

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Hamlet, edited with Introduction and Notes. By an examiner under the Board of Intermediate Education. (Gill and Son, Ltd., Dublin; 2s 6d.)

Students of Shakespere will welcome this useful and scholarly edition of the famous play. The introductory study of the subject is in itself an excellent monograph and a valuable contribution to Shakesperian literature. Text and notes leave nothing to be desired. For the class-room or for the study there is no better manual on Hamlet than this.

*Hunting Memories of Many Lands*, by Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Bart. (Alexander Thom and Co., Dublin and London.)

In this volume Sir Thomas Esmonde has given us an interesting account of his wander-years in many lands. He leads us in fancy with him among the silent forests of Canada, on the trail of the moose in New Brunswick, along the salmon streams and rivers of Newfoundland, after the wolves in savage Europe and stalking the red deer on the green hills of Ireland. We note that New Zealand must have appealed much to him, for we find several chapters devoted not only to the sport, but also to the scenery and the beautiful folk-lore of the Dominion. The book is printed on excellent paper, which is a rare thing nowadays, and there are numerous full-page illustrations of the countries in which his hunting was done.

*Poems*, by Roderick Quinn. (Angus and Robertson, Sydney.)

Roderick Quinn needs no introduction to Australasian readers, and of the poems in this volume it may well be said: "Good wine needs no bush." All the romance of Australian history is in them. They are drenched with feeling for the sunny skies, the vast plains, the lonely seas, and the Bush homes of the great Island Continent. You will find humor and pathos and love of the open air in Roderick Quinn's poems. There is hardly a phase of adventure he does not touch, and it goes without saying that what he touches he adorns. It is a true volume of Australian poetry. From Gordon's day to ours the bustle and danger of rounding up the herd is a note in the gamut of all Australian singers. Roderick Quinn has seen it with his own eyes—

"With fiery eyes and tossing horns,  
And swaying sides and hips,  
They moved—red hides and hides of black—  
And ever, as they left the track,  
We wheeled and held and drove them back  
With shouts and cracking whips."

The *Heimweh* of the exile is heard in stanzas like the following:

"Dear eyes that pain has made divine,  
Sad eyes that burn with tears unshed,  
Within whose depths are griefs that pine  
And pilgrim thoughts that seek the shrine,  
The grave of their beloved dead;

"The Old Year dies; and o'er the waves,  
Wind-borne, there comes a requiem  
Deep-chaunted by a sea that laves  
The shores they loved. Oh, may their graves  
Give goodly rest and peace to them."

As soon as a man receives into his heart the full light of the Incarnation, two self-evident truths arise upon his reason: the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and the love and veneration of His Blessed Mother.—Cardinal Manning.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

N.W.P.—Whatever we think of your opinions there is no doubt at all about your infallibility. We told you that our rule regarding anonymous letters was made by a man who is now in Heaven. With marvellous modesty and courtesy that is worthy of the Chinese Court you say: "I take the liberty of saying that I think you were not correct in saying" so. You then assure us that Dr. Moran made no such rule. But is Dr. Moran the only man in a position to have made it who had a chance of getting to Heaven? For your information we beg to say that Rome appointed the Right Reverend Michael Verdon, Bishop of Dunedin, in 1896, and that he lived until 1918, during a period of twenty-two years, and that he was all that time chairman of the *N.Z. Tablet Co.*, in which capacity he made the rule of which you disapprove. We thank you for your quotation from Donald Frankey (Long may the road rise to him!). That note on Cromwell's clear recollection of having been in the state of grace when he slaughtered the people of Drogheda is a gem. Probably we shall next hear that Lloyd George got his Belbriggan inspiration after receiving Communion in an Anglican church, that he gave his father-in-law the "Dope" job after appointing the Dean of Durham to a bishopric, and that his breakfast with Cardinal Gasquet gave him the grace to murder poor Terry MacSweeney.

R.K. (Southbridge).—We regret that we have not space for your articles. Until it is possible to enlarge the paper we are compelled to discourage correspondents. We cannot change any of our present features, and we have all too little room for reproducing the best and freshest articles we can find in our exchanges. For a long time past we have had to exclude short stories, very much against our own inclination. We have even had to insist that our poets should attend strictly to the rule that quality comes before quantity. And, as far as articles on Ireland are concerned, we do our best to keep our readers up-to-date, and in order to do so as well as we can it becomes necessary now and then to refuse contributions which, however much we would like to publish them, would encroach too much on our space.

SEACHAN.—It is not seditious to advocate a republic whether in Ireland, England, Australia, or elsewhere. That has been decided more than once by competent authorities. Of course it is probable that lawyers like Sir Francis Bell, judges like Sir Robert Stout, and statesmen like Lord Limavaddy might say otherwise, but that only confirms the truth. We have come to such a pitch of confusion now that we are content to be ruled by men and not by laws, and the men who rule (or misrule) are incapable of framing a decent law. Hence the N.Z. Parliament is a football kicked hither and thither by every raucous parson, every portly profiteer, and every bigoted paranoiac who is able to collect a crowd and make noise enough to be a nuisance. As for Conscription, we always held and still hold that no Government on earth has a right to send a man to fight unless he is willing to go, and, holding that, what can we hold but that our Britlins who forced Conscription on the people are manslaughterers? A just war? What did Lord Loreburn say about it?

C.J.F.—We have certainly seen the statement that the early Christians were Socialists, but it is a case where seeing is not believing. We have also seen it stated by the editor of a Labor paper that neither the Pope nor the editor of the *Tablet* knows anything about Christian principles. (We do get into good company now and then.) One of these days we will deal at some length with the alleged Communism of the early Church. Talk-