

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 10, Sunday.—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 11, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 15, Friday.—St. Teresa, Virgin.
 „ 16, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Edward the Confessor.

St. Edward, after spending his youth in exile, was crowned King of England in 1042. Though by his piety and simplicity he seemed better suited for a cloister than a court, yet the kingdom of England was never more blessed than during his reign. He had no other desire than to see his people happy, and they, for their part, loved him as a just and generous ruler, while they revered him as a saint. St. Edward died in 1066.

St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

The Pontificate of St. Callistus, which began in 217, terminated in 222 by the martyrdom of this holy Pontiff. A detailed account of his sufferings has not come down to us, but it is probable that he lost his life in a popular uprising during the reign of Alexander Severus.

St. Teresa, Virgin.

St. Teresa, the glory of the Catholic Church in Spain, was born at Avila, a town of Old Castile, in 1515. In her twentieth year she made her religious profession in a convent of Carmelite nuns. She showed herself henceforward a perfect model of obedience, humility, and self-denial. She was also blessed by God with an extraordinary gift of prayer, on which subject she has left us books full of profound knowledge and of the greatest utility to all those who seek to walk in the path of spiritual perfection. After spending close on 50 years in the cloister she died a saintly death in 1582.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE ROCK IN A STORM.

Far out at sea where wild the sea-birds flew,
 Lay waves in trembling heap, like fleecy flock.
 Then broke with pent-up rage upon a rock
 That rose in shade 'gainst distant line of blue,
 With head upturned as if for help to sue
 From Heaven, but yet withstood each cruel shock
 Unmoved, and by her calmness seemed to mock
 The surging waves that hid her off from view.

From parted clouds there stole a sudden light
 That lit with flame the rock amid the deep;
 And storm-spent waves, like weary babes at night,
 Upon their mother's breast were hushed to sleep.
 See in the rock thy type, soul tempest-tossed!
 Be brave: God's light will shine when all seems lost.

—ELEANOR MARY BAILLON, in *Ave Maria*.

REFLECTIONS.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.—Montaigne.

It is Mary who upholds us in our sufferings: she fights for us, and makes us partake of the fruit of her victories.—S. Bonaventure.

Because Jesus was acquainted with grief, because He endured torments—to suffer as He suffered is a veritable joy to the soul filled with His holy love.—Abbé A. Sandreau.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER VI.—IN ASPHODEL-LAND.

"Rashleigh Street—where is Rashleigh Street?" It was getting late in the smoking-room of the Chrysanthemum Club, and the young men who had loitered over their brandy-and-seltzer since dinner-time were dispersing for the night's business of pleasure. An outsider following their night's adventures closely would be apt to conclude that their time in the smoking-room was the only real oasis of pleasure amidst the dreary solemnities of the night—a joyous *Mi-Careme* set between two drab-colored and long-faced Lenten seasons. Who could suppose that these ruddy, high-spirited young fellows, who boisterously pitch at one another's vacuous heads the tittle-tattle of the Newmarket stables or of the burlesque stage-doors in a choking atmosphere of alcohol and cigar-smoke, are the same who at eight o'clock were gloomily sitting down to the silent worship of their dinners, and at eleven will be boring themselves to death in a quadrille with the loveliest girls in England? It was with a yawn, tempered by an admiring glance at his own baby face in a mirror, that young Lord Amaranth rose, and reiterated wearily: "Where the deuce is Rashleigh Street?"

"The Irish house? You don't mean to say *you* are going?" said a man, whose careful juvenility was somewhat disputed by a sharp line or two round the corners of his thin lips, and by a certain air of desperate clean-shaving.

"Must pick up my mother. Promised to be with her to Beaumanoir's at twelve. She wants me to do something for a living, and old Beaumanoir is to vet. me—nothing is to be got without him in the Prince's household, it appears. I dare say the cabman will make out this place: don't you think so?"

"Shouldn't be surprised if it was somewhere down the Seven Dials way. That's where most of the Irish hail from. Lay you a pony you don't pronounce your hostess's name properly, Amaranth."

"Thanks. I am not good at conundrums," said the young lord, wearily.

"Ah! here's your man. Neville, *you* can tell Amaranth all about Lady Drum and the Wild Irish Girl, eh?"

"I can tell all about your infernal impertinence: so can every man of your acquaintance," was the reply of the young fellow addressed, in a deep, passionate half-whisper, as he was passing out.

"Jove, Mortlake, you caught it!" laughed the young man, in high glee. "You scarily the people because they don't ask you, and you would scarily them lots more if they did. I say, Reggy, you're going to this house, I know. Will you take me with you, there's a good chap?"

"Brougham's at the door; come along," said Horace Westropp's "stable companion," in the Life Guards Grey.

Lord Amaranth, being a young man who called in to Lady Drumshaughlin's dance as he had dressed for dinner, or as he would have dashed into the ride at Balaclava—as one of the inevitable drawbacks of a life which, upon the whole, the worship of prize-fighters and music-hall goddesses, and parasites like Mortlake rendered fairly endurable—bowed to Lady Drumshaughlin at the head of the stairs, as he might have bowed to any woman whose handkerchief he had picked up in the street, and thought he had done enough for duty. He made his way up to the Marchioness of Asphodel, who was enthroned at the hostess's side like a fat guardian angel, and said in a low tone: "Here we are, mother. Let's get away. Shall I order your carriage?"

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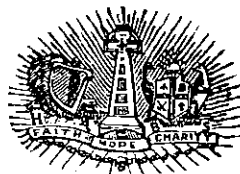
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"Not yet. It is too early for the Chamberlain's. You must dance, Cecil—I wish it. Just once will do. My dear, will you let me introduce my son?" Lady Asphodel said, beaming like a gracious queen upon Miss Westropp, who was looking fresh as a dewy rosebud in a frock of some soft gauzy stuff, through which there was a faint flush of pink. Young Neville, whose foolish blue eyes were fastened upon Miss Westropp with a candor visible to several old ladies on the ottomans, had the mortification of seeing her swept from his sight on the arm of Lord Amaranth, as he and she vanished into a room where there was fiddling, and some wild affectation of waltzing.

It was an astounding success, Lady Drumshaughlin's first dance. The dinner-party which preceded it had not been quite a success. "Fancy people like these inviting a Minister, dear!" whispered Lady Asphodel to her withered old crony, Lady Dankrose; and there was a gleam of austere triumph in Lady Asphodel's fine dark eyes, which seemed to explain why the Minister at the last moment sent his excuses. Half the party did not know the other half, and yet got uncomfortably sandwiched together. The dinner was bad in every particular—"a railway refreshment-room could not have turned out worse, by Jove!" one of the grateful guests remarked, as he was strolling home across St. James's Park with a cigar between his teeth—"except the wine.—Drumshaughlin evidently knows a hawk from a handsaw in the claret country—his countrymen always do know a good drop." But neither Lord Drumshaughlin's wine nor his old-fashioned bonhomie could break the ice. Nobody could be got to talk. When the ladies had left the room, he tried a couple of old stories of his own for want of better stories of more or less creditable fun and dandyism, that used to make messrooms ring in the days when his blonde curls were more plentiful and shone of their own lustre. But they evoked no more interest than if they were reminiscences of people who died in the last generation. Captain Plylymmon alone kept the whole thing from going to pieces, and he afterwards confessed to Lord Drumshaughlin.

"That *was* a sulky team, wasn't it? But dinner is always a stupid business."

"I remember a time when it was a pretty jolly business," said Lord Drumshaughlin, musingly. "These English airs are smothering us hybrids. We've forgotten how to be Irishmen, and we'll never become Englishmen. There was old Lord Turloughmore—he sat as glum as a gravestone, and looked like calling out any fellow that would venture to address an observation to him. There was a time when he would have called a fellow out if he let the bottle pass, or if he shirked contributing his tale or his stave of a song to the evening's amusement. And Turloughmore's was as popular a house with women as with men."

"My dear lord, that was in the dark ages. Digestion has become too serious a matter nowadays for violent experiments. The host's business is done when he has put his ideas on the bill of fare, and the guests have done their part when they've discussed it. How very much more reasonable than that barbarous plan of carving up carcasses all round the table, like a butcher's shop, and men shying smart things like butcher's knives at one another across the room, instead of attending to their dinners. I'm not sure that the Trappists' plan of droning out a chapter from the "Life of a Saint" during dinner would not be welcomed as the perfection of sensible conversation during meals. After all, men contract to dine and not to talk."

"Yes, I suppose we've come to find there's nothing in this world—or in any other—so well worth attending to as victuals," said Lord Drumshaughlin, sadly. "But egad, you won't get me to believe that emptiness of head has not something to do with it, as well as fullness of stomach."

"It has, and it has not. We're a falkless race, no doubt. All dances, music, and games, for that matter, are only devices for eking out the meagreness of human conversation. You must find a form of human

intercourse adapted equally to all understandings. What is lawn-tennis, cricket, waltzing, pool, but a confession that men and women cannot interest one another long without calling in their arms and heels to supply the vacuity of their intellects."

"I don't know. Men used to know how to pass an Attic hour or two over a bottle of claret."

"If you mean that formality is the death of dinner wit, so it is, and a good job, too. A dinner with the wits meant Dr. Johnson ruining the livers of half the people round the table to relieve his own. Society has had to protect itself by making it possible for people to dine without being clever. Conversation at one table is now as like the conversation at another as the entrees. People no more expect a man to bring out his wit to dine with him than to bring out his fiddle. Everybody is the happier, even the wits. They used to get up their talk for dinner just as Lady Betty did her face. The culture of the complexion remains, because women want to please. That of the pyrotechnic faculties is gone, because men want to feed and to pay as little as possible for it in the way of intellectual disturbance. If men agree, where is the use of saying so? If they don't, where is the use of your disordering their digestion? After all," observed Captain Plylymmon, pausing after his own unusual intellectual exertion in order to make a neat canon—"after all, to a host in modern England the best part of a dinner is the names in the *Morning Post*; and these were all right, Drumshaughlin, you'll admit."

Lady Asphodel had frowned down the dinner-party. The ambition of this unknown foreign woman with the velvety dark eyes, who had only been presented the same day as her daughter, and would probably never have been presented at all if her daughter's eyes had not been of that uncommon shade of blue, aroused a certain chastened scorn in the great lady, who foretold that the dinner was to be a failure. But an evening-party was a different thing, and the Marchioness, who happened to be at the Minister's when he was despatching his excuse for the dinner-party, entreated him to drop in on his way to the Lord Chamberlain's, and canvassed her friends and issued a fiat to her satellites to do likewise. The Marquis of Asphodel was a grand old Whig—an indefatigable student of blue-books, the chairman of a Mission Society, and perfectly deaf. He might have been Prime Minister (so it was understood at The Meads and all through Primrose-hire) only for his infirmity, and was, through his wife, a more considerable power behind the screen in the Cabinet than a good many men who sat around the green table. The word had passed in high quarters to be civil to Lord Drumshaughlin. For one thing, the election of an Irish representative peer in the room of the Earl of Clancurran, deceased, was pending; and Lord Drumshaughlin's age and popularity among his class marked him out as the most promising candidate. It so chanced that the probability of the Lords proving refractory on the Reform Bill made a vote in the Upper House a matter of some concern to the Ministry at the moment. Besides, Lord Drumshaughlin was universally understood to have his county in his gift, and the Ministry had marked down his county for the Irish Attorney-General as soon as the sitting member, the patriot O'Shaughnessy, should either have gone off in the horrors, or to some small colonial governorship. Thus it was (though by what subtle social machinery I am utterly unqualified to explain, being only able to look at all these fine doings as in a glass, darkly) that carriages found their way to Rashleigh Street that had never rolled through it before, except as a short cut from the Park on a wet afternoon; and Captain Plylymmon, who knew he had no more to say to the success than the constable who directed the carriage traffic, wore his impostor's laurels, if possible, more radiantly than Lady Drumshaughlin herself, and beamed fraternal approval over the bright-colored throng on the stairs.

Lady Asphodel, who had really filled the rooms, and who consented to sit for quite half an hour near

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him, who was the most fashionable young man in Clonard. Ken Rohan would as soon have thought that the stars in heaven were making eyes at anybody because they were shining, as that his goddess could have any thought about the militia. She looked so ethereal among the silver clouds! But what insolence on the part of that Jupiter to chuck her under the chin in that familiar manner!

"Well, how did you like the Distinguished?" said great Jove himself, when, the performance being over, Ken Rohan waited outside the red curtain as appointed until his friend had washed off his godhead and re-joined him.

"She's the loveliest being I ever laid my eyes upon," said Ken, fervently.

"She! Hallo, this is atrocious—you are a perfect Barbe Bleue! You carry off my St. Cecilia——"

"Oh, bother!"

"And the moment you lay your eyes upon my Magdalen, you must devour her also. You monster!"

"Jack, how I wish I could act like you!" he cried, as the two friends were stealing home under the boundary wall of the college. "Do- do you think a fellow might learn?"

"To make a fool of himself—yes, and to take Cupid's innocent tricks with those pretty eyes of hers *au grand sérieux*. It's after hours. We shall have to climb over that wall. It is an old dodge of mine. Here is the spot."

"Look here, Jack," cried Ken Rohan, stopping and laying his hand earnestly on his friend's arm. "you must help me. I suppose it is wicked—I don't know—but that girl has bewitched me!"

"Tirelalaire, Tirelanla!" hummed his friend.

"For God's sake, do not make fun of me. I would rather you stabbed me."

"My poor Ken!"

"But, Jack, tell me. Do you think I could ever, after years and years, do something to deserve her?—"

"Perhaps. I perceive only one obstacle——"

"An obstacle!——"

"That her husband might object—Belknap—that drunken man with the death's-head."

"Her husband?"

"Perfectly. And then she has some daughters—I think three. It is too much. *Allons!* stand on that milestone, catch the branch of that elm-tree, and swing on to the wall, or we shall be here until morning."

(To be continued.)

NOW FOR ALL SHINING THINGS.

Now for all shining things that He hath given
Praise be to Him the Shining One that is!
For sun and moon processional of heaven
And stars aglitter in their companies:
For crimson-breasted robins on wet sprays
In April time, and whitethorn drifting down;
For foxes' eyes, and dandelion days,
And women's hair curved in a silken crown;
For meads o'ersilvered with a million spears
Of wind-moved grasses: gold wheat heads that nod
Where sickles gleam; for mothers and the tears
That they shall weep . . . thanks be for them to
God!

For bills of birds, and yellow candles lit
Upon high altars, and for the bright-winged bees
That throng the drowsy lindens; holy writ
And little children's faces . . . oh! for these.

—A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE, in the *New Witness*.

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Chapter LXI.—How King Charles the Second Came Back on a Compromise. How a New Massacre Story was Set to Work. The Martyrdom of Primate Plunkett.

Possessed of supreme power, Cromwell, by a bold stroke of usurpation, now changed the republic to what he called a "protectorate," with himself as "Protector"; in other words, a kingdom, with Oliver as king, *vice* Charles, decapitated. This *coup d'état* completely disgusted the sincere republicans of the Pym and Ludlow school; and on the death of the ironwilled Protector, September 3, 1658, the whole structure set up by the revolution on the ruins of the monarchy in England tottered and fell.

Communication had been opened with the second Charles, a worthless, empty-headed creature, and it was made clear to him that if he would only undertake not to disturb too much the "vested interests" created during the revolution—that is, if he would undertake to let the "settlement of property" (as they were pleased to call their stealing of other men's estates) alone—his return to the throne might be made easy. Charles was delighted. This proposal only asked of him to sacrifice his friends, now no longer powerful, since they had lost all in his behalf. He acquiesced, and the monarchy was restored. The Irish nobility and gentry, native and Anglo-Irish, who had been so fearfully scourged for the sin of loyalty to his father, now joyfully expected that right would be done, and that they would enjoy their own once more. They were soon undeceived. Such of the "lottery" speculators, or army officers and soldiers as were actually in possession of the estates of royalist owners, were not to be disturbed. Such estates only as had not actually been "taken up" were to be restored to the owners. There was one class, however, whom all the others readily agreed might be robbed without any danger—namely, whom it was loudly declared to be a crime to desist from robbing to the last—namely, the Catholics—especially the "Irish Papists." The reason why, was not clear. Everybody, on the contrary, saw that they had suffered most of all for their devoted loyalty to the murdered king. After a while a low murmur of compassion—muttering even of justice for them—began to be heard about the court. This danger created great alarm. The monstrous idea of justice to the Catholics was surely not to be endured; but what was to be done? "Happy thought!"—imitate the skilful ruse of the Irish Puritans in starting the massacre story of 1641. But where was the scene of massacre to be laid this time, and when must they say it had taken place? This was found to be an irresistible stopper on a new massacre story in the past, but then the great boundless future was open to them: could they not say it was *yet to take place*? A blessed inspiration the saintly people called this. Yes; they could get up an anti-Catholic frenzy with a massacre-story about the future, as well as with one relating to the past!

Accordingly, in 1678 the diabolical fabrication known as the "Great Popish Plot" made its appearance. The great Protestant historian, Charles James Fox, declared that the Popish plot story "must always be considered an indelible disgrace upon the English nation." Macaulay more recently has still more vehemently denounced the infamy of that concoction: and indeed, even a year or two after it had done its work, all England rang with execrations of its concoctors—several of whom, Titus Oates, the chief swearer, especially, suffered the penalty of their discovered perjuries.

But the plot-story did its appointed work splendidly and completely, and all the sentimental horror of a thousand Macaulays could nought avail, once that work was done. A proper fury had been got up against the Catholics, arresting the idea of compassionating them, giving full impetus to a merciless persecution

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half of the accused, and shouted with joy when the verdict of guilty was pronounced."

Before such a tribunal, on the 8th of June, 1681, the aged and venerable Primate was arraigned, and of course convicted. The scene in court was ineffably brutal. In accordance with the law in that time, the accused was allowed no counsel, whereas the crown was represented by the Attorney-General and Sergeant Maynard; the judges being fully as ferocious as the official prosecutors. Every attempt made by the venerable victim at the bar to defend himself, only elicited a roar of anger or a malignant taunt from one side or the other. The scene has not inappropriately been likened, rather to the torturing of a victim at the stake by savage Indians, dancing and shouting wildly round him, than the trial of a prisoner in a court of law. At length the verdict was delivered; to which, when he heard it, the archbishop simply answered: "*Deo gratias!*" Then he was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, there and then to be hanged, cut down while alive, his body quartered, and the entrails burned in fire. He heard this infamous decree with serene composure.

"But looking upward full of grace,
God's glory smote him on the face."

Even amongst the governing party there were many who felt greatly shocked by this conviction. The thing was *too glaring*. The Protestant archbishop of Dublin (who seems to have been a humane and honorable man) expressed aloud his horror, and fearlessly declared the Catholic primate as innocent of the crimes alleged as an unborn child. But no one durst take on himself at the moment to stem the tide of English popular fury. The Earl of Essex, indeed, hurried to the king and vehemently besought him to save the Irish primate by a royal pardon. Charles, terribly excited, declared that he, as well as every one of them, knew the primate to be innocent, "but," cried he, with passionate earnestness, "*ye could have saved him; I cannot—you know well I dare not.*"

Then, like Pontius Pilate, he desired "the blood of this innocent man" to be on their heads, not his. The law should take its course.

"The law" did "take its course." The sainted Plunkett was dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn amidst the yells of the London populace. There he was hanged, beheaded, quartered, and disembowelled, "according to law," July 1, 1681.

Soon after, as I have already intimated, the popular delirium cooled down, and everybody began to see that rivers of innocent Catholic blood had been made to flow without cause, crime, or offence. But what of that? A most salutary check had been administered to the apprehended design of restoring to Catholic royalists the lands they had lost through their devotion to the late king. The "Popish Plot" story of 1678, like the great massacre story of 1641, had accomplished its allotted work.

(To be continued.)

The virtue of silence under trial is one of the rarest virtues and the most conducive to the strength and beauty of Christian character.

The time of afflictions and contradictions is the beautiful harvest time, when the soul gathers in the richest benedictions of heaven; one day then is more profitable than six at another time.—St. Francis de Sales.

O Fate! let me glide on a sun-lit tide,
To the land where no grief may get!
Bear me, I crave! on an opal wave,
To the kingdom of Let-Us-Forget!
Where cascades flow 'neath a tropical glow,
In an equable temperature;
And glad hearts know the blessings they owe
To Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

REAL LAW AND ORDER OR BONAR LAW AND ORDER

(By Robert Lynd in the London *Daily News* of July 24.)

Sir Hamar Greenwood, who, unfortunately, has not seen Ireland through his own eyes, but only through the reports of the agents of Dublin Castle, describes the country as living under a reign of terror. As a matter of fact, except where it comes into conflict with the armed forces of the Crown, it is living for the most part equally and cheerfully under the Reign of Law.

I stood the other evening in the doorway of a hotel in a large West of Ireland town, and as I looked down the main street and saw three different sets of policemen moving among the crowd of promenaders I felt that surely there can never have been such an excess of law since the beginning of history. First there were the men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, with revolvers tied to their shoulder cords. Then there were the Military Police, in their red caps. Thirdly there were the Irish Republican Police, wearing no uniform, but prepared to show their badges of authority to anyone who challenged them in their work.

I noticed, when a sudden shouting as of a mob broke out about 50 yards away, that the only police who hastened towards the scene were the Republicans. Half a dozen athletic young men suddenly seemed to detach themselves from the crowd of promenaders and made in double file for the danger spot. Luckily, it was only dogs that had broken the peace, and the excitement gave way to laughter as a cur fled yelping away. Even so, the swiftness with which the Volunteer Police had acted was impressive. It was quite clearly they who were the most determined guardians of order in the town.

Closing the Publichouses.

Every night these young men patrol the streets until 2 in the morning. While I was there they succeeded in capturing a gang of housebreakers who had been infesting the neighborhood. The burglars were afterwards tried by Volunteer Courtmartial and sentenced, some to imprisonment, some to pay a fine, some to temporary banishment.

The Volunteer Police also took in hand the matter of closing the publichouses at a reasonable hour. Owing to the police having (in the phrase of the moment) ceased to function, some of the publicans were keeping open till the small hours of the morning. The Volunteers served them with a notice, telling them that they must close at 10 o'clock Irish time, which is roughly interpreted as 11 o'clock. A few nights later they visited the publichouses towards midnight and took the names and addresses of men found on the premises. One of the men discovered was a police constable. He gave his name genially—"Constable So-and-So of —, home on a holiday." He was told to go and break the law no more.

If anyone appears on the streets the worse for liquor and likely to cause a disturbance it is not the ordinary police but the Volunteers who take charge of him. They do not prosecute him, but they firmly insist on his going home, and if he is incapable they help him along.

In Dublin the other day they took charge of a drunken soldier who was in a pugnacious mood and whom his comrades could not control. Accompanied by the other soldiers they conveyed him to a Y.M.C.A. centre and deposited him there in safety, leaving the message that they were the Irish Republican Police.

Fair to Both Sides.

The Volunteer Police do not show any favor in these matters to men on their own side in politics. In a little town near Sligo they recently ordered the publicans to keep the law against Sunday drinking. On visiting a publichouse one Sunday they found a num-

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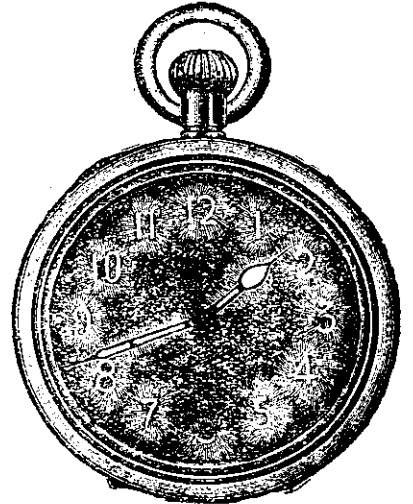
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ber of Volunteers who had been playing a hurling match enjoying forbidden pints of stout. They immediately ordered them to leave and cleared the premises. The Volunteer Police are obeyed.

In the west of Ireland they are also putting down illicit distilling. At first the owners of illicit stills seem to have hoped that as they were breaking the British law they would have the sympathy of the Republicans. The Republicans, however, taking the view that the raw spirit is the cause of some of the most terrible crimes, seize the stills and empty the contents on the ground. One still owner whose wares had been treated in this way appealed to Volunteer headquarters for compensation on the ground that he sold his poisonous stuff only to policemen and soldiers! He did not get it.

Some critics at a distance take the view that the activities of the Volunteer Police are theatrical and have been over-advertised. This is not true. The most Republican parts of Ireland are being policed with thoroughness and efficiency. The Volunteer Police patrols exist only in some places, but in almost every place there are Volunteer Police ready to act in any emergency. In one town I visited a Unionist who had received a threatening letter appealed to them. The Volunteers at once picketed his house till he felt he was safe.

Protection for Unionists.

In many parts of Ireland Unionists appeal to the Volunteers for the protection which they can no longer obtain from the police. In one of the chief cities of Ireland the practical withdrawal of the police from their ordinary duties meant that street urchins had a gay and rowdy time. Among other things they enjoyed breaking windows and playing noisy games in the square round the Protestant Cathedral even while services were in progress on Sunday. The Protestant dean appealed to the police but was told that they could not spare a man at that place. He then went to the commandant of the Volunteers, who at once promised to attend to the matter. The Volunteer Police appeared. The young disturbers of the peace scattered. And since then the Protestant services have been held in quietness under the guarantee of protection from the Irish Republic.

The Volunteer Police also preserve order at sports and race meetings. They captured a number of pickpockets and thieves during the present month at the Bellewstown Races, and I am told that in the course of the meeting even the military handed over to them some thieves they had captured. Then at the end of the meeting a military officer came on the scene and declared that the Volunteer Police were an illegal body and compelled them to remove the armlets and other emblems of office they were wearing.

It is apparently not law and order that the Government is anxious to enforce in Ireland, but merely British law and order. Sometimes I think it is merely Bonar Law and order.

ARCHBISHOP MANNIX'S MOTHER

LETTER FROM BISHOP OF KILLALOE.

Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, addressed, a few days ago, the following letter to Mrs. Mannix, mother of the distinguished prelate (says the *Cork Examiner* of August 14):—"While the world follows with admiration the splendid figure of your illustrious son, the Archbishop of Melbourne, in a single-handed but triumphant struggle with the bigoted anti-Irish Premiers of the British Empire, there is in every honest heart, the deepest sympathy with you, his loving mother, deprived as you are of the sacred joy of welcoming him to the arms that nursed him and the home where he was cradled. But this petty exhibition of spiteful revenge on the part of his humiliated adversaries, who show so small beside him, only enhances the Archbishop's fame and makes more

certain the final triumph of the cause for which he suffered. He stands for our race, and, in him, our race and religion are being crucified by tyrants. They have him now on board their ships and they know not what to do with him. So universally is he known, cherished as the champion of elementary truth and honesty, that there is no part of the globe where they can land him but his presence there will evoke such an outburst of enthusiasm as makes unscrupulous politicians tremble for their safety. Were he a vulgar cut-throat or regicide the ports of England would be open to him; but, being a great and holy Archbishop, fearlessly championing with an irresistible power, the rights of common humanity to a modicum of justice and fair play at the hands of plutocratic Governments, the resources of the British Empire are being mobilised to silence and crush him. The public are under no delusions as to the ultimate objects at the back of this sham campaign against the Archbishop of Melbourne as a danger to peace. It started with his baffled adversaries in Australia, who have rung up their London brothers, and is being manipulated with incredible impudence for the purpose of putting pressure on the Holy Father in the hope that the Archbishop's transference elsewhere would leave Australia safe for democracy under the care of Mr. Hughes. It would suit their designs to involve the Holy Father with themselves in a world-war with the Irish race. This policy is worthy of men who shout 'To Hell with the Pope' one day and fawn on his Holiness the next. They are doomed to disappointment, and the whole discreditable procedure only furnishes another proof—if further proof were needed—of how absolutely essential it is for Ireland's well-being to be rid, once and for ever, of the foreign thralldom. I had arranged to be at Queens-town to-day to greet the Archbishop on his arrival, but the Bishop of Cloyne informed me the Baltic was ordered not to call there. Meanwhile I heartily sympathise with you, and join with you and all lovers of justice in prayers for the safety of the Archbishop and the triumph of Freedom."

THE MAID OF CASTLE CRAIGH.

Three times the flowers have faded since I left my native home,

Through hopeless love enlisting, in foreign lands to roam;

But whereso'er I wandered, near or far away,
No maiden fair could e'er compare with the Maid of Castle Craigh.

Her blooming cheek was like the rose, all blushing; and her eye

Like yonder star, that shines afar so bright and tenderly;

Her bosom like the snow in evening's rosy ray;
But oh! it seemed as cold to me, sweet Maid of Castle Craigh!

I courted her a year and more, and sought to gain her love.

And sure her heart was fond and warm, though timid as the dove.

For oh! I never knew, till I was far away,
That I had won thy gentle heart, dear Maid of Castle Craigh!

But now my griefs are all at rest, the wars at length are o'er,

And, landed safe on Erin's soil, I'll never leave it more,

But live in peace and joy, to bless each happy day,
With thee, my own, my only love, dear Maid of Castle Craigh.

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FACING THE FACTS

[English Writer Groups the Situation in Ireland under Ten Outstanding Facts. He Asks His Fellow-Countrymen to Turn About and Face Them.]

The London *Daily Mail* of July 15 says:—

The following observations are made by a writer of distinction who has just returned from Ireland. That they will startle many who have not followed the strange phenomena now being manifested is certain. They are marred, of course, by the fact that the writer makes no reference to the strong ruling race in the North and North-East of Ireland, who, as their history shows, are quite able to hold their own with the other Irish in the art of Government, and more than able to do so in commerce and enterprise. He also fails to recollect that there is a sturdy individual called John Bull who will have something to say in the matter. As a fact, many of the leading Sinn Feiners are anxious to make some speedy compromise with the Government, a circumstance of which the writer of this article is obviously unaware.

The facts below cannot, I believe, be challenged. They are given without passion and without comment. They are derived not from hearsay, but from close study on the spot and from the inside. Let us face the facts.

Fact 1.—The new regime of Sir Hamar Greenwood and Sir Nevil Macready is supposed to usher in a sort of Irish millenium because both men are kind and mean well. It will do nothing of the sort. For Sinn Fein intends that it shall not do so. Sinn Fein represents three fourths of Ireland. Sinn Fein, whether one likes it or not, is out for an Irish Republic. Sinn Fein is not bluffing in order to get Dominion Home Rule. Sinn Fein is implacable. Face the facts.

Fact 2.—Sinn Fein to-day represents the *de facto* Government of Ireland. What Sinn Fein says goes. What the British Government says doesn't. I have attended the British law courts. I have attended those of Sinn Fein. The former are empty, the latter full. I know Sinn Fein courts which to-day have six months' cases in hand, sitting every night save Saturdays and Sundays. I know their decisions are regularly entered for references for future generations. I know their decisions are rigorously respected. Face the facts.

Fact 3.—The Irish Republican Volunteers are slowly but surely taking over the policing of the island from the Royal Irish Constabulary. I have myself seen printed proclamations by "the Republic" offering large rewards for arrests or shooting of ordinary criminals. I know men who have themselves been forced to placard and print their own confessions of landgrabbing under mask of being Sinn Feiners. Face the facts.

Fact 4.—I know that men are being banished for a term of weeks or months from district, or county, or country, for wrongful cattle driving, and that such men have gone without a murmur. I know of cases where men have been arrested by Sinn Fein for firing into houses, made to repair damage, and forbidden to go within two miles of such houses. I know that not one of these men would cross that invisible taboo line for all the gold in England. Face the facts.

Fact 5.—I know that Sinn Fein is developing a system of secret prisons chiefly in south and west, where men are, and will be, confined for offences against the ordinary criminal law. And I know that appeal courts are now being extended into Ulster itself, with the ordinary legal machinery of counsel, judge, jury, and registrar. Face the facts.

Fact 6.—The Irish Nationalist Party is dead and buried for our time. The "Constitutional" movement is dead. I have asked some of Ireland's most prominent Nationalists, including ex-M.P.'s, the following: "Shall we ever again see a Nationalist Party upon the John Redmond lines?" Their answers, without exception, has been the one word "Never." Some have said to me: "We are Nationalists. We are now Sinn Feiners." Face the facts.

Fact 7.—Not one Nationalist in Ireland to-day will die for Nationalist Home Rule. Not one Dominion Home Ruler will die to-day for Dominion Home Rule. I have only to whistle from my bedroom window to find a thousand who will die for a Republic. Face the facts.

Fact 8.—Sinn Fein is planting trees by hundreds of thousands. Sinn Fein has opened direct trade under the Irish flag with the United States. Sinn Fein has established and is establishing Consuls throughout the world. Sinn Fein is about to spend 3,000,000 upon fresh and intense American propaganda. Face the facts.

Fact 9.—No policeman dare go alone to-day in those vast tracts where the Republican tricolor flaunts itself. No British soldier can enforce British law. Face the facts.

Fact 10.—Sinn Fein is developing a new political weapon of a terrible potency—the weapon of "the national boycott." It is a new experiment in politics. Given three more years and Sinn Fein will have put a stranglehold upon British supremacy that cannot and will not be broken. Face the facts.

And the forecast?

I venture to prophecy that an attempt will once more be made by the civil and military authorities to kill Sinn Fein by kindness. I venture to prophecy it will fail.

We shall yet see Dublin Castle "scotched" or "scrapped," but that will not settle the question. We shall see Lord French resign; but this will not settle it.

Why? Because it will not settle Sinn Fein.

But if it be brought in, what then?" you ask. Sinn Fein will say "if England wishes to force Dominion Home Rule on Ireland, that is England's lookout. We are for an Irish Republic. What is more—we have an Irish Republic."

But will Sinn Fein work Dominion Home Rule? It will and it won't.

It may passively accept . . . and then emphasise the fact that no Sinn Feiners doubt to-day that "the Republic" exists and will continue to exist, and no Sinn Feiner doubts that then English statesmen will be left in a cleft stick.

But Sinn Fein may not be passive . . . and here I will content myself with saying one thing: Sinn Fein is not yet at the end of its ideas. The world may yet be startled by entirely new weapons, or, rather, by an entirely new weapon.

Those are the facts.

THE VALUE OF SUFFERING.

In recording the death of the late Marquis of Queensbury, Lord Sholto Douglas, who died recently in South Africa, *Plain English*, which is edited by his brother, Lord Alfred Douglas, says: "He became a Catholic more than ten years ago. Until he was put 'through the mill' of agony involved in his experience of business he had never taken his religion very seriously. Suffering, however, drove him at last into the arms of the Great Consolation, and for the last six months, at least, of his life he was a devout and humble son of the Church, to which his family, one by one, is returning."

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Current Topics

Old Mirrors

The popular press is supposed to be the mirror of the public mind. At one time the aim of the press was to teach, to elevate, to inform; as that did not pay, the aim was changed, with the result that the mission of most daily papers is to say what the people want said, provided that it does not interfere with the interests of advertisers and backers and subsidisers. Anyhow, the fact is that if we want to find what the public thought and felt at a certain period we may rely on the press of the time to give us a fairly accurate reflection of the mentality of the man-in-the-street. What a shock we get when, going back to find out what the man-in-the-street in Paris, Petrograd, and Rome was thinking about at the beginning of this century, we turn up foreign papers! What, we ask ourselves—do they mean? Have they never heard of British fair play, and of what it is to "BE BRITISH"? Do they not know the high opinion we have of ourselves? Apparently they did not. Here was how they wrote of us:—

La Libre Parole.—"England has never been courageous except against the weak; she has been a coward in the fight and cruel in the hour of victory."

The Soviet.—"England's insatiable greed for colonial acquisition constitutes a serious danger for the European Powers."

Le Matin.—"The history of Victoria's reign is a series of violent acts—usurpation, massacre, sanguinary repression, promises, eluded or openly broken, compromises with the strong, attacks upon the weak."

La Patrie.—"Vivent les Boers. That is to say, Long live honor, courage, and liberty. Down with tyrants! You are hated, ferocious Pharisees."

La France.—"There is a veil of death over old England, and all the blood of Ireland which has cried for vengeance so long, is perhaps on the point of being heard." (October-December, 1899.)

Perhaps we may find some consolation in reading our own popular papers of that date. For instance *The Daily Mail's* views are interesting now:—

Daily Mail, November 9.—"England has long hesitated between France and Germany. But she has always respected Germany, and admired the German character, whereas she has gradually come to feel a contempt for France."

The Daily Mail, November 17, at the Kaiser's coming to England declared that A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED, and went on to say, "It is as yet uncertain whether the Kaiser will give an opportunity to the English populace to testify to the respect and regard which they feel for the illustrious grandson of her Most Gracious Majesty."

The Spectator (beloved of the Dunedin forger).—"The German Emperor is the only sovereign in the world except the Queen, against whose private character no one has ever had a word to say."

The foregoing, and many more passages which were collected by Professor Stockley of Cork, make fine reading just now. But we need not go back so far for interesting paragraphs:—

The Daily Mail, June 17, 1913.—"To-day the vast majority of the German people unites with the rest of the world in looking up to William II., with his keen active mind and his business instinct, as the typical representative of the modern German."

The Evening News, October 17, 1913.—"We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, whose word is better than another's bond."

Of course we may dismiss what the Continental press said of us in those days with a sneer. They knew no better! Now that Maxwell has added new lustre to our laurels, Colthurst deserved our protection, MacPherson demonstrated that a strong nation can oppress a weak one, and Lloyd George broken his word so flagrantly that it has been written that no foreign statesman could trust a British Minister, surely our

name and fame will stand in a clearer light in future. At any rate, we may be sure that if we do not see ourselves as others see us, others will certainly see us as we are. Champions of small nations, what?

The Anti-Christian Poison of Socialism

In addition to what we have previously said regarding the baneful and atheistical trend of thought among certain extreme Laborites, we here give our readers some further examples of the doctrines of those who are hailed as apostles of freedom and enlightenment. Proudhon's epigram, *Le propriété c'est le vol* (Property is theft) is still the motto of those who would confiscate for themselves all the means of production. In 1871 Schall said: "We declare war against God, because he is the greatest evil in the world." That blasphemy is repeated if not in words, in thought and deed, in many a mining and factory town to-day. In 1875 Liebknecht wrote: "It is our duty as Socialists to root out the faith in God with all our might, nor is anyone worthy the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of atheism." The fact that a certain political prisoner, writing to a friend in a certain club in Wellington, was denounced because, like a true Irishman, he wound up by invoking the blessing of God, proves that Liebknecht's impious behest has faithful observers in quarters that are discredited by the very toleration of them to-day. Engels remarked: "We are done with God." The wish was father to the thought: men are not done with God, nor is He done with them by any means. The war was a reminder of how long is His hand and how heavy on those that defy Him. The editor of the *Chicago Packer* openly declared that his journalistic aims consisted in combating all religions. The "free husband" of the daughter of Karl Marx says: "Little can be done until men and women face the two curses of our country and time, the curses of Capitalism and Christianity." For out-and-out Socialists there is no God and no religion. God is inconvenient for them; His laws restrain them; the Church sets its face against free-love and free-booting, and upholds the rights of individuals and the sanctity of the marriage bond. The commandments, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, Thou shalt not have strange gods before Me, are all at variance with the desires of men like those whom we have quoted, as they are at variance with the opinions of their followers in every country. Therefore the Church, which is the mouth-piece of God, cannot do otherwise than condemn the blasphemers who would overthrow all law and order and make a hell of the earth. The Church stands for lawful authority and can have no part with the ideals of Communists and Anarchists; she makes God the centre of the world and requires the observance of His divine law; she has the divine mission to preserve religion as the sound foundation of good morals and good legislation: she knows by experience—for she has seen it verified a hundred times in her history—that the want of religion is the fruitful cause of barbarism and demoralisation. She has seen great empires fall; she has seen thrones overturned; she has seen happy communities brutalised and degraded; and she knows that the radical cause of the ruin she witnessed before modern States were born and before our country was thought of has consistently been the outrages against God and the violation of His laws. She knows better than any other institution on earth that there can be no change for lasting good unless it springs from a change of heart; she knows that pulling down is not constructing, and that despotism does not necessarily mean that another despotism is better than it, and that despotism will always be the condition of any rule that is not restrained by justice, tempered by charity, and beautified by purity. And therefore she will always call on her true children to stand fast with her against those who would undo the work of Christ in the world. When Labor rids itself of such supporters Catholics will look on it without the well-founded

suspicion attached to any cause that allows atheists and blasphemers to assert that it is their cause.

The Distributive State

Those who are not satisfied to live as slaves under a Servile State will look for a remedy. Mr. Belloc suggests that the true remedy lies in a society in which the means of production are severally possessed by a determinant number of the units, family and individual, that go to build up a State. He explains: "Severally": that is, with a division between who owns and who does not own, lying between unit and unit, so that this family, that corporation, this individual, own lands and capital in absolute property as against others, and that the great mass of regulations limiting rights (for the furtherance of co-operation, for the checking of competition, etc.) shall arise spontaneously from below, and shall be the product of men economically free, acting in communion. 'Determinant': that is, a number which is not a bare majority, nor any fixed proportion, but such that it determines the general economic sense and opinion, character and air of society." Such a society is the natural growth. It has been created in Ireland by persistent agitation. It is normal to man. It is the healthy condition of Christian Europe, still preserved in some places and common in the past. For want of a better name, Mr. Belloc calls such a society the Distributive State. Regarding the Distributive State two primary questions arise: Can such a society be established from the present industrial welter? If such a society were established would it be stable?

There are people who believe that under present industrial conditions it is not possible to bring about the distribution of the means of production among a determinant part of the community: there are others who say that even granting it were possible, modern economic conditions would convert our Distributive State into a capitalistic community again. As to the possibility, facts prove that such a society can be established. In Ireland law, military force, capital, everything, humanly speaking, were against the people, and yet they won. They established a condition which approaches nearly at least to Mr. Belloc's idea of the Distributive State. So that it can be done at any rate by what is called Agrarian Revolution. Absolutely speaking, therefore, it is possible. But Mr. Belloc puts it another way, when he says that what men mean when they say it is impossible is that, given the psychology of the society in question, the thing cannot be done. Courageous men of action could establish such a society at once, without a doubt, but, taking men as we find them, allowing for their cowardice and ignorance and human respect, can it be done? Mr. Belloc says that there are two avenues by which redistribution may be effected. The first is that of purchase; the second that of canalisation. As both may and should work together, we may say that there is a third from the two combined. Purchase may be effected by means of taxation, or by a loan. Purchase by taxation can be but limited, because the State can only exact a limited portion of revenue from its citizens without driving them to revolution, and of the total thus exacted only a fraction would be available for purchase. Consequently purchase by taxation would be a very slow method. Economically purchase by loan is a gamble, and the general idea that ownership may be transformed by loans is unsound economically, and still more so practically because in a capitalist state the monopolists, with their banks, their reserves, and their hired press would bleed the State white. The grip which capitalism has obtained on the world of late years is precisely due to "municipalisation" of means of transit and exchange, and even of production by loans. Consequently, of the two methods we must fall back on the slower, purchase by taxation, which is the only true form of purchase. The chief difficulty does not lie in the economic side.

The difficult task is to create a nucleus of old well-divided ownership in a society whose traditions and institutions are rapidly making for servitude; to

make a man think of owning as well as of increasing or securing his wages"; and to secure trustworthy politicians.

It is self-evident that society to-day is in a state of unstable equilibrium. The bitter strife between rich and poor, largely due to the accumulation in the hands of the few of the means of production cannot last. An end must come, bringing a re-adjustment in favor of the masses. In the days when the masses were illiterate and when they bent their backs for the burden as meekly as beasts of the field the rich had things all their own way, but these days are gone for ever. The people are conscious not only of their wrongs but of their power; and from that consciousness the will to resist and to conquer is born. An industrial society in which the masses are dependent on wages that means life and death to them, what is technically termed the proletarian condition of the people is an evil that cannot endure. Socialism has taught men to revolt against such abnormal human conditions, and for years past men are seeking eagerly for a way out of the confusion. Socialism holds forth a promise that it will take the power from the hands of the wealthy few and stop the exploitation of one man by another. Mr. Belloc points out that Socialism promises more than it fulfils; that it is not attaining its ends. They are not, he says, even imperfectly attained or established. On the contrary, industrial society, acting more and more on the Socialist theory, is making "with greater and greater rapidity and in firmer and firmer fashion for a state of affairs quite other than Socialist: something which is not Socialism at all, but something utterly different, to wit, the Servile State." The result is that we are trending towards a condition in which, thanks to the Servile State, the few not only remain in possession of the means of production, but are specially secured therein, while the masses are settled and bound into a proletarian framework and are granted advantages of security and sufficiency. He contends that this is no matter of theory or speculation, but a conclusion based on the observation of hard facts, which no man who uses his eyes can deny. The following words are worth weighing carefully:—

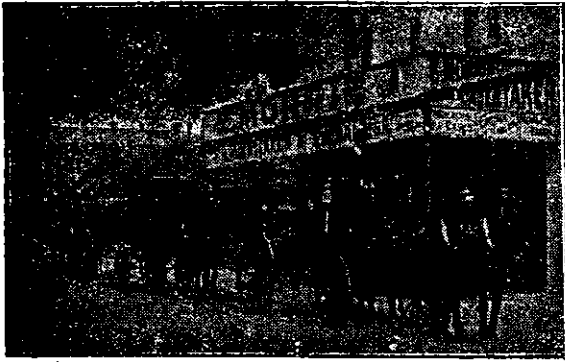
"Men occupied in the reform of our industrial societies are not asking themselves: 'By what machinery can we confiscate the property of the few and put it into the hands of political officers?' They are not framing laws to that effect, they are not tending towards it in any fashion. They are asking themselves on the contrary: 'How can we put into the hands of political officers the management of this capitalist community? How can we best regulate by the authority of political officers the lives of the vast proletarian mass, so that that mass shall have sufficiency and security?'" The proof that all this is not trending towards the ends of Socialism is that many of the reformers along these lines come from the capitalist class. Men who are opposed to confiscation and men who are not working together for the realisation of the Servile State, which "is no more Socialism than Stoicism is Christianity, or than a prison is a Republic." This condition of things is the resultant of the conflict of the two forces. The Collectivist pressure on society on one hand, and the resistance of Capitalism on the other are producing a state resembling the condition of slaves living under a few free men. "A condition universal before the appearance of the Christian religion, and which may very well succeed its disappearance in any State." The result is that the power and the security of the Servile State grows apace. "The experiments of reformers are based more and more upon borrowing and less and less upon confiscation; the function in the State which is growing under their hands is not political ownership of lands and capital—for that grows less and less—but the administration by a great body of salaried servants of the mass of the proletarian in the interests of the rapidly strengthening capitalist class." From a realisation of this state of affairs all inquiry as to future reform must therefore start.

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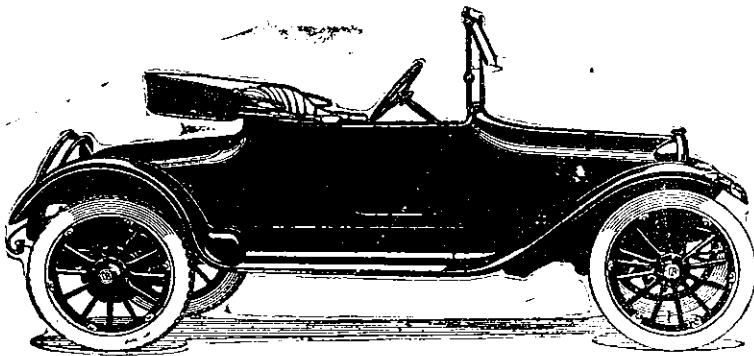
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THE VEN. MARCELLIN CHAMPAGNAT

FOUNDER OF THE MARIST BROTHERS.

The friends and former pupils of the Marist Brothers, and all who admire and appreciate the educational work of religious Orders, will rejoice to learn that, as a result of the successful plenary congregation held at Rome in June 22, a decree proclaiming that their founder, the Venerable Marcellin Champagnat, practised virtue to an heroic degree, was published by the Holy Father on July 11. This (says the *Catholic Press*) is a very important step towards his beatification, which depends now on the proof and acceptance of two striking miracles obtained through his intercession.

The Venerable Marcellin Champagnat, priest of the Society of Mary, was born on May 20, 1789, at Marlbes, a parish in the diocese of Lyons. A miraculous light which, on more than one occasion shone around his cradle, convinced observers of his future holiness. He was brought up piously by his virtuous parents, and he corresponded faithfully with the grace of the call to Holy Orders which was providentially manifested to him about the age of 15 years. He was ordained priest on July 26, 1810, and afterwards exercised his holy ministry at La Valla (Loire). There, too, he founded the Institute of the Marist Brothers for the Christian education of children.

After spending a life of virtue, sacrifice, and apostolic labors, the pious founder died in the odor of sanctity on Saturday, June 6, 1840, at N.D. de l'Hermitage, near Saint-Chamond (Loire), where his precious remains are preserved. Many favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been obtained by his intercession. The cause of his beatification was introduced by a decree of his Holiness Leo XIII. on August 9, 1896.

The Decree was read on Sunday, July 11, in the presence of our Holy Father the Pope, assisted by the nobles of the Papal Court, Cardinals Vico and Granito di Belmonte, Monsignors Respighi and Dante, and Monsignor Salotti, advocate of the cause, whose name is, doubtless, familiar to our readers by reason of his connection with the cause of the Blessed Oliver Plunket and of the life of our martyr, which he wrote.

After the reading of the Decree by the Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, the Postulator, P. Copere, Procurator-General of the Marists, offered in a short address his homage and thanks to the Holy Father. The address began by recalling the fact that in June, 1815, three students found themselves together, united by one spirit—namely, to restore all things in Christ by Mary. They were John Baptiste Vianney (the Cure of Ars), the Venerable Colin, and the Venerable Champagnat. He then recalled the Sanctuary of Fourvieres, the humble origin of the Institute of the Brothers of

Mary, and the companion of the Venerable Champagnat, the Blessed Peter Chanel, first martyr of Oceania. Also how in 1840, at the death of the Venerable Champagnat, the institution had 45 houses, and now numbers 800, with 7000 Brothers and 100,000 pupils. He finished his address by praising the humility, poverty, spirit of prayer, the charity, teaching, and personal labor of the Venerable Servant of God, and also by thanking his Holiness for the reading of the Decree.

The Pope's Address.

The Pope, in reply, delivered a long address, also in Italian, in which he developed the teaching of the Gospel for the Sunday. He compared the Venerable Champagnat to the good tree which brings forth good fruit, which good fruit is the development of the work of the Venerable Servant of God. Alluding then to the second part of the Gospel, which warns us to be on our guard against false brethren, he remarked how, in the beginning of the 19th century, false prophets in France had spread perverse doctrines beneath the glamour of liberty, fraternity, and equality, had opened the way not to good, but to unbridled passion. It was at an opportune moment for saving youth that the society founded by the Venerable Champagnat arose, with the intention of propagating the Gospel and instructing the young. The Pope then praised the abundant and precious fruit of this work, remarking how the number of those who receive benefit from it has arisen from 5000 to 100,000.

LYNCH LAW IN IRELAND.

Thirteen intellectuals and publicists have written to the London *Times* protesting against "militarism in Ireland." Among the signatories are Sir Philip Gibbs, the famous war correspondent and author; John Macfield, the distinguished poet and author; Professor Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek at the Oxford University, and celebrated dramatist and writer; H. G. Wells, the renowned novelist; and Lieutenant-General Sir Hubert de la Poer Gough. "There is a sort of lynch law in force," they state. "It is applied not only to culprits, but to villages and towns. It is a common experience for whole streets to be burnt, creameries to be destroyed, and life to be taken in the indiscriminate reprisals by which the soldiers and police avenge the murders of constables. The Government having failed to restrain and punish the offenders, has now taken steps to prevent the civilian courts from calling attention to these things. It has issued an order forbidding coroners' inquests in nine counties. This removes the last vestige of protection for the civilian population. If soldiers and police now set fire to a town or shoot down civilians, they will be immune from the danger of an inquiry by a court and in a hundred military directions."



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THE UNCHANGING THING

(By G. K. CHESTERTON, in the *New Witness*.)

The delay in the conference at Spa is both an evidence of a certain element in the European situation and an opportunity for considering it. Mr. Lloyd George spoke to an interviewer about it, with stern flashes of the eye and other recognised stage properties; though to do him justice, they were probably flashes of inspiration in the journalist rather than the politician. Anyhow, he is reported as saying that the Germans will not be allowed to discuss the treaty itself, but only how they can fulfil it. To many, we fear, it will occur only too easily to give a slightly different turn to the sentence. They will say the Germans will not discuss the treaty, but only whether they shall fulfil it. Numbers of the ordinary newspaper patriots, who were quite recently roaring for blood and gold, are now openly saying that the Germans cannot or need not fulfil it. The motive, of course, is merely the interest of cosmopolitan finance: the thesis seems to be based on a curious argument which assumes that it is everybody's business to see that Germany is rich, more or less as she was rich when she was plotting her raid on civilisation. But this again is part of a larger truth about the whole view of Germany; and the strangest part of the truth is this: that in the deepest sense, through all the wild events that followed the death of the Austrian Archduke, through half a decade of destruction and all the last extremes and ecstasies of hatred and heroism, that view of Germany has never changed.

We naturally talk of the war as a thing that has changed the world; but if this is true, it is not quite in the sense in which we commonly understand it. Perhaps it would be truer to say that the Great War was great because it prevented a change in the world. The action of the Allies is justified, not so much by anything that has followed their stroke as by all that would have followed if they had not struck. We may never know how right the Allied action was, because we may never know how wrong the Prussian settlement would be. The war did one absolute and indispensable thing: it broke the insolence of the Prussian; but it is almost impossible for us now to realise how insolent the Prussian would have been. This escape is what people call negative; though in truth a man's escape alive, with all his legs and arms, out of the hands of torturers, is not in the least negative. It is as positive as his arms and his legs and his life; and our escape is as positive as our lands and our cities and our civilisation. But even if it were a negative it would be none the less an enormous escape; and this fact must be put first when we talk of the changes really made by the war. It was a change that prevented the most complete of all human changes, which we call death.

But beyond this fundamental fact, it will be well to realise the very large number of things that the war has not changed. As a matter of fact, the change has nowhere been more unreal than where it is supposed to be revolutionary and even horrible. When we learn to look less at labels and badges and more at nations and men, we shall be surprised to see how often we have to deal with the same purposes and even the same personalities. Even where frontiers really fluctuate and creeds are complex or even confused, the substantial identity of certain European elements can always be felt. Religions rise again out of the ruins of churches. Nationality can survive nationalism. And in commercial communities closer to us, a dull obstinacy preserves not only ideals but illusions. The chief difference between rich and poor is that the poor are untaught and the rich are unteachable.

For instance, we are all told that there has been a revolution in Germany. We were also told that it was a Socialistic revolution and established a Socialistic Government. Most of us imagined that we knew what is meant by Socialism; many of us believed ourselves to have been sincere supporters of Socialism. It was a perfectly clear and simple proposal, for eliminating

the monstrous inequality of millionaires and men starving in the streets, by pooling all the property, generally under the control of public officials. Exactly what happened in Germany, when men calling themselves Socialists came to rule it, was rather difficult to discover. But when we again come in contact with German diplomacy, not only are we first confronted with rows of ornamental counts and barons, but we are now told with awe that we are in the presence of an enormously powerful German millionaire. Everybody tells us about the German who is a millionaire; and there are more and more people to tell us of the Germans who are starving. In short, we know practically nothing about the general effect of the Socialist revolution, except that it was not Socialism.

Again, we are aware that there has been a revolution in Russia. There, no doubt, the change has really been more violent and destructive; yet the more we hear of it the more we are inclined to doubt whether it has really been deep. It is an ingenious theme for rhetoric to compare a monarchy with a mob; and to suggest that some might prefer the despotism of the Tsar to the dictatorship of the proletariat. But in truth the poor old Tsar was not in the deepest sense a despot; and most certainly the poor proletariat is not in any case a dictator. The old secret police was the real power in the old *regime*; and it is still a power in the new *regime*. Lenin and Trofsky, being like a Trepoff or Stolypin, in touch with this machine, talk about the necessary autocracy of a few resolute men, exactly as Trepoff or Stolypin might have talked. The name that is really a clue to the revolution is neither Kerensky nor Trofsky. It is Azeff; the name of that amazing anarchist policeman, who was at once an engine of revolt and a tool of repression. Finally, the largest and most real alteration in European affairs has only brought to the front of those affairs the power of a people that has long been at the back of them: it has given everywhere a more direct and distinctive power to the Jews. But we imagine that neither their admirers nor their adversaries, whether they see them under a blessing like that of Jacob or a curse like that of Cain, will pretend that there is anything particularly new about them. They at least are not an unearthly and unimagined race of Martians just fallen upon us from the stars; they are not a new-born race of Supermen, with strange faces turned only towards the future. They are not so vulgar a fraud as that: whatever we think of them, they have the dignity of history.

New among these things that are at least as unchanging as the millionaire, if not as unchangeable as the Jew, is the fundamental view of Germany taken by the common commercial type of British politician, when he has long been fed on the wind of newspapers, and especially when, like the Prime Minister, he has a streak of Nonconformity. Mr. George had that view of Germany a decade before the war; he had it a day before the war; he had it throughout the war; he has it now. He expressed it before the war by saying that Germany was a great and friendly country; and that naval resistance to her was a nightmare. It required perhaps an effort of imagination to regard her during the war as a great and friendly country; but he did regard her as a great country, which by some inexplicable bewilderment or brief delusion had for a time ceased to be friendly. He did, in the very middle of the war, pay her a public compliment in the matter of all her most modern and typical activities; he deprecated the Germany of the Kaiser, but he revered the Germany of the Krupps; the Germany of science and commerce, or in other words of professors and profiteers. We need not trouble to salute the stubborn courage of the German soldier, but at least we must all feel a reverence for the superb energy of the German bagman; and a holy hush settles upon us when it is known that he is a millionaire, or, to use the modern synonym, a strong man. It must be a great country that produces so great a man; and it had better be a friendly country, because it is always

well to make a friend of a man like that. Such are the subconscious feelings of our own politicians and publicists; their new tone, or rather their reversion to their old original tone, on the topic of Germany is perfectly sincere; it is as sincere as it is silly.

Our politics are corrupt, but this is not corruption; our newspapers can be hypocritical, but this is not hypocrisy. It is not avarice, it is not cowardice, it is not even caution. It is religion; a real and most profound reverence for the legend of something colossal, even in its ruins; a simple and solemn worship of large wheels and long words. They cannot conceive how people like the French or the Irish or the Poles can still linger in their fields and prefer to be free men, when they might go to a compulsory school and learn all the long words, or go to a commercial factory and turn all the large wheels. For them the crystal of the French irony is almost invisible: for they think anything thin which is clear. They have seen the vision of reality without understanding it: and even without believing it. They will slip back more and more into tolerating every German impertinence: not because Germany is too poor to pay, but because they cannot really picture her as poor at all; not because of the new problems that have arisen after the war, but because of the old professorial and pedantic nonsense that they learned long before the war; not because the war has changed everything, but because though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

A sale of work will be held on the 9th inst. at the Preparatory College, Seatoun, in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage.

The members of St. Joseph's Sodality of Children of Mary held a social last evening in St. Joseph's Hall. Rev. Father Doherty was present. Items were contributed by Misses K. and M. Doherty, Warren, Gamble, Carter, Ward, and E. and M. Ryan, the president (Miss B. Craig) presiding. A guessing competition was won by Miss N. Condon. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

The quarterly meeting of the Hibernian Society (St. Patrick's branch, No. 95), was held at the society's rooms, Willis Street, last Monday. There was a large attendance of members, under the presidency of Bro. O. Krohn. It was decided to hold the general Communion of the branch quarterly instead of half-yearly as heretofore, and to attend the different parish churches in turn. The date of the first quarterly Communion was fixed for Sunday, October 10, at the eight o'clock Mass at St. Mary's, Boulcott Street. After the Mass the members will adjourn to the Marble Bar for breakfast.

The bazaar, which is to be held in the Town Hall commencing on the 27th inst., in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage, will be made attractive by a tug-of-war tournament for which a considerable number of entries have been received. A large number of young ladies are also being trained for spectacular dancing by Miss Barbara Putnam. The management of the bazaar has been generously undertaken by Rev. Father P. J. Smyth, S.M., Adm., Thorndon, which is sufficient guarantee that the bazaar will be conducted on high standard lines, and that the success of the venture is assured.

Mr. E. J. Healy, conductor of St. Mary's Choir, who has been associated with the firm of Robert Martin, Ltd., Wellington, for the last 17 years, received a number of presentations from the firm and staff last

Friday, on the occasion of his leaving the firm's employ. Mr. Healy's long and faithful service to Martin's, Ltd., was the subject of highly complimentary reference from Mr. M. S. Martin, who handed to him a solid leather suitcase, also a handsome salad bowl for Mrs. Healy. Mr. Healy was then presented with a solid gold watch from the firm as an expression of its appreciation of his hard and conscientious work. The great popularity of Mr. Healy among members of the staff was spoken of by Messrs. G. Lawrence, W. G. Tustin, Kendall, Wardleworth, and Miss Davies, and other of his fellow-employees. Mr. and Mrs. Healy leave next month on an extended holiday visit to Australia. Mr. Healy is well known in local musical circles.

Mr. E. D. Dunne, who passed away on Tuesday, after a long illness, was a son of the late Mr. Francis Dunne, of Oriental Bay, and a brother of the late Mr. P. J. Dunne, a well-known journalist, who died only a few months ago. He was well known in Wellington commercial circles as an able accountant, and was for many sessions a Committee clerk in Parliament. He was also a prominent member of the N.Z. Catholic Federation, and did valuable service as treasurer of the Thorndon branch of that organisation. He leaves a widow, two sons, and two daughters. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Karori Cemetery. Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Sacred Heart Basilica, Hill Street, by the Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., and Rev. Father Dignan, assisted by the Rev. Father Prendergast, officiated at the graveside. Among those present were the Clerk of the House of Representatives (Mr. E. W. Kane), and the Committee clerks of the House, and a numerous gathering of personal friends of the deceased. The chief mourners were: Messrs. F. R. Dunne (brother), and G. and J. Cuddy, J. Fleet, and J. H. Turner (brother-in-law).—R.I.P.

The London correspondent of the Christchurch Press writes, under date August 19. "Archbishop Redwood spent a few days in Liverpool, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Vernon Redwood, at the time the National Catholic Congress was in progress. One of the meetings he attended was devoted to the origin and work of the Catholic Evidence Guild. As explained by Alderman J. W. Gilbert, some years ago a well-known paper made a census of all people who attended places of worship, and they came to the conclusion that only one-twelfth of the population went to church. The only way to reach them was by means of an organisation like the Catholic Evidence Guild. The Archbishop of Wellington realised that the Guild was the means of doing away with much prejudice, and he hoped that before long it would be established in Wellington. Mr. Vernon Redwood is an ardent worker here in its interests. The Archbishop, who went to Ireland last week, is returning to New Zealand by the Tainui, on September 9. He will be accompanied by a young Dutch priest, Father Maillard, who came to England with him, is remaining in France."

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

October 4.

During the month of October devotions in honor of Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary will be observed each evening at the various churches in and around the city.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Mt. Magdala are having a new high altar erected. It is a very handsome design in white marble and will be in tasteful keeping with the beautiful chapel.

During two Sundays set aside for enrolment in the Catholic Federation, no fewer than 1575 joined up at St. Mary's. This is a very fine record, and at a meeting of the parish committee a resolution was passed

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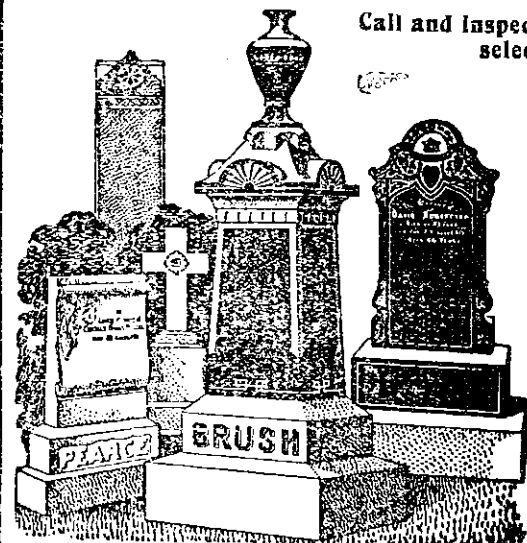
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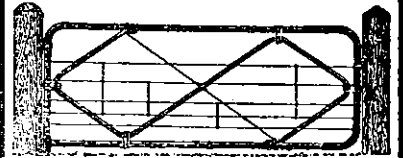
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appreciative of the people's ready response to the annual appeal.

Misses M. G. and K. O'Connor have gone to Australia for a trip. They carry with them the good wishes of the Cathedral Choir and the various societies of the parish, in the interests of which their musical talents have been always generously given.

The beautiful little Church of Our Lady, "Star of the Sea," at Sumner, has, through the generosity of Dr. A. B. O'Brien, recently been installed with electric light. The attendant priest and parishioners fully appreciate Dr. O'Brien's kindly action, and are very grateful to him.

Rev. Father O'Connor, pastor of Addington, wishes the men of his parish to take into serious consideration a project he has in view, viz., the formation of a branch of the Hibernian Society. The district is making rapid progress, and Father O'Connor's proposal will help further advancement.

His Lordship the Bishop, for the past two Sunday evenings, has directed his instructions to the Sacrament of Matrimony, dealing with the present proposed legislation and the *Ne Temere* Decree. His treatment of the subject was deeply impressive, and proved most instructive.

THE MARRIAGE ACT

RESOLUTIONS OF PROTEST.

HAWERA.

The Catholic congregation of Hawera unanimously passed the following resolutions of protest regarding proposed amendments to the Marriage Act:

"That whereas no power has authority to break the bond of Christian marriage duly contracted and truly consummated, and a repudiation of this bond is an outrage against Nature, a crime against society, and a sin against God, and whereas the civil law has been giving new facilities, and therefore new encouragements, for the violation of the marriage bond, and whereas the Legislative Assembly made immoral and iniquitous amendments to the marriage law, intended to compel Christians to approve of immoral conduct, it is resolved that the Catholics of Hawera request the Government to remember that marriage is an ordinance of God against which the State is powerless, and that the Government be advised to keep within their own sphere, and be content with regulating the civil effects of marriage, and not degrade the Dominion by accepting the amendments of the Upper Chamber, which are without precedent:

"Further, that in case these amendments become law, the active help of this congregation shall be at the disposal of our bishops: that no threat, fine, or imprisonment shall drive us to act the part of dumb dogs in the face of a pernicious code of public morality that is eating into the life of the nation; that we will stand by the Church in her conflict with the State, and will gladly suffer imprisonment, even death, to uphold the Catholic reverence for the holy Sacrament of marriage and for the laws of the Church that wisely protect us from profanation."

DUNEDIN.

The following resolution was passed by St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the New Zealand Catholic Federation at a recent meeting held in Dunedin:—

"The St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the New Zealand Catholic Federation hereby records its emphatic protest against the clause inserted in the Marriage Act by the Legislative Council, seeing that this amendment would penalise the Church for teaching her doctrine on the Sacrament of Matrimony. It offers its loyal support to the Archbishops and Bishops of New Zealand in the stand they are taking to resist what would be an unwarranted and tyrannical interference with religious liberty on the part of the State."

GREYMOUTH'S PROTEST.

The following resolutions were carried unanimously at a mass meeting of West Coast Catholics at Greymouth:—

"(1) This meeting of Catholic clergy and laity of Greymouth and surrounding districts protests against the proposed amendments to the marriage laws of New Zealand as being an unjust interference with the freedom of conscience, and a revival of penal laws against the profession of the Catholic Faith; (2) that all laymen present are in perfect agreement with the attitude taken by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, Acting Metropolitan, and Dr. M. J. Brodie, Bishop of the diocese, and are prepared to support loyally the Catholic Hierarchy and clergy in resisting the proposed unjust laws."

WAIKIWI AND RAKAIHOUKA.

On the 26th ult meetings were held in Waikiwi and Rakahouka by the parishioners to protest against the contemplated legislation in reference to the marriage laws, and declaring the determination of the people to stand by their ecclesiastical superiors in any action deemed advisable. Copies of the resolution were forwarded to the Prime Minister and the member for the district.

THE PRESBYTERIAN VIEW.

REV. W. GRAY DIXON (EX-MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY) HITS OUT.

Writing on "The Church and the Marriage Law Amendment Bill" in this week's *Outlook*, Rev. W. Gray Dixon, after quoting section 6 of the Bill, says:

"What does this mean? It means the assumption by the civil power of such absolute and indisputable authority on the question of marriage that no citizen dare open his mouth to question its decisions, however convinced he may be by his conscience, his study of the Word of God, and the standards of his Church, of the unsoundness of any of these decisions, without rendering himself liable to imprisonment for one year or a fine of £100! Conscientious conviction, conscientious adherence to the Faith of one's fathers, conscientious acceptance of what the Christian Church has understood for ages to be the mind of God revealed in Holy Scripture, conscientious loyalty to the Divine institution which originally gave to the State the elevated view of marriage which it inherits as a Christian State

all this dare not be uttered unless one is to risk the laying upon one's shoulder of the arresting hand of the policeman! The framers of this Act know that they cannot carry out this policy of persecution consistently without invading the sanctuaries of the nation and upsetting the order for the solemnising of holy Matrimony; for in the Anglican service the clergyman delivers a solemn charge to the persons seeking to be married, concluding with the words, "For be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow are not joined together by God: neither is their Matrimony lawful," and the Directory for the Public Worship of God enjoins the clergyman conducting the Presbyterian service solemnly to charge the persons to be married, before the great God, Who searcheth all hearts, and to whom they must give a strict account at the last day, that if either of them know any cause, by precontract or otherwise, why they may not lawfully proceed to marriage, they do now disclose it. Now it is known that in this Dominion the Church recognises as impediments to marriage what the State has declared to be no impediments. For example, neither the Anglican nor the Presbyterian Church has yet officially sanctioned the following as legitimate grounds of divorce: Desertion for three years; habitual drunkenness for four years, with desertion; attempt on the life of the petitioner or of any child of the petitioner or respondent; conviction for the murder of any child of the petitioner or respondent; lunacy for seven

Mrs. J. Aramburu

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out of ten years preceding the filing of the petition for divorce; all of which the State has sanctioned. I am well aware that many good Christians may agree with the State in this matter, seeing in these grounds legitimate deductions from "the Pauline privilege" in 1 Corinthians vii.; but the point is that the Church, so far as she has uttered her mind, differs from the State concerning these grounds of divorce, and her ministers are not free to regard as eligible for re-marriage any who have been divorced on these grounds. The minister is bound to refuse marriage to such persons as being invalid according to the law of the Church, invalid, that is, religiously—no one questions the legal validity of whatever the State may enact, be it ever so contrary to morality and the revealed will of God. The Act allows the clergyman to say all this in church, but he dare not say it outside unless he is prepared for imprisonment for one year or a fine of £100!

Was there ever a more obvious or more vexatious interference with the spiritual independence of the Church? What would John Knox have thought of it, or the men who marched under the blue banner "for Christ His Crown and Covenant"?

WEDDING BELLS

CRAIGHEAD McCORMACK.

The wedding was solemnised on September 15, at St. Mary's Church, Christchurch, of Eugene (Owen) Craighead, eldest son of Mrs. A. Craighead, Waimate, and Rosebella (Tottie) McCormack, second daughter of Mr. James McCormack, "Mostyn," Bealey Avenue, Christchurch. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory duchesse satin, wreathed in Belgian lace. The veil was of Brussels net and lace. She carried a sheaf of arum lilies. The train-bearer was Master Austin Hanuifan (cousin of the bride). Miss Maisie McCormack attended her sister as bridesmaid, and wore turquoise georgette over silk. She wore a fawn picture hat with lamer plumes, and carried a bouquet of narcissus with daffodil colored streamers. Mr. William Craighead attended his brother as best man. Very Rev. Dean Regnault (who also married the bridegroom's mother and father) officiated. Miss Ward presided at the organ. The wedding breakfast was held at the Hibernian Hall. Mrs. Bernard McEvedy (sister of the bride) received the guests. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a diamond bangle, and to the bridesmaid a "Nellie Stewart" bangle. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a set of silver-backed hair and clothes brushes. Mr. and Mrs. Craighead are to spend the honeymoon in Auckland, Napier, and Rotorua. The bride's travelling dress was of sapphire knit-silk, and hat to match.

Waikiwi

The Church property in Waikiwi has been enhanced by the purchase of a number of sections adjacent to the church grounds.

For some time preparations have been in hand for a bazaar in aid of improvements and liquidation of liabilities in connection with the Waikiwi parish. It is intended to hold the bazaar before Christmas.

Memorials to the boys of the parish who gave their lives during the war, have been erected in Waikiwi church, and add considerably to the internal adornment of the building.

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THE JOURNEY OF ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

The international stir created by Archbishop Mannix is worthy of consideration (says the Brooklyn *Tablet* editorially). Here is a saintly, scholarly, courageous man, who received a rousing send-off from thousands of citizens in Australia, on a journey to visit his mother in Ireland and to pay tribute to the Holy Father in Rome. British sleuths trailed him about the vessel on his trip to the United States, and when near shore used the cables to poison American opinion against him, knowing full well that the hireling press would gladly play their detestable game of propaganda. The Archbishop arrived at San Francisco, was accorded a tremendous welcome, and started a brief tour of the States by exposing the clique who were trying to calumniate him—including one Marcellus Parsons, who was never heard of before, and who has not been heard of since. The prelate, as an apostle of liberty and a champion of democracy, delivered several addresses in the West, and was accorded the most enthusiastic and remarkable demonstrations any public figure ever received—and in a country where he was but a visitor. Finally, he came to the biggest municipality in the world—New York—was given the freedom of the city, and in Madison Square Garden was accorded a sensational reception. On the eventful night of July 18, 15,000 persons crowded the Garden, and as many more were outside to hear this champion of liberty fling defiance to brute force and plant himself on the eternal basis of God's justice. On Saturday, July 31, he sailed from New York amid a scene of enthusiasm unparalleled. Between ten and fifteen thousand persons young and old, men and women, rich and poor, laymen and cleric—accorded him an ovation which port authorities declared was the greatest demonstration ever seen on the New York waterfront. And all this in the face of the paid propagandists and the servile press, which did not miss an opportunity to try to misrepresent him.

The Baltic sailed from New York with the Archbishop aboard on a journey to see his dear mother in Ireland. Once more an international commotion occurred. Newspapers in every part of the world carried front-page stories concerning this prelate, and these stories were as large and prominent as those announcing the new war between Poland and Russia—a war which, it was said, might decide the fate of Western civilisation. At the same time the British Cabinet held special meetings to decide the best means of protecting the greatest empire in the world from this humble priest. Finally, after much discussion, planning, and plotting, it was decided not to permit a landing at Queenstown or Liverpool, but instead a large part of the British Navy—including torpedo boats, destroyers, and Dreadnoughts—put out to sea to capture the man whose only weapon was his Rosary beads and whose only army was his secretary and a couple of clerical friends. He was taken off the boat by the British Navy, and landed at an obscure port. Great Britain thereby won the war, for the Archbishop was prohibited, at least temporarily, from seeing his mother.

Why was the British Government so concerned over Archbishop Mannix, using millions of dollars to fight him, ordering agents to bound him, compelling its engines of propaganda to lie about him, and calling special meetings to thwart him? For the simple reason that the powers of darkness fear the force of light, and because falsehood fears truth. The Archbishop said:—

"My principle has always been to speak the truth, to do what I believe to be right, and having spoken the truth and done what I believe to be right, then to be prepared to take the consequences, whatever they may be."

Ever since the world started the forces of evil, the friends of injustice, the canting hypocrites, have trembled before the onslaughts of truth. Nero and his satellites, with the power of an empire, fed the un-

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armed Christians to the beasts because he feared the truth. For centuries after, Popes, bishops, priests, and lay people—whose names fill the glorious martyr-ology—were hated and persecuted by imperial tyrants because they defied the rule of force, injustice, and falsehood. And the British Government should take this lesson from history:—

You can crush truth to earth but it will rise again; you can defeat justice temporarily but in the long run it will conquer; might can triumph over right for a while but right will eventually win; and when these things do come to pass the defeat of the oppressors and the tyrants is always much more inglorious than it would have been had they recognised right at the start.

Why do the people go wild over Archbishop Mannix? Because God has put a desire for justice in the heart of every man, woman, and child; because the people love to hear the truth which they seldom do these days; because the people are sick and disgusted of the humbugery and fraud which are served up to them day after day by the liars in the pay of exploitation; because the majority believe in the truth and justice of Ireland's claims.

The part played by the so-called American press during the short sojourn of the Archbishop here was anything but commendable. The New York papers could give the greatest portion of the first three pages for a week to the joke race of those two turtles—the Shamrock and the Resolute viewed by a couple of thousand people, and they could augment the same with a lot of piffle or cheap gossip all of which interested the public about as much as would a trip of the Shah of Persia to the chiropodist; but the same press could only give a most miserable and inadequate account of the remarkable reception accorded to this man of world-wide fame who was pleading for the independence of nearly four million people held in slavery, and who based his appeal on the American Constitution. This treatment was received from the same press that went into spasms when Cardinal Mercier pleaded for the liberty of Belgium, and undauntedly challenged the mailed fist of the Prussian autocracy! And of the two champions of liberty, it appears to us that Archbishop Mannix is the superior of the famous prelate of Belgium in at least one way: The Archbishop of Malines was encouraged because he knew the entire world stood at his back, but the Archbishop of Melbourne realised that his action would be open to malicious misrepresentation, misunderstanding, misstatement, and misinterpretation, yet he went ahead. Mind you, the press referred to here is the same one which only recently slobbered over "freedom," "liberty," "democracy," "the rights of small nations," etc.

A peculiar thing in the spirit of opposition and coldness of the press toward the Archbishop was that scarcely a paper dared attempt to answer editorially the unimpeachable logic and the pulverising indictment which the prelate uttered in Madison Square Garden. The animus of the press to the prelate and to the cause he represented was well demonstrated by the departure of the Baltic. The great crowd which had turned out in the broiling sun at the pier and which cheered so lustily was not worthy of recognition, but the insignificant English chump who booed and got trowned for his action, was a subject of considerable notoriety. These are the headlines from some of the New York papers of the following day:—"Battle on Baltic," "Riot on Ship as Archbishop Sails," "Departs as Partisans Riot," "Clash on Ship." Then the articles went on to tell of the frightful "clashes," "riots," "battles," etc., none of which would have been mentioned, or at most with only a brief note in the last paragraph, if any other personage had departed. Undoubtedly the man higher up had given his instructions to produce a ruction; and it would not be surprising if the chump who booed received his instructions from the same source. Perhaps all the riots, outrages, and murders we hear from Ireland are nothing but English boos.

The British Government, the British press in Am-

erica, the British agents and assassins of truth and character might well take this advice: Archbishop Mannix has started an agitation that cannot be arrested, incarcerated or shot, and the sooner you are willing to face the facts fairly, and either answer them squarely or acknowledge their truth, the sooner will the Irish Question be solved and Irish peace reign.

Rangiora

(From our own correspondent.)

October 4.

Father John Finnerty, who looks fit and well, spent an enjoyable day during the week with his confreres, Fathers Fogarty and Halvey.

The good wishes of the people are extended to Miss H. Fahey in her endeavors to assist the Sisters of Nazareth in their corporal works of mercy.

The State Inspector is coming to the schools some day in the near future. The small people are laboring energetically at their lessons, and it is hoped that their efforts will be crowned with pronounced success.

The news of the death of Mrs. Boyer, Cooper's Creek, Oxford, came as a surprise to her many friends, for death, even most carefully prepared for and long expected, comes suddenly in the end. It was not, however, a shock, because her friends knew that she had been in failing health for some months. She was an earnest, devout, and pious Catholic. The sympathy of her many friends is extended to her husband and family in their bereavement. R.I.P.

MILTON BAZAAR AND ART UNION.

The bazaar and art union, promoted to raise funds for the installation of electric light, water supply, and drainage throughout the Church property, was officially opened on Thursday evening, September 23, by the Mayor (Mr. A. Rennie), and continued till Saturday, the 25th, the special art union prizes being drawn at the conclusion of Stephenson's Pictures on Saturday evening, October 2 (writes our own correspondent).

The attendance each evening was excellent, and many visitors to the bazaar very highly complimented Rev. Father Howard on the standard set both as to quality and quantity of the various prizes. The painted mirrors and other works of art were most comprehensive in number, varied in design, and showed most skillful and artistic workmanship. The principal stallholders were: No. 1, Miss M. Grealish; No. 2, Mrs. Keogh; No. 3, Mrs. John Boyle; sweets and flowers, Mrs. Joseph Powley; refreshment, Mrs. W. Kirby and Misses Coneys; dips, etc., Miss Eileen Dowdall; shooting, Mr. R. Grealish and Mr. H. Curran; sheep-guessing, Mr. T. Quill, sen.; houp-la, Mr. T. Quill, jun.; secretary, Mr. Wm. Kirby. An orchestra was in attendance each evening and played various pleasing selections under the direction of Miss E. Coleman (pianist). Vocal solos were given by Misses M. Curran, K. Healey, and A. Athy; vocal duets by Miss R. Walsh and B. McWilliams; and piano duet by Misses Liston and Martin. A special feature of attraction was the brisk, clean exhibition of boxing given by eight pupils of Mr. John Dowdall; this half-hour's entertainment was very highly appreciated by all. All drawings were conducted by members of the Milton Fire Brigade, under the direct supervision of the bazaar secretary. The gross takings amounted to £431, which, taking everything into consideration, must be pleasing to the congregation, and especially so to our beloved pastor.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/-; up to 40 words, 5/- *Strictly Cash in Advance.*

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

CRAIGHEAD—McCORMACK.—On September 15, 1920, at St. Mary's Church, Christchurch, by the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Eugene (Owen) Craighead, eldest son of Mrs. A. Craighead, Waimate, to Rosebella (Tottie) McCormack, second daughter of Mr. J. McCormack, "Mostyn," Bealey Avenue, Christchurch.

O'GORMAN—DODD.—On June 30, 1920, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by Rev. Father Kaveney, Patrick Joseph, youngest son of the late Michael and Winifred O'Gorman, to Louise Charity, eldest daughter of John Dodd.

DEATHS

AITKEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Agnes Josephine, beloved wife of William James Aitken, and daughter of Mrs. M. O'Brien, Mosgiel Junction, who died at Christchurch on September 26, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

BOWDEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private Frank Bowden, beloved third son of M. E. and the late W. J. Bowden, Christchurch, who died in France from wounds on October 9, 1918; aged 24 years.—R.I.P.

FLEMING.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Nano, beloved wife of John Fleming, who died at Cromwell on September 28, 1920.—R.I.P.

FLEMING.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Nano Frances, beloved second daughter of John and the late Nano Fleming, who died at Cromwell on September 28, 1920. R.I.P.

HARTSTONGE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the souls of Jeremiah Hartstonge, who was killed in action on October 1, 1918; and John Joseph Hartstonge, who was killed in action on October 12, 1917.—On their souls, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

KANE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel Kane, of Studholme Junction, who died at Waimate on September 19, 1920; aged 61 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

LYNCH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Lynch, who died at Hokitika on June 22, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

SINCLAIR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Charles Graham Sinclair, who died at his residence, Adams Flat, on September 27, 1920; aged 91 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

WHITTY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Annie Marie (Nancy), youngest-daughter of Richard and the late Mary Whitty, who died on October 3, 1920. R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

HAYES.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Lance-Corporal John Hayes, who was killed in action on October 5, 1918, at Le Quesnoy (buried in Lesdain).—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

McQUILKAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John McQuilkan, who died at Ashburton on October 3, 1919.—R.I.P.

RYAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Ryan, who was killed in action "Somewhere in France" on October 4, 1917.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his mother, sisters, and brothers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

MR. JOHN FLEMING AND FAMILY desire to thank their many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy, and also for their assistance during their recent sad bereavement.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Jeanne D'Arc, p. 25. Notes—Dante the Theologian; The Mystic; Translations, pp. 26-27. Topics—Old Mirrors: The Anti-Christian Poison of Socialism; The Distributive State, pp. 14-15. Real Law and Bonar Law, p. 9. Facing the Facts, p. 13. Ven. Marcellin Champagnat, p. 17. The Unchanging Thing, p. 18. Derry—and other Places, p. 33. The Marriage Act: Resolutions of Protest, p. 21. The Journey of Archbishop Mannix, p. 22.

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, OCTOBER 7, 1920.

JEANNE D'ARC



A splendid passage de Quincey says: "She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing footsteps of the invaders. She mingled not in the festive dances at Vancoeurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were then dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl, this was among the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those who share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. . . . When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, shall have been dead for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thy-

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self. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let us use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep that is so long." Thus did an Englishman, with reverent hand, come, after long centuries, to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Maid whom his countrymen murdered to their everlasting dishonor. De Quincey was a true prophet. The thunders of universal France—nay, of the universal Church whose eldest daughter is France, have proclaimed the glory of Jeanne and the grandeur of her work. In this year of grace victorious France has witnessed the canonisation of her whom the enemies of France made to walk the furnaces of Rouen.

No figure like hers ever appeared on the stage of history. The facts of her life are more wonderful than fiction; the story of her death is a tragedy that still burns the eyes of those who read it. Miraculous force and courage were inspired by her words; she won battles without striking a blow; she rode lonely amid armies into the smoke of conflict to return in triumph amid the wild enthusiasm of her people. All that is now of the long, long past; and all that matters much to France and little to Jeanne in comparison of the fact that under her coat of mail beat the innocent heart of a virginal girl who had no other motive in all she did than to follow where God called: all her mortal glory, as all her mortal sufferings, matter little compared to her simple piety and her flaming charity that embraced even her bitter foes. In the eyes of the world her victories were her glory, but in the sight of God there was no victory like that which was hers on the day when the fires of her martyr's pile blackened her young limbs and destroyed all that was mortal of her. "Jeanne d'Arc," said Pope Benedict XV., "ought for ever be crowned with flowers, for her virtues were countless. And the flowers that ought to adorn her elect brow ought to be of the rarest, because the virtues that shone forth in her are of incomparable splendor." Jeanne saved France; but she could never have done so were it not for her virtues. And we who talk and plan to-day concerning a reconstruction that is to save not only France but the world must learn from Jeanne's example that there can be no salvation except by virtues such as hers. Without a fundamental reconstruction of private lives on the lines of Christian virtues there can be no hope of those vaunted social and political reconstructions of which statesmen talk: without Christian virtues there can be built only a tower of Babel that will be a monument to a new confusion worse than the old.

Half a century ago now, pronouncing a panegyric on Jeanne at Orleans, Monsignor Freppel said:—

"Patriotism is certainly a most lawful sentiment; but how often is it not combined with hatred for foreigners. In the heart of Jeanne there was no room for that. Her mission was to expel the English from France because they had no right to be there; but what glowing charity was manifest in the efforts she made to accomplish her mission by ways of peace! Perhaps some might be inclined to regard as too ingenuous her repeated invitations to her foes before attacking them. No; these letters of hers which we still possess are simply sublime: they are sealed with the seal of a virtue which divine grace purified from every imperfection."

There is one lesson that those who rule ought to learn from the Maid of Orleans. Egotism, pagan ideals, covetousness, have divided men and nations. Only Christian charity like that of Jeanne d'Arc can ever again unite them in a common brotherhood. Her canonisation, reserved for the end of the greatest war of all time, seems in a providential manner to point the moral for those who can profit by it. As her victorious oriflamme united France in bygone days, Sainte Jeanne now offers us all in her virtues a standard which we may follow to that blessed union and lasting peace of which we all dream.

NOTES

Dante the Theologian

There are many people to whom the fame of Dante is incomprehensible. Few may be frank enough to say so, but by no means few are they that find *La Divina Commedia* dreary and dull. Is the fault Dante's? However radiantly the sun may shine out of doors, a room with narrow, dusty windows will not be bright. Dante is a sun among the luminaries, but his brightness is shut out from many minds. One has to be educated to a degree beyond the ken of secular schools in order to appreciate the Voice of Twelve Silent Centuries. Dante does not sing in simple lays of the glory of Tommy Atkins, or of the supposed virtues of the great Bull Dog Breed; all the vast content of the marvellous learning of the Middle Ages is condensed into his poem. The philosophy of Aristotle and Aquinas, the theology of the great Dominican and Franciscan schools, what is highest and noblest in dogma and morals, almost every truth of Revelation, is found in his work. "He anticipated the most pregnant developments of Catholic doctrine, mastered its subtlest distinctions, and treated its hardest problems with almost faultless accuracy. Were all the libraries in the world destroyed, and the Holy Scriptures with them, the whole Catholic system of doctrine and morals might be reconstructed out of *La Divina Commedia*." In his own words, his book "made me lean." Genius, industry, wonderful learning went to the making of it: long nights he bent over it; in the days he walked in dreams of the world he was creating; the grim earnestness of that face painted by Giotto tells us what manner of man it took to do all that he did. The toil and the thought of it marked him and seared him so that, in after years, when he passed silently along the streets the children used to point him out and say: "There's the man who saw Hell."

"Eccoci l'Uomo chi e stato in Inferno."

It is no wonder, then, that the book is above the capacity of most of the readers of our time. Schools that know no philosophy, teachers to whom religion is a matter of indifference, a generation that has been bred on the vile thing known as "Protestant Literature," is as incapable of appreciating Dante as a sow is of singing an opera.

The Mystic

Another difficulty is this. Our age is an age of materialism, of low ideals, of crass, earthy principles. The spiritual life of the people has been killed by secular schools and by the secular press. Children's eyes have been blinded to the loveliness of religion and to the nobleness of Christian virtue. Now Dante was a profound mystic: a deep mystical and spiritual sense runs right through his poem. In his young days he had learned the secret of union with God in the monastic schools of Florence. The Franciscans taught him how to find God's love in every bird and branch and flower. The spiritual ascent of the soul to God, by the purgative and illuminative ways, into the unitive, was a subject well known to him, and to those who know nothing about it the beautiful allegory of the poem is veiled. From the dark wood to the light of the stars, the allegory runs.

Solo mi trovai per una selva oscura:

the finding of himself here—the knowledge that he was alone and in a place of darkness—sounds the note on which the allegory begins. The Prodigal Son went downward and downward until one day the folly of his conduct dawned on him, and seeing what he was come to, he said "I will arise and go to my father." His upward journey began with the consciousness of his loneliness and misery. So too Dante's begins his allegory by making the soul realise its loneliness and darkness, and thence, through the whole poem, we follow a pilgrim who passes by way of penance and purgation, through illumination, to union with God.

HOPE and KINASTON,

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Beneath the veil of the allegory are portrayed the struggles of the soul on its upward way. In the story of the Prodigal we get a bare outline. But a knowledge of human nature tells us that the Prodigal never came home without a hard fight and a great victory over the threefold enemy—the devil, the world, and the flesh. *La Divina Commedia* fills in the details. We follow the pilgrim soul amid conflicts with the demons of evil passions, long nourished and now too strong to be cut off as a garment; through the trials and temptations that beset the path of life, through prayer and meditation and inspiration, upward and onward until the music of the heavenly choirs greet him and herald him into the everlasting light and peace of union with God, the beginning and the end of man. The whole poem is wonderful; but the most wonderful thing about it is that Dante is not following lightly the soaring flights of his fancy all the time: from the depths of a soul that was drenched with Catholic lore, he drew forth the exact and faithful presentation of the truths of dogmatic and moral and mystic theology which he clothed in deathless melody in those stanzas that rise and fall with the solemn majesty of Plain Chant sung in the twilight of some great old cathedral. Francis, Dominic, Thomas, Bernard, Bonaventure, and other great saints gave to the poet that knowledge of the spiritual life which made it possible for him to achieve what he did; and if he grew lean over the writing, he must have grown almost blind poring over the old tomes from which he garnered his learning. Once more, people whose education has forgotten the fact that man has a spiritual life to live can never read Dante.

Translations

If you want to read Dante aright you must read him in Italian. In no other tongue can the music of the poem be reproduced. Could English or German or French give us such lines as—

*Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente,
Per me si va nell'eterno dolore?*

Another reason is because Dante's style is marvelously compact and precise. There are no words chosen at random, no lines thrown in to make up a stanza, nothing said for the sake of fitting in a rhyme. Tennyson was not far wrong when he called Vergil the wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man, and Vergil was more than master to Dante. Read the tribute he pays to the great Roman poet and the confession of his indebtedness. Like the master, Dante is a great stylist: he is tender, pathetic, severe, elegant, strong, musical, as the occasion demands. He has a way of putting a picture into a phrase, just as Vergil could do in a broken line: like Vergil too he gave us lines that shine like gems, and that once heard can never be forgotten. Therefore it is hard to translate *La Divina Commedia*. It has been said that what is lost in translation may be compared to what is lost when a perfume is poured from one vase into another. But one might say that there are many pourings and many losses before we get Dante in another language. And therefore, it is really best to take up a prose translation and to read it before you try Cary or Longfellow, who lose more than the perfume in their effort to write a poem. Among those who did good, plain prose translations may be mentioned Carlyle, Butler, and Norton.

No one can possess even a limited acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers of the early Church without acquiring the conviction that the Catholic Church has always believed that the Blessed Virgin Mary was absolute *sinless*. Everywhere in the great Christian writings of the first six centuries we find her spoken of as "all-holy," "undefiled," "most pure," and never under the power of the demon.—Bishop Hedley.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., as treasurer, has forwarded to the Apostolic Delegate the sum of £1408 13s 3d towards the Starving Children of Middle-Europe Fund.

The local treasurer of the Irish Self-Determination Fund has forwarded to the Australasian treasurer the sum of £2798 16s 6d. Of this amount £500 was forwarded to him from the diocese of Auckland.

In last week's *Tablet* report of the monthly meeting of the Irish Literary, Musical, and Social Society mention of an excellent paper on "The Influence of Propaganda," read by Mr. J. Robinson, was, by an oversight, omitted.

The usual monthly meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation was held after devotions on last Sunday evening. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided, and there was a good attendance of members. The secretary reported that the enrolment results for the present year were very satisfactory, the membership being largely increased as compared with the previous year.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration at St. Joseph's Cathedral, which was commenced with High Mass at 9 o'clock on last Friday morning, was solemnly closed on Sunday evening. At all the Masses on Sunday great numbers of the congregation approached the Holy Table. The devotions throughout the period of the Forty Hours were largely attended, sermons appropriate to the occasion being preached by Rev. Father Herbert, Marist Missioner.

On last Sunday afternoon, preparatory to the Feast of the Holy Rosary, the school children with banners (the boys being in charge of the Christian Brothers) and members of the Sodality of Children of Mary in regalia, assembled in large numbers at St. Joseph's School and marched in procession to the Cathedral, reciting the Holy Rosary (led by the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm.) on the way, and concluding the devotion within the Cathedral. The procession was afterwards re-formed and returned to the schoolroom. The Cathedral was crowded, and all present joined in the Rosary and the singing of the hymns, the whole act of devotion being most impressive.

After Compline at St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday evening, Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., preached a fine discourse on the Blessed Eucharist, followed by the closing ceremonies of the Forty Hours' Adoration. There was the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament (participated in by an exceptionally large number of the men and boys of the congregation), followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The high altar was tastefully adorned during the devotion and on Sunday, with a profusion of choice spring flowers, and numerous lights presented a very beautiful spectacle: much credit being due to those ladies who were responsible for such effective results.

The 18th of February in the coming year will mark the 50th anniversary of the arrival of the Dominican Nuns in New Zealand. At a meeting of ex-pupils held some weeks ago it was decided to celebrate this event (the golden jubilee) by religious and social gatherings and to make the nuns a suitable presentation. A further meeting in this connection will be held at St. Dominic's Priory on Sunday evening next at 8 p.m. All ex-pupils, especially those residing in the country, are requested to send in their names for inclusion in the ex-pupils' club.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

ANNUAL MEETING OF ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL CONFERENCE, DUNEDIN.

The 35th annual meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held on Tuesday evening in St. Joseph's Hall. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm. (spiritual director), presided, and there was a good attendance of members. The annual report (prepared by the secretary, Mrs. T. J. Hussey) stated that the conference meets on each second Tues-

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day evening. A special feature of the society's work is the large amount of clothing made by the sewing bee, which does not appear in the balance sheet, as the clothing is made from material and disused clothing forwarded by kind friends. Sincere thanks are tendered to country and town friends who so generously responded to the appeal of the conference. Disused clothing, in good repair, is always useful, and the society is fortunate in having good needlewomen in the conference. Parcels may be left with the sacristan of St. Joseph's Cathedral. The conference would welcome new helpers at its meetings. The sick have been visited in their homes, while hospitals, sanatoria, and other institutions, also the court, have been attended to. Thanks are recorded to Very Rev. Father Coffey and the Cathedral clergy, the nuns of the various Orders, the legal and medical professions for the help they have given gratuitously at all times, also to the Convalescent Guild, Mrs. Ansell, Mrs. Gordon, Rev. Mr. Cumming, Rev. Mr. King, and others who have helped during the year. Relief has been extended as follows:—Grocery orders, 100; coal orders, 50; new boots, 30 pairs—also numerous parcels of second-hand boots and shoes; 5 pairs new blankets, 500 second-hand garments, 300 new garments, 250yds flannelette, 14yds flannel, and parcels of children's clothing to various institutions. The society was instrumental in having 9 children and one adult baptised, also two marriages solemnised. Three cases were sent to Mt. Magdala, six children to the orphanage, six patients to the sanatorium, seven in delicate health were sent for change of air to the country. Suitable Catholic homes were found for three infants, one girl was sent to friends and one woman assisted to friends in Australia.

The statement of accounts showed receipts, including balance forward £21 19s 10d, donations (£119 5s), poor box (£6 13s 4½d), subscriptions (£11 0s 6d), amounting to a total of £158 18s 8d. The expenditure in groceries (£24), coal (£7 9s 1d), boots (£9 12s), drapery (£23 2s 5d), and numerous items incidental to works of charity, amounted to £120 4s, leaving a credit balance of £38 14s 8d.

The office-bearers of the conference are:—President, Mrs. M. A. Jackson; vice-president, Mrs. Mowat; treasurer, Mrs. J. Hally; secretary, Mrs. T. J. Hussey; wardrobe keeper, Miss O'Rourke.

OBITUARY

MR. T. KELLEHER, LAWRENCE.

There passed away at Lawrence on September 4 a very old and much-respected resident of Lawrence, in the person of Mr. T. Kelleher. The deceased, who had reached the ripe age of 95 years, was a native of Fernoy, Co. Cork, Ireland. He emigrated to Victoria in the early fifties, and took part in the gold diggings at Bendigo, Ballarat, and Castlemaine. He arrived in Gabriel's Gully in '61, went back to Australia for his bride (a daughter of the late Mr. Prunty, of Kyneton), and returning, made his home in Lawrence, where he had resided ever since. The late Mr. Kelleher leaves a large family of six daughters and three sons. One son predeceased him, giving his life in France during the Great War (the late Frank Kelleher, well known in Dunedin Catholic circles). The funeral took place at Lawrence, Father Lynch officiating. A large number of friends and people of the surrounding districts who attended testified to the respect in which the late Mr. Kelleher and his family are held. —R.I.P.

MR. CHARLES G. SINCLAIR, ADAMS FLAT.

The funeral of the late Mr. Charles Graham Sinclair, a highly respected pioneer, took place at Adams Flat, Otago, on Thursday, September 30. Rev. Father Howard (Milton) celebrated Requiem Mass at the residence of deceased, and afterwards officiated at the graveside, when the remains were interred in the Glenore cemetery. The late Mr. Sinclair reached the ven-

erable age of 91 years, and resided at Adams Flat, with the exception of two years spent in Dunedin, since his arrival in New Zealand in 1862. He was born in Kirkwall, Orkney, in March, 1830. In his early youth he left his native land and embarked on a whaler belonging to his uncle, but when the rush for gold in California began, he tried his fortune in the new El Dorado. When the precious metal was discovered in Australia he set out for the new fields, where he remained, with varying success, for 10 years. The fresh gold discoveries again attracted him to New Zealand, and he landed at Port Chalmers in the small barque Lalla Rookh in 1862. Shortly before his marriage to Elizabeth Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr. John McGinley, of Sydney, Mr. Sinclair became a convert to the Catholic Church, and to the end of his long life remained a loyal and devoted son of Holy Church. Five sons and four daughters are left to mourn the loss of a devoted father, whose edifying and saintly life was a powerful example to his large family. Deceased had been ailing at intervals for some time, but up to the end he retained all his faculties perfectly. When weakness at last prevented him from reciting his usual devotions, his daughter, Margaret, who lovingly tended him in his old age, said the prayers aloud. His resignation to the holy will of God and his unflinching spirit of prayer and deep faith were beautiful to see. —R.I.P.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

During the month Mass will be celebrated at the following country stations:—At Duntroon and Kurow, on 10th; at Windsor Park and Ngapara and Pukeuri, on the 17th; and at Kurow and Duntroon on the 24th.

Oamaru district has had rather an unusual experience in the way of floods this past week. However, the sun is shining once more, and the weather looks promising for Rosary Sunday, when the usual procession in the convent grounds will take place.

The Celtic Football Club entertained Messrs. Connors and Pritchard at a social evening prior to their departure from Oamaru.

A veteran, in the person of Mr. Thos. Boland, died here recently. He had the honor of leading the soldiers at the recent visit of the Prince of Wales. Deceased, who was 89 years of age, was a native of Waterford, Ireland. The military funeral was one of the largest seen in Oamaru.—R.I.P.

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes ALEXANDRA

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.

REMEMBER:

The best way to combat the deadly serpent of unbelief is by word and work publicly to proclaim the glory of Our Lady of Lourdes. Lourdes conquers the pride and arrogance of atheists and unbelievers. There God has wrought before multitudes miracles and wonders in thousands. Through Mary the haughty head of the serpent that "bites in silence" will be crushed.

Could any public work be more honorable or more glorious?

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

Already acknowledged, £941 16s: A Friend, Middlemarch, £5; Mrs. John Hayes, Cromwell, £1; A Friend, Kaikoura, £1; Sisters of St. Joseph, Arrowtown, 10s; A Friend, Riversdale, 10s; Mr. P. Gallagher, 10s. Total to date, October 3, 1920, £950 6s.

Additional subscriptions will be acknowledged in the *N.Z. Tablet*.

G. M. HUNT, Alexandra.

"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscription: 20/- per annum; 10/- per half-year (paid in advance, no booking).

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference.
 PERIOD ENDING SEPTEMBER 25 TO 30, 1920.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

M. W., Umutaoroa, Dannevirke, 30/9/21; B. J. McD., Police Stn., Port Awanui, 30/9/21; M. F. E., 21 Maungahau Rd., Newmarket, Auck., 15/4/21; Rev. Fr. O'H., Huntly, 30/9/21; J. P. McC., Duchess Cres., Hastings, 30/9/21; Rev. Fr. D., Bishopscourt, Suva, 23/5/21; E.F., Gardner Rd., Epsom, Auck., 30/9/21; D. J. B., Brewery, Gisborne, 23/5/21; F. M. D., 53 Balmoral Rd., Mt. Eden, Auck., 30/9/21; Miss B., 3 Grafton Rd., Auck., 30/9/21; M. M., Eureka, Waikato, 30/9/21; Mrs. F., 51 Wakefield St., Auck., 15/2/22; F. H., 116 Whitaker St., Gisborne, 30/9/21; W. P., Parkhurst, Helensville, 23/9/21; J.E. O'C., 227 Hastings St., Napier, 30/9/21; M. H. D., c/o P.B., Farmers' Meat Co., Waipaoa G.S., 30/9/21; F. E. D., Motukaraka, Nth Auck., 30/9/21; A. D., Patutahi, Gisborne, 30/9/21; H. A. B., Putaruru, 23/9/21; G. T., Parakakau, Auck., 30/3/21; D. O'C., Ngaruawahia, 30/9/21; Mr. C., Park Rd., Hastings, 30/3/21; Sacred Heart Church, Hastings, 30/9/21; T. C., Matamau, H.B., 30/3/21; M. D., Matamau, H.B., 30/9/21; J. M. M., Ked-dell St., Frankton Junc., 30/10/21; H. B., c/o Freezing Works, Waituna B.I., 30/9/21; Dete. F., c/o Police Stn., Auck., 30/9/21; D. F., 21 New St., Ponsomy, Auck., 30/9/21; C. G., Box 1056, Auck., 30/9/21; P. B., Te Aroha, 30/9/22; H. W., New St., Ponsomy, 30/9/21; J. C., 286 Ponsomy Rd., Auck., ---.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

R. T. W., c/o Central Police Stn., Wgton., 15/9/21; P. O'R., Kooke, Mataroa, 30/9/21; J. T. M., Devon St. West, New Plym., 30/3/21; M. B., Waihi, 30/9/21; J.F. S., N.Z.R., Wanganui, 30/9/21; Mrs. J. D., 55 Broad St., Pal. Nth., 23/1/21; Rev. W. J. S., Pahiatua, 30/9/21; M. S., 6 Allan St., Pal. Nth., 30/9/21; Mrs. O., 23 Hay St., Oriental Bay, 15/6/21; P. McC., Balance, 30/9/21; J. J. G., Kaimatarau, Rongotea, 30/9/21; J. H., 151 Brougham St., Wgton., 30/3/21; Miss M. G., 4 Peel Ter., Petone, 30/3/21; A.O.F., 11 Finlay Ter., Wgton., 30/3/21; P. M., Thorndon Quay, Wgton., 30/4/21; L. M., 120 Terrace St., Pal. Nth., 30/9/21; Convent, Pal. Nth., 30/9/21; P. McT., Victoria Av., Wang., 30/9/21; D. B. K., Glover Rd., Hawera, 30/9/21; F. M., 131 Chapel St., Masterton, 30/9/21; Mrs. H., Manaia, 30/9/21; Mrs. K., Waverley W.G., 30/9/21; J. McIl., Glenore, Mataroa, 15/9/21; D. S., 147 Hine St., New Plym., 30/3/21; Mr. W. Ballance, 30/9/21; N. S., 152 Featherston St., Pal. Nth., 15/10/21; D. B., Kouini, Pahiatua, 30/9/21; Mrs. E. W. C., Newbury, 23/5/21; T. E. H., Rly Stn., Marton Junction, 30/3/21; F. C., Police Stn., Pal. Nth., 8/9/21; J. P., Crown Law Office, Wgton., 30/9/21; J. H., 124 Broad St., Pal. Nth., 30/9/21; M. J. C., 16 Helen St., Brooklyn, 30/9/21; T. M., Hopelands P.O., Woodville, 30/9/21; T. C., c/o Mail office, Otaki, 30/9/21; Mr. H., Lr. Hutt, 8/9/21; E. O'S., Broadway Rd., Masterton, 30/9/21; R. B., Koeke, Mataroa, Main Trunk Line, 30/9/21; E. M., 20 Weld St., Wadestown, 30/3/21; T. P., H., 158 Cuba St., Wgton., 30/9/21; Mrs. L., 11 Ingestre Place, Wgton., 30/9/21; E. J. O'L., 84 Cornwall Street, Masterton, 30/9/21; Rev. Fr. O'D., Feilding, 30/9/21; W. H., 3 Alexandra St., Pal. Nth., 8/1/22; W. D., 2 Joseph St., Pal. Nth., 30/9/21; J. J. P., Gains St., New Plym., 30/9/21; E. K., Romeo St., Stratford, 30/3/21; S. B., 4 Tennyson St., Wgton., 30/9/21; W. H. M., Eltham Rd., Eltham, 30/9/21; Mrs. M. M., 100 Evans Bay Rd., Roseneath, Wgton., 30/3/21; M. L., 1 Daniel St., Wgton., 30/3/21; M. R., Omata, New Plym., 30/9/21.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

J. J. H., G.P.O., Cheh., 30/3/21; T. W. B., Seadown, 30/9/21; J. L., Convent Farm, Nelson, 30/9/21; M. L., North Revell St., Hokitika, 30/9/21; F. N., Beaufort Farm, Pleasant Point, 30/9/21; C. B., Junction Hotel, Ross, 30/9/21; Mrs. P. B., Brunner, 30/9/21; M.Q.,

Thompson St., Greymouth, 30/9/21; Mrs. D. H., Bank St., Timaru, 30/3/21; C. McV., Te Kinga, Otira Line, 30/3/21; Mrs. H., Heaton St., Timaru, 23/5/21; M. O'C., Adair, Timaru, 15/11/21; Mrs. McA., 19 Chapel Street, Timaru, 30/9/21; Mrs. L. R., 44 Matlock St., Woolston, 30/3/21; J. S., 121 Collingwood St., Nelson, 30/9/21; J. P. H., Manuka St., Nelson, 30/9/21; J. C., Richmond, Nelson, 30/9/21; J. C., 16 High St., Timaru, 30/9/21; Rev. Mother, Convent of Mercy, Lyttelton, 30/9/21; Mrs. K. M., Washdyke, 23/3/21; Miss B. McQ., Geraldine, 30/3/21; G. McL., Cheviot, 30/3/21; P. V., McB., 43 Sylvester St., Cheh., 23/1/21; Detective 36 Whiteleigh St., Cheh., 30/3/21; J. O'C., Totara Valley, Pleasant Point, 30/9/21; P. D., Hibernian Hotel, Timaru, 8/9/21; J.P.C., Cave, Timaru, 30/9/21; J. S., Seadown, 30/9/21; J. McD., Box 130, Fairlie, 30/9/21; H. J., Rly Cross, Kaiapoi, 30/9/21; C. F., P.O., Rakaia, 30/9/21; P.O.B., Leeston, 30/9/21; P. S., Leeston, 30/9/21; Mrs. P.L.P., Brougham St., Westport, 30/9/21; G. H., Hawkshaw St., Blenheim, 23/1/21; J. B., Lyall, Buller Gorge, 30/9/21; D. S., Greymouth, 30/9/21; P. D., Fitzherbert St., Hokitika, 30/9/21; Mrs. T.C., Capleston, via Reefton, 23/8/21; P.C., P.O., Mitcham, 23/5/21; Mr. F. Norton's Reserve, Waimate, 30/9/21; P. K., Jackson St., Timaru, 30/9/21; F. J. C. W., 33 Bealey St., St. Albans, Cheh., 23/5/21; P. O'B., 12 Inglis St., Timaru, 15/3/21; Mrs. J. M., 25 Bowen St., Up Riccarton, 30/3/21; Mrs. E. Cronin, 62 Lower High St., Cheh., 23/5/21.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

M. J. H., Pukeuri Junc., 30/9/21; J. R., Box 52, Oamaru, 30/9/21; Miss A. B., 27 Liffey St., Inver., 30/3/21; Mr. L., 173 Gala St., Inver., 30/9/21; J. D., 237 Ettrick St., Inver., 30/3/21; Mrs. M. C., Wyndham, 30/9/21; E. McL., Greenfields, via Balclutha, 30/9/21; P. D. L., St. Patrick's, Balfour, 30/9/21; H. C., Ardgo-wan, Oamaru, 30/10/21; Mrs. S., Centre Rd., Sawyers Bay, 30/3/21; J. O'C., 117 York Place, Dun., 30/9/21; Mrs. D., 116 Carroll St., Dun., 30/3/21; Miss C., St. David St., Dun., 30/3/21; Mrs. G., Helensborough Road, Dun., 30/9/21; Mr. M., 130 Stafford St., Dun., 30/12/20; J. J. R., 47 Hope St., Dun., 30/9/21; M. McM., Rox-burgh, 30/9/21; P. McE., Queenstown, 30/9/21; E. M., c/o M. K., Lochiel, 30/9/21; M. O'C., P.O., Owaka, 30/9/21; M. F., Enfield, Oamaru, 30/9/21; W. B. P., Awamangu, 30/9/21; J. D., Ardwick St., Gore, 30/9/21; J. O'B., 207 Clyde St., Inver., 8/3/21; Miss M. Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/9/21; M. McG., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/9/21; Mrs. F., King St., Dun., 30/12/20; Mrs. B., N.E. Valley, ---; Mrs. G., Albany St., Dun., 8/10/21; C. H., c/r Elgin Rd. and Willis St., Morn., 30/3/21; J. B., Duncarn, Winton, 30/9/21; J. G., Te Wae-Wae, 30/9/21; J. McD., Bald Hill Flat, 30/9/21; J. H. W., jun., Roxburgh, 30/9/21; Mrs. S. McF., Forth St., Inver., 30/9/21; A. G., St. Bathans, 23/9/21; Mrs. D. McV., Arun St., Oamaru, 30/9/21; J. R., North Rd., Oamaru, 30/3/21; P. M., Usk St., Oamaru, 30/10/21; Mr. M., 1 Fernhill St., Dun., 30/3/21; Mr. R., 74 Leith St., Dun., 30/3/21; E. F., 9 New St., Musselburgh, 30/9/21; Mrs. B., 220 Sydney St., Caversham, 30/3/21; Mrs. W., Tay St., Linden, Roslyn, 30/3/21; Mrs. O'G., Alu St., Oamaru, 30/9/21; Mrs. J.T., Wyndham, 30/9/21; T. H., Cromwell, 30/9/21; G. S., Cromwell, 30/9/21; P.F., Enfield, Oamaru, 30/9/21; M. C., Whitehaven St., Lawrence, 30/9/21; T. L., William St., Gore, 30/9/21; J.B., 1 Rural Divy., Mataura, 30/9/21; T. O'B., Te-Wae-Wae, 30/9/21; A. H. McB., Lower Shotover, 30/9/21; Rev. H. W., Queenstown, 15/9/21; P. M., Criterion Hotel, Dou St., Inver., 30/4/21; Mrs. M., 113 Eye St., Invercargill, 30/3/21; B. K., Bourke St., Nth. Inver., 30/3/21; R. S., Lewis St., Gladstone, 30/9/21; J. H., Millers Flat, 30/9/21; Mrs. C., 106 Spey St., Inver., 30/9/21; Mrs. M. F., Devon St., Gore, 30/9/21.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran is making steady progress towards recovery in St. Vincent's Hospital. On Sunday (says the *Catholic Press* of September 23) he was able to sit up in bed. Many friends call at the hospital daily, and inquiries about his health are received from all over Australia.

His Holiness the Pope has appointed Right Rev. Mgr. Maurice Tobin, of Armidale, a domestic prelate, and has conferred the decoration of Knight Commander of St. Gregory the Great on Mr. Michael Joseph Duffy, of the Forbes-Wilcannia diocese.

VICTORIA.

Speaking on Saturday, September 18, at a fete in Malvern, Melbourne, in aid of the Brigidine Novitiate, the Very Rev. Father Paul Cullen, Provincial of the Vincentian Fathers, in declaring the fete open, said that he could take their gathering for such a purpose as a public expression of their belief and faith in the great Catholic system of education, and a determination to stand by it to the end. It was the only system that stood for moral and religious training, and an education without such was barren and incomplete. A wave of bigotry was passing over the land, and it was up to Catholics to stand by the Brothers and nuns. Base insinuations were being made in certain quarters against convents, and those who could not appreciate purity and nobility of character were urging that steps should be taken to pry into the inner life of the nuns, who devoted themselves to the service of God and for the benefit of the people. Convent inspection was not to be feared; but the nuns had a right to have their feelings and wishes respected.

QUEENSLAND.

The Administrator of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Rockhampton, the Very Rev. Father P. Healy, is in receipt of a letter from Bishop Shiel, who stated that he proposed to leave Ireland on October 20, and to return to Queensland via America and New Zealand, making the voyage to the United States in the steamer *Olympic*, and to New Zealand in the *Makura*. The *Makura* was not due in New Zealand, his Lordship stated, until the end of December, or the beginning of January. The Bishop enjoyed himself thoroughly in Ireland. In the course of his letter, Dr. Shiel said: "The South of Ireland is swarming with military, and on many roads they have barricades erected. At one place where I stayed my permit was demanded. In Limerick particularly, military and police parade the streets with loaded rifles. It is a terrible parody on England's profession to bring relief to small nations. The spirit of the people, however, is splendid. They are in no way dismayed; but are more determined than ever to work out their own destiny."

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard Nevin, one of the pioneer priests of the archdiocese of Adelaide, died recently at the age of 82. Monsignor Nevin was born in Co. Roscommon, Ireland, and was ordained priest at All Hallows' College in 1869. In 1890 he was appointed Administrator of the Adelaide Cathedral, and since 1908 has been a Domestic Prelate. He celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood 12 months ago.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

On Sunday, August 15, three distinguished members of the Marist Brothers' Society—the Rev. Brother Columbanus, Clement, and Denis arrived at Fremantle (W.A.) (says St. Joseph's College *Monthly Magazine*, Hunter's Hill, Sydney). The names of the two latter are household words over many States in the Commonwealth and all New Zealand, for Brother Denis is

at present Provincial of New Zealand and the Islands, and spent many years at S.J.C. Brother Clement is actually Provincial of Australia, and for a period of seven years he was Director of S.J.C., and for almost an equal period Director of the flourishing Sacred Heart College in Auckland (New Zealand). Brother Columbanus is Assistant-General of the Society, and has a very extensive region under his jurisdiction—the British Isles, South Africa, and New Zealand. It is his first visit to the Commonwealth, for during the war he was cooped up either in Italy or the British Isles. He is an Irishman, born and bred, but spent many years in South Africa before he was appointed Assistant; his South African experience will prepare him for the condition of things in Australia. Brothers Clement and Denis are just back from Grugliasco, Turin, Italy, where the Mother House is now situated. It was formerly at St. Genis-Laval, in France, but when the French Government expelled all religious Orders some years ago, the Mother House was transferred to Grugliasco.

TASMANIA.

We were informed by cable (says the *Catholic Press*) how Most Rev. Dr. Barry, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart, was held up on August 2 by a military party in Ireland, who wished "to search him for arms." His Grace, who had been staying with his brother in Middleton, was motoring to Youghal, accompanied by Rev. Father E. Brauer, secretary to the Archbishop of Sydney, and Dean of St. Patrick's College, Manly. A mile beyond Mogeely a party of Cameron Highlanders, with fixed bayonets, stopped his car and rudely ordered him out on the road. Having searched the motor car and driver, Mr. Williams, of Middleton, the officer approached the Archbishop and Father Brauer, and said he should search them for firearms. The Archbishop gave the officer his card, and the officer on reading it asked: "Where is Hobart?" The Archbishop replied: "In Tasmania"; but the officer was none the wiser. The Archbishop showed him his gold pectoral cross and chain and his episcopal ring, but the officer's knowledge of the Archbishop's rank was no better than his geography. He persisted in his attempt to search the Archbishop, who refused to be searched. The officer then sent one of his men to consult his superior officer, and after the Archbishop and his party had been detained under arrest for 40 minutes the messenger returned. The officer, without a single word of apology, said the Archbishop could proceed. His Grace in an interview expressed his indignation at the outrage that had been perpetrated upon him and his guest in view of the passers-by. While detained under arrest his Grace noticed that the officer, who apparently was suffering from extreme nervousness, opened the pouch of his revolver, and the Archbishop was prepared for the worst. His Grace is convinced that if these are the only methods left in which the brute force of England is being employed to stifle the just aspirations of the Irish people, England's authority in Ireland is doomed. He has come to the conclusion that this monstrous mockery of authority was a studied insult to the high office that he has the honor to hold in the Catholic Church. He has already made a strong protest to the military authority. Father Brauer said that he was much shocked at the treatment of his Grace, especially in view of the fact that the treatment meted out to one Archbishop might, with equal lack of courtesy, be employed against his brother Archbishops and Bishops of the Australian Hierarchy who are in Ireland, or on their way hither. He is convinced, from his own experience of the justice of the claim made by the Irish leaders, that English rule in Ireland is now naked militarism. He regards the outrage on the Archbishop as the climax of his experiences of military rule in Ireland.

Every Christian should be an apostle of Christianity.—Archbishop Ireland.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Mr. T. P. Gill, for many years secretary of the Irish Agricultural Department, is resigning.

The Town Mayor of Ypres from July, 1916, till the office was abolished, was Lieut.-Col. J. Lee, Royal Irish Regiment, a native of Cork.

Soldiers armed with revolvers entered the office of the *Observer* at Newcastle West, Co. Limerick, and seized the paper. The papers were subsequently returned with an apology from the officer Commanding.

The British press, which is very much exercised regarding the Pope and Ireland (says the *Irish Independent*), has been attributing statements to the Holy Father which were so utterly ridiculous that few if any could be inclined to take them seriously.

The Kells Royal Irish Constabulary have made an arrest in connection with the recent murder of a young farmer near Cormeen, who, it will be recollected, was shot while ploughing on his father's land. It is reported that Sinn Fein Volunteers have made three arrests.

When the police and military raided the Sinn Fein Bank in Harcourt Street, Dublin, some months ago they took away, in addition to books, documents, and securities, gold and notes amounting to £1040. For months nothing has been heard of the money. Now however, the Castle authorities have quite unexpectedly returned it to Mr. Corrigan, solicitor for the bank. The documents and books have also been returned.

"We cannot regard the results of the elections for the Antrim County Council as satisfactory," writes the *Belfast News Letter* (Orange). "It is most disappointing to see gentlemen who have done good work for the ratepayers and enjoy their confidence, replaced by Sinn Feiners, whose return will not promote economy or efficiency of administration. The fault lies with those Unionists—and they are very numerous—who declined to take the trouble of going to the poll."

The hitherto fairly peaceable atmosphere of Yougal, Co. Cork, gave way to fierce and general indignation by a dastardly outrage perpetrated in Green Park recently, when the fine marble statue of Father Peter O'Neill, the patriotic P.P. of Ballymacoda, was dragged off its pedestal and decapitated in falling against the lowest step of the base. The four panels bore inscriptions in Irish composed by the late Patrick O'Leary and in English, stating that Father O'Neill and Patrick McCarthy were cruelly flogged, and Patrick Gallagher and Charles O'Brien unjustly hanged in '98 by British soldiers.

Some time ago the estate office of Lord Mounteagle at Foynes, Co. Limerick, was broken into and some money and property taken away. The Volunteers brought the offenders to justice, and the property, etc., was returned. The following receipt was received by the Volunteers:—"Foynes, June 2, 1920.—Received the sum of £86 2s 6d, and one Dwarf fountain pen, which were stolen from Lord Mounteagle's estate office on the night of 17th or 18th April, 1920, and which were recovered through the instrumentality of the Irish Republican Army (£86 2s 6d). Signed in presence of witnesses—John Little, Estate Office, Foynes, June 2nd, 1920." Such acts of honor (says the *Cork Examiner*) will win credit from all honest-minded people, and show that men like those are able to rule themselves.

SINN FEINERS TO ESTABLISH SUPREME COURT.

Leaders of Sinn Fein intend now to establish in Dublin a supreme court, which shall review cases appealed from the subordinate tribunals already operating in various sections of Ireland (says a cable message to the American press under date Dublin, June 21). The

present local courts are strongly supported by the clergy, many of whom have themselves adjudicated matters in these tribunals. Monsignor Considine and Father Macken, of Galway, are among those who publicly praise the good work of these courts. Captain Benn, an English member of Parliament, declared in the House of Commons that the Sinn Fein courts furnish the only means of obtaining impartial justice.

These courts maintain law and order in three-fourths of Ireland. The British High Court of Ireland consists of 14 judges, only five of whom are Catholics. This unfair discrimination against the faith of the majority of the people has always been strongly resented by Catholics. It largely accounts for the popularity of the proposed supreme court and for the eagerness of Irish people to support it.

The British testify to the effectiveness of the present local courts in dealing with both civil and criminal matters. Captain Stacpoole, son of the Duc de Stacpoole, is one voluntary witness to the success of the Sinn Fein tribunals. Even offenders recognise the jurisdiction and power of these courts and accept their findings without attempting to appeal to the British judges.

Barristers have been unwilling to recognise Sinn Fein courts, for fear of the effect on their standing before the British judges of the other courts; but their clients doubtless will force them to try cases in the Sinn Fein tribunals.

THE SACKING OF TUAM.

Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin dispatched the following letter to Sir Nevil Macready in consequence of the destruction wrought in Tuam by constabulary who, according to the official report, "got out of hand," with the result that lives were endangered and £100,000 worth of damage done (says the *Irish Catholic* of July 24).

"I regret to have to trouble you again, and that this time the matter is very serious. Two policemen were shot dead yesterday evening about three miles from Tuam. This was a dastardly crime which we deplore and condemn. It is the first of the kind in this district, and I am satisfied the good people of Tuam do reprobate this deed; but the sequel is calculated to seriously imperil the peace and good order of the town.

"The sequel is that about 5 a.m. this morning, in revenge for the deaths of their comrades, the police raided the town almost from end to end.

"They burned our beautiful town hall to the ground; they set fire to one large shop, which is now completely demolished; they tried to set fire to at least four other shops, and they ruthlessly broke plate-glass windows. Shots were fired into several houses, and a bomb was thrown into an upper room of at least one house.

"I heard bombing and firing from 5 to about 5.45 a.m. I have just visited the whole scene of destruction. I have interviewed the police authorities, who tried to put the blame on police who came from Galway under the County Inspector. One man, Casey, alleges it was the Tuam Head-Constable who kept him from being shot dead by other police.

"You may imagine the state of terror and indignation that exists to-day in what was yesterday a peaceful and prosperous town, where the relations between police and people were as cordial as could be expected. I hope you will see that a sworn inquiry is opened immediately with a view to bringing all culprits to justice and making reparation to the town as far as such is possible."

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SCOTTISH PILGRIMS AT LOURDES

WONDERFUL CURES EFFECTED.

The Scottish national pilgrimage to Lourdes was a great demonstration that the faith is far from dead in Scotland. The party numbered about 1200, the great majority of whom came from the Glasgow archdiocese. Their Lordships the Right Rev. Henry G. Graham, Bishop-Auxiliary, Edinburgh, and the Right Rev. James W. McCarthy, Bishop of Galloway, accompanied the party. The religious fervor of the pilgrims found particularly warm expression in the processions of the Blessed Sacrament, which took place nightly. In these processions the pilgrims were headed by three pipers belonging to St. Peter's Boys' Band, Partick, accompanied by their band-major (who, by the way, is a Presbyterian).

Many Remarkable Cures.

A *Catholic Times* (London) representative had interviews with some of the priests who took part in the pilgrimage, and they were most enthusiastic in their assurances of the great success which attended it. Some 250 invalids sought restoration to health at the famous shrine, and it is stated that nearly all of these report appreciable improvement in their condition. Cures are also reported. Perhaps the most remarkable was that of Jessie Spalding, Lauriston, Edinburgh, who, as the result of an accident which occurred some years ago, was suffering from contracted muscles and a broken bone in one of her legs. Her foot was twisted out of shape. After immersion in the waters of the Grotto, her leg was completely restored to its normal condition. She was able to dispense with the special boot which she had been wearing and to use an ordinary boot. Her lameness has disappeared and she is now able to walk without any difficulty and has dispensed with her crutch.

Another of the cures reported is that of Mr. M. Graham, 86 Whitevale Street, Glasgow. Mr. Graham, who is a miner, met with an accident while working in an Uddingston mine in 1915. Two ribs were fractured, his head was badly bruised, and a cartilage had to be removed from his left knee. According to the doctors, his left lung had also been injured, and he was attacked by tuberculosis. Dr. MacGregor, Woodside Place, Glasgow, who examined him some time after the accident, described his injuries as serious and permanent. This opinion was confirmed by another doctor last year, when Mr. Graham, owing to the condition of his leg, met with a further accident while engaged in a light occupation. Mr. Graham is possessed of a robust faith, and he had long been of the opinion that if he could get to Lourdes, he would be cured. The result has justified his expectations. He has been completely cured and he has been able to discard the crutches which he was hitherto obliged to use.

A third cure reported is that of Margaret Dermody, Stirling, who was suffering from running sores, which are now perfectly healed. The cure occurred suddenly while the girl was praying in the church. The only indications left of her former trouble are red marks where the eruptions had been.

Daniel Russell, 2 College Street, Dumbarton, who, as the result of exposure, was suffering from an affection of the spine and legs, is now considerably improved. His feet had a permanent turn outwards, but after bathing the left foot became straight, and the right foot is now only slightly turned.

Charles Sweeney, 15 Clyde Street, Dumbarton, who had been suffering from rheumatoid arthritis, and had been able only to hobble along on crutches, was relieved of all pain after bathing and was able to dispense with his crutches.

Mrs. M. Burns, London Street, Glasgow, had her right arm smashed in an accident some years ago, with the result that she was unable to use it. Before leaving for Lourdes, she got a medical certificate stating that the doctors could not do anything further

for her. After bathing at the Grotto, she found that she could raise her arm to her head. She now feels no pain in it, and she can use it in a manner which was previously impossible.

Needless to say, the many cures reported have aroused considerable enthusiasm among Scottish Catholics, and, as a result, devotion to Our Lady will be greatly stimulated.

PRAYER.

When I am weary of life's strain
And battered down by mortal pain;

And when the taunts of Brother Man
Make me despise his silly plan;

And when within this prison-world
My falcon spirit is enfurled:

And like a leopard in a cage
The will doth impotently rage:

And all my well-intentioned heart
From noble deed is held apart:

And when I see in women's eyes
The tragic wraiths of agonies:

All human faces passion-wracked
Like clay beneath a cataract:

Guide me O Lord to some sweet thing
That lives without a lust or sting,

Something so beautifully light
As is completely infinite.

The music of an old tree
Shall in this manner solace me,

Or some great truth in bronze or verse
That all Thy benisons rehearse,

Or from the gold cup of a flower
Grant that my soul shall suck new power.

—A. B., in the *New Witness*.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

Out of comic opera could one imagine a more farcical situation than that created by Mr. Lloyd George's treatment of Archbishop Mannix (comments the *London Catholic Times* of August 14). The great liner bringing him to our shores is met by a British destroyer and his Grace is spirited away by our dauntless tars to be lauded stealthily on the shores of Cornwall. Cornwall is the home of those patriotic smugglers who traded with the French, while Nelson was engaged in gaining renown by defeating their flotillas at sea. While we are patriotic enough to be proud of being Englishmen, we ought to have grace enough, whatever our political predilections, to be not merely ashamed at our Government's stupid act of piracy but ready to express our resentment at it. The tardy correction of the Premier's statement that Archbishop Mannix would not be allowed to land in England is significant of much. The direct inference is that the absurdity of the position, to say nothing of the question of the legality of such action, was pointed out to him. Hence the correction later that he meant to say Ireland instead of England. The fact that the Government can perpetrate any stupidity, or, to use Mr. George's expression, malignity, which it likes in Ireland afforded an escape. Now that the navy has captured the Archbishop from the Baltic we suppose it will be able to concentrate against Russia. The American and Continental comic press will not minister to our conceit for some little time. In the meantime the Government acts as Sir Edward Carson wills and the British public pays the bill.

Auckland Readers Note!
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DERRY—AND OTHER PLACES

The British Government, through a Dublin Castle communique issued on Friday last (writes P. S. O'Flanagan, in *Old Ireland* of July 3), stated that it "had no ground for anticipating, and did not anticipate, that the riots would occur" that raged in Derry for over a week. The mere fact that this statement is an "official" affirmation of the British Government is the only proof of its falsehood that impartial men and women nowadays require. There is, however, abundance of proof besides. The British Government *may* be right in asserting that it did not anticipate that the "riots" would take place *at the exact time* they did, but it knew they *would* take place very soon. Not only did it plan and prepare them, but it instructed its agents in Derry how to act when the outbreak came. So "dirty"—I use his own description—was the course of action thus outlined that one constable of the R.I.C. a fortnight ago threw off the uniform, handed in his resignation, and, before leaving the city, warned the non-Unionist section of the population what was coming and what they might expect from the combined forces of England's imported Army of Occupation, England's resident Army of Occupation (miscalled the R.I.C.), and the unfortunate dupes of British capitalism in Ulster who were to be made both the instruments and the scapegoats of the pogrom. What were the R.I.C. in Derry told a fortnight ago that caused this constable to resign? The answer to that question, if Dublin Castle answers it, will prove the falsity of its allegation that it did not anticipate the "riots" of last week.

British Government's Complicity.

In the same communique the British Government denied that it had anything to do with the rioting or with the procuring, storing or protecting of the rifles employed by its Orange dupes. That is absolutely untrue. In the May riots, the preliminary to those of last week, the rifles of the Orangemen were, under British military protection, removed from Hawkins Street and stored in a house in Wapping Lane, and during the day (because the fighting was then confined to the evenings) were guarded for them by an officer and 24 soldiers of the Dorset Regiment of England's imported Army of Occupation. Prior to that the duty of protecting the rifles was discharged by the Royal Irish Constabulary. Furthermore, additional arms sent into Derry for the Orangemen were sent in care of the R.I.C. Finally (I am still dealing with the May outbreak), the British armed soldiers and the British armed constabulary never, *on their own admission*, made even one attempt to repress the Orange riflemen. Their bullets and their bayonets were solely reserved for the non-Unionist section of the people who had nothing to oppose to the rifles but stones and revolvers.

On June 4, at the English Quarter Sessions Court in Derry, Matthew Deehan, a non-Unionist, applied for compensation for injuries received by his being deliberately shot by Orangemen while passing through the streets of the city on Sunday, April 18—the occasion of the first outbreak. A detective-constable Daragh, of England's resident Army of Occupation, swore that in the rioting "the people of the Fountain" (i.e., the Orangemen) "were on the side of the military and police," and the British judge, while admitting the deliberateness of the shooting, decided that British law forbade him to give compensation because the persons who shot Deehan, being "on the side of the military and police," were not "an unlawful . . . organised . . . association to carry out unlawful acts."

June.

In June we had a continuance of this "fraternising" between England's soldiers, England's constabulary, and England's Orange dupes. During the opening days of the week of terror both branches of England's armed forces in Derry stood calmly by while the Orange riflemen shot and murdered and looted and

burned. When English members of England's Parliament asked the reason why, the British Government through its jackal, Denis Henry, stated that it saw no reason to interfere. Of course it didn't, because so far everything was working out "according to plan." The Orange riflemen and the English riflemen "fraternised"; the Orangemen riflemen and the English riflemen shared the loot; the English riflemen helped the Orange riflemen to drive defenceless non-Unionists out of their homes, and stood beside them while they took deliberate aim at non-combatant pedestrians and shot several of them dead. All these things have been publicly attested in the press.

As to England's carbinemen, the newspaper reports show the part *they* played. Here is one typical extract:—

"It was known to the police that roughs and corner boys carried arms and held up passers-by and searched them. Citizens were held up and searched in full view of the police. On Saturday night the present inferno had its origin at Bishopsgate in a trivial street brawl. When the firing began it was confined to this locality. **NO ATTEMPT WAS MADE BY THE POLICE TO STOP IT.**"

The completeness of unanimity, the singleness of aim, the one-for-all and all-for-oneness of "fraternisation," of the three are shown in the evidence of Samuel Ramsay at the inquest on Thomas Farren, one of the victims of the British pogrom. In answer to an R.I.C. Head Constable this witness said "the shots (one of which killed Farren) came from Fountain Street. *There were policemen and soldiers there, and civilians were lying with them.*" All lying and fring together into a non-Unionist street from which this same witness swore "no shots had been fired"! Again, at the inquest on James Doherty it was proved that deceased was one of a group of mourners at the house of Thomas Farren, previously shot, when a woman in Fountain Street called a boy of 23 years, who had a rifle, to her door and spoke to him. He immediately got down on his knees, took aim, and fired at the mourners, who included ladies, and one of them, poor Doherty, was shot dead. A witness, Mrs. Moore, also a mourner, said she could not identify the woman, but, she added, "that policeman there (pointing to a constable) *knows the woman, because he was standing with her. . . . He knows the boys, too.*"

So much for the British Government's assertions and denials in its "official communique." Now for the plot and its purpose.

The Plot.

It has been known for at least two months that the British Government, through its capitalist interests chiefly in Belfast, had arranged for Ulster pogroms this summer. These were not, however, intended to take place before August or September. Their object was the old one of manufacturing "party" sectarian riots with intent to prove that "Ulster" would not tolerate the Republic, and that the presence of the British Government, through its armed forces, was necessary to ensure safety of life and property in the North, and prevent both sections of the people from destroying each other. The results of the recent elections made it essential, however, to precipitate a crisis. The loss to Carsonism of Tyrone and Fermanagh, two of the six counties to be held for England; the return of Carolan, the Labor Republican, at the head of the poll in the "sacred" shankill of Belfast; the defeat of the chairman of the almost equally sacred Antrim County Council by an out-and-out Republican; the victorious election of a Republican for North Antrim; and the fact that in the whole of England's so-called "loyal province" the official Republicans secured a majority over the official Carsonites—all called out for something immediate and drastic if England's case against the Republic was not to be exposed to the world for the artificial fiction that it is. The growing power of Labor, the growth *pari passu* of Labor's independence, and, with both, the workers' breaking away from the trammels of the body-crushing and soul-

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killing capitalism that used them for its own ends by playing on "party" prejudices and fanning the flames of sectarian hate, made action urgent is Carsonism—which is Englishism—was not to be ignominiously driven out of its last stronghold in this country. Accordingly the pogroms were crushed. Derry was ripe for a beginning. The overthrow of Unionism at the municipal elections and the removal of the name of Viscount French of Ypres from the role of the city's freemen were bad enough, but worse, from England's standpoint, was the fact that the efficiency combined with the impartiality of the new Corporation's administration was winning Unionist approval and admiration, and even old Orangemen, speaking of the present mayor, were heard to say that they wished he had been mayor years ago. Yes, Derry was ripe for a beginning of the pogroms, and in Derry the beginning was to be made. London got in touch with Belfast, Belfast linked up with Derry, and the masked men of a fortnight or more ago set aflame the fire that burst into the conflagration of last week. In these masked men lies the connecting link between British capitalism in Belfast (representing the British Government) and the unfortunate Orange workers who shot down their fellow-workers during Derry's eight days of terror. Some of these masked men are known. One of them is a leading Unionist manufacturer, another is a prominent Unionist magistrate, and yet another is a professional gentleman." To have revealed their identity would have given away England's and Capitalism's game. The rank and file, however, had to be roused and inflamed somehow, and the mystery of the mask but added to their influence over the mob. Accidents happen in the best regulated families, and an accident, in disclosing the immediate instigators of the Derry pogrom, disclosed all the whole plot of which it was the first culmination.

PROSPECTS IN THE NORTH

(By our travelling reporter.)

In the course of a recent trip through the North Island I was deeply impressed with the evidences of Catholic progress in the Empire City and the numerous towns throughout the great archdiocese of Wellington. This happy state of affairs is in keeping with the material progress of the whole country, which just now is looking at its best. The population of the north has increased greatly during the past few years, due mainly to the opening up of much valuable country and consequent spread of settlement. While, of course, the milling and mining industries are of great importance in furnishing a means of employment for many, pastoral and agricultural pursuits form the main sources of the people's well-being. The extraordinary high prices now ruling for land productions is reflected in the value of land itself, hence the price per acre has reached a level never before attained in the history of the Dominion. Many thousands of people are engaged in dairying and wool-growing, and the exports in these lines, as well as in meat, have reached enormous dimensions. The prosperity—whether short-lived or sustained—now being enjoyed by the population is everywhere apparent, and a city dweller like myself, a victim to the high cost of living,—could not help but feel convinced that the country offers many advantages not enjoyed by those in the crowded centres.

From a Catholic standpoint Auckland and surroundings is thoroughly well equipped with all that points to progress, and shows unmistakably what a united and generous people can accomplish. A visitor cannot but be impressed with the splendid institutions reared to meet every possible need; and a tour of the colleges, schools, and orphanages, homes, and hospital proves that he is amidst a virile and devoted population, who, knowing what they want, immediately set about acquiring it. At present a great combined effort is in progress to free the various parishes from pressing liabilities, and the outcome promises to reach the most sanguine anticipations of the promoters.

Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

September 29.

Taking advantage of the presence of Father Herring (Marist Missioner) in the Ahaura, the director of the Children of Mary (Father La Croix) arranged a retreat for the sodality. This has just concluded, the exercises being very well attended.

For the first time in 11 years the St. Columba Club has concluded its Competitions work without securing one of the teams' cups. Interest was not as keen as formerly, several competitors taking things too cheaply. Evidence of this was not wanting when in one club item, only one of a team of six competed, which meant, in a close contest, the loss of two competitors' marks—the first three in each club's items counting in the aggregate. The following wins were secured:—Shakesperian recitation (1st and 3rd places); senior musical monologue (1st, 2nd, and 3rd); senior oration (1st); junior sight reading (1st); junior monologue (2nd); humorous recitation (2nd); test recitation (1st and 4th); prepared speech (3rd and 4th); prepared reading (3rd); junior recitation (3rd and 4th); sacred solo (1st); junior essay (3rd); national song (1st); vocal solo (2nd). Mr. W. McGrath had an easy win for the elocutionary championship. At a reunion in the St. Columba rooms, a presentation, on behalf of the club, was made to the champion by Father McGrath. Trinity Club was well represented, Mr. J. F. Wilson, supporting Mr. H. McKeowen in praise of Mr. McGrath, adding, moreover, a fine tribute to the sporting spirit of Columba. The gathering closed with cheers for Mr. McGrath and the Trinity Institute, musical honors being also accorded.

Great praise is due to the Runanga Convent School Committee for the success made of their two days' bazaar. The bazaar stands almost unique as a purely local effort, almost the whole of the amount raised representing the personal work of the committee (with Miss M. Duggan as secretary) and the Runanga people. The fair opened on Friday, concluding on Saturday evening. The Runanga Band was in attendance, and the Deputy Mayor (Mr. Pattinson) officiated at the opening, the attendance of the public being extremely satisfactory.

Father McGrath, in calling upon Mr. Pattinson to declare the bazaar open, briefly referred to the purpose of the function—to make possible various and much-needed improvements at the school. The children were deserving of the best they could do for them, and it was their desire to maintain the school at the maximum of efficiency. He thanked the public for its generous patronage, and especially was grateful to Mr. Pattinson, and the members of the Runanga Band.

Mr. Pattinson expressed great pleasure in being asked to assist in his official capacity. Nothing could please him better than to assist in advancing the interests of education. He trusted the bazaar would fully reward the efforts of its unselfish promoters, and he would be for ever proud that his first public duty was to assist such a cause.

The net result of the bazaar will be upwards of £300.

CONVENT OF MERCY, "VILLA MARIA," RICCARTON, CHRISTCHURCH.

On the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy (September 24), three young ladies received the habit of the Sisters of Mercy in the Convent Chapel, "Villa Maria," Riccarton. The names of the new novices are Miss Annie McKeefry (in religion Sister Mary Michael), Miss Margaret Minehan (in religion Sister Mary Paul), and Miss May Treacy (in religion Sister Mary Martha). His Lordship the Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, presided at the ceremony, and was assisted by Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, and Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Bishop-elect of Auckland. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, and Very Rev. Dean Regnault were also present.

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Antonio de Navarro, son of the great American actress, Mary Anderson, who was born in California, has won the highest honor in English literature at Cambridge, according to the honor list just published. Since her retirement from the stage in 1883, Mrs. de Navarro has refused the most flattering offers to return. She has, however, been in performances for the benefit of Father Bernard Vaughan's East End charities.

Rev. Aloysius Luther, O.S.B., a descendant of Martin Luther, founder of Protestantism, has been appointed pastor of St. John the Baptist's Church at Longmont, Colo., U.S.A., to succeed Rev. Father Leo Eichenlaub, O.S.B., who has been transferred to Boulder. The appointment of Father Luther was made by the Right Rev. Abbot Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B., of St. Vincent's arch-abbey, Beatty, Pa. In various parts of Pennsylvania there are many descendants of Luther. Like Father Aloysius, they are Catholics.

The Bishop of Hong Kong has announced to the American Foreign Missions of Maryknoll the death of a venerable Chinese priest—Father Andrew Leong. Father Leong was 83 years old, and had been a priest for 58 years. The greater portion of his life was spent in the evangelisation of Southern China, and he became familiar with many dialects during his years of travel. Father Leong was much loved by the residents of Hong Kong, where he had recently lived. He was buried in the Happy Valley cemetery, close to the grave of America's first Apostle to China—Reverend Thomas F. Price, of Maryknoll.

Constantine Fehrenbach, the new Chancellor of the German Republic, is a Catholic member of the Centre Party. He is 68 years old. He was intended for the Church and studied at Freiburg University, but abandoned theology for the law, and established himself as an attorney at Freiburg where he held several local public offices and in 1903 was elected to the Reichstag. As presiding officer of the last Reichstag and of the National Assembly in different positions he displayed the ability of an accomplished parliamentarian. His impartiality won the respect of all parties. He is of a portly figure and is a ready extemporaneous speaker.

Cardinal Bourne, accompanied by Father Collings, left London last Wednesday (says the *Irish Catholic* of July 24) for Belmont, Herefordshire, where on the following day his Eminence consecrated the new Abbot. Belmont is the latest English Benedictine monastery promoted to abbatial rank. The new Abbot, the Right Rev. George Aelred Kindersley, O.S.B., is the son of a well-known member of the Indian Civil Service, and was educated at Downside. In the Bull raising Belmont Monastery into an abbey the Pope has promised, in recognition of the services of the Benedictine Order, that among the Catholic Bishops of England there shall always be one of the sons of St. Benedict.

Very Rev. Dr. Byrne, C.M., LL.D., whose death is announced this week (says an Irish exchange of July 24), was one of the foremost Catholic educationists in Great Britain or Ireland. Born in Clonmel 80 years ago he was educated at Castleknock—of which he became, in after years, Vice-President—and intended originally, to join the French Army. Pursuing that purpose he entered a Jesuit school in Paris, and there, like Loyola, he abandoned earthly ambition and determined to become a priest. He became a Vincentian, was ordained in 1863, and devoted himself mainly to educational work, becoming in 1883 principal of the Drumcondra Training College, Dublin. When the Vincentians succeeded the late Canon Graham, D.D., in charge of St. Mary's College, Hammersmith, the training school for Catholic male teachers in Great Britain, Dr. Byrne's great experience in such work was of much service, and was of course fully utilised in this connection. In 1909 he received the degree of LL.D. from the Royal University of Ireland in recognition of his educational work, and as late as the pre-

sent year he was appointed a Commissioner of Education for Ireland. It was Dr. Byrne who cancelled the long-imputed illiteracy of Ireland by having a change made in the census papers which raised from five to nine years the point at which illiteracy should be reckoned. His ripe experience and great zeal will be much missed in Ireland and indeed in Britain as well, for he willingly placed his counsel at the service of every Catholic educational interest in England and Scotland where the Vincentian Sisters are directors of many schools of widely varied character.

CONVENT OF MERCY, GREYMOUTH.

The following is a list of the successes obtained by the pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Greymouth, at the Competition Festival held in the Town Hall, Greymouth, during September, 1920:—

Ladies' sacred solo: Mrs. Stoop, 1; Miss Connie Hopkins, 2. Ladies' vocal solo: Miss Connie Hopkins, 1; Mrs. Stoop, 2. Ladies' humorous song: Miss Connie Hopkins, 1; Mrs. Stoop, 2. National song: Miss Connie Hopkins, 1; Mrs. Stoop, 2. Pianoforte solo, "Polonaise in A flat Major" (Chopin), 21 years and over: Miss Doreen Daly (only competitor). Pianoforte solo, "Duetto-Andante" (Mendelssohn), 14 years and under 16: Miss Doreen Daly, 1; Miss Marjorie Fletcher, 2; Miss Vonnie Knell, 3. Pianoforte solo, "Pierette" (Chaminade), 12 years and under 14: Miss Nellie Ryan, 2; Miss Mollie Chapman, 3. Pianoforte solo, "Cradle Song" (under 12 years): Miss Eileen Cooke, 1; Miss Mary Orr, 3. Pianoforte duet, "Norwegian Dance" (Grieg), under 16 years: Misses Marjorie Fletcher and Ruby Johnston, 1; Misses Vonnie Knell and Rita Deere, 2; Misses Doreen Daly and Borgia McSherry, 3. Violin solo, "Romance" (Wieniawski): Miss Mary Phelan (only competitor). Violin solo, "Serenade" (Widor), under 16 years: Miss Marjorie Fletcher, 1; Miss Ethel Wallace, 2. Musical monologue (16 years and under 21): Miss Bernadine Gilbert, 1; Miss Mamie Gormley, 3. Ladies' recitation (16 and under 21): Miss Eileen Coakley, 1; Miss Kathleen Kelly, 2. Prepared reading (12 and under 16): Doreen O'Hallahan, 1; Maureen Phillips, 3. Recitation (12 years and under 16): Noreen O'Hallahan, 1; Bernadine Gilbert, 2. Sight-reading: Doreen O'Hallahan, 3. Essay (13 and under 16): Borgia McSherry, 2; Bernadine Gilbert, 3.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where, cold and unhoñored, his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

—THOMAS MOORE.

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Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

September 30.

Very Rev. Father O'Connell has been away in Wellington on Federation business for some days, and is home again to get ready for a jaunt to Auckland.

Rev. Father T. McCarthy called in here on his way south last week-end, and Rev. Father Mark Devoy spent some days with us.

Miss Bourke, late of the D.I.C., Wellington, is spending a short holiday here before going to her new berth in Blenheim.

Miss E. Morgan, of our local telephone staff, has just returned from a wonderful trip to Ruapehu. A party from Wanganui made the ascent and generally amused themselves skiing down.

Miss Roche, supervisor at Taumarunui exchange, is home in Wanganui spending part of her annual leave here.

Social at Aramoho School during the week, proceeds towards school improvements. Unfortunately it was a wretched night, but all the same about 200 people assembled at the hall and spent a pleasant evening in eucbre, dance, sing-song, and supper. Miss Florrie Meachem and Miss Mona Grogan lent a little variety to the musical items by singing a song each in French. They got a splendid reception, as also did Miss Henderson, who had to sing an encore. Supper was as usual delicious, Mesdames Coxon, Ahern, and Richardson being in charge here.

The annual Rugby football match between the Wellington and the Wanganui Marist Old Boys' Football Clubs was played here on last Monday, Dominion Day, and resulted in a win for Wanganui by 10 points to 7. A try was scored for Wellington by Williams, and Holland dropped a goal. Tries were scored for Wanganui by Dillon (2), Phil Corliss converting both tries with two splendid kicks from very difficult angles. The visitors were entertained at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening, and went for a picnic up-river on Sunday, going by launch as far as Hipango Park, where an enjoyable day was spent. Great praise is due to Mr. Chas. Morgan for the efficient way in which the visitors were entertained, in fact for the way he looked after the welfare of the boys of both clubs.

We are having the dreariest weather imaginable, and there is likelihood of floods if the heavens don't stop weeping. The air is full of rumors, and everyone talks of the trouble that is brewing, so we hardly know what the next week is going to see. What a mess this good old world seems to be in, and how desperately tangled everything is. However, we in Wanganui have really nothing to complain of, for there is still a little bit of coal to make gas and cook the dinner. The cars are running again—by fits and starts, and a shipment of brown sugar arrived yesterday. The races last week were a great success, showing an increase of something like £20,000 over last year's, so, perhaps after all, many of our troubles are only superficial and will blow away.

"Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem someone will find you." Bret Harte wrote this—and even you will not deny that Bret was good and near the plain truth.

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THE THREE CHILDREN.

[Translated from the Old French by ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY.]

Once there were three small children
Who went into the fields to glean.

They came at night to a butcher's house:
"Butcher, have you beds for us?"
"Come, little children, come in, come in;
Assuredly there's room within."

Hardly had they passed the wall
Than the butcher killed them all.
He cut them up and put each bit
Like pork into the salting-pit.

Seven years later Saint Nicholas,
He happened in that place to pass,
Betook himself to the butchery:
"Butcher, have you a bed for me?"

"Come in, come in, Saint Nicholas;
There's room, there is no lack of space."
Hardly had he entered there
Than he asked for his supper.

"Is it a piece of ham you would?"
"I don't want any, it isn't good."
"Would you like a piece of veal?"
"I don't want any, it doesn't look well."

"I'd like to have some little meat
That's seven years in the salting-pit."
When the butcher heard this said
He bolted from his door and fled.

"Butcher, butcher, don't run away—
God will forgive you if you pray."
Saint Nicholas did three fingers rub
On the edge of the salting-tub.

The first child said, "I slept very well!"
"And so did I!" the second tells.
The third child spoke up in this wise,
"I thought I was in Paradise!"

NOVENA FOR FREEDOM.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Cork, in a Pastoral Letter, invites the faithful of his diocese to join with the rest of the country in a novena for the freedom of Ireland, on the occasion of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. They are, he says, passing through a period of trial and of great suffering and were threatened with harsher measures. But such measures were nothing new in Ireland. They could not be harsher than the penal laws. "We shall surely win our freedom," his Lordship says, "but we shall win it only on the condition of national unity. There may be a period of severe suffering under hard military law. And I make an appeal to all for great patience, if necessary, for passive endurance of violence, not resisting and not hitting back when resistance would only mean more violence. With the help and blessing of God we shall win.

As if to put the Bishop to the test he was held up by British soldiers for a considerable time on Monday (says the London *Catholic Times* of August 14). Several instances are reported in which soldiers on patrol fired on civilians. One man was killed and another wounded in Dublin. They were at a bonfire in honor of Archbishop Mannix and refused to go away when ordered by the soldiers, who fired at them deliberately. The republicans will probably find some means of putting a stop to this shooting by soldiers, amounting to murder.

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DOMESTIC

(BY MAUREEN.)

Tartlets.

These may be made when odd pieces of puff-paste are left over. Roll the paste a little thicker than for ordinary pies. Cut out with a small round cutter first dipped in hot water to make the edges smooth. Bake in small tart pans pricking holes in the paste with a fork before placing in the oven. Bake from 15 to 20 minutes. Let the pastry cool a little: then drop a spoonful of preserve on each tart. By this, both the color and flavor of the jam are preserved which would be lost if it were baked with the paste.

Small Tea Cakes.

Two teacupful of flour, teacupful of ground rice, 1 teacupful moist sugar, 2oz butter, 2 eggs, 2oz lard or dripping, lemon to taste. Method: Melt the butter and lard, beat well, and add the mixture to the flour and rice; then put in the eggs and sugar, well beating them together with a wooden spoon, and using a little milk if necessary to give the proper consistency, then bake in small cakes on a tin in a quick oven.

Compote of Dates with Rice.

Boiled tapioca or pearl barley can be served with this instead of rice. Required: One pound of dates, half a pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of any sweet syrup, the juice and grated rind of half a lemon. Wash and stone two dates. Put them in a stewing jar with the water, syrup, and rind and juice of the lemon. Cover the jar, and simmer on the stove till the fruit is soft. It may take an hour. Serve hot or cold with plainly-boiled rice.

Eking Out the Sugar Ration.

It will probably be a long time before we shall obtain as much sugar as we should like, and this is a real hardship, especially for those who have to cater for young children: so it may interest you to hear (says a writer in an exchange) how an English lady managed to make her allowance go as far as possible during war-time. Sugar syrup for tea: "I used sugar syrup for sweetening tea, coffee, etc., then there was not any chance of any being wasted by being left in the bottom of a cup. Gently dissolve half a pound of sugar in half a pint of water over the fire, then bring it to the boil, take it off the fire, and, when it is cold, pour it into a bottle. Add one or two teaspoonfuls of

this to the tea instead of sugar, and you can also use it for sweetening the children's milk or cocoa.

"Golden Syrup, Treacle, or Honey.—I used golden syrup, treacle, honey (this is most valuable), maple syrup, or glucose (also sold as corn syrup) for sweetening cakes, puddings, stewed fruit, etc., instead of sugar. It may be that in your district small tins of golden syrup are unprocurable. In that case see if you cannot get syrup or treacle sold by the pint or pound, to be taken away in your own tin or jar. Or if 7lb tins of syrup are on sale get one or two friends to go shares with you if it is more than you feel justified in buying. One can often buy big tins of syrup when small ones are not to be had. Honey should be reserved for eating with bread, boiled rice, and so forth, on account of its food value and exceeding wholesomeness. Maple syrup is in some places sold as 'tree honey,' and though some is good, other kinds have a strong flavor, with a slight medicinal taste, and should be used sparingly. Glucose can be used in cooking just like syrup, but it may be more difficult to get nowadays. Note: When using a liquid sweetener, such as syrup, one should add to the mixture rather less milk or other fluid than usual, or it may be too soft."

Household Hints.

When cleaning knives mix a pinch of carbonate of soda with the bathbrick. This will make them polish quickly and easily.

In cold weather an egg will often crack when put into boiling water. To avoid this dip the egg first into cold water, then lower very carefully into the boiling water with a large spoon.

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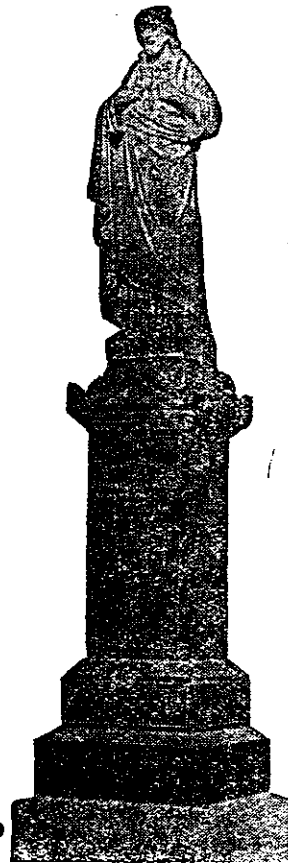
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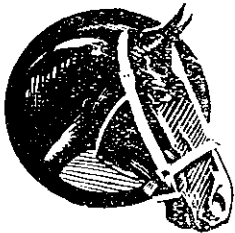
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 220 head of fat cattle were yarded, a fair proportion being of good quality. For this class of cattle prices were on a par with the preceding week's, while light and unfinished were easier. Prime heavy bullocks sold at from £28 5s to £33, prime £22 10s to £26 12s 6d, medium £17 10s to £21, light from £14, prime heavy cows £17 to £20 5s, prime £13 10s to £15 12s 6d, light from £10 10s. There was only a small yarding of store cattle, and these met with poor competition. Fat Sheep.—1680 sheep were yarded, a few pens being of prime quality, for which competition was keen at 2s to 2s 6d above previous week's rates. Prime heavy wethers brought from 54s 6d to 58s 9d, extra to 70s, prime 47s to 51s, medium 42s to 46s 3d, light from 36s, prime ewes 38s to 43s, others from 31s 9d. Fat Pigs.—There was a small yarding, with prices easier, the best realising £11. Store Pigs.—There was a medium yarding of fair quality suckers, which sold at from 40s to 50s.

At Addington last week the yarding was the smallest of the season for both fat sheep and cattle, and values improved for beef by about 20s per head. There was also a slight improvement in mutton values. Store stock showed little change in price. Fat Sheep.—Only six races were penned, which was less than butchers' requirements. The sale was irregular, but generally prices were a shade ahead of previous week. Extra prime wethers to 58s 6d, prime wethers 44s to 53s 6d, medium wethers 39s 6d to 43s 6d; light and unfinished wethers 31s 4d to 38s 6d, extra prime ewes 54s 6d, prime ewes 40s 6d to 45s, medium ewes 31s 6d to 38s 6d, light and inferior ewes 27s 6d to 30s 6d, hoggets 29s 8d to 53s. Eleven spring lambs sold at 36s to 42s 6d. Fat Cattle.—A small yarding of 214 head, the bulk being prime. The market was firm, values being a shade better than previous week. Extra prime steers £33 to £36 10s, prime steers £27 5s to £32 10s, medium steers £21 to £26 15s, light and unfinished steers £15 to £19 15s, prime heifers £17 to £20 15s, ordinary heifers £13 10s to £16 15s, extra prime cows £26 5s, prime cows £19 to £23, ordinary cows £14 10s to £18 10s, light and inferior cows £10 to £13 15s, vealers and runners to £9 17s 6d, good vealers £7 17s 6d, medium calves £4 2s 6d. Fat Pigs.—A keen demand, with prices in favor of vendors. Choppers £8 to £14 5s, baconers £6 16s to £7 10s, heavy baconers £7 15s to £9, extra heavy baconers £9 5s to £11 6d—average price per lb 1s 3d to 1s 3½d; porkers £4 15s to £5 10s, heavy porkers £5 15s to £6 10s—average price per lb 1s 4½d to 1s 5½d.

THE VALUE OF ROTATION.

One of the most interesting points in big wheat-farming in the United States of America is the change of attitude, particularly during the last 10 years, toward crop rotation. In the early days of bonanza wheat-farming no thought was given to anything but wheat.

It was either a continuous series of wheat crops, or interrupted with summer fallow on alternate years. At first it was difficult even to talk of rotation for the whole farm business was based on a one-crop system, wheat occupying a large part of the farm area. Gradually, however, the production of live stock was found to be desirable. Lucerne, timothy, maize and other forage crops are appearing on North Dakota farms, where, 10 years ago, they were scarcely thought of.

On inquiring as to what is being done on this point in Kansas, there is found to be a recommendation of an elaborate rotation for wheat, one of sorghum, and one of maize. This six-year rotation is run three times, making 18 years, after which lucerne is planted and allowed to stand for about six years. Everywhere, in one form or another, a system of rotation and diversified farming is creeping into the continuous

wheat scheme of the old bonanza days. This will not necessarily mean less wheat, but it will spell better farming, better homes, better rural social and educational conditions, less gambling with chances, and more financial stability.

What applies in the case of our American friends (says the *Farmers' Union Advocate*), applies with equal or greater force in our own case. No one-crop system of farming ever was or ever will be a permanent system of solid agriculture.

One-crop farming or straight grain-growing savours much of pioneering, but not at all of scientific farming. To be sure, in the wheat belt of Australia we look to wheat as the chief crop. But it is arrant folly to expect to keep on growing wheat successfully if we are not going to vary the crop with others in a wise rotation scheme.

In a percentage of cases, now, in the North, farmers make a practice of following a couple of crops of wheat with a crop of oats. This is a step in the direction of rotation, but it is not going to solve all the problems, especially where burning off of the stubble is resorted to. No rotation scheme is perfect without the stock. Moreover, the introduction of the stock must be more than a temporary expedient, as is often the case, just to clean up the stubble or eat back too forward growth.

Stock, in the rotation scheme, necessitates the sowing of some pasture or forage crop on the crop lands; that will enable stock, especially sheep, to be kept on the land for a year or more. Farmers in the dry areas will be well advised to try experiments with plants that are reputed to stand a measure of dry weather. In these days of extreme values for wool and mutton it will pay well to fallow the old crop land in the winter, and by means of surface cultivation conserve the moisture in the soil for purposes of growing a crop of millet, rape, or Wimmera ryegrass. In this way much of the fertility that is now drained from the soil by straight grain-growing will be restored, and higher average yields of grain will result over a long term of years.

CANADIAN WOMEN.

Plans for an organisation that will embrace all the Catholic women in Canada are being pushed steadily forward, according to Mrs. R. H. Kneil, secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Council of Immigration of Women.

The complete plans, according to Mrs. Kneil, are expected to be perfected for the next general meeting of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, which will take place in June, 1921. It is expected that the women's organisation will be followed by a federation of men's and women's organisations, based, in many respects on the model furnished by the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States.

The month of August just past, marked the sixth anniversary of the opening of the cataclysmic conflict that drenched the world in blood and rent the hearts of millions in every country in the world. Out of the throes of such suffering was to be born a new world, with new ideals and purposes, dedicated to the principle of a "square deal" for nations and individuals. But alas for human hopes! As Hillaire Belloc in his brilliant review of world conditions justly avers, "the great test of world progress is Christianity."

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The Family Circle

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN.

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot,
Where a sparkling brooklet flows beneath the shade,
Morning-glories climbing o'er my humble cot,
With a loving wife and son in Thine image made.

Free from hates and rancor, to live for many a year,
Making these my verses fresh and pure and sweet,
Like earth's moistening rivers, running full and clear—
Lord, 'mid trees and birds give me a pathway for
my feet.

Lord, leave me my mother. Like a little child,
With kisses and caresses I would her enfold,
Filling her life's autumn with brightness soft and
mild;
She will need the sunshine—she is growing old.
From the Spanish of R. Arevalo Martinez, by Mary
E. Mannix in *Ave Maria*.

MOTHER OF THE SORROWFUL.

What would the sea of human sorrows be without
Mary's moonlight on it? The ocean with the dark,
heavy, overspread clouds lowering upon it, does not
differ more widely from the silvery plain of green and
whitely-flashing waters exulting in the sunlight, than
the weary expanse of life's successive cares without the
softening and almost alluring light which falls upon it
from Mary's love, differs from the life as it now lies
before her maternal throne. How many a tear has
she not already wiped away from our eyes! How many
bitter tears has she not made sweet in the shedding!
And there is age and the early narrowing circle of
those we love, and sickness, and death, all yet to come,
and to what amount may we not have to draw upon
the treasure of consolation in her sinless heart.

Mother of God! He broke thy heart
That it might wider be,
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me.

There can hardly be a shade of human sorrow
which is not familiar to Mary's heart. The manifold
inventions of grief are known to her. The secrets of
its alliance with grace, as well as its tendencies to
conspire with the unworthy weaknesses of our nature,
are no secrets to her. She, who is to be the prophetess
of a sorrowing race, is, by her own experience, the
grand doctress in the science of sorrow.

Mary is not at once created Mother of the afflicted,
as by a sudden patent of nobility. She does not
become the consolation of mourners by a mere appoint-
ment emanating from the will of the Divine Majesty.
It might have been so, but it is not so. Her office of
our Mother is a long and painful conclusion, worked
out from her Divine Maternity. She has toiled for it,
suffered for it, borne herculean burdens of sorrow in
order to merit it, and has mastered it at last on Cal-
vary.—*Catholic Bulletin*.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON SIN.

Sin is one of those things which refuses to be fully
identified or revealed. It is a grievous offence against
the laws of God. It is an affront to the Creator. It
closes the gates of heaven and opens wide the doors of
hell. Sin, in the light of such startling and shocking
facts, does not unveil its essence. "We do not know
what sin is," says Newman, "because we do not know
what God is; we have no standard with which to com-
pare it, till we know what God is. Only God's glories,
His perfections, His holiness, His mastery, His beauty,
can teach us by the contrast how to think of sin, and
since we do not see God here, till we see Him we can-
not form a just judgment of what sin is; till we enter
heaven, we must take what God tells us of sin, mainly
on faith."

THE TEACHER.

Dear Teacher, patient with our childish ways,
Teach us the common things of common days;
While careless hands the dog-eared pages turn,
Teach us the easy things, so hard to learn.
The Truth—that needs no learning to declare,
Pure, white-souled Truth, than noonday sun more fair;
And Faith—that midst all doubts and fears and woes,
Sings on the children's lips—"well—Teacher knows!"
And love—that hath ten million times been told;
Love—that is older than the world is old;
Love—that will live when all the worlds are dead.
When these great little lessons have been said,
Then heaven and earth in one great school will meet—
Learning old lessons at the Teacher's feet.

—Robert J. Burdette.

McMIV, OF LONDON.

Two Highlanders stood looking at the imposing
facade of a building in Westminster. The corner-
stone bore the date in Roman characters, "MCMIV."
"Take a' thot, Angus," said one. "Ah've never
heard th' name McMiv before, but there's a Scots-
man who's got his name on one of th' finest buildings
in London. Ye can't keep 'em down, can ye?"

CONSERVATION MEASURE.

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to
church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I
likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de
collection-basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah
Green, who jest returned from ovah thai-ab."

"In recognition of his heroic services, I suppose?"

"No, sah. I reckon he got dat job in reco'nition
o' his having lost one o' his hands."

DEAD FROM THE NECK UP.

The total lack of comprehension between the Am-
erican negro and his Algerian brother will go down
in history as one of the outstanding features of the
war.

There was, for instance, the case of the dusky
stevedore at Brest and one of the colored French troops
on duty there. Long and laboriously the Yank tried
to establish some means of linguistic communication,
but there was no response.

Then a brilliant thought struck the boy from
Georgia. He produced a pair of ivory cubes and
rolled them enticingly under the Algerian's nose. In-
telligence still registered zero.

"Man," said Sam in disgust. "You ain't no
cullud pusson. You ain't even no human. You is
just a corpse."

GUESSES.

Why is a false friend like the letter P?—Because,
though always first in pity, he is ever last in help.

Why is I the luckiest of all the vowels?—Because
it is the centre of bliss, whilst E is in hell, and all
the others are in purgatory.

What word is there of five letters that, by taking
two away, leaves but one?—Stone.

Why are the fourteenth and fifteenth letters of the
alphabet of more importance than the others?—Be-
cause we cannot get ON without them.

What prescription is the best for a poet?—A com-
posing draught.

What is the difference between a woman's hat and
a man's?—About five pounds.

Why is gas not sold by the pound? It would al-
ways be light weight.

If a dog lost his tail where would he go for a new
one?—To a retail store, of course.

WELL FIELDED.

There are still a few farms left in the Black
Country, and recently one was taken over by an old
farmer, much against the advice of his friends.

S. F. ABURN

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and Room Mouldings, Sheet (Plate) and Colored Glass, etc.—TELEPHONE 1320.

"You'll be bound to regret it, John," they said. "There's more thieves than coal-miners in that district, and your live-stock will never be safe."

However, John persisted, and for some months all went well; but one morning John went to a certain field to fetch a horse he had turned out the night before.

Now, this field, although John knew it not, was situated over a disused coal-mine, and during the night a large portion of it had caved in, taking the horse with it.

When he came to the spot he could scarcely believe his eyes.

Well, dang me," he cried, "if they wanted the old hoss so badly, they might ha' had him: but they might ha' left t' field.

HIS WIFE DIDN'T.

The lecturer was growing very vehement in the course of his address. His subject was: "The Ideal Wife."

"As we all know," he said, "the duty of a wife is to be a loving helpmate to her husband, by cooking his food; attending to his various requirements, conducting his household affairs properly, and so on and so on."

Then a little fellow in front got up and blurted out:

"They don't do the last thing you mentioned, mister."

"Which one is that?" asked the lecturer.

"Why," said the little fellow, "sew on and sew on." And he proceeded to exhibit how a safety-pin did duty for a button on his trousers.

SMILE RAISERS.

Kind Old Lady (who has just given Tommy some sweets): "And now what do you say, my little man?" Tommy: "Got any more?"

Her Lawyer: "Besides these love-letters, we have this interesting film of the actual proposal, taken through the keyhole."

"How are we to meet the high cost of living?"

"You don't have to meet it," answered the irritating person. "It overtakes you."

You and I know that prices have dropped. The newspapers know it too, and won't it be fine when the storekeepers find out about it?

"Did you think my speech stirred the audience?" inquired the campaigner.

"I wouldn't exactly say it stirred 'em," replied Senator Sorghum. "I would rather say it mixed 'em up."

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the millionaire.

"I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."

"I think you were absolutely wrong, Henry, about that furniture."

"Yes, dear."

"And about the wall-paper."

"Yes, dear."

"Now, look here, Henry: if you're not going to be sociable, I'm going to bed!"

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

Changing the Meridian: The New Clocks.

As the change in the system of reckoning time has been adopted by the majority of countries, including the Argentine Republic, and as some of our readers may find the new method a little complex until they become accustomed to it, a few simple hints may not be out of place (says the *Southern Cross*, Buenos Aires, of May 7). There are 360 degrees in a circle, and as the apparent movement of the sun covers the circle of the earth in 24 hours, it is obvious that he travels 15 degrees in one hour. The meridian passing through Greenwich is the First Meridian (zero or nought), and every 15 degrees east or west of that meridian represents a difference of one hour. The Argentine meridian is 60 degrees west, so that the sun has to travel 60 degrees, or four times 15, before he reaches us. In other words, it will be midday in Argentina four hours later than midday in England. Formerly the difference in time was a little greater, because the Argentine meridian passed through Cordoba, over four degrees further west, but that has been changed since midnight last Friday-Saturday. The Argentine meridian is now the 60th degree west longitude, instead of 64 degrees 12 minutes 3 seconds west, as formerly. The difference in longitude between the old Cordoba meridian and the new one, which practically passes through Chivilcoy, is 4 degrees 12 minutes 3 seconds, which represents a difference in time of a little over 16 minutes. Many people were surprised last Saturday morning to find that their boastful watches that "never lost a second in a week" were more than a quarter of an hour slow.

As there are 24 hours in the day the figures on the dial of a clock should run from 1 to 24 instead of from 1 to 12 as in the non-scientific, effete old way. This is done at present very easily by leaving the old numbers unchanged and writing the new ones under them, as has been done on all the public clocks and many private ones. The new system is the essence of simplicity. There is no change in the first half of the day from 1 in the morning to 12 midday. After 12 m. we say 13 instead of 1, 14 instead of 2, 15.20 instead of 3.20 p.m., and so on to 24, when the new day commences. The new method of counting has not to be reckoned except between noon and midnight. To find the old time of course all that has to be done is to subtract 12: thus, 18 was formerly 6 p.m. But it is far better accustom oneself at once to the new system, to think in it as one had to think in the metric system when the weights and measures were changed, or as one has to think in a new language if one wishes to master it quickly. Better forget 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. and say and write 18, 19, etc., on all occasions.

When 24 strikes, the old day has gone forever. In the new system we cannot borrow from the corpse by saying 24.20 or 24.30 as we used to say 12.20 a.m. and 12.30 a.m. formerly. This obstacle is surmounted by employing "zero" for the time that elapses between the last hour of the old day and the first of the new one. Thus, 12.45 a.m. (old style) is 0.45.

When in doubt, just keep on keeping on. When you have made a mistake, do not stop, but keep on. Your sanity and your safety lie in keeping on. Dwell on failure and you will land in the ditch just as sure as the novice bicycle rider unwillingly heads his wheel in the direction of his thoughts.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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