

stinctively demands, in most of the poetry that it cares to take along as permanent baggage, a certain honorable sobriety of mood and verse. . . . Humanity as a whole likes to make the best of a bad job; it grins somewhat ruefully at the sardonic; but when it is packing its trunk for the next generation it finds most room for those poets who have somehow contrived to find beauty and not mockery in the inner sanctities of human life and passion."

### The Water of Life (From the French)

One day King Solomon was complaining about the shortness of life:

"Of what good is my wisdom that God gave me since I cannot reap its fruits. The greater part of my life has gone in acquiring it; and, now that I begin to profit by my experience, lo! I am on the brink of the grave. What, then, is human wisdom but a flower that dies? Long enough it grows before its calix opens, and as soon as it is mature it begins to lose its loveliness; it fades before enjoying the fruits of its labor."

It was sad he was when he spoke these words. Raising his eyes he saw an angel coming down from Heaven and a vase of sapphire in his hand.

"Solomon," said the angel, "I come on behalf of the Eternal Father. He has heard your complaint and charged me to bring to you the Water of Long Life. If you drink it you will become immortal and enjoy perpetual youth; but unless you drink it you will when your time comes take the path that all creatures must follow. The choice is yours: choose."

Having laid the vase at the feet of the King the angel vanished.

Solomon was doubtful as to what he ought to do. He gathered together his ministers and asked their advice. They were unanimous that he ought to choose eternity, but the wisest man of them all was absent: the King waited until he came and put the problem before him.

"Great King," said the minister, "you will see dying, one after another, your children, your wives, your friends: like a tree from which year by year, month by month, day by day, its beautiful fruits are plucked, you will mourn for the loss of the things that are dearest to your heart. What charm is there in an immortality which means an everlasting grief? If the things you love are not like yourself immortal your immortality is only eternal torment."

"You are right," said the King. "My complaint was unreasonable. A wise man condemned to remain eternally in this vale of misery, to bear for ever the fetters of earthly passions, and never to see ahead of him an end to such a life would be the most wretched of men."

When the King came back the water had evaporated and the vase was empty. He knelt down and said:

"Lord, forgive thy servant if he has found fault with Thy works: it is in Thee alone that wisdom and intelligence are found: through them Thou hast ordered all things, and the work of Thy hands is our admiration."

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On the wings of faith in immortality and hope of future happiness man learns how to quit this life without regrets. To teach men how to die is to teach them how to live. Old Montaigne never said a truer word than that. There is no more severe condemnation of our New Zealand secular schools than that they teach children to live as if they were never to die. We are not here to eat and drink and be merry. We are here to do the will of God in all things: to live with a constant view to dying so that we may merit true life afterwards. Isaac carrying the fagot for his own sacrifice on his shoulders up the mountain is an everlasting symbol of Christian life: the dancing faun, with flowers in his hair, stupidity stamped on his brow, sensuality on his lips, and the pointed ears revealing his animal nature, might be taken as the symbol of the life that our young people are taught to lead to-day.

## DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The following extract from an Australian exchange will prove of interest to many in this diocese. "Father Falconer, who took charge of Mitchell (Queensland) about a year ago, has done fine work towards the erection of a convent and school in the little town. At two fetes over £1100 was raised. In addition to his work in Mitchell, he organised a function at Mungallala to build a church there, and in the short space of three months, £320 was raised in that town, where the adult Catholic population is only 30. Father Falconer recently suffered a breakdown in health, but he is now recovering.

The Sisters of Mercy desire to thank Mrs. Pound, Mrs. Fraher (Naseby), and friends, who so thoughtfully provided a special breakfast for the children of St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, South Dunedin, on Christmas morning.

Rev Father K. McGrath, S.M., of Greymouth, left on Saturday by the north express after spending a short holiday with his parents, Superintendent and Mrs. McGrath.

The Christian Brothers' School will resume studies on Tuesday, February 8. Meanwhile, as will be seen by notification in this issue of the *Tablet*, a hostel for country pupils has been established in connection with the school, and application should be made for accommodation prior to the close of the Christmas vacation.

### THE LATE MRS. SARAH FRANCES DELANY.

Solemn Requiem Mass was offered at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on Wednesday for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. Sarah Frances Delany, mother of Rev. Father J. P. Delany, pastor of St. Patrick's parish, South Dunedin. Rev. Father Andersen was celebrant; Rev. Father O'Reilly (Port Chalmers), deacon; Rev. Father D. O'Neill (Roxburgh), subdeacon; and Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., master of ceremonies. His Lordship the Bishop presided and gave the absolutions. Among the clergy present were Rev. Fathers R. Murphy, S.J., Delany, Howard, Kaveuey, Graham, Rooney, and J. Kelly, Ph.D. The solemn incidental music of the Mass and Requiem was most impressively rendered by the children's choir of St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage. A large number of the parishioners were in attendance.—R.I.P.

### CORK MARTYRS: NEW LORD MAYOR'S DECLARATION.

For the third time within nine months Cork Corporation has had to elect a Lord Mayor. Alderman MacCurtain, elected in January, was only seven weeks in office, when he was murdered by armed forces of the Crown. Mr. Terence MacSweeney, his successor, was permitted to act as Chief Magistrate for four months and a few days; and his successor has been unanimously appointed in the person of Councillor Donal O'Callaghan.

"Our position is that we absolutely refuse to be terrorised," said Councillor O'Callaghan, upon his election. "Our demand in this country has been made, and we are not going to flinch, no matter what the results or the cost may be." He referred to the fate of his two predecessors, and declared the grip of Republicanism would only be released from the Mayoral chair when the grave closed over the last Republican in the city.

Amongst those present was Father Dominic, O.S.F.C., chaplain to the late Lord Mayor.

The new Lord Mayor is one of the youngest lord mayors elected as Chief Magistrate of Cork, being 36 years of age. He has long been prominently identified, like the late Terence MacSweeney, with Irish-Ireland movements, in particular the Irish language movement, and is a fluent Irish speaker. Since Terence MacSweeney's arrest he has acted as Deputy Lord Mayor, winning general esteem as a capable administrator. Some weeks ago a threatening letter was addressed to him.

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