has *De Profundis*. Yet, the more one reads about Wilde the more one doubts his sincerity. Arthur Symonds may be right when he calls him "a jester with genius."

Heredity

Does heredity explain the mystery? Lady Wilde, in her girlhood an ardent patriot, was rather a fond and foolish mother who spoiled her boy. She had in her later years a love of posing that may well have been her gift to Oscar. Sir William Wilde was a distinguished Dublin specialist, one of the ornaments of the medical profession. But—well, to put it charitably there were rumors that he had fits of erotomania. From such antecedents we may gather some light on Wilde's character. He was a born actor; his vanity was colossal; he had no sense of how ridiculous his posing made him; he assumed the airs of a modern Petronius; all that may well have come to him from Lady Wilde. Of his depravity and decadence there is now no longer room for doubt; readers of Frank Harris's book will find sufficient information about Sir William Wilde to warrant them in suspecting that both father and son were in some respects mentally unsound. With such beginnings Oscar was launched upon the world. Had his lot been a hard one he might have won through, but as from the beginning he walked the primrose paths, amid the applause of society sycophants, his downfall was made almost inevitable. It was indeed swift and tragic. Instigated by Lord Douglas to take action against the latter's father, he found himself changing places with the defendant and ended in gaol. We note that Shaw also thought he was mentally unbalanced—a specimen of "giantism," malformed in brain and body. Shaw knew him well in earlier years, and he allows us to see that he also knew somewhat of the reputation of Sir William Wilde. Egotism, selfishness, vanity, sensuality, whether inherited or not, certainly combined in him to mar a great intelligence and to wreck a delightful genius.

* Mystery

Was he ever serious and sincere? We used to think *De Profundis* a true book, but recent publication of hitherto unpublished passages makes us doubtful now. Here is a passage formerly omitted:—

"I have said that to speak the truth is a painful thing. To be forced to tell lies is much worse. I remember as I was sitting in the dock on the occasion of my last trial, listening to Lockwood's appalling denunciations of me—like a thing out of Tacitus, like a passage in Dante, like one of Savonarola's indictments of the Popes at Rome—and being sickened

with the horror of what I heard: suddenly it occurred to me, 'How splendid it would be, if I was saying it all about myself.' I saw then at once that what is said of a man is nothing, the point is, who says it. A man's very highest moment is, I have no doubt, when he kneels in the dust and beats his breast and tells all the sins of his life."

That passage makes us see Wilde as a man who looks on life as a play from beginning to end. He is always acting; nothing concerns him but playing to the gallery; his beautiful prose; his beautiful verse; his witty conversation, are all part and parcel of the pose which was his philosophy. "I treated art," he says, "as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction." What is the verdict on him? Our old friend Mr. Dooley would probably say it was all a case of a spared rod and a spoiled child.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Large numbers of visitors have arrived in the city for the Otago A. and P. Association Annual Winter Show, which opened on Tuesday, and other attractions.

Friday and Saturday, June 25 and 26, are the dates now definitely decided upon for the Queen Coronation ceremony in connection with the recent Carnival in aid of the Christian Brothers new residence fund.

It has been definitely arranged that the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte as Bishop of Dunedin, and Right Rev. Dr. Liston as Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, shall take place in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on a date yet to be decided.

A letter was received at the meeting of the Otago Hospital Board last week from Mrs. M. A. Jackson, who at the time of writing was in Italy, asking for a further extension of her leave of absence. Mrs. Jackson stated that she had been greatly benefited by her trip. She was granted an extension of six months' leave of absence.

As a result of the appeal in aid of the starving children of Europe, £260 was collected on Sunday last at St. Joseph's Cathedral and the other churches of the Cathedral parish. On next Sunday an opportunity will be afforded those who through the exceptionally stormy weather prevailing on the former occasion were kept indoors, to subscribe, and it is anticipated the above really generous contribution to a most deserving fund will be considerably augmented.

High Mass for the repose of the souls of all deceased ex-pupils of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, was celebrated at 8 o'clock this (Thursday) morning, Feast of Corpus Christi, by Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop-Elect of Auckland, an ex-pupil of the school. The incidental music was rendered by St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir. There was a crowded congregation, and very large numbers of past and present pupils of the Christian Brothers' School approached the Holy Table for the above intention. At the Early Settlers Hall, Lower High Street, ex-pupils and Catholic men generally are to assemble in the evening at a social reunion, when the Christian Brothers' Ex-pupils' Association is to be re-established on a comprehensive, and it is hoped permanent, basis.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 30.

The "flu" is still very prominent amongst us, and as a result, the Convent School, along with many others, has had to close temporarily.

The "Celtics" made a good showing in their first football match against the Excelsior, whom they defeated by 6 to nil. Last week they were not so successful when they met the Athletics, who had a very strong team in the field.

The parishioners of Windsor Park recently held a meeting to decide the best means of paying off the remaining debt on their church. It was almost unanimously decided to hold a house-to-house collection to meet the amount.

We have been unfortunate lately in losing several of our prominent Catholics, who have removed from this district. Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. P. Kelly and family were entertained by their many Catholic friends, prior to their departure for their new home in

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Timaru. In making a presentation of a silver tea and coffee service on behalf of their Oamaru friends, Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay paid a special tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly for the help they had been in matters connected with the Church. Fathers O'Connell and Foley, and several others present, briefly eulogised the guests of the evening, and expressed regret at their departure from Oamaru. A pleasant evening was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

FAREWELL TO ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

A SCENE OF EXTRAORDINARY ENTHUSIASM.

Arrangements had been made by Archbishop Mannix to leave by the Sydney express train at 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon *en route* for Europe (says the *Catholic Press* of May 20), though the train was held back by the traffic authorities for 12 minutes, he was unable to reach the station in time, owing to the immense crowds that assembled in Collins Street, and in and near the station. Dr. Mannix left the Palace in the Cathedral grounds at 4.30 o'clock. With him in the motor-car were Bishop Pheelan (Sale), Bishop Foley (Ballarat), the Very Rev. Father J. Barry, and the Very Rev. Dean Rooney (Bendigo). Ten thousand children from 63 Catholic schools in the metropolitan area lined Collins Street from Spring Street to the station, and at Swanston Street, Elizabeth Street, and outside the station thousands of people gathered. Many wore green favors, and hundreds waved Irish flags. Ten bands were stationed along the route to the station. As Dr. Mannix's car entered Collins Street, followed by other cars, the school children commenced singing "Come Back to Australia," dedicated to Dr. Mannix. This song was repeated by the children until the cars reached the station.

Although Dr. Mannix left the Cathedral at 4.30, it was not until three-quarters of an hour later that he reached the station, five minutes after the train by which he intended to travel had departed. In Collins Street, near the intersection of King Street, the crowd closed in on the car in which the Archbishop was seated, and further attempts at progress were ineffectual, until five more mounted constables, who were summoned from Spencer Street station yard, arrived. With their aid a passage was forced into Spencer Street, where a dense throng was waiting.

The thousands cheered the Archbishop, and many were in danger of being run down by his car in their desire to kiss his episcopal ring and bid him good-bye. The trams were held up in Collins Street, and people swarmed across the roadway. Mounted and foot police worked hard to keep a clear passage for the cars, but they found it extremely difficult to do this. During his slow progress along Collins Street, Dr. Mannix was delayed by a car in front containing a determined cinematograph photographer, who, although obtaining good pictures of the party, and the hampering crowd, did not assist it on its way to the station. Near the station Dr. Mannix's car was surrounded by thousands of people.

When at length, by the efforts of the police, Dr. Mannix reached the platform at Spencer Street station, the Sydney express had departed. An appeal to the excited throng to keep back was disregarded. There were wild stampedes from platform to platform, and Dr. Mannix, exhausted, had to rest for some minutes on a seat on the platform. The crowds were still blocking up the approaches to the station, and to escape their attentions Dr. Mannix was induced to enter a train for Flinders Street. This move was not anticipated, and only a few entered the compartment in which Dr. Mannix and others of the clergy travelled. At Flinders Street he boarded a car, and returned to St. Patrick's

40,000 at the Exhibition Building.

An audience estimated to number 40,000 attended a farewell concert in the Exhibition Building tendered on Thursday night, May 13, to Dr. Mannix. The concert was arranged by the Australian Catholic Federation, and Catholic and Irish national societies. Madame Maggie Sherlock (Ballarat), Misses Ella Caspers (Sydney), and Irene O'Brien, and Messrs. Walter Kirby and Ambrose McMahon, and a choir of 1000 pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools contributed to a musical programme. The sentiment of the gathering was expressed in the decoration of the platform with Sinn Fein colors, a huge illumination over the south gallery, in which a cross and a shamrock were picked out in 100 red and green electric lights, the waving of Sinn Fein flags, and the prolonged cheers which interrupted a phrase in "The West's Awake," sung by Mr. McMahon—"Let England quail." Farewell addresses were delivered by Mr. G. W. Vanheems, president of the Federation, and Bishops Foley (Ballarat) and Pheelan (Sale).

Dr. Mannix, who was cheered for some minutes on rising to respond, said he would have preferred to go without a farewell demonstration. He thought the most brilliant send-off he could have had was given to him on St. Patrick's Day, in which such sympathy was shown with the most slandered man in Australia. But the Federation had taken matters in its own hands, and, looking around, he had to acknowledge it was right. His work in Australia had bound him so closely to the people that to leave them permanently would be the greatest wretch of his life. He had been a sort of paradox. He had been told he was a most aggressive Catholic, yet none could count more personal friends amongst non-Catholics than he. He had been an outspoken Irishman, and had been said to be out of touch with the Australian people, but the St. Patrick's Day demonstration and the Irish Convention proved him in close touch with them. He had been called an avowed enemy of the Empire, and yet on St. Patrick's Day the soldiers who had the best right to speak for the Empire, had regarded him as one of themselves.

Continuing, his Grace said: It had been said he had divided the Catholic body, but that gathering and other things proved that never in the history of Australian Catholicism were Catholics so knit and bound together. He was going to give an account of his stewardship to the Pope, and if any fault were found with his administration his reply would be that he did not seek the position, that he was sent to Australia without being consulted, and had done the best he could, and was prepared to stand or fall by the judgment of the bishops, priests, and people. He hoped in America to meet de Valera, and to tell him and others of the devotion of Irishmen in Australia to the Irish cause. Some people said he would not be allowed to land in Ireland, but he would then try a means he would otherwise never attempt, and descend on the Emerald Isle. (Laughter.) He would come back as he went, Archbishop of Melbourne, "unchanged and unchangeable." He hoped to visit the graves of the Australian soldiers, who went out to fight for the little nations, including Ireland, and to pray over their ashes that the cause for which they fought might triumph.

THE SAD WORLD.

The world is sad these days, and rightly so. For many years past it has been looking through a veil of blood, watching for the dawn of peace which, somehow or other, will not eventuate. On the contrary, the dark prospect of 1919 has merged into the darker prospect of 1920, and despair has settled down on once hopeful nations. All this is due to pure egoism and selfishness. For these very reasons the Peace Conference was one of the great calamities of the world's history. Four men, apparently incapable of broad vision or human interest, took upon themselves to decide the affairs of nations, in the name and for the sake of democracy. They convened and went their several ways, and the Christian world has never been in a worse condition. The old diplomacy of every nation for itself won out at Paris. Penalties and reparation were uppermost, suffering men and women and children were last in the thoughts of the conferees whose people fought a great war for the sake of brotherhood and everlasting peace. Undoubtedly, the Peace Conference is to blame for a thousand and one of our ills. It bungled and procrastinated and left ten problems where it found one. Meantime, capital stabs labor, labor chokes capital, England annexes territory, women and children starve—and the Peace Conference? May it never return in its old form, a junta of four dictators with whose advice and administration the world can well dispense. It is time now, if ever, for open covenants openly arrived at; for a conference of men whose hearts as well as their lips are with the people. And when they convene, it were well for them to draw wisdom from God, for the last Peace Conference cannot be repeated.—*America.*

MILITARY APOLOGY FOR OFFICERS' RUDENESS.

Major Erskine Childers, R.A.F., 20 Wellington Road, Dublin, who wrote the G.O.C. complaining of the conduct of military officers in the raid on his house recently, received a reply from Major M. Alexander, D.A.A.G., G.H.Q., Parkgate, informing him the matter will be investigated at once, and adding:—

"The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief agrees with you that behaviour of officers such as you complain of is unseemly. He trusts you will not have cause to complain again."

Asked by Lieut.-Colonel Malou, in the Commons, the reasons for the raid on Mr. Childers' house, Mr. Macpherson said it was carried out in consequence of information received by the police that Sinn Fein meetings were held in Mr. Childers' residence and that arms were stored there. No answer was given when Lieut.-Colonel Malou inquired was it necessary to ransack the nursery and waken up the children.

WEDDING BELLS

MCDONALD—ANGLAND.

The wedding was solemnised at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Patutahi, on Tuesday, April 6, of Mr. Ivon Fraser McDonald, of Mt. Albert, Auckland, and Miss Ellen Margaret Angland, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Angland. Rev. Father Farragher officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a frock of ivory crepe de Chine, with dainty georgette sleeves and finishings, effectively trimmed with gold and pearl beads. The court train, lined with georgette, was prettily edged with gold lace and pearls. The veil was arranged coronet style, caught at either side with a spray of orange blossom. The bride carried a beautiful bouquet composed of white cactus dahlias, roses, and asparagus fern. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Mary O'Connell, of Auckland. The latter wore a pretty frock of old rose garbi-crepe, with accordeon-pleated skirt, georgette sleeves, and corsage prettily embroidered. Her hat was of black tulle, charmingly inset with a spray to match her frock. She also carried a bouquet of dahlias and fern. Little Miss Eileen Butler, niece of the bride, acted as flower girl, being attired in a dainty wee frock of apricot crepe de Chine, with overdress of flounced silk net. Master Raymond McGreal, cousin of the bride, was train-bearer. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Roderick McDonald. As the bridal party left the church, the "Wedding March" was played by Mrs. J. McGreal, of Auckland. The church was beautifully decorated by the Misses McLoughlin and Miss Brady, girl friends of the bride. After the ceremony a reception, presided over by the Rev. Father Farragher, was held at Le Grande Lounge, when the usual toasts were duly honored. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a beautiful gold armband, and to the bride's attendants gold bangles. The newly-wedded couple left later in the evening by car for Rotorua, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's travelling costume was of navy serge, with fawn velour hat and scarf to match.

WORK OF THE WHITE FATHERS

The Archbishop of Algiers availed of the recent occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the religious Congregations of the White Fathers and the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa to send a circular letter to his clergy, in which he recalls the good work performed by these zealous men and women. In his letter his Grace says that in the far off regions of Central Africa the goodness of God has worked miracles by means of the White Fathers. At the end of 1918 the total number of the faithful in the district of the Great Lakes was 273,206, and that of the Catechumens 139,281. The Archbishop also states that the reports of the different missions prove that the practices of religion are everywhere held in honor. The number of Communions rose between June, 1917, and June, 1918, to 4,450,618. During the war 98 of the White Fathers won the Legion d'Honneur, the same number the Military Cross, and 168 were mentioned in the Military List. The Missionary Sisters number 527, without the novices and postulants. These nuns have charge of 63 military stations in Central Africa.

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T.C., Doncaster Hotel, Washdyke, 30/3/22; C.W., Nth. St., Timaru, —; P. M., Darfield, 23/5/21; C. O'B., c/o Mr. S., Tinwald, 8/6/21; Mrs. M., Hotel, Kumara, 30/9/21; W. C., Ahaura, 8/11/20; T. B., Thompson St., Greymouth, 15/3/21; E. J. L., Waitahu, Reefton, 8/4/21;

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

His Grace Archbishop Mannix left Sydney on Wednesday, May 19, by the Ventura on his way through the United States to Rome and Ireland. There was a great demonstration by thousands of people as the vessel cleared the wharf. Green flags were waved and the Archbishop was cheered time after time. An aeroplane covered with green streamers flew round the ship. A crowded ferry boat accompanied the Ventura to the Heads.

The first centenary of the finding of the wonderfully preserved Blessed Sacrament on the site of St. Patrick's Church was celebrated at St. Patrick's, Church Hill, Sydney, on Sunday, May 9. At the 8.30 o'clock Mass there was a general Communion, chiefly of the men, and at 11 o'clock High Mass was celebrated. Rev. Father P. Piquet, S.M., in an eloquent sermon, said the occasion marked the centenary of the discovery in the house of William Davis, on the present church site, of the wonderfully preserved Blessed Eucharist, which had been left there by Father O'Flynn, who, on being deported by Governor Lachlan Macquarie, was refused permission to return and remove it. On May 9, 1820, Father Conolly celebrated Mass in the house, and, on opening the pyx, found the Sacred Host fresh and sweet, as if baked on the eve. Gounod's Mass "St. Cecilia" was rendered by the choir, with full orchestral accompaniment, and the relics of the preservation were exposed on the side altar. The general meeting of the men's League of the Sacred Heart was held in the evening at 7 o'clock, and as it was the day of the Beatification in Rome of the Ven. Louise de Marillac, or widow Legras, co-foundress, with St. Vincent de Paul, of the celebrated Sisters of Charity, Very Rev. Father Paul Cullen, C.M., preached an inspiring sermon on her career.

The ceremonies at St. Patrick's, Church Hill, in honor of the canonisation of St. Joan of Arc and Blessed Margaret Mary last Sunday were deeply impressive and beautifully inspiring (says the *Catholic Press* of May 20). Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at 11 o'clock, the high altar and side altars being decorated with beautiful flowers. A magnificent statue of the Maid of Orleans in her coat of mail, with a background consisting of the tri-color and lilies of France, and also a new statue of St. Patrick, said to be the finest of the saint in Australia, excited the admiration and devotion of the great congregation. The Mass was sung by his Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Dwyer, Bishop of Maitland, with Rev. Father J. Laurent, S.M., as deacon, Rev. Father A. Carcenac, S.M., subdeacon. In the sanctuary were the Right Rev. Mgr. Moynagh (Diocesan Administrator), the Bishop of New Guinea (Right Rev. Dr. de Boismenu, M.S.H.), and several Marist priests from the Pacific Islands. There were present, in specially reserved seats, the Lord Mayor of Sydney (Alderman Fitzgerald), wearing his official robes, M. Campagna, Consul-General for France, in uniform, and wearing his decorations, and the Hon. John Meagher, K.C.S.G., M.L.C. Gounod's "Sacre Coeur Mass" was beautifully sung by the choir, with orchestral accompaniment, and during the Offertory, Signor Caccialli gave an impressive interpretation of Rossi's "Ave Maria." An enormous congregation attended the ceremonies, which were solemnly carried out. The panegyric of St. Joan of Arc was preached by the Rev. Father P. J. Sheehy (of St. Patrick's College, Manly), who gave a stirring account of the life and accomplishment of the new saint. The preacher in the evening was the Very Rev. Father M. J. O'Reilly, C.M.

QUEENSLAND.

The ceremony in connection with the opening and dedication of the extensions (formerly known as "Erneton") to St. Leo's College, was performed the other Sunday afternoon by his grace the Archbishop of Brisbane, in the presence of a large gathering. The popular Rector (the Rev. E. S. Barry) extended a most cordial and hearty welcome to all present. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and there were present: The Lieutenant-Governor (Mr. W. Lennon), the Hon. Frank McDonnell, M.L.C., the Revs. M. Lane (Adm. St. Stephen's Cathedral), W. S. McGoldrick, J. Gallagher, Brother Ryan (Nudgee), Brother McGee (Gregory Terrace), and many others. His Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane said he had officiated at many ceremonies since he had been Archbishop of Brisbane, but he did not think he had ever officiated at one that gave him so keen a pleasure as he felt in performing the present one—the function of dedicating this house to the purposes of a University College. When the students first arrived they were housed in various places, and fin-

ally—a couple of years ago—they anchored at St. Leo's house—next door—formerly known as "Abbotsford." "Abbotsford" was on one side of them and "Garth House" on the other. Those were the gift of the late Archbishop Dunne to the Catholic people as a university college. During the last year it became possible for them to purchase the magnificent building in which they were now assembled, thereby linking up the whole group which, as Father Barry had said, formed probably the finest University College in Brisbane to-day. The site was an ideal one, and they had so renovated the buildings and adapted them to their purpose in such a way that the students must admit that they had every comfort they could expect in such an institution as St. Leo's. St. Leo's College now consists of two separate buildings, the one formerly known as "Abbotsford," in which the college was housed up to the beginning of this year; and the second, formerly occupied by the Brisbane High School for Girls, and purchased from the trustees of the Buchanan Estate by his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

Owing to the arrangements that had been made with regard to the visit of the Apostolic Delegate to Western Australia, his Grace Archbishop Clune was unable to join the rest of the Hierarchy of Australasia in their visit *ad limina*. On May 26 he was to sail by the P. and O. liner Ormonde for Rome, accompanied by Rev. R. L. Pace, of South Perth. When his official business shall have been transacted in Rome, his Grace will proceed on a short visit to the Old Land.

Welcome to our midst (says the *W.A. Record*) are the gallant Little Sisters of the Poor. The noble little band of eight arrived the other day from the East by the Karoola, after an unpleasant, stormy trip. They have come to carry on the grand work of philanthropy in regard to the aged poor, which has solely characterised them from their foundation. Founded in France by a poor French girl in 1859, the possibility of the growth and spread of the Order seemed an impossibility from its intrinsic nature. It was to live by poverty, and the objects of its charity were the poor of all nationalities, creeds, and classes. If the workings of Divine Providence are ever visibly manifested, it is surely with regard to the Little Sisters of the Poor. They are bound by rule, and gallantly undertake, to beg all necessities for those under their care. To beg is degrading; to beg for those who are ashamed or unable to beg is most noble. If ever the humane side of mankind could be appealed to, it is surely by the modest request of a Little Sister begging for her poor. Sacrificing all human respect, meeting with rebuffs from the thoughtless, and refusals from those who think not of the poor, ever bravely she wends her ways, remembering her poor at home that must be fed and clothed. Though she is a mendicant, her object is not personal benefit, and on that account she is welcomed by many as the noblest type of the altruistic. As a significant proof of the kindly disposition of the world towards the Order, and of Divine Providence acting in their regard, we find in all parts of the globe to-day members of the Order to the number of 5000, all engaged in work of relieving the derelict poor. We heartily welcome the Little Sisters to the West, and wish them the fullest measure of success in their truly Christian undertaking.

THE LATE BISHOP DONNELLY AND ROME.

The *Osservatore*, in announcing the death of his Lordship Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea and Auxiliary of the Archbishop of Dublin, notes that he was a student of the Pontifical Irish College in Rome, where he went through a brilliant course of studies. From it he returned to his native country to devote himself to the parochial ministry with a zeal which even during the years of his episcopate never abated up to the day of his last illness. The late Bishop, the *Osservatore* continues, was an enthusiast for Church music—a subject on which he published various studies and articles about 30 years ago, at a time when music did not receive the attention which at present is bestowed on it. He thus contributed to the development of Church music, not only in his own diocese but throughout the whole of Ireland.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement concerning a sale of Government linen by the well-known softgoods firm of A. and T. Inglis, George Street, Dunedin, on page 41 of the *Tablet*. This old-established business is now under new management, and has been thoroughly re-organised and brought up-to-date as a leading "spot cash" emporium....

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Very Rev. Dr. Blowick and the other Irish priests who are leaving for the China Mission recently received an enthusiastic send-off at Dalgan Park and Tuam. They were the guests of the President of Maynooth College, and were also entertained at All Hallows. Dr. Blowick told a press representative in Dublin they would be joined in New York by five American priests for the mission.

At a Crimes Court at Oulart, Co. Wexford, Mr. L. Redmond, a well-to-do farmer, was sent to prison for three months in default of giving bail "to be of good behaviour" when charged with contributing £20, £2, and £1 to the Sinn Fein Victory Loan. Receipts found in Mr. Redmond's house were in Irish, but were translated by a constable as being "for Victory Loan for the Sinn Fein Executive." Prisoner said he ignored the court, and refused to give bail, as he had always been of good behaviour.

Military raided the house of, and arrested, Mr. Geo. O'Grady, J.P., at Rochestown, near Cork, the other night. Mr. O'Grady is a Protestant farmer, and takes no interest in political affairs, devoting all his attention to farming and the poultry industry. Mrs. O'Grady complains that soldiers invaded her bedroom, and that she was compelled to dress in their presence. Some "old Fenian bullets," which the military produced, Mrs. O'Grady declared were never in the house. During a five hours' search the furniture was injured, presses broken open, and the rooms left in a state of topsy-turvey. Mrs. O'Grady also complained to the officer in charge that some notes were missing from her dressing table, also jewellery that was in a wardrobe. The military denied all knowledge of these.

The American Senate on March 18 killed for ever the pretence that the Irish question was a "domestic question" for the rulers of the British Empire. The Senate officially adopted an additional reservation to the Peace Treaty declaring Ireland's right to self-determination, expressing sympathy with the Irish people's struggle for it, and recognising Ireland as a nation with an equal right to membership of any League of Nations subsequently established. Thus ends in the greatest diplomatic triumph for Ireland Eamon de Valera's mission to the United States. It is true that the Senate's resolution is framed in the cautious phrases of diplomacy. But its meaning is none the less clear. The *London Daily News* correspondent in New York, writing of the Senate debate at which the Irish reservation was carried, said: "The opponents to the reservation suggested that it was an unwarrantable interference with Great Britain." Nevertheless in full face of this warning from the pro-British section of the Senate the reservation was triumphantly carried, and the first step was taken by a foreign Government to recognise Irish Independence.

THE TRAGEDY OF LIMERICK.

A coroner's jury at Limerick, February 13, at the inquest on Miss Helena Johnston, returned the following verdict:—"That Helena Johnston's death was caused by a rifle bullet fired by the police without orders from their superiors. We strongly condemn their action, as there was no provocation. It is what the jury consider murder."

The incident occurred on the night of February 2, when the military and police fired 145 rounds in the streets of Limerick without provocation.

Constable Roche swore that it was the soldiers who fired the fatal shot. This was contradicted by the military witnesses, who swore that no shots were fired by the military in Sarsfield Street, where the girl was killed, and this was borne out by several civilian witnesses who saw the police fire, and by the County Inspector and District Inspector of Police, who swore that the police fired without orders. All the witnesses, including the County Inspector of Police, agree that there was no disturbance at the place before the police fired.

Discussing the wanton murder of Miss Johnston, the *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin), February 14, says:—

"What is the Government going to do about the death of Lena Johnston, the Limerick girl, whom a coroner's jury finds was murdered by policemen who fired without orders? Those who followed the evidence at the inquiry will have seen that in this case not the most shadowy ground of justification could be pleaded. An attempt by one or two policemen to provide an excuse for the panic that led to the firing was completely disposed of by the military and other police witnesses. Yet if the Government follow their usual course, the death of this

young girl will not be thought worth the time of even an official investigation. If this is so, then the death of Lena Johnston will be added to the list of outrages that have gone uninvestigated and unpunished, because they were committed by the forces of the Crown.

"First, we had the smashing up of the premises and property of the townspeople of Fermoy, where one of the victims was a Protestant Unionist, four of whose sons had fallen in the war. There the commanding officer of the raiders browbeat and threatened the people whose property had been destroyed because they dared to protest. No disciplinary measures that the public ever heard of were taken in the matter. The outbreak at Fermoy was soon followed by a similar outbreak in Cork, where house-breaking was again the relaxation of a regimental evening, and the police who interfered were badly mauled. Next we had the killing of Lieutenant Boast and Laurence Kennedy in the Phoenix Park by military bullets. The inquest in their case was an extraordinary display of mystifying swearing and cross-swearing, after which the leading newspapers of Great Britain joined with the Irish press in demanding a searching inquiry. But with the authorities all was silence. Panic in the park was succeeded by panic in Thurles, where provocation was held to excuse the wild wrecking of houses by the rifle fire of a force supposed to be disciplined and to be the very embodiment of law and order. Again, so far as the people know, nothing happened as a consequence, and official denials were issued that any disciplinary measures were taken.

"In face of such a series, the wonder is not that we have occasionally, such incidents as these tragedies at Limerick, but that they are not more frequent and more disastrous. What could be more likely to produce such recklessness than to allow the feeling to grow among the military and police that no matter what they do, in their dealings with the people, none of them will suffer for it."

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

In the presence of a huge gathering, the foundation stone of a memorial to the late Archbishop Croke was laid by the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, at Thurles, on St. Patrick's Day. The Gaelic Athletic Association, of which he was patron, has undertaken the erection of the memorial, and Thurles, the cradle of the organisation, is the site. The Archbishop said though Dr. Croke did not live to see Irish freedom, he helped to lay its foundations broad and strong.

Mr. William O'Brien, ex-M.P., writing to the promoters, said: "If anything under present circumstances could tempt me from my retirement from public affairs it would be the chance of adding a leaf to the laurels of a man who, as time passes, will be more and more widely recognised as one of the most illustrious Irishmen of our time, and as the bravest of all Irish ecclesiastics since St. Columbanus. I have, however, a strong conviction that in a crisis when the Irish race have, with practical unanimity, commissioned Ireland's representatives to seek her freedom without the smallest reliance upon the Westminster Parliament, or upon any of its parties, those of us who are associated in the public mind with other and conciliatory methods, so long as conciliatory methods were possible, ought scrupulously to avoid any interference that might in the smallest degree cross the plans of those representatives or diminish their authority before the world. That feeling is all the keener at a moment when the elected representatives of Tipperary, and of the rest of Nationalist Ireland are denied the right of freely addressing their countrymen, by a militarism which is sickening the world with England's hypocritical professions during the late war. Nothing, you may be sure, in the proceedings in honor of Dr. Croke on St. Patrick's Day will rejoice his mighty spirit more than to know that never in her history was the young manhood of Ireland more united than it is in defiance of, and, indeed, contempt for, the latest plot of clumsy military tyrants to terrorise our indestructible nation in order that knavish politicians may partition her."

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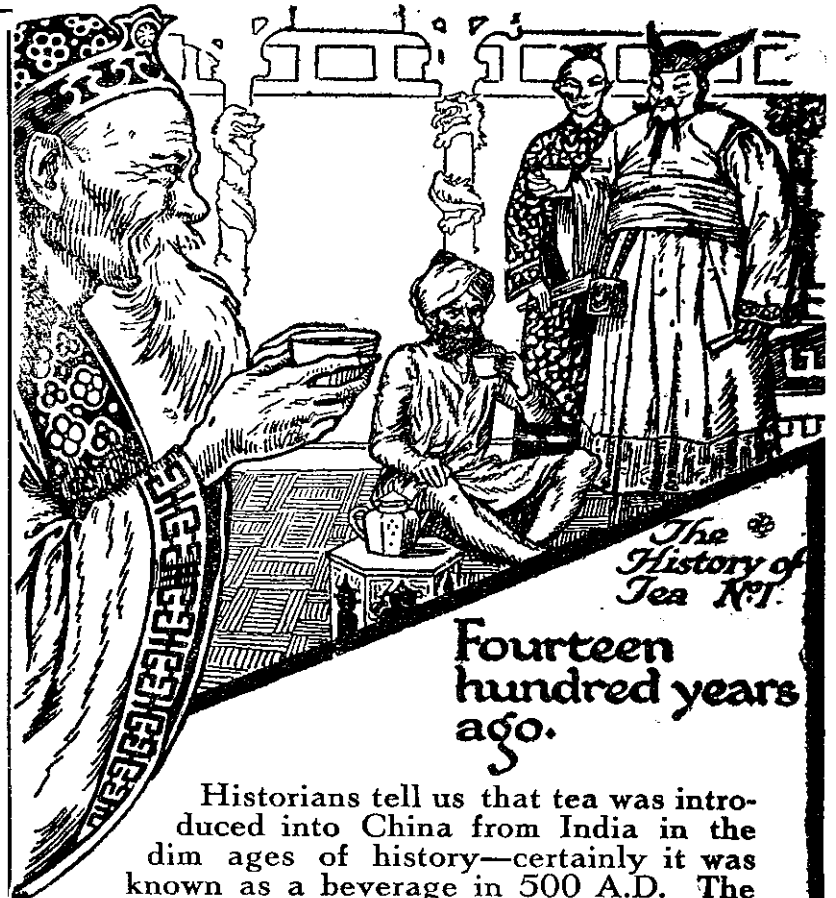
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IRELAND A NATION

SPEECH BY REV. BROTHER PURTON.

In proposing the toast of "Ireland a Nation," at a St. Patrick's Night banquet at Adelaide, South Australia, Rev. Brother D. G. Purton, M.A., spoke as follows:—

It is a difficult thing to speak the truth about Ireland without seeming to exaggerate, for no honest man with a drop of Irish blood in his veins can prevent a feeling of anger and resentment surge up in his heart when he reflects on the tyranny of English rule in Ireland. I, however, intend to give you no impassioned speech on the wrongs that Erin has suffered for seven long centuries. I am not going to seek to stir your feelings by reference to the devastation wrought by a Mountjoy, nor the barbarities of a Cromwell or an Ireton, for this very day Ireland is ruled by military junkers from England and political adventurers from Scotland and Wales, who, with all Cromwell's ruthlessness, have inherited a full measure of his nauseating hypocrisy. I have no desire, furthermore, to deal in personalities nor in vulgar abuse—the plain facts of present day Irish history speak with an eloquence that demands neither figure nor passion. This, however, I will say, that if the world were allowed by its daily press to become sane, honest and intelligent for one day it would not merely be the Prussian junkers, who backed their way through Belgium, who would be held up for universal abhorrence, but the names of French, MacPherson, and Lloyd George would become by-words of infamy and reproach. The Prussian would gain this much in the comparison—he was no hypocrite.

It would be unjust to charge the mass of Englishmen with approving of the system of British government in Ireland. Like the majority of Australians, they know but little about it—and that little is gained through controlled channels—but I am not unjust when I say that never in the history of England's relations to Ireland were insincerity, falsehood, and hypocrisy so triumphant, so dominant in the conduct and expressions of British officialdom.

Ireland and the Peace Conference.

Month after month, year after year, we were exhorted to keep up our courage, to keep up the fight a little longer, for this was a war that was to save the world from militarism, make the world safe for democracy, and secure the triumph everywhere of the national ideal. This was the cry that rang through Europe and the Empire; and when at last peace came, and the Conference that was to be fraught with consequences so momentous to the nations of Europe met in Versailles, Irishmen the whole world over turned their eyes to Paris, and awaited the fulfilment of the solemn engagement to which the Allies were pledged, viz., to give self-determination to all small nations. We know the result of the Peace Conference: I will not give you my opinion of it, nor the opinion of any Irishman, but I ask you to listen to the words of an Englishman—the Treasury expert who attended as part of the British delegation:—"Paris," says Mr. Keynes, "was a scene of chicanery, in which the lives of millions and the fate of humanity itself were gambled with, and the gamblers recked little more of what they were doing than the dicers on Calvary. To watch the process of transforming the morality of the fourteen points into a blasphemous mockery of the people's hopes must have been an unendurable ordeal to Wilson. . . ." Again he says: "Three men made and ruined the peace—Clemenceau, George, and Wilson. Clemenceau thought of France, Wilson of abstract morality, George of himself. Between the fixed idea of the Frenchman, the low idea or no idea of George, and the pathetic ineptitude of Wilson, Europe came to grief." These remarkable utterances you will find in Mr. Keynes' book, *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. And what of Ireland now that the world was made safe for democracy, now that the triumph of small nationalities was assured? In Ireland there is no peace, but open war. Irishmen asked for the same rights that Mr. George was conceding to Slav and Slovak, and Mr. George, as head of the British Government, gave them martial law and Crimes Acts, he deported them without trial, he exposed them to murder, robbery, and pillage by police and soldiery; he poured into the country hand grenades, tanks, armored cars, poison gas, and aeroplanes. While Mr. George at the Paris Council Table spoke pretty speeches about liberty and self-determination for other nations, he employed all the might of the British Empire to keep an ancient, cultured nation writhing beneath the most fendish form of militarism the world has seen. Fiendish, I say deliberately, for no other adjective adequately describes this horrid system of oppression, joined to which

there is a vile propaganda of hate and calumny directed against the people of Ireland. The junker press of Australia, too, takes up the loathsome task of calumniating the Irish nation, and at the dictation of a Tory cable framer attributes every crime committed in Ireland to the political party that to-day has the overwhelming support of the Irish people. In pursuing this course of calumny and unfairness, such journals as the *Argus* and its poor counterpart, the *Register*, are quite out of touch with the best journalism in England. The *London Times*, making amends for long years of misrepresentation, gives space to Lord Dunraven's and Lord Southborough's pleas for a rapprochement with Sinn Fein. In its columns Mr. Clement Shorter and Erskine Childers proclaim their support of de Valera, and English officers protest that what they fought for was the right of self-determination for Ireland as well as Belgium, and not for a renewal of lease for despotism, whether British or Prussian. More outspoken still is Mr. Massingham's paper, the *Nation*. Week after week it denounces in scathing terms the misrule of French and MacPherson. Gilbert Chesterton, R. N. Brailsford, and the editor of the *London Daily Herald*, to mention but a few, declare that the time has come to put into practice within our own Empire those principles of self-determination which our countrymen fought to uphold in regard to Serbia, Bohemia, Poland, and the other places in Europe. What a shock it must be to the poor editor of the *Register* to find all the leading journalists of England demanding that England's shame should end, while he stands still for Prussianism, and all that it implies. It is time that the people of Australia were told the truth about Sinn Fein; at any rate the miserable campaign of lies carried on by the daily press can have no other effect than that of increasing our contempt for its pettiness and ignorance.

Sinn Fein.

The policy of Sinn Fein is quite easy to understand. It is a policy of self-reliance. Unfortunately for Mr. George and others who would maliciously misunderstand the words, "Sinn Fein" does not mean "ourselves alone," but quite simply "ourselves."

The words were chosen as indicative of a policy not of national selfishness, but of national self-reliance. Mr. Arthur Griffith says: "The basis of the policy is national self-reliance. No laws and no series of laws can make a nation out of a people which distrusts itself." Nor was Sinn Fein a policy of armed insurrection; on the contrary, it sought to achieve its purpose by education and quiet, insistent propaganda. The agents of Dublin Castle, however, with a perspicacity quite unusual with them, saw that Sinn Fein was a policy far more dangerous to the English ascendancy gang than parliamentary nationalism, because it was stirring up the people of Ireland to a deeper love of their country and a more thorough appreciation of its resources, commercial and industrial. Sinn Fein sought to kill that servile spirit of West Britonism that seemed to thrive under the aegis of the old parliamentary party; it sought to keep Ireland for the Irish, not for the Anglo-Irish place-hunter. Sinn Fein was pro-Irish, not anti-English; it taught Irishmen and Irishwomen to put Ireland first, and Dublin Castle saw that such a policy must ultimately succeed in securing Irish freedom. Therefore, that Sinn Fein might be crushed once and for all, the rising in Easter Week, 1916, was called a Sinn Fein rebellion, although of the seven signatories to the proclamation of the Republic, only one—Sean MacDiarmada—was officially connected with Sinn Fein. This rebellion, or rather the insane harshness of the military in quelling it, threw the whole nation into the arms of Sinn Fein. That the Sinn Fein was by no means disorganised by the sudden conversion of the nation to its ideals shows how thorough was its organisation and how far-seeing its policy. The founder of the movement was Arthur Griffith, and its policy was outlined at the first National Council Convention held in the Rotunda, Dublin, Tuesday, November 28, 1905. The policy promulgated on that occasion, and which formed the basis of all development since, may be summed up in Griffith's own words: "National self-development secured through the recognition of the duties and rights of citizenship on the part of the individual and with the aid and support of all movements originating from within Ireland, which instinct with national tradition do not look outside Ireland for the accomplishment of their aims." The policy of self-reliance adopted by the founders of the new movement was one that appealed to the young men of Ireland, because it accorded well with their self-respect and love for freedom. The policy was developed and its details worked out by earnest, studious enthusiasts, men of solid learning and sterling patriotism, who dared to break with the traditional economic teaching that England had long forced on Ireland. The Sinn Feiner turned to consider the state of

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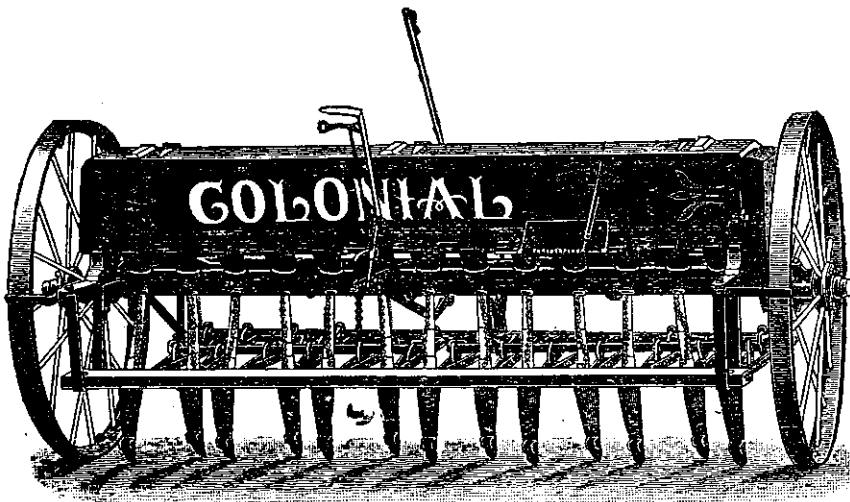
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education in Ireland. He saw every department of Irish education—primary, secondary, and University—directly controlled by boards all subject to Dublin Castle. These boards chose the text books and fixed the curriculum with a complete disregard to the interests of the country. The language of Ireland, the history of Ireland, the economic and industrial possibilities of Ireland were subjects completely banned. In Australia our education system is so framed that our boys and girls are guided to those professions, trades, or industries which make for our progress as a nation. We have technical schools, agricultural colleges, commercial courses in our Universities, Schools of Mines and Industries. Every side of national life is catered for; there is equality of opportunity for all. In Ireland the attention of Sinn Feiners was arrested by the fact that the Irish educational system ended in a veritable cul de sac. There were no agricultural colleges, few technical schools, no National University. Any teaching directed to the development of Ireland, commercially or industrially, was not thought of—the only avenue open to the talented Irish boy was the British Public Service. Sinn Feiners saw that the first thing to strive for was a system of education truly national—English control and English influence must be ended. What Australian is there who would cavil at such a policy? They used their influence meanwhile in the struggle for a national university—a struggle that was finally crowned with success. Well has their labor been rewarded, for among professors and students Sinn Fein can to-day number its most ardent adherents.

Policy of Sinn Fein.

Sinn Feiners next turned to the industrial problems of their native land: Ireland is essentially an agricultural country. Yet between 1871 and 1905 they found that over 1,000,000 acres had gone out of tillage—Ireland was becoming a vast cattle ranch, a mere appendage of England's meat supply. Now the competition of Argentine, Canada, and Australia bade fair to ruin Ireland's meat trade. Sinn Feiners declared that the big estates must go, and preached everywhere a doctrine of closer settlement and intenser cultivation. County councils and the Royal Society of Dublin were all imbued with the false teachings of English departmental heads, and were hampering the prosperity of Ireland by the encouragement of grazing. Sinn Fein declared against this suicidal policy, and now that it controls nearly the whole of Irish local government it can put its policy into execution.

Turning to Irish finance the Sinn Feiner found Stock Exchange, Banks, and Insurance Companies all completely under anti-Irish control. Irish capital was removed to England instead of being used for the development of Ireland. Sinn Feiners urged the establishment of Irish banks, Irish insurance companies, and an Irish Stock Exchange. Now that they control nearly £5,000,000 of local government money, they can begin to carry out their plans of establishing an Irish Stock Exchange quite independent of that one in Dublin, which is under the power of Dublin Castle.

Irish commerce they saw was restricted by an antiquated system of repressive legislature. An Irish Commercial Marine was non-existent. Yet they remembered that during the short period of Grattan's Parliament, Irish commerce had prospered wonderfully, and Irish ships were to be found in every port in Europe. This revival in Irish trade between the years 1780 and 1800 is the more wonderful when we consider how thoroughly England had crushed the trade of her rival. To those who do not know the details of the commercial restriction placed on Ireland the following list will be of interest:—

List of Irish Industries Discouraged and Ruined by Commercial Restraints (1660-1780).

- 1600—Irish forests systematically destroyed. Ruined the lumber trade and shipbuilding.
- 1660—English markets closed to Irish manufacturers by a prohibitive tariff.
- 1663—The Navigation Act ruined Irish commerce with America; ruined Irish shipbuilding.
- 1666—The Cattle Acts ruined the Irish graziers.
- 1669—Total prohibition of the export of woollen goods from Ireland ruined Ireland's European commerce.
- 1710—Forbade the importation of hops into Ireland from any country except Great Britain, and withheld the drawback of duty granted on export from England to foreign countries. This provision operated to discourage brewing.
- 1733—Prevented raw sugar from being imported direct from the plantations into Ireland handicapped the Irish refineries.
- 1746—Export of glass from Ireland prohibited.
- 1774—Tobacco grown or manufactured in Ireland was forbidden to be exported to any part of the world except Great Britain.

1776—No provisions of any kind to be exported to any Irish port, except beef, pork, butter, and bacon to Great Britain.

1778—No provisions of any kind to be exported to any port. General embargo on all ships in Irish ports. Complete blockade of Ireland.

If, after such legislation as that, Irish commerce had revived, only to be again extinguished at the Union, surely Sinn Feiners argued, we can, by a bold policy of self-reliance, build up an Irish merchant marine in the same way as the people of Norway have, where every man is part owner of a ship. But, first of all, Irish trade must be encouraged and Irish goods advertised among prospective buyers. In Australia we are veritable Sinn Feiners in the matter of our trade. To every country with which we have trade relations we send Trade Commissioners, whose sole business is to watch over our commercial interests and advertise our goods. Ireland, too, must have her own consular service, for the consular service of England is directly antagonistic to Irish commerce. "Consul for Great Britain and Ireland" may be on the brass plate of the Consul in Tokio or Washington, but little does the trade of Ireland trouble that Consul. We Australians do not abandon our trade interests to the British Consul in these countries. Why should Ireland? The Sinn Feiners wanted to see Irish commerce encouraged; a consular service is necessary, and already Consuls are being appointed. Finally, the Sinn Feiner considered the taxation of Ireland, and he saw that England was overtaxing Ireland to the extent of £22,000,000 a year. In the last financial year, for example, England extorted £37,275,000 and expended £15,118,500, leaving £22,161,500 to be spent for "Imperial purposes," amongst these purposes being the forging of further chains by which to keep Ireland enslaved politically, commercially, and industrially to England. This money should have been spent in the development of Irish industries, building of Irish railways, improving Irish harbors. Sinn Feiners could not at once attack this mighty system of wholesale robbery, but they could lessen the amount of English taxes indirectly. A great deal of taxation revenue is derived from excise duties on spirituous liquors. Now the Sinn Fein movement was, amongst other things, a temperance movement—nearly every Sinn Feiner is a total abstainer—and thus by encouraging temperance the unjust taxation revenue which England derived from Ireland was appreciably lessened.

Such, then, is the policy, in a few particulars, of the Sinn Fein party. Such are the ideals, practical and commonsense ideals, put before the people of Ireland by the followers of Arthur Griffith and Eamon de Valera, and yet the Australian daily press has the amazing effrontery to call these men murderers. Not a single crime committed in Ireland can be laid to the door of Sinn Fein. Mr. George tried to fasten a pro-German plot on its leaders. The attempt was a miserable failure. Lord Wimborne, the Lord Lieutenant, branded George's bogus plot as a vile concoction. Sinn Fein, he declared, is not pro-German nor anti-English; it is pro-Irish. The present British Government, however, embarked on a campaign of coercion and murder, and the first thing to do was to turn the cowardly "press gang" on to their disgusting task of vilifying the political party which the Government hoped to destroy.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE MARTYRED PRIESTS.

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

Ye martyred priests of Erin's Isle, in crimson glory
crowned,
Whose lowly graves on hill and dale now hallow all its
ground,
Can we forget our heroes true whose virtues fill the earth,
Forget the honor of that land that gave the martyrs
birth
Ye kept the watches of the night, through long and bitter
hours,
O guardians faithful to the last, brave keepers of God's
towers.
From death ye wrested victory, and triumph from defeat,
And offered to the Crucified a triumph all complete.
O children of the martyr race, still God is calling you
To fight the fight your fathers fought with courage staunch
and true.
Their standard was the cross we love with Blood of Christ
all red;
The strength of Erin's living sons, the glory of her dead.
—G. H.

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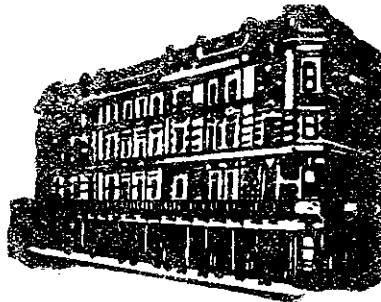
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SOME HEROIC PRIESTS

An appeal which has been made of late for Catholic priests of Argyll and the Isles, Scotland, together with the hardships which clergy in that country district face, calls to mind a great heritage of Catholic history in that part of the world. In that history the Irish have played a great part.

The district is known as the Garbh-Chriochan," or the "Rough Bounds," and even to-day, as of yore, the life of the priest is one of hardship, though in one respect of a different kind. In Protestant days persecution added to the difficulties of the life, while to-day, even without persecution, it contains features which make the path of the priest far from rosy.

The priest in the "Rough Bounds" at the present time has to face many of the privations and dangers familiar to his predecessors. Motor boat and railway have helped to facilitate transit in this hard country, but there are great tracts which these modern improvements fail to reach at all. Miles of the land are still practically virgin wilderness, and it is over such places that the priest may have to make his way on a sick call.

Chiefs of "Rough Bounds."

The work of the priest in these days is worthy of the great heritage which history hands down to him. A whole martyrology might be compiled from the annals of the priests of the district (says a writer in the *Universe*). Though the 17th and 18th centuries have left records of those who perished in prisons to which their persecutors had consigned them, such have not been the only hard deaths which clergy of this district have met.

Until well into the 17th century chiefs of the "Rough Bounds" staunchly adhered to the faith, and kept at bay the menace of the so-called Reformation. North of Loch Shiel apostasy was practically unknown. Thus priests were able to carry on their work unmolested. Outside this district, however, Catholics were less fortunate. Chiefs who had fallen away harassed and persecuted the pastors who tried to carry on their work in spite of all difficulties.

Catholic chiefs appealed to St. Vincent de Paul to send missionaries, and in response, two Irish-born priests, Fathers Dermot Duggan and Francis White, arrived in 1651. They did great work in the Highlands and Isles, but the former died of the inroads made upon his delicate health by the severity of the life.

A tragic story is told of Father Robert Munro, a native of Ross-shire. It is recorded that, though twice imprisoned and banished, with the threat that death would be the penalty if he returned, he, nothing daunted, landed again on Scottish soil, devoting himself more fervently than ever, if that were possible, to the spiritual service of his countrymen.

A Veritable Martyr.

Eventually, in 1704, after more than thirty years of unwearying apostolate, he was lying, fever-stricken and helpless, in a miserable hut in Glengarry, when he was found by some English soldiers, who seized him. After being subject to vile treatment, he died, a veritable martyr to duty and charity, in the dungeon into which he was thrown.

In 1680 came three Irish priests of fine mould, Fathers Cahassy, Devoir and Ryan, who worked in co-operation with Father Munro. The two last-named died before him, while Father Cahassy died in 1704, shortly after him.

These, with other native-born and Irish priests, did such solid and lasting work in reviving the knowledge and practice of the Faith, that when Bishop Nicholson's historic visitation took place in 1700, he confirmed no fewer than 3,000 persons.

An outstanding personality in the 18th century was Father Colin Campbell, who began his career as an officer and priest-hunter, was converted under extraordinary circumstances—the Breviary left behind by a priest in his hurried flight to the hiding place being the first link in the chain—and ended as a chaplain to Prince Charles's army, wearing the kilt, and armed as an officer. His record ends: "Campbell fell on the field of Culloden."

"Patriots of Ireland! Champions of liberty in all lands!—be strong in hope! Your cause is identical with mine. You are calumniated in your day: I was misrepresented by the loyalists of my day. Had I failed, the scaffold would be my doom. But now my enemies pay me honor. Had I failed, I would have deserved the same honor. I stood true to my cause, even when victory had fled. In that I merited success. You must act likewise."—George Washington (at Mount Vernon, 1788).

"SAVED THE COUNTRY": LONDON PAPER'S TRIBUTE TO IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

There has long been a suspicion (says the London *Daily Herald* special correspondent)—and more than a suspicion—that an influential group in Dublin Castle is working deliberately to provoke a rising. Its calculation is that an armed rising and its bloody suppression would clear the air, would end the tension that it is finding intolerable, and would cow the country into quietness for another generation. And it is believed that the story on which Mr. Edwards' question (in the House of Commons) is based comes from these quarters. Certainly we know from past experience that the spreading of a "plot" story means that there is mischief afoot inside the Castle.

The great safeguard against any attempt to provoke such a rising is the fine discipline of the young men of Ireland. With very few exceptions they have kept themselves wonderfully in hand under almost intolerable provocation. This, let me add, must be laid to the credit of the Volunteers. It is the organisation and discipline of this "illegal" force that has saved the country from far worse bloodshed than that of Easter Week, and has, by this, deprived the "Punjab party" of excuses for the savage repression of which they dream.

The appointment of five divisional commissioners, including the notorious Colonel Ivan Price and General Hackett Pain, supports the theory that another offensive is beginning on the Irish front, adds the correspondent. A shipload of war munitions of all kinds has arrived in Dublin port and lies at the quayside. Machine-guns are planted about the dock and the neighborhood resembles the Mole at Zeebrugge under war conditions. There are rumors of big movements of troops towards the South-West.

"SONG FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN."

The kind men, my brothers, are going away to fight
In the red fields of Flanders, where bones bleach white,
On the rough English waters, with their terrible chance,
In the brave air that blows above the sad land of France.

And the kind men, my brothers, will never, never know
Of the thanks I would give; with a smile they must go,
With a rough word spoken, and a quick Yankee jest,
And night by night I think of them, long before I rest.

For they are my brothers, and I am their kin,
Man of money, man of God, and weary man of sin,
Lumberjack and grocerman and carrier of the hod,
And those who get our food for us by breaking the sod.

Little clerks who spend the days counting with a pen,
Factory hands putty-pale, and ruddy Western men
From the ranges and the ranches, the forest and the sea,
For all have been chivalrous as kinsmen to me.

When I have been weary, they have shortened the way,
They have stood that I might rest at the end of the day,
They have lifted my burdens that my strength might not fail,

They have told me their wisdom like a quaint old tale.

Oh, how can I honor them with a woman's praise?
The men of my country, who are guarding the ways
To the goals most holy that the clean nations seek—
Oh, how can I honor them, and what can I speak?

For the red fields of Flanders and the valleys of France
And the rough English waters with their terrible chance
Are claiming my brothers, and bravely they go,
And the thanks I would offer them they never, never know.

Words are too weak for the weight of my pain,
Words are too poor, I would praise them in vain;
For the dear land they love, and for the cause they glorify,
The kind men, my brothers, are going away to die.

—MARGUERITE WILKINSON, in the *Literary Digest*.

Holiness consists simply of two things, two endeavors
—the endeavor to know God's will, and the endeavor to do it when we know it.—Father Faber.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

The Catholic Women's League of the Archdiocese of Boston, U.S.A., numbers over 500,000.

Seventeen native priests have been ordained in the little seminary in North Manchuria, Asia.

In Holland more than a thousand young Catholic men are being prepared for the missions of the Church.

By Apostolic Brief his Holiness the Pope has created a new diocese in India, that of Patna, which will comprise a large part of the existing diocese of Allahabad, the eastern part south of the Gauges. It will be suffragan of Calcutta; and the see will be at Bankipur. It will be in the care of the Jesuits, and Allahabad loses its old title of Patna.

A cable message from London, under date May 16, says:—"Sixty Cardinals, 400 bishops, and 25,000 French pilgrims, including 120 members of Parliament, participated in the impressive ceremony at the Canonisation of St. Joan of Arc, at St. Peter's, Rome. Pageants and commemoration ceremonies were held at Notre Dame, Paris, and Westminster Cathedral, London.

A Dutch Catholic paper, *De Standard*, says that the castle of Amerongen, where ex-Emperor William has had to seek a place of refuge, served 45 years ago as the residence of Cardinal Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, while exiled from his native land by the infamous Kulturkampf. Our Dutch contemporary recalls the warning alleged to have been given at that time by William's grandmother to her husband: "All this banishing and imprisoning of priests will bring no blessing to our house!"

On Good Friday, the customary Public Way of the Cross was made through the principal streets of Exeter, England, at 3 p.m. Despite the inclemency of the weather there was a large attendance. The Rev. Father Barney, attended by Fathers Tracy and O'Riordan, gave a short and impressive explanation of each event of that sorrowful way, followed by the usual prayers. On the journey between the Stations, the *Stabat Mater* was sung in the vernacular by the choir and congregation. The procession was marshalled by the members of the Blessed Sacrament Guild.

According to rumor (writes the South African correspondent of the Melbourne *Advocate*), the Hierarchy is to be established in South Africa. The Vicariates here are very large, and one can easily guess they will be divided. This Vicariate (of the Western Province) embraces the Western Vicariate and the Central Prefecture, of which the Bishop of the Western Vicariate is the Administrator. The Central Prefecture was at one time in the hands of a religious Order—the Fathers of the Society of African Missions—and on their leaving for missions in Northern Africa the Bishop of the Western Vicariate became Administrator. If the Hierarchy is established, the Central Prefecture will evidently become a diocese. In the same way the Eastern Vicariate will be split up. Cape Town, as the legislative capital of South Africa (how long it will remain such we do not know; there is a movement to make Pretoria, the administrative capital, the legislative capital also), is undoubtedly the most important city in South Africa, and will have an Archbishop. That Rome has thought fit to consider the establishment of the Hierarchy here makes us feel that we are not completely devoid of importance, even though we are at the tail-end of a dark continent. We are going ahead here by leaps and bounds. Our schools are recognised by the Government (I hope to give you in the near future an account of the educational system in South Africa and its relation to Catholic schools) and our charitable institutions are working wonders.

CHALDEAN CATHOLICS VICTIMS OF GREAT TRAGEDY OF HISTORY.

One of the greatest tragedies which have occurred among Christians of recent years is that which of late has befallen the Catholics of historic Chaldea, the story of which was recently told by his Beatitude the Patriarch of Babylon, who, despite his venerable age, has been engaged in pleading for help for the rehabilitation of the stricken members of his flock.

Mesopotamia, as he points out, was the birthplace of the human race and the cradle of its earliest civilisation. Bible history is full of references to Nineveh, Bablyon, and the Empire of the Assyro-Chaldeans. The great Catholic universities of Antioch, Edessa, Nisibis, and Ctesiphon were famous centres of Catholic intellectual life.

The Tigris and Euphrates region share with the Nile lands the credit of having originated Christian monasti-

cism. Christian missions spread this culture into Persia, Arabia, India, China, Tartary, and the Caucasus. In the 13th century the Assyro-Chaldean patriarchate had under its jurisdiction more than 80,000,000 souls in the countries enumerated. Just before the war, including Jacobites, Nestorians, and Catholics, this number had shrunk to 400,000 at most.

Under the Catholic Patriarch, in communion with the Apostolic See, were some 200,000. Persecutions of the Roman and Persian empires figured in this reduction, and the people suffered heavily under the Arab Caliphs. The coming of the Mongol Tartars heralded the doom of the race. Then came the Turks and their inhuman yoke. This remnant of an ancient people has groaned under centuries of persecution, until the war completed their ruin.

From the opening of the fifth century the Chaldean Church embraced Nestorianism and broke off relations with the Holy See, and this alienation from the centre of Catholicism, the Apostolic and Roman Church, was another cause of their ruin. In 1552 a representative assembly of the nation was held to seek a means of revival from the decadence, and none better was discovered than a return to the Catholic Faith. They sent to Rome the monk John Sulaka, with a request that he be consecrated Bishop and given the title and privileges of Patriarch. Pope Julius III. gave archiepiscopal consecration to Sulaka, and made him Patriarch of the East for the Assyro-Chaldean nation. Thenceforward that part of the nation which embraced Catholicism progressed.

Leo XIII. showed great regard for the patriarchate. The Chaldean Catholic Patriarchate progressed, and in Mesopotamia and Persia there came to be 16 bishops, three seminaries, a numerous clergy, many churches, and flourishing schools. In consequence of the war, however, six bishops were massacred with 50 priests and more than 50,000 of the faithful. The property of six dioceses has fallen into the hands of miscreants.

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

A letter has just been received from the honorary lay secretary of the Westminster Catholic Federation, London (Mr. Mara), in which he says that in accordance with the wishes of the N.Z. Catholic Federation the sum of £48 19s 10d, being the actual balance of £200 sent to Mr. Mara for use of chaplains returning to New Zealand, was paid over to the Central Europe Distress Fund. It is also interesting to know that his Majesty's Treasury has paid to the Westminster Federation the sum of £2500, being £1 for £1 grant on £2500 sent by the Federation to the British Agent in Vienna to be administered by him in conjunction with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna or any organisation or committee under his Eminence's jurisdiction for the starving children, etc. The Government committee have expressed satisfaction on the way the work was done by the Federation, and have voluntarily paid a further sum of £88, being expenses incurred for the appeal throughout the country for parish collections. He also states that any information with regard to prospects for intending emigrants to New Zealand he would be pleased to place before the Catholic Emigration Society. He asks the Federation to send a representative to their Catholic Congress at Liverpool, to be held on July 31.

The executive heartily congratulate the Christchurch Diocesan Council and parish committees in obtaining record results for the year, and wish them greater success during the coming year.

Christchurch.—The monthly meeting of the Diocesan Executive was held on May 18, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy presiding over a good attendance of members. The annual meeting of the Diocesan Council will be held on Tuesday, July 20, and the secretary appeals to all parish committees to be fully represented on the occasion, and to forward remits for the annual meeting on or before June 14. A circular letter to parish committees, congratulating them on the record results for the year, was despatched.

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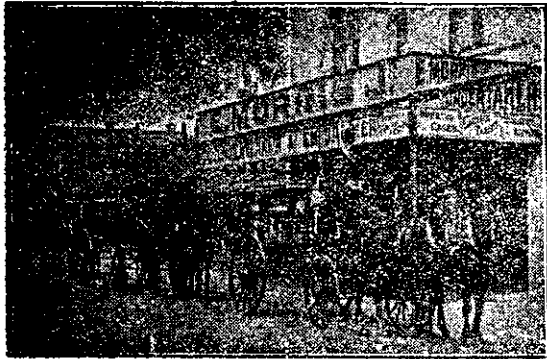
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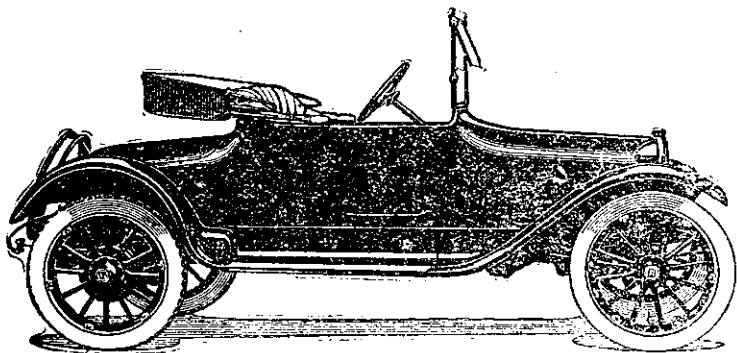
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DOMESTIC

(BY MAUREEN.)

Suet Pudding.

Three ounces of finely chopped beef kidney suet, one and a quarter ounces of sugar, six ounces of flour, one egg and salt. Mix the suet, flour, sugar, and pinch of salt together, beat and add the egg. Mix well, turn into well greased moulds, cover with buttered paper, and steam from 50 to 60 minutes. Serve with honey, jam, or golden syrup.

Beef Tea.

One pound of top round, one pint of cold water, and a half teaspoonful of salt. Remove the fat, shred the meat finely, or pass it through a mincing machine. Place it in an earthenware jar, add the water and salt and cover closely. Place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water or in a slow oven and cook for three hours, stirring occasionally. Strain, remove carefully all traces of grease, and serve.

Beef Tea and Egg.

One pint of beef tea, one yolk of egg, salt and toasted bread. Beef tea, veal tea, mutton tea, or diluted beef essence may be employed in this preparation. Beat the yolk of an egg in a teacup, season lightly with salt, and if allowed, add a little pepper. Heat the beef tea, but do not allow it to boil, and pour it over the yolk of egg, stirring briskly meanwhile. Serve with thin strips of toast.

Beef Tea Custard.

One pint of good beef tea, the yolks of two eggs, the white of one egg, and salt. Beat the yolks and white thoroughly together, pour on to it the beef tea, and season to taste. Have ready a well-buttered cup, pour in the preparation, cover with a buttered paper, and stand the cup in the saucepan containing a little boiling water, steam very gently for about 20 minutes, then turn out carefully. Serve either hot or cold.

Home-made Soap.

In reply to a correspondent I recommend the following recipe for making household soap:—Dissolve 1lb lye (caustic soda) in 1½ pints of cold water. The liquid will immediately become quite hot; let it cool down till it is just warm. Heat 7lb clean fat (lard or tallow) over a fire until liquid. Let it cool, but while still liquid pour in the caustic soda, slowly stirring with a spoon until well mixed and the solution is like honey. Do not stir for more than two minutes. Let the mixture stand in a warm place for 24 hours, then cut up and store to dry. An ordinary petrol tin is quite a suitable vessel to use in the process of soap-making.

Household Hints.

Glycerine is excellent for removing tea or coffee stains from linen. Pour it over the stained part, rub well in, and wash in the usual way. The stains will quickly disappear.

If a lemon is heated thoroughly before squeezing, it will yield nearly double the quantity of juice.

To remove rust from steel, rub the rusty part with an onion, and leave the juice on for 24 hours. Polish with bath-brick and turpentine.

Tar stains may be removed by rubbing the spots with a little butter. Leave it on for some time and then wash off with warm water and a little yellow soap.

Before using a new umbrella, inject a small quantity of vaseline into the hinge portion of the frame. Vaseline will not spread and spoil the covering, and is a sure preventive of rust.

Teapots will never become musty if, after drying well, a lump of sugar is placed in the bottom and the lid closed. The sugar absorbs all the moisture, and a teapot treated in this way will be quite sweet even if not used for months.

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All donations personally and gratefully acknowledged. "So long as you did it to these My little ones you did it to Me."

FATHER GUINANE,
Ohakune.

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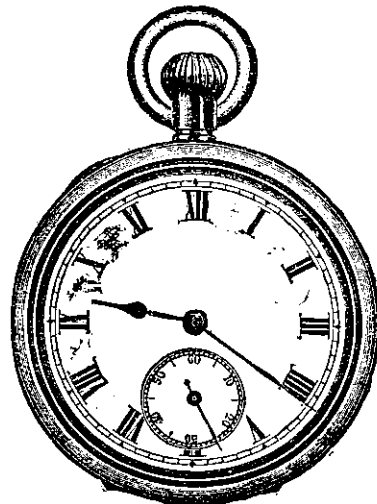
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

There was a very heavy yarding of all classes of stock at Burnside last week, and selling was continued until dark. Fat cattle: There were 284 yarded. The yarding was of ordinary quality, no cattle of special merit being forward, as has usually been the case at the sale preceding Show Week, and prices were on a par with late rates. Prime bullocks made from £21 to £24 2s 6d, medium £18 to £20, light £15 10s to £17 10s. Fat sheep: There were 4800 yarded, the quality on the whole being of a higher standard than recent yardings. Prime heavy sheep met with good competition, selling at in some cases a slight advance on late rates, while medium sorts were about on a par with last sale. Extra prime heavy wethers made up to 73s, prime wethers 48s to 60s, medium 35s to 45s, light and unfinished 25s to 30s. Fat lambs: There were 1433 yarded of mixed quality, including a few lots of extra special merit, these latter selling under keen competition. Extra prime heavy lambs made up to 57s, prime freezing lambs 30s to 40s, medium 24s to 27s, lighter sorts 18s to 22s. Pigs: There was a good yarding of pigs and good competition, bacon curers being well represented. All good-quality animals sold readily at prices on a par with late ruling rates. Prime baconers, 10d to 11d per lb, prime porkers 10½d to 11½d per lb.

At Addington market last week there were slightly smaller yardings of all classes of sheep, but fat cattle showed an increase. Prime beef and mutton maintained good values, and there was an advance in prices for both prime and secondary, but store sheep showed a distinct easing. Fat lambs: For prime the market was good. Extra prime lambs brought from 35s 9d to 40s, prime lambs 28s to 33s 6d, medium lambs 25s 6d to 27s 6d, light and inferior 20s 10d to 24s 9d. Fat sheep: The market closed very firmly at an advance on recent sales. Extra prime wethers brought from 47s to 55s 9d; prime wethers 39s 6d to 45s 6d, medium wethers 34s 9d to 38s 9d, lighter wethers 30s to 34s 6d, extra prime ewes to 51s, prime ewes 37s 6d to 42s 6d, medium ewes 31s 6d to 37s, lighter ewes 22s to 31s. Fat cattle: The yarding included a good proportion of well-finished heaves, for which the market was firm, showing an advance of about 20s per head on the preceding week. Lighter beef was also in better demand, and the market for all classes closed firm, particularly for prime stuff. Extra prime steers brought up to £29 5s, prime steers £19 to £26 2s 6d, medium steers £15 10s to £18 15s, lighter steers £8 10s to £14 10s, extra prime heifers £13 17s 6d to £16 17s 6d, ordinary heifers £10 16s 6d to £13, extra prime cows £13 10s to £15 17s 6d, ordinary cows £9 2s 6d to £13. Fat pigs: A keener demand. Choppers brought from £6 to £9 11s, light baconers £5 15s to £6 10s, heavy baconers £6 to £7 15s, extra heavy baconers £8 7s—average price per lb 10d; light porkers £3 5s to £4, heavy porkers £4 5s to £5—average price per lb 11d to 11½d.

The use of chaffed lucerne as a constituent of the morning mash for poultry has been advocated for the past 20 years (says the *Sydney Telegraph*). With the high price of feed, and the certainty of still higher prices, its use becomes essential economy. The State poultry expert, Mr. Hadlington, points out that it takes 15,000,000 bushels of pollard and bran annually to feed the poultry of the State. And he significantly adds that "at least one-third of this great total could be replaced by lucerne grown on the poultry farms."

PITTING POTATOES.

If potatoes are to be pitted, rather than consigning them right away to the stores, care must be taken in selecting a level piece of ground, situated so as to ensure drainage. Two poles or saplings are placed on the surface, parallel to each other and four feet apart, and the potatoes are emptied in between these so as to form a well-ridged heap. The potatoes are then (continues the N.S.W. *Agricultural Gazette*) covered with a thatch of straw or other suitable material, and this again is covered with sods of earth. It is important that the sodding should be done from the ground upwards (as in shingling a roof). When completed the whole is beaten well down with the back of a spade, and a drain cut round the pit to carry off any water in case of rain. If weather permits it is as well to let a fortnight or so elapse before earthing up completely so that the sweated moisture may be carried out.

He is most potent who has himself in his own power.
—Seneca.

GARDENING NOTES

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

LAYING OUT A GARDEN.

As there is very little work to be done in the ordinary routine of general gardening operations, a few hints on the laying out of a small garden may no doubt prove acceptable. It will be understood that it is my intention to offer a little instruction to the cottage gardener, but in no sense do I presume to offer advice to the expert, and therefore will not subject myself to the possible criticisms of the latter. With upwards of nearly 60 years' experience in horticulture in all its branches it ought to be conceded that I am competent to offer suggestions that may be helpful to the amateur who is desirous of laying out a small garden and make the most of his limited holding. On the supposition that the allotment upon which he has built his house is in its natural rough state, he must, first of all, peg out a walk from the street to the back of his premises, not omitting to lead a branch path to the front door. Then from the back door he must continue the path through the back garden. Next remove all the soil from the walks so pegged off to the low-lying portions of the garden. The walks should not be less than 5ft wide, marked out by first extending a line along the sides and following this up with a spade and nicking the soil in outline. After removing the soil from between the lines the pathway should be filled up with rubble, shingle, or cinders as most easily obtained. Next roll the path with a heavy roller and then finish off with a dressing of fine grit. Straightforward work may be now undertaken in regard to the general preparation of the garden, lawn, etc., by trenching the ground two spits deep. This is done by commencing at a given point and taking out two spadefuls deep of soil from a trench and removing it to where the whole work will terminate, and then using it to fill up the last trench. A good coating of manure spread over the ground before commencing the digging will prove beneficial. When trenching, it is always advisable to bring the bottom soil to the top when it is of good quality. Having completed the trenching, the permanent lay-out may be undertaken. Commence by pegging out the intended design. For planting shrubs and flowers this should be about 6ft wide. For the lawn, rake the surface level, then tramp in the soil as evenly as possible, putting most of the weight on the heel. After again raking quite level, the soil will be ready to receive the seed. This should be sown rather thickly—about one bushel to the quarter acre. Again rake the soil to cover the seed and roll well to press it in. The young grass will appear in about three weeks' time, when another rolling may be given. When fit to be mown, run the machine, and afterwards the roller, over the grass. Regular and constant mowing and rolling are essential for a good lawn. An old gardener who was once questioned on how he came to have such a beautiful lawn, replied: "We be mowing it for 300 years, and rolling it for two hundred." That was the secret of having such a beautiful soft, mossy sward. The next matter for considering is the choice of shrubs to plant. On the supposition that the area is from 6 to 9 feet wide, a higher growth of specimens should be selected for the back row, and a dwarf variety for the front, leaving out entirely trees of a tall growth. Any nurseryman will supply suitable kinds if the position is explained. If a hedge is required I would suggest laurel for the front and an evergreen plant for the remainder of the garden. And here I might remark that fences are, as a rule, rarely treated as they should be to keep them in proper form and suitable to the position they occupy. To keep hedges in good form they should be trimmed at least twice a year, and each time cut in close to the previous line. For a small back garden a few fruit trees will be required. About six apple trees—three cooking and three dessert kinds. For the latter three good varieties are Cox's Orange Pippin, Ribston Pippin, and Jonathan; and for the former Nobb's Royal, Lord Wolseley, and French Crab. The rest of the garden should contain, if room allows, two peach, two apricot, three plum, and two cherry trees, also one quince and one pear tree, the latter either Williams' Bon Chretien, Marie Louise, or Vicar of Winkfield variety. To this list may be added six currants, six gooseberries, and several roots of rhubarb. For successful cultivation plenty of manure must be dug in when convenient. A lesson in this regard may be taken from Nature, in the fact that each year the trees shed their foliage, which rotting enriches the soil and thus provides the roots with nourishment for the succeeding season. Every particle of a leaf when decayed is capable of being absorbed into a tree or plant, enabling it to produce flowers and fruit in due course.

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B A B Y.

Where did you come from, baby, dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you and so I am here.

—G. MacDonald.

MOTHER'S PLACE.

If you lead a worthy, womanly life it will be a home life—free from great excitements. The current of your thoughts will naturally flow in retired channels. You will hear, outside, the sound of trumpets, and the roll of drums, and the din of wheels, and the rush and roar of the world's great business. Oftentimes, when you are busy with your modest affairs, and going through the wearying routine of your life, you will be tempted to repine at the quietness and monotony.

Many a woman does the work of her life without being seen or noticed by the world. The world sees a family reared to virtue—one child after another growing into Christian manhood and womanhood, and at last, it sees them all gathered around a grave where the mother that bore them rests from her labors. But the world has never seen that quiet woman laboring for her children, making their clothes, providing their food, teaching them their prayers, and making their homes comfortable and happy.

The world knows nothing, or does not think, of the fears, the pains, and the anxieties inseparable from the mother's office. She bears them alone, and discharges her peculiar responsibilities without assistance. No individual in the world can do a mother's work for her. A family of young immortals is committed to her hands. The rearing and training of these form a business to which she has served no apprenticeship. If divine guidance and support be necessary to any one in the world, they are necessary to the wife and mother. It is a sad, sad thought to any son or daughter that his or her mother was not a woman of piety. The boy that feels that his name is mentioned in a good mother's prayers, is comparatively safe from vice, and the ruin to which it leads.

TRIBUTES TO MARY.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, subscribing to no Church or creed, with the strong, humane instinct of the thinker and the human intuition of the poet, discovers in the absence of devotion to Mary the lack of a very potential element of Christianity in Protestantism. "He once told me," says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that the world would come to see that the lasting gift of Catholic faith—a gift which would probably make it survive all other Christian sects—was based upon the idealisation of humanity through the mother idea, in the person of Mary; and that whatsoever potent development the Protestant sects might have, they would always, lacking exalted recognition of Mary, be like church services without music which all can join."

Hawthorne on the Sweet Virgin Mother.

"I have always envied the Catholics their faith," observes Hawthorne, "in that sweet Virgin-Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human compre-

hension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

From Chaucer to Longfellow, almost every Protestant poet paid his tribute to the Blessed Virgin; and in a strain so lofty in sentiment, so devout in expression, so unctious in prayerfulness, so haunting in pathos, so redolent of spirituality, that even the most sceptic and callous reader cannot divest himself of its forceful, fervid charm. And remember, "every great poet is a teacher," to quote Wordsworth; and "desires to be considered as a teacher or nothing."

Orby Shipley, who at one time was a co-laborer of the celebrated Dr. Littledale, as an uncompromising foe of Catholicity, but who by the grace of God became a devout Catholic, has compiled a Marian anthology—*Carmina Mariana*—of nearly 500 pages, in which the praises of the Blessed Virgin are sung in almost every key by the English-speaking poets.

SHARP FIGURING.

A clever and amusing play of mental arithmetic is given on the back of a business card of an American business firm. It follows:—

DON'T WORK TOO HARD.

"Abe," said Mawruss, seems to me, y'understand, that working as hard as I do I oughter be gettin' more money."

"Well, now, Mawruss, let's see," said Abe, "there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, ain't it?"

"Sure," said Mawruss.

"Well, then, eight hours a day you are asleep, ain't you?"

"Sure," said Mawruss.

"Well, eight hours is one-third of the day, and one-third of three hundred and sixty-five is one hundred and twenty-two days, and that leaves two hundred and forty-three days, ain't it?"

"Of course," said Mawruss.

"Well, eight hours a day you be loafing, ain't you? and eight hours a day is another third-day off, that makes one hundred and twenty-two days?"

"That's right," says Mawruss.

"Well, one hundred and twenty-two days from two hundred and forty-three days is one hundred and twenty-one, ain't it?"

"That's so," said Mawruss.

"Well, you know every Sunday we close down, and that makes fifty-two days, and one hundred and twenty-one minus fifty-two makes it sixty-nine days, ain't it?"

"That's right," said Mawruss.

"Well, then, we also been closin' every Saturday half-holiday all through the year, ain't it, and that makes twenty-six days, and twenty-six off sixty-nine, makes forty-three days, ain't it's?"

"Sure," said Mawruss.

"Well, then, two weeks of the year you been loafin' on a vacation, and that makes fourteen days, and fourteen days off forty-three days leaves twenty-nine days."

"It is," said Mawruss.

"And there was another two weeks when you said you were buying goods, and was being showed a good time by those cloak and suit fellows, and can't count that; and that makes fourteen, and fourteen from twenty-nine leaves fifteen days, ain't it?"

"Sure," said Mawruss.

"And now I been noticin' you been takin' an hour off for lunch every day, and that makes fourteen days off fifteen days leaves one day."

"It does," said Mawruss.

"Well, I know you didn't work that day," said Abe, "'cause that was Rosh Hashano."

WOULD LOSE THEIR GATE.

The Slushton Football Club had a very unenviable record of defeats, and after one match, in which they were defeated by 11—0, a disgusted patron spoke up pretty plainly to one of the committee members.

"Yon deserve to lose!" he ejaculated. "Look at Jim! He jumps about like a pea on a hot shovel, and knows as much about football as a cat about mathematics."

"Ah!" responded the committee-man. "And you know nothing about the management of a football club. Jim isn't a crack player, but he has more relatives than have the rest of the team put together. Lose Jim, and bang goes half the gate!"

BEWILDERED.

Pat went into a jeweller's to buy a clock, and the shopman showed him one for ten dollars. "What, ten dollars for that bit of a clock!" he exclaimed. "Is there anything wonderful about it?"

"Yes," said the other. "This is an eight-day clock."

"And what is that?" inquired the buyer.

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"Why," answered the shopman, "if goes eight days without winding."

The Irishman scratched his head in bewilderment. "So much as that?" he said. "Well, there's one question I'd like to ask you. If it goes eight days without winding, how long will it go if you wind it?"

HIS REASON.

A prosperous grocer in a certain town had occasion recently to engage a new errand-boy for the Christmas rush. Trade was very brisk, and the lad had a great deal of work to do in delivering parcels in different parts of the town.

"Well, George, how did you get on on Saturday?" asked the grocer on Monday morning.

"Oh, fine," replied the boy; "but I'll be leavin' at the end of the week."

"Why, what's up now?" queried his master. "Are the wages not high enough?"

"I'm not findin' any fault with the pay," replied the boy, "but the fact is, I'm doing a horse out o' a job here."

SMILE RAISERS.

Maid: "The master isn't in, sir. Will you leave the bill with me?"

Caller: "Bill? I have no bill. I wish to—"

Maid: "What, no bill? You must have come to the wrong house."

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralysed with amazement to see his rude offspring in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse-chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out:

"You 'tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."

The squire's silver wedding was approaching and the tenants were discussing the question of subscribing to buy him a present.

"Oi propose," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "that we give him a solid silver taypot."

"Shure, ye're joking," interrupted his wife. "If it's solid, how are they going to make tay in it?"

First Artist: "Well, old man, how's business?"

Second Artist: "Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly."

First Artist (pleasantly): "Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."

Schoolmaster: "You don't remember a single thing I tell you. Come to my room after school, and I'll give you a sound thrashing."

Pupil: "Yes, sir; I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief."

Teacher: "How is it you were not at school yesterday, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Please, sir, when I was coming to school I saw a steam-roller."

Teacher: "Well, what about it?"

Johnny: "A man touched me on the shoulder and said: 'Mind that steam-roller, boy,' and I stood minding it all the afternoon."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

Inventions of the War.

Mr. A. Russell Bond, managing editor of the *Scientific American*, and author of *On the Battle Front of Engineering*, etc., in a remarkably interesting book, *Inventions of the Great War*, says:—

Much of what was invented for war purposes can be made serviceable for peaceful uses. Three great inventions (says Mr. Bond) controlled the character of the fighting between 1914 and 1918, and they were all American. "The submarine was our invention," he goes on; "it carried the war under the sea. The airplane was an American invention; it carried the war into the sky. We invented the machine-gun; it drove war into the ground. The most important invention made during the war for war purposes was the tank, and that was British, though America may take some pride in the fact that she offered the inspiration in a tractor.

Probably the most outstanding contribution of Germany to the war, though it cannot be classed as an invention, Mr. Bond says, was poison gas. But perhaps the Germans were sorry they ever used it, for the Allies were soon producing more and even deadlier gases than their enemies. Austria contributed the long-range gun, which was spectacular, and might have been destructive of morale upon victims other than the French. But Austria's huge portable cannon were remarkably effective; they made useless fortresses that had been constructed and maintained at enormous expense.

For the first time since the war the secret of the terrible methyl, or Lewisite, has just been given out. Methyl, which has been produced at the rate of ten tons a day, is seventy times deadlier than mustard gas, and had it been used, it would undoubtedly have ended the war at once.

Why Viz. and Oz?

Do you know what these everyday signs mean, and their origin?

Viz. is from the first two letters of *videlicet*, a Latin word meaning "namely." The z is a corruption of an ancient sign, something like a 3, that was placed at the end of an abbreviated word. In course of time this 3 has become z.

The same thing applies to oz., the abbreviation for ounce.

The letters lb., standing for pounds in weight, are the first and third of the Latin word *librae*.

Cwt. (hundredweight) and dwt. (pennyweight) are also abbreviations of Latin words. O is the Latin numeral for a hundred, d the first letter of *denarius* (penny), and wt is short for the word "weight."

Account current is written a/c.

L s. d. are the first letters of *librae*, *solidi*, and *denarii*, all Latin words, meaning pounds, shillings, and pence.

Sic, meaning "literally," *idem*, meaning "as before stated," and *ibid.*, meaning "in the same place," are also from the Latin.

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